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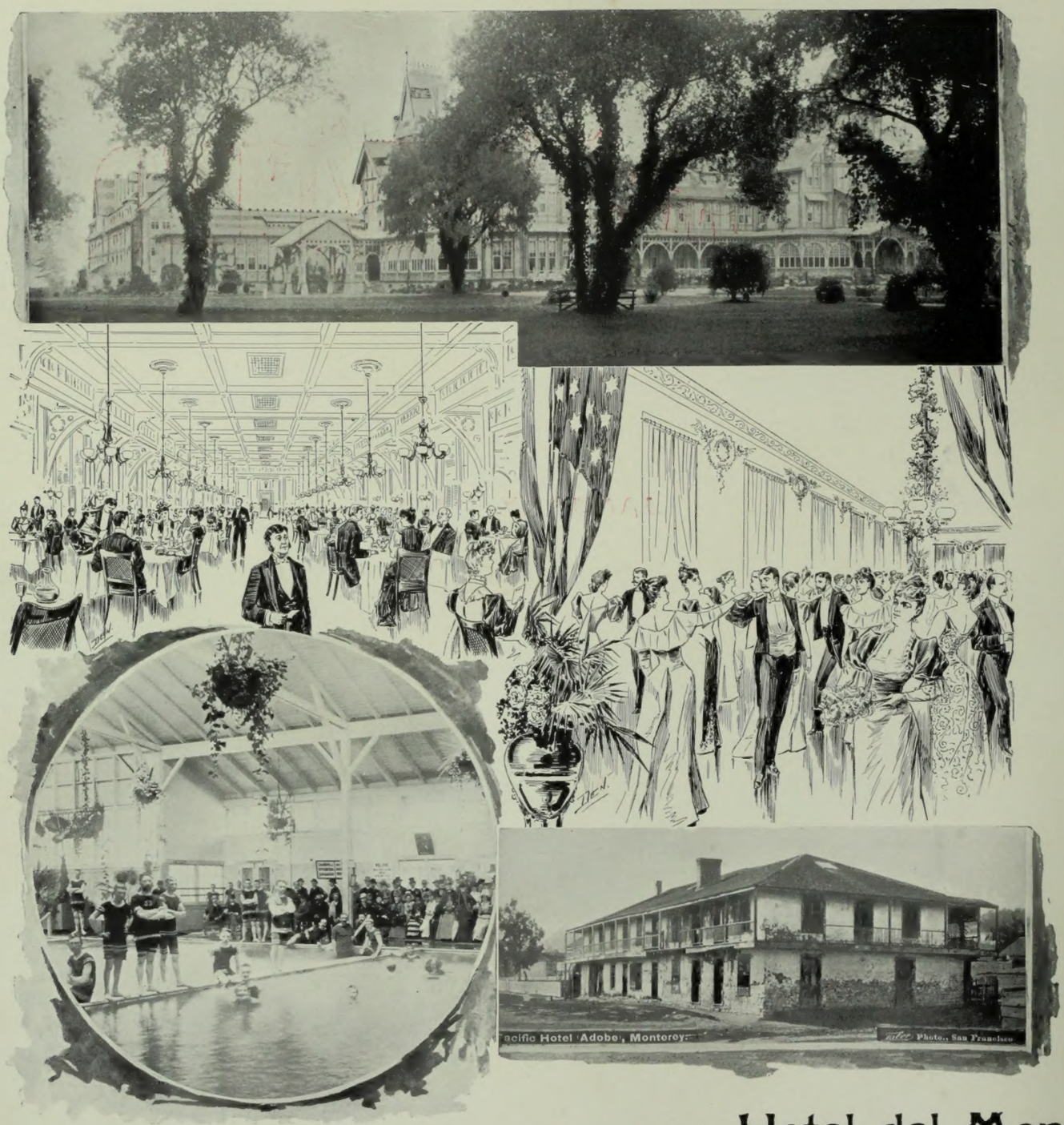
AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JANUARY, 1895. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ON THE COLUMBIA.

Taber photo.



Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

Hotel Vendome, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

HOTEL VENDOME, the half-way stopping place from San Francisco to the Lick Observatory, is in all its appointments and arrangements strictly first class, and this is the whole story in a nutshell. If you are traveling to San Jose or through that delightful city to the Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, you will do well to stop at the Vendome. GEO. P. SNELL, MANAGER.

Mount Hamilton Stage Company and Hotel Vendome Stables.

Daily stages for Lick Observatory leave San Jose at 7.30 A. M., returning about 6.00 P. M. Saturdays only, stages leave at 12.30 P. M. For further information, address F. H. ROSS & SONS, San Jose.

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J. E. O'BRIEN, Manager.

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As the above appeared in an advertisement in *Town Topics*, a N. Y. City society journal of a pronounced type, it may have been written by some one attached to the business end of that journal. The news-stand sale of a journal is not, as a rule, much of an indication of the actual extent of its circulation. The "best class of people" do not purchase the papers they use at the news-stands, but have them delivered at their residences. Many weekly and monthly journals which have enormous circulations have an insignificant news-stand sale. —*Printers' Ink.*

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The Fashionable Private Address Directory.

Containing the names, addresses and reception days of the leading society people of California. The Blue Book is a permanent medium; it can be found in all the leading clubs, hotels, offices, private residences, etc., and is consulted daily as a book of reference.

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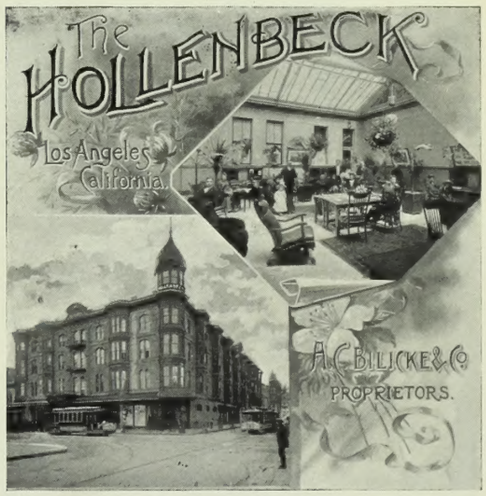
OUR SOCIETY BLUE BOOK



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Stop at The Hollenbeck,

the best appointed and best kept hotel in the city. It is a modern structure, with all the latest improvements. Centrally located. Guests entertained on either the American or European plans. The rates are reasonable.

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Brick building, cor. Main and Ninth Sts. Rates, $1.50 to $2.00 per day. Special by the week or longer. Sample rooms for commercial travelers. E. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

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The finest seaside hostelry on the southern coast; complete and modern in all its departments; strictly first class; prices moderate; near beach and depot.

No extremes of heat or cold; only 3½ miles from the San Luis Rey Mission.

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be careful what you drink. There's a theory afloat that low-grade wine makes a low-grade man. It may not be true. Still, men of taste are particular what brand they offer their guests. It is just as well to be on the safe side and always call for

LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

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en route eastward from the Pacific Coast should not fail to stop off at Salt Lake City, Utah, for a few days and visit the points of interest in the Mormon city, and experience the delightful sensation of a swim in the warm and buoyant waters of the Great Salt Lake.

If you stop at The Knutsford you will find a fine, modern hotel, handsomely equipped, centrally located, and a courteous management.

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(*N. P. COLE & CO.*) *117-123 Geary Street, San Francisco.*

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California St.

For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths ($4\frac{8}{10}$) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, the 2d of January, 1895.

LOVELL WHITE, *Cashier.*

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street.

For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth ($4\frac{1}{6}$) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895.

GEO. TOURNY, *Secretary.*

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, No. 33 Post Street.

For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths ($4\frac{8}{10}$) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895.

GEO. A. STORY, *Cashier.*

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery St., Corner Sutter.

For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths ($4\frac{8}{10}$) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, *Cashier.*

W. G. HAWLEY & CO.,

Real Estate Agents,

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ORCHARDS, FRUIT LANDS, FARMS

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CITY PROPERTY.

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Advertise
If you would rise,
Not at all
If you would fall.
—*Cosmopolitan, Burlington, Vt.*

LISTEN!

one moment. Ten cents in postage stamps will bring you a copy of "OUTINGS IN CALIFORNIA." 64 pages. Beautiful illustrations. No advertisements. A complete guide to California. Only a few copies left.

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depends on little things. A Ripans Tabule is a little thing, but taking one occasionally gives good digestion, and that means good blood, and that means good brain and brawn, and that means success.

Ripans Tabules may be obtained through your nearest druggist. Price 50 cents a box.

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CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $6,250,000.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Corner Bush and Sansome Streets

Steel Safes rented from $5.00 a year upward. Trunks and Packages stored at reasonable rates.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY FOR VALUABLES.

Prompt and careful attention to customers.

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DAVID CHAMBERS, PROPRIETOR.

First-class Turnouts

With or Without Drivers.

Ladies' gentle riding horses. Hacks meet all trains, free to Stable, thence to all parts of the city at most reasonable rates.

FINEST LIVERY OUTFIT IN THE CITY.

ORANGE STREET, Two blocks from Railroad Depot, REDLANDS, CAL.

Geo. Fiske photo.

EL CAPITAN.

HALF-TONE PRINTING BY
H. S. CROCKER COMPANY,

Supplement to THE TRAVELER, January, 1895.

HALF-TONE WORK BY THE
UNION PHOTO-ENGRAVING COMPANY,
SAN FRANCISCO

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME V. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1895. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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FOREIGN COUNTRIES 8 FRANCS OR 6 SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

To Advertisers: THE TRAVELER claims to have a larger circulation than any other paper published on the Pacific Coast devoted to the interest of Hotels, Resorts or Travel, and will pay *fifty dollars gold coin* to any one disproving this claim.

Special Notice.—No employee or representative of THE TRAVELER is empowered to request transportation or contract any debts on account of this journal. The publishers invariably furnish letters over their own signature where any favor or concession may be desired, so that those granting them without such letters do so at their own risk.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

AT THE recent session of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, held at Los Angeles, W. E. Hadley of the Horton House, San Diego, made some exceedingly pertinent remarks upon the question of advertising, and, after scoring fake publications in a scathing fashion, said: "There are a few publications, however, which richly deserve the hearty support of all hotel men with whom they come in contact. Among these THE TRAVELER and *The Land of Sunshine* stand at the top of the heap. Such advertising mediums as these should be encouraged at every opportunity. They have established a justly earned reputation."

We appreciate this very kind compliment, particularly because Mr. Hadley is a very candid man and is not in the habit of saying what he does not mean, and, anyway, what he says is true.

IS THERE a more indulgent people on the face of the globe than we are, as regards tramps, beggars and vagrants? I trow not. We have statutes, laws and ordinances enough, dear knows, if they were enforced, to take care of our mendicants. We have blind asylums where the unfortunates of this class are cared for at the expense of the State, and yet there are scores of blind beggars on our streets.

The poor, pitiable creatures on our fashionable thoroughfares,—some with one leg, some with a leg and a half, and some with none,—who are ostensibly making a living by the sale of lead-pencils, shoe-laces, etc., excite our sympathy and wring from us nickels or dimes that often should stay where charity begins, namely, at home.

If there are not institutions in the State to take care of these unfortunates, there should be. No beggar, maimed, halt or blind, should be allowed to practice his profession on our streets. There are public institutions supported by the people, where they are cared for.

And then where, in any of the great cities of the United States, are there to be seen so many fakirs, hucksters and curio-mongers on the street corners and sidewalks as we have in San Francisco? Boys with monkeys on strings, and all manner of creeping things, the man with a patent glass-cutter and toothache drops on the side, the man with air balloons and tumbling toys that trip up the passers-by, the inevitable and ubiquitous organ-grinder and scores of lesser nuisances, that should be wiped out of existence.

OUR Academy of Sciences, which was so richly endowed by the late James Lick, should be an institution which we could point out to travelers with some measure of pride; but it is not. The building is a magnificent one, but the fossils, in which category may be included some of the officials, are the same subjects that graced the old house on California Street, and the only noticeable change in the exhibits is their surroundings.

Of course we have a profound respect for the colossal skeletons of the mammoth, the dinotherium and the giant sloth; we gaze with a wonder not unmixed with pity on the wretchedly stuffed coyote and the mountain lion, whose ghosts seemed doomed to haunt the upper corridors almost alone; we always love to pause a moment in front of our great ancestor, the orang-outang, and admire his hirsute adornment that saved him the necessity of paying tailors' bills; we call our boys' attention to the albatross, the gnu and the Australian emu, and a score of other attractions: but we always come away from the place feeling that a fossiliferous atmosphere had enveloped the institution to such a degree that any further progress was impossible.

It is a shame and a disgrace to California that this academy with its great advantages should amount to little more than a petrefaction.

Chas. Y. Lamb photo.

"ON THE COLUMBIA" illustrates a picturesque bend in the great river of the North near Cape Horn, between Vancouver and The Dalles. The traveler may see much of interest by rail along this mighty stream, but the most satisfactory mode of doing it is from Portland to The Dalles and return by steamer.

HALCYON DAYS.

"December!" says the year; but rose and bee,
And meadow-lark with trills of sweetest tune,
Say "No, 'tis June!"
Stern, black and white the calendar's decree;
Yet we who read, bewildered, turn to see
Wide intervals of tenderest green, and thrill
To fire of southern sun caressing still
December's noon.

The late dawn 's flush with mingled gold and rose,
And slowly brightens till the perfect day
Smiles hours away
Under a cloudless turquoise arch. Then shows
The pearly bubble of the moon, that grows
To luminous whiteness as the low sun wanes;
While, as the planets burn, December feigns
June's mellow ray.

Unchanged the spires of cypress, and the sweep
Of crowding hosts of gum-trees up the hill,
Where summer still,
With gold of vagrant poppies, flecks the steep;
Yet winter violets bloom with fragrance deep.
Perplexed, entranced, we are but sure this seems
The "land of afternoon" and lotus-dreams:
Our senses thrill.

—*Ella M. Sexton.*

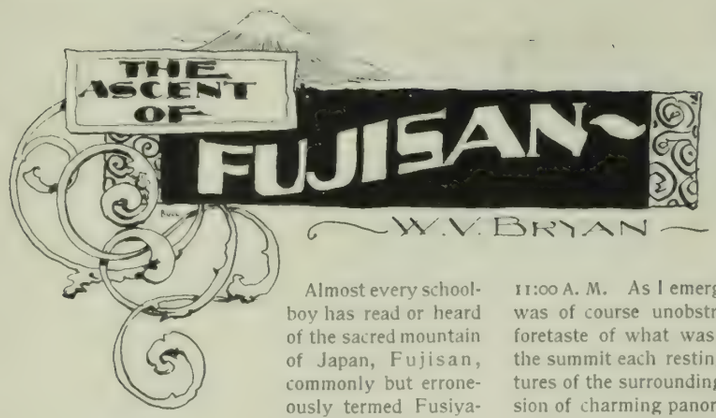
THIS being the good-resolution-turn-over-a-new-leaf season it might be well for our readers to "pause and consider as we stand upon the threshold of another year," as the high school graduate would say. You will notice that this advice is given to our readers. One reason of this is that, knowing it would be a busy season for us around the holidays, we used the Fourth of July this year for resolving, and another reason is that it is the proper caper this fall to give advice rather than to take it. You individually, dear reader, know just what line of resolutions would fit your particular case, but we would suggest the following bit of philosophy, which may or may not be pertinent in your instance.

Terry—An' phwat med yez quit dhrinkin', Planxty?

Planxty—It wor this way, Terrence: Me woife sez to me, sez she, "Planxty, yez can't give oop the licker," sez she. I t'ought I could, but whin I thried an' found I couldn't, begorra, I knew it wor toime for me to shtop, an' so I did.

WE ARE two years old the first of this month, and, while young, have had an experience with teeth in it, which, of course, we expected. We did not lie down to dream when we took up the work of THE TRAVELER, and did not expect to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. Things don't seem to come that way now-a-days, the old story of there being royal roads in the direction of anything worth attaining to having been exploded sometime prior to two years ago.

We therefore beg to say that we have been able to fulfill our obligations and promises to our friends and creditors, and that we start the new year with a clean leaf that we turned over on the last day of the year, leaving in the closed volume behind us all vain regrets and several charges to profit and loss; and so, looking into the future with a clear hope and every encouragement from our friends, we expect to not only keep up the high standard we aimed at in the beginning but to keep continually on the road of improvement.



Almost every schoolboy has read or heard of the sacred mountain of Japan, Fujisan, commonly but erroneously termed Fusiyama. It rises nearly thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level, and is in shape like a cone. During about eight months of the year its summit is covered with snow, it being at that time practically inaccessible. But in early summer it becomes the mecca of thousands of pilgrims who tramp to the summit to make their devoirs. They will come from hundreds of miles for this purpose, carrying huge burdens upon their backs; for, so sacred is this mountain held, that every Japanese who hopes to be saved must make this trip at least once in his life-time.

These pilgrims remain on top one night, and worship the sun as it rises the next morning. As that luminary appears a feeling of suppressed longing seems to overcome the devotees. They fall upon their knees, and offer up to their heathen deities the most devout and reverent benedictions and prayers.

While in Japan I had become intensely interested in this curious shrine, and the magnificent spectacle from its summit was said to be a sight well worth the arduous task to behold.

At six o'clock one cool, delightful morning I left Subashiri, perched upon one of those diminutive Japanese pack-horses, and raised by means of a sort of saw-buck saddle about two feet above his back, while a native attendant walked ahead and led the animal.

I could not repress a sense of insecurity at the elevation, especially as I had neither reins nor pommel to hold on. Behind me came two more Japs whom I had engaged to carry my provisions and act as guides. Thus started the imposing cavalcade. Up we climbed through the dense forests of dwarf firs and pines which surround the base of the mountain, the pathway consisting mostly of cinders and broken lava.

After a tedious ride of about five miles we reached a small hut called Uma-gayeshi (horse-turn-back). Beyond this point animals cannot travel, but it was with little regret that I parted from my conveyance to pursue the remainder of the journey on foot.

Far above us loomed the rugged cone of Fuji, yet ten thousand feet, and I became impressed with the stupendous task I had undertaken. After a liberal indulgence in cold tea we began the ascent proper, the guides bringing up the rear. I had secured a stout staff as of some assistance and comfort, and thus equipped I plodded laboriously through the thick brake and fir trees, gradually rising at each step. Occasionally we came across old deserted wooden huts used by reverential Japanese during the summer season.

At these places we took brief rests. On we toiled for hours, passing through acres of wild strawberry bushes and sacred medicinal plants, reaching the timber line about 11:00 A. M. As I emerged from the shrubbery my view was of course unobstructed and gave me a striking foretaste of what was to follow. From this point to the summit each resting-place revealed some new features of the surrounding landscape, affording a succession of charming panoramic scenes.

Still we toiled, puffed and dragged ourselves along, and before we had completed half the distance the severe exertion began to have its effect, for the incline was unusually precipitous, averaging an angle of from 65 to 70 degrees. There were no beaten paths, and the only manner of finding the right way was by following the hundreds of cast-off sandals of former pilgrims which lay scattered about in all directions. Even then we could make our way only by skillfully arranged zigzags among the rough lava dikes and the slaggy volcanic scoria.

It was a fearful climb, and often did I pause for breath, the exhaustion being augmented by the increasing rarity of the atmosphere. Often would I stretch out on my back for five or ten minutes, and the hot sun which blazed upon me did not tend to lessen the discomfort. I can afford to smile now when I think of how one of my guides assisted me by "pushing" from behind. Several times when he observed my excessive fatigue he would place his hands upon my hips and push like a modern snow-plow, and it was indeed a delightful relief. Occasionally a lady attempts the ascent of Fujisan, in which case two extra men are employed to assist them. One goes ahead and "pulls" on a rope around her waist, and the other "pushes" as already described. Amusing to think of but most agreeable to realize! Well, after one of the severest climbs I ever experienced we arrived at Chojo (the summit) at 3:30 P. M., having been nine hours and a half making the ascent.

FUJISAN.

My attention was first called to twelve small huts built of lava blocks, all being closed but one. Three days after my arrival this was closed also. I at once repaired to this lone habitation and indulged in some hot tea. The next in order was to don heavier apparel, for it was bitter cold. Thus equipped I wandered about the ragged cone to feast upon the surrounding magnificence. I perched upon the topmost pinnacle, and the spectacle unrolled before me was one I can never forget. I was fortunately blessed with a clear day,—something extremely rare in the fall months. The sky was perfectly clear except here and there a small detachment of white vapor moving languidly athwart the heavens. The atmosphere was free from haze, and there was nothing to mar the sublimity of the scene. Fujisan, or Peerless Mountain, is completely surrounded by mountain ranges, but rises from a broad plain, and with one majestic sweep towers eight thousand feet above its neighbors.

To the southward the broad and sluggish Fuji Kawa River coursed lazily along its bed through mellow rice fields, now crossing the Tokaido (imperial highway), and finally becoming lost in the placid waters of the Pacific.

The vast ocean looks as blue as the heavens above, and seemingly as smooth, glossy and tranquil as the lovely little Hakone Lake which now appears to the eastward. It is a beautiful sheet of water, deep azure, calm and quiet as the mountain pearls of Switzerland, and lies serenely landlocked in the fostering arms of the Hakone Mountains. Near by are two sister lakelets, almost if not equally as charming. To the northeast the narrow headland of Canon-saki juts far out into the ocean and forms the bay of Yeddo. We cannot see Yokohama, for it is hidden behind a point; but if we look farther to the east we see Asamayama, the active volcano, with a small column of black smoke curling slowly out of its crater. To the south is the sacred mountain, Tsukuba, the Kwanto plain, and the burning mountain, Mihara. There is indeed but one scene I have ever beheld that I believe fully equals that from the summit of Fuji; —it is from the summit of South Dome, the highest point in Yosemite Valley.

That afternoon I witnessed a very singular phenomenon. Just as the sun rested his chin upon the western horizon, and the heavens above were ablaze with his golden splendor, I glanced toward the east, and there arose the monstrous silhouette of Fuji upon the film of haze and vapor which heralded the approach of night. It was almost weird and startling in its effect, and so strikingly realistic that I was loth to acknowledge it an optical illusion. It remained less than two minutes, and then mysteriously vanished. In the Japanese language it is called Kage Fuji (shadow of Fuji).

You would naturally think that after my severe exertion of the day that I would have slept soundly in my little lava hut, but if I should tell you that with six thick blankets, an overcoat and my day clothing over me, I shivered all night, that the hut was full of cracks and crevices, that my face and neck burned from exposure to the sun, and that in spite of the cold the Japanese flea visited us in droves, you would not marvel that I never closed my eyes. But all things have an end.

When I arose the next morning I slipped without, and as far as I could see was one vast aerial ocean of white clouds, enveloping everything but the summit of the great mountain. There, five thousand feet below us, spread out that illimitable sea, rolling and tumbling like the smoke from the mouth of a cannon, and forming quaint and varied convolutions; while around and above stretched the blue vault of space in striking contrast with the snowy ocean beneath. To complete the picture Apollo rises from his feathery couch, gorgeously resplendent in his golden chariot, blazing with diamonds, sapphires and amethysts; and, as he slowly and gracefully ascends in majesty and state, the monarch of a million worlds, he casts upon the scene a halo of undying glory, a charm of indescribable magnificence.

The crater at the top of Fuji is about six hundred feet deep, over three thousand feet at its greatest diameter, and two miles around its outer edge. The volcano is now extinct, no eruption having taken place since 1707, when the whole summit burst into flames, the rocks were shattered and rent by the heat, and the ashes fell as far away as Tokio, about sixty miles distant in an air line, which is some indication of the tremendous force of the expulsion. The descent into the crater may be made, but not without difficulty and danger, so that rarely the daring tourist cares to undertake the experiment involving so great a risk.

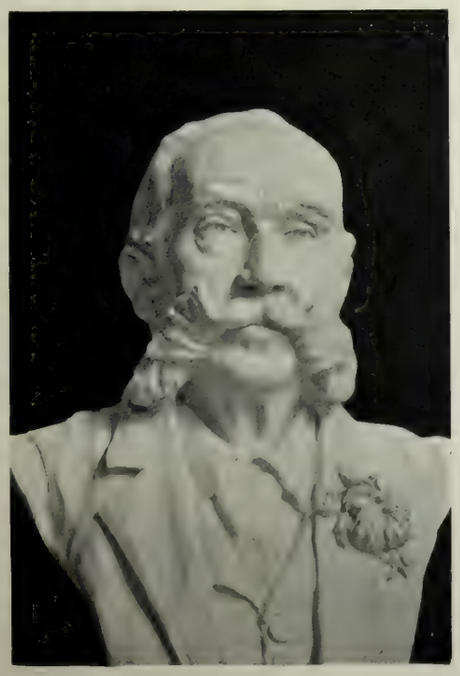
About 7:00 A. M. I began the descent. We took a somewhat different direction than the ascending route, our course leading us through loose lava or glissade. We progressed rapidly and soon were *among the clouds*, where we found it raining heavily. Subashiri was reached in three hours, and one of the hardest and grandest trips I ever experienced was at an end.

A STUDY.

The subject below is by a young sculptress of this city who will some day make a name for herself provided her health is spared and her present devotion to her art is not allowed to lag.

Miss Carrie Terry, who is a native daughter of Mr. Joseph T. Terry, now a trifle over eighteen years of age, comes naturally by her acquirements in this direction. She has them from her mother, who passed on into the other country before her talents in this direction were fully developed.

It is not that I knew the subject of this sketch at her mother's knee, nor altogether because of my great respect and admiration for that mother, that I write, but partly to encourage others to follow the example of



this young sculptress. She has had as yet scarcely any schooling in the craft, and, while the subject presented is not by any means faultless, it gives evidences of marked ability.

What a blessed thing it would be if more of our young ladies would take up studies of this character and try to be something else than mere figureheads in this world. Young ladies, it is not that you lack ability, not that you cannot do something worth while, but that you do not try.

BATTLE OF A MONKEY AND A CRAB.

A monkey and a crab once met when going round a mountain. The monkey had picked up a persimmon-seed, and the crab had a piece of toasted rice-cake. The monkey seeing this, and wishing to get something

Frank Deardorf, 27 Post St., S. F.

that could be turned to good account at once, said, "Pray exchange that rice-cake for this persimmon-seed."

The crab, without a word, gave up his cake, and took the persimmon-seed and planted it. At once it sprang up, and soon became a tree so high one had to look up at it. The tree was full of persimmons, but the crab had no means of climbing the tree. So he asked the monkey to climb up and get the persimmons for him. The monkey got up on a limb of the tree and began to eat the persimmons. The unripe persimmons he threw at the crab, but all the ripe and good ones he put in his pouch. The crab under the tree thus got his shell badly bruised, and only by good luck escaped into his hole, where he lay distressed with pain and not able to get up.

Now when the relatives and household of the crab heard how matters stood they were surprised and angry and declared war and attacked the monkey, who, leading forth a numerous following, bid defiance to the other party. The crabs, finding themselves unable to meet and cope with this force, became still more exasperated and enraged, and retreated into their hole and held a council of war.

Then came a rice-mortar, a pounder, a bee and an egg, and together they devised a deep-laid plot to be avenged. First, they requested that peace be made with the crabs; and thus they induced the king of the monkeys to enter their hole unattended, and seated him on the hearth. The monkey, not suspecting any plot, took the *hibashi*, or poker, to stir up the slumbering fire, when bang! went the egg which was lying hidden in the ashes, and burned the monkey's arm. Surprised and alarmed he plunged his arm into the pickle-tub in the kitchen to relieve the pain of the burn. Then the bee which was hidden near the tub stung him sharply in his face, already wet with tears. Without waiting to brush off the bee, and howling bitterly, he rushed for the back door; but just then some sea-weed entangled his legs and made him slip. Then down came the pounder tumbling on him from a shelf, and the mortar, too, came rolling down on him from the roof of the porch and broke his back and so weakened him that he was unable to rise up. Then out came the crabs in a crowd, and brandishing on high their pincers they pinched the monkey to pieces.

A PHYSIOGNOMICAL STUDY OF T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

MARY O. STANTON.

In the face of this celebrated divine, lecturer and editor there is much to interest the student of human nature. In it one sees the evidences of descent from a talented and long-lived race. In the chin are observed the signs for conscientiousness, firmness, patriotism and love of home. The slight dimple in the chin is one sign of esthetic tastes which are so often shown in his verbal descriptions and writings. In the lower lip benevolence is well represented. In the upper lip love of children and pets are both very noticeable, while the sign for amativeness in the same feature shows not only that he highly appreciates the opposite sex, but it also indicates *creative ability* mentally; for the capacity for mental creation or originality is based primarily on the reproductive system. The faculty of modesty is indicated by the depth of the groove in the center of the upper lip. The size and shape of the mouth resemble this feature in other orators, being wide and straight. The signs for digestion, hospitality and friendship are highly developed in the cheeks, thus evidencing a large social nature. For signs of intellectual power we must examine the nose, eyes and forehead. In the nose about the tip are the signs for hope, analysis, imitation, ideality, sublimity and construction,—all large. The *executive* powers of his mind are well defined in the *upper* portion of the nose. Here are placed the signs for veneration, executiveness, acquisitiveness and strong self-will.

Mr. Talmage's herculean efforts in raising the money to build three grand church edifices attest his great capacity for financial and material management. Observation is one of the strong traits of this character, while the eyes indicate the possession of language most fluent and eloquent. Order indicated by the squareness of the forehead is very marked, as are also form, size, locality and other practical faculties. Agreeability and persuasiveness are large and are shown by the downward droop of the outline of the upper eyelids; while the bushy brows and plentiful hair and beard announce constitutional vigor. The color-sense is normally developed, and, in conjunction with size and form, gives exceedingly fine appreciation

of esthetics generally. The breadth between the eyes and general breadth of the head and forehead denote a broad and comprehensive mind. The *quality* or texture of skin and hair is very *fine*, and this is the hall-mark of a *high grade* of both mental and physiological power. The peculiar conformation of the upper part of the forehead announces a memory most capacious,—one well filled with facts and theories. This intellect is both a storehouse and a manufactory to which reason, observation and intuition add their high powers. One faculty which Mr. Talmage possesses in a high degree is that of prevision,—foreknowing. He is able to foresee and to foretell many events before they occur, and to this faculty is he indebted for much of his success; for by its prescient warnings he is able to avoid many dangers, both spiritual and material.

Taken altogether his is a highly devoted nature unique in many respects.

A GROUP OF CHESTNUTS.

A Colchester paper avers that a hotel in that town has a cook so good looking that she mashes the potatoes by looking at them.

As we sat by the camp-fire of tragacanth bushes, Ali, a Turk, told of witches, and how they jumped through fire urharmed; and in the weird light he told stories which sound much funnier in Turkish than in English.

A donkey brayed and reminded him of a story of Narred-din-Hodja, who is the celebrated Turkish wit.

A man came to borrow Narred-din-Hodja's donkey, and was told that the donkey was away from home. Just then the donkey brayed.

"But you said he was away, and I hear him bray," said the man.

"My dear sir," said the Hodja, "do not demean yourself so low as to believe a donkey rather than myself, who am a fellow-man and a venerable Hodja with a gray beard" —*The Outlook.*

"You will have to give me another room," said a visitor to the hotel manager.

"What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarionet so that I thought I would never get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you blease,' said the German, 'dot you vould schnore of der same key. You vas go from Bb to G, und it schpoils der moosic!'"

—*Harlem Life.*

It takes very little wit to draw an uncharitable inference.

Mrs. Gadd—That new family next door to you must be purty well off; they've got a pianner.

Mrs. Gabb—Huh! They don't own it; it's rented.

Mrs. Gadd—How d'ye know?

Mrs. Gabb—By the way they bang on it. Why, I've seen two of them playing on it at once!

—*New York Herald.*

Although it is a familiar saying than an Irishman is always spoiling for a fight, still there is one kind of fighting to which even the brave sons of Erin are sometimes averse: this is dueling. A story well illustrating this fact has recently come to us.

A certain Irishman, having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion on the part of his friends, who felt confident of his success. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches.

When the place for the shooting had been reached the lame man's seconds asked that he be allowed to lean against a mile-stone which happened to stand there. The privilege was allowed, and the lame man took his stand.

The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon,—one hundred feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him, and he shouted to the lame man:

"I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor!"

"What is it?" asked the cripple.

Pat answered, "I tould ye thot ye might lean agin the mile-post, and now I would like the privilege of leaning' agin the nixt one."

The laugh that followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.

Nervous Passenger (to mother of howling imp in Colonial Express—Madam, is there anything any of us can do to—to pacify your little boy?

Fond Mother (of spoiled child)—Oh, thank you, yes; you are very kind. You see, the dear little pet wants to throw his lunch at the passengers, and I was afraid they wouldn't like it. Just stand where you are, please. Now stop crying, darling. This kind gentleman wants you to play with him.

"Give me one year of Augusts," a White Mountain hotel proprietor was once heard to say, "and I should be ready to retire."

Like this was the feeling of a boy mentioned by an exchange. He was selling bits of smoked glass during the late solar eclipse.

"How much apiece?" inquired a passer-by.

"Five cents," said the boy.

The man bought one, but thought the price a little high.

"You ought to make money at that rate," he said.

"Yes," answered the thrifty youngster; "it would be a pretty good business if the dull season wasn't so long."

"Say! Mother, will you speak to that Sammy!"
"What's he doin' now?"
"Well, every time I hit him on de he'd wid dis hammer, he hollers."

Two words sometimes make a long sentence,—for instance, when the judge remarks to the prisoner, "Twenty years."

A story of Henry Ward Beecher is told as follows: He once received a letter from Robert Bowney on the first day of April which, upon being opened, he found contained simply these words, "April Fool." To which Beecher replied in these, "I have often heard of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name, but this is the first time I have heard of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."

Children who live in the country will not need to be told what this cut represents. They have watched the little pigs playing tag around the barnyard while the mother was out on her everlasting hunt for grub.

H. H. Lawton photo.

Perhaps city children may ask why the mother pig is eating all the dinner and not giving anything to the little ones. Well, it is because she is a pig, and maybe after all she is thinking of her children. Suppose a dog should come suddenly around the corner and chase one of the little ones, you would see something that would make you believe that she had the little pigs in mind all the time. I have never seen the dog, no matter how savage, that had the courage to face a mother sow under such circumstances. So the pig is not altogether selfish after all and possibly has been abused by human pigs.

PRODUCTS AND RESOURCES OF HAWAII.

Beside sugar and rice, the staple products, coffee, bananas, oranges and other fruits are largely grown. Food products are abundant, especially of the kind suitable to a hot climate.

The native food consists largely of the taro plant, of which the best varieties are grown in shallow ponds of fresh water. It is stated that about forty square feet of taro will yield enough to supply one man for a year, this being his principal food. From this plant is made the *poi*, which is the ordinary food of the Kanaka.

The sweet potato grows even amongst the rocks and flourishes abundantly in good soil, while the common potato sometimes grows well, though is often injured by worms.

Wheat and corn are grown; the former was once cultivated for export.

The quality of the coffee raised is equal to the choicest.

The climate is also very favorable to the growth of the long staple sea-island cotton; but as this variety must be picked by hand the high price of labor in the islands renders its culture unprofitable.

Tropical fruits of nearly all kinds grow in the greatest abundance, the orange, lemon, lime, mango, pineapple, chirimoya or custard apple, the alligator pear, pomegranate and guava, all of which are exotic.

The banana is indigenous, and is the most abundant of all fruits; beside it there are the ohia apple—a fruit peculiar to the Pacific Islands, soft, juicy and mildly acid—many varieties of palms, the choicest trees of India, the caoutchouc, the papaya, the traveler's tree of Madagascar, and other foreign plants.

—*Paradise of the Pacific.*

The principal redwood forests of California are in the counties of Humboldt and Mendocino, on the northwest coast. It is difficult, even with the aid of illustrations, to convey to one who has not seen them the idea of the immensity of these forests, their density or their beauty. No other part of the world of equal area contains so compact a body of valuable timber. In Humboldt county alone, where about 50,000 acres have been cut and manufactured into lumber, it is estimated that there are yet 498,000 acres of virgin redwood forest. It is further estimated by competent experts that the redwood yet standing in that county is capable of producing 100,000 feet of marketable lumber, or its equivalent in other forest products, to each acre, or an untouched reserve of 49,750,000,000 feet of lumber (board measure). At the present rate of manufacture of 200,000,000 feet per annum, the redwood forests of this single county would not be exhausted within two hundred years.

In addition to the counties named there are still left belts of this valuable timber in Santa Cruz, Sonoma and Del Norte counties.

In passing through the larger forests in the regions referred to the immensity of the individual trees is not so much a matter of astonishment as their number, uniformity and vigor, and the continuity of the timber. Few of these trees are over fifteen feet in diameter or over 200 feet high; yet great numbers may be found on every acre which are five or six feet in diameter. The wood itself resists combustion, and forest fires are not so frequent as in forests of other timber.

Immense mills have been constructed at convenient points both for timber and shipping, and the product is sent by vessel to different parts of the world. The logging in the woods and the work at the mills is necessarily carried on in a somewhat different manner from similar operations in other States, owing to the great size of the logs.

Even within the past few years great improvements have been made in the mechanical appliances for handling the cut timber, steam taking the place of animal power in different departments.

Nothing could be more picturesque than to see a long string of teams of oxen or horses hauling a lot of saw-logs over the skid-road to the railroad, river or mill. The logs are chained end to end, with a short space between them, and the heaviest ones in front. The skid-road is composed of logs laid in the ground, with a central groove, which is kept greased or wet, so that the heavy saw-logs will readily slide along on their way. A good deal of shouting, noise and dust accompany this operation, and the teams occasionally get stalled with their loads. The system has been largely done away with in the larger modern logging camps, and a cable-logging engine is used to haul the logs, instead of oxen or horses. The steam logging is much more expeditious than the other system, and less expensive.

The felling of the trees is not done in the same manner as where small pines, etc., are chopped down with an ax. A platform is built six or seven feet from the ground, on which two men stand to do the chopping. Then an undercut is made and the saw is used, this being operated by two men, as shown in the illustration. After the tree is felled it is sawed up into logs, and these are hauled over the skid-roads to the railroad or river. In some places the logs are hauled to a stream, and the freshets transport them down to the mill. In other places hauling from the forest to the mill is done by logging-train. One of the views given herewith shows a train of this kind where there are twenty-five cars being hauled by a locomotive. On each car is a single log; some of them are eight or ten feet in thickness, as will be seen by comparison with the figures of the men. Occasionally the logs are so large that they have to be split lengthwise in two parts before shipment to the mill. This is done by means of dynamite. The logs on their arrival at the mill are sawed into lumber.

At most of the mills there is a pond in which the logs are stored for use and taken out one by one as occasion demands. Where the railroad comes in on the ridge above the pond the logs are sent down a chute into the water. As each car arrives at the head of the chute the log is released from its chains, and by its own gravity swings onto the chute and goes plunging downward. When it strikes the water in the pond the spray is thrown hundreds of feet into the air in all sorts of fantastic shapes and with rainbow hues. As the log starts on its way it first moves slowly and sedately, but, gathering momentum, it slides, bumps and bounds, raising clouds of smoke and dust, until nearing the end of its journey it gives one wild leap and plunges into the water.

The chute down which the logs are slid is made of heavy logs laid lengthwise in the ground, and with the edges slightly raised so as to form a sort of trough. On striking the water the logs sometimes go clear across the pond. One may watch this operation for a whole day without loss of interest, for each log seems to assume an individuality and make the passage in its own way, so there is a constant variety in the scene. Language is inadequate to express the emotion experienced when witnessing it the first time.

The views accompanying this article were all made in Humboldt County, California, where the largest belts of timber are still standing. The view at Bluff Creek shows the timber country where a stream passes down the canyon.

There is no part of the State more interesting to visit than the timber regions of the upper Coast. The scenery is picturesque, climate pleasant, and fish and game abundant. Nowhere else are there better supplied trout streams. Most of this timber region is far from the line of railroads, and one must go by team or water. For this reason few tourists are to be met, nor are there any "swell" hotels. At all the mills and shipping points, however, are small hotels where reasonably good accommodations may be had at reasonable prices. To those who have not witnessed them the details of the logging, milling and shipping operations will be found to be full of interest, and fully worth the little "roughing it" necessary to make the trip.

A. W. Ericson photo.

The streams of Humboldt and Mendocino counties, especially in the redwood districts, are perennial in their run, which is to be accounted for by the fact that the great Sequoia forests are not only conservers of moisture, but they gather in their lofty boughs much of the dampness that drifts in from the ocean, and, as a consequence, the undergrowth of these forests, especially of the fern family, possesses tropical luxuriance of growth.

Along these streams Nature has robed their banks and margins with a prodigal display of wild-flowers and gaudy shrubs; in fact, the foliage is so dense in summer that many of the smaller streams are positively choked with the superabundance of foliage. The purity of the water of these streams and springs is a genuine treat to the metropolitan.

The expression, "in the heart of the redwoods," brings up in the mind of the angler, the artist and tourist, visions of glorious days and restful, quiet nights; rambles in the solemn redwood aisles, and along the fern-fringed streams, up over ridges where the manzanita-apple flower, sweet-scented ceanothus, and the rank-pendant buckeye blossoms, scent the summer air. There is a wealth of ozone in these forests which gives renewed vigor to the tired brain.

THE TERRACES OF NEW ZEALAND.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN NORTH ISLAND is located the Hot Lake District of New Zealand, which may be approached from Auckland, Napier, or Tauranga. Most tourists enter it from the Auckland side. In 1887, the year of my departure from the colony, the railroad went as far as the town of Oxford, distant 133 miles from Auckland. On the day after reaching this remote namesake of the great English University, the coach was taken to Ohinemutu on Lake Rotorua,—a drive of thirty-six miles through the New Zealand "bush." Tall kauri-pines with straight, smooth stems, totaras, cypresses and many other forest-trees abound; but it is the superb tree-fern, with a tuft of great fronds springing from its crest, that delights us most. At Ohinemutu a settlement of Maoris lived a simple, primitive, careless life, floating about for hours at a time in the luxurious hot waters which bubble up all over the place. The Government of the Colony has now established a township here called Rotorua, with baths and ample accommodations for invalids and visitors to the various springs. Eleven miles from the old Maori settlement Ohinemutu and the modern township Rotorua was Wairoa, situated upon the shore of Lake Tarawera, and the headquarters for visitors to the Pink and White terraces, the crowning beauties of the Wonderland. Two native women, Kate and Sophia, acted as guides, and piloted the visitor among the marvels of the region.

From McCrae's Hotel at Wairoa a steep path took one down to the green waters of Lake Tarawera. Visitors hired a boat, and were rowed along the southern shores of the lake, which is about ten miles long by two wide, and surrounded by high, bold mountains. On the southeast side of the lake is Mount Tarawera, about 3,600 feet high. After rowing for about eight miles they reached the Kaiwaka Creek, a narrow stream of warm water flowing down from Rotomahana—the hot lake. At this point tourists got out of the boat and walked over a tract covered with fern and ti-tree scrub to Rotomahana. From its shores they stepped into a native dug-out canoe, and were paddled across its waters to Te Tarata,—the White Terrace. At its base they stood gazing up in wonder and admiration at the marvelous series of pearl-white terraced platforms, of which there were twenty, each exactly horizontal, and six or seven feet above the one below it, and from twenty to fifty feet wide. From the top of the terrace, which was vertically eighty feet high, but three hundred feet back from the base, clouds of steam issued forth, and strange sounds of bubbling, roaring and rumbling struck the ear.

These sights and sounds came from the geyser, the boiling waters of which continually flowed down from platform to platform, and, being heavily charged with silicates, created constant deposits. As the waters dripped down, they crystallized on exposure to the air, forming wonderful lace-like fret-work and tracery of the most delicate design, and of exquisite whiteness and purity. The whole neighborhood of the terrace showed violent volcanic activity: everywhere the ground was honey-combed with geysers, and hot springs spouted up; steam continually rushed forth from subterranean caverns and fissures; and in many places a stick thrust into the ground was pulled out charred. The guides, who were thoroughly familiar with the ground, kept the visitors from falling into boiling springs, or walking on spots where the crust was too thin to sustain their weight.

At the foot of the White Terrace the tourist stepped into the canoe again, and was ferried over to Otukapuarangi,—the Pink Terrace. This was formed in precisely the same manner as the White Terrace, but some ingredient in the waters of the geyser gave it a pink hue, as of coral. The geyser at the top of the Pink Terrace was not so hot as that which created the White Terrace, but the waters were still more highly charged with silicates, and ran down more slowly, thus causing a more rapid formation of coral-like basins. The deep basins of the upper platforms were filled with water of an agreeable temperature for bathing, and of a most remarkable blue color, which has been called azure, sky, turquoise, sapphire, and ultramarine, but was not precisely any one of these. The delicate, pearly interior surface of the basins, which were called "Coffee-cups," gave to the bather a peculiar feeling of indolence and luxury almost indescribable. Getting into the canoe again, the visitor quickly descended the swift stream of the Kaiwaka to the lake, and a two hours' row brought him back to his starting-point, Wairoa, with ineffaceable recollections of an almost unearthly beauty stamped upon his mind.

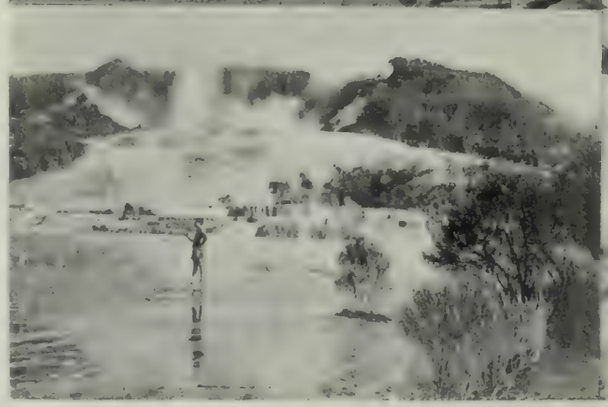
But why, the reader may ask, is the greater part of this narrative written in the past tense? Alas! the place of the terraces knows them no more. They were shattered, splintered, and utterly destroyed by the violent eruption of Mount Tarawera on the 10th of June, 1886. At about 10:00 A. M. on that day slight earthquake shocks were felt by the inhabitants of Wairoa, eight miles west of the mountain, and by those of the township of Rotorua. In little more than an hour the noise had very much increased, and columns of fire and smoke were seen to shoot up from the top of the volcano. Red-hot blocks of scoria rolled down the sides of Tarawera into Wairoa, setting some of the houses on fire; and showers of volcanic dust and mud began to settle upon the entire district.

A mighty cloud of fine ashes was shot up into the air, and, carried by the wind, fell upon the decks of ships at sea. The actual eruption of the mountain continued with appalling violence for about six hours, though the whole district showed unusual volcanic energy for some days. Rotomahana (Hot Lake) was transformed from a sheet of water into a crater surrounded by steep walls 200 or 300 feet high, and one and a-half miles across. In the center of the hollow there is water still, but its surface is 515 feet *lower* than the former level of the lake.

The Pink and White terraces were so utterly destroyed that it is possible only to guess at their sites. It seems, however, probable to those who were very familiar with the district, and have been over it since the catastrophe, that the Pink Terrace is submerged beneath a mighty mass of mud, stones and scoria, and that the White Terrace was partly blown to atoms, and partly sank out of sight.

The eruption destroyed two native townships, Te Moura and Te Ariki, only one inhabitant escaping from them. At Wairoa the atmosphere was filled with hot sulphurous gases, and the roofs of houses and huts were crushed by the weight of the stones, mud and lava piled upon them. The schoolmaster at Wairoa was killed, and his wife rescued with a dead child in her arms. A young English tourist who was staying at McCrae's Hotel also lost his life. The remnant of the Tuhourangis, a Maori tribe which exacted tribute from visitors to the Hot Lake District, perished entirely, 105 Maoris and six white persons losing their lives.

Though the most charming features of the Wonderland were ruined, many marvels remain, and new ones were brought into being by the violent upheaval. Hot springs, fumaroles and mud geysers abound, and the "Pink Cauldron" is forming a silicious deposit which is gradually building up a tier of exquisite steps similar to those of the terraces. The same agencies, under favoring conditions, will probably, in course of time, reconstruct a series of natural wonders not inferior in strange beauty to those now unhappily lost.



The two illustrations on the right-hand side, and the bottom one on the left, are from photographs, and show the terraces in their original beauty before the eruption of June 10, 1886. The top picture on the left shows the little church at Wairoa crushed and almost buried beneath a mass of mud and volcanic scoria.

CHARACTER READ FROM HANDWRITING.

BY A GRAPHOLOGICAL EXPERT.

"MENTAL states express themselves by the movements of the hand in penwriting," says Desbarralles. Every man betrays his characteristics by his unfeigned handwriting. From a few lines written in ink on unruled paper, a graphologist can draw inferences, form conclusions and state facts about the writer's habits of thought and action, his disposition and individual characteristics; for the handwriting bears an analogy to the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic. An autograph has this advantage over a portrait: it must be faithful, which a portrait rarely is. Realizing that graphology, while it is no new fad of the present day, is enjoying the distinction of being a fashionable subject, THE TRAVELER has placed before a local expert several specimens written by people well known in San Francisco society, knowing that the results will be appreciated by its readers.

Sincerely yours,
Jennie C. Dunspaugh

This young lady is very tender-hearted, loving, affectionate, clinging, kindly, sympathetic. She is a natural lover of ease, averse to excitement, or rapidity of motion, or over-exertion. Hers is a languorous, sensuous nature, reveling in music, art, and loving perfumes, romance and sentiment. She is affable, courteous, reserved with strangers, and gifted with a mild obstinacy of her own. She is vivacious, with a keen sense of humor, and is absolutely without pretense. She is also secretive, and can keep her own counsels well. Refinement and spirituality are among her characteristics.

Faithfully & truly yours
R. Hewitt

The popular rector of Grace Church gives evidence in his handwriting of being an impressionable, ardent, impulsive, affectionate, tender-hearted, sympathetic man. He has sociability, adaptability, fluency of speech, argumentativeness, some combativeness which is modified by his tact. He is gracious of manner, yet hasty, impetuous, careless in regard to appearances, ambitious and generally hopeful and cheerful, dwelling upon the beauties of his creed rather than upon its terrors. He would persuade rather than drive or terrorize. He is somewhat self-opinionated, and not without originality.

Yours very respectfully
Geo. I. Sabin

By his handwriting Mr. Sabin is shown to be a man of good business sense and executive ability. He can speak directly and very much to the point. He has tact, caution, secretiveness, powers of observation, some originality, and is not without grace of manner and a desire to stand well in the estimation of his associates. He is more impressed by the whole than he is by the minute details. He shows affection, sympathy, loyalty to a friend, and tenacity of purpose. Economy rather than extravagance is indicated.

Sincerely yours
Katharyn Harbor

Eccentricity is a prevailing trait in this character, coupled with a certain defiance of conventionality. She is a law unto herself. She is critical, observing, but not always logical in her conclusions. She is consistent in being inconsistent. She often changes her mind, and does exactly as she likes, enjoys whatever is novel, weird or strange, shows signs of coquetry, egotism, self-consciousness, pride, haughtiness of spirit, high temper, and a despotic way of disposing of all questions. The lady is ardent, impulsive, passionate, easily elated, easily discouraged. She shows affection, and where her affections are concerned much generosity. She lacks persistence and continued application. Her nature is material rather than spiritual.

Yours very truly
Ethel Crocker

The traits in this handwriting are self-consciousness, accumulativeness, very little sympathy for others, secretiveness very marked, diplomacy, a capacity for planning and executing, undeterred by difficulties. This lady will never abandon a single one of her rights, or abate one jot of what she considers her due. She is proud, imperious, averse to being opposed or thwarted, has great social ambition, determination, strong will, tenacity of opionion and of purpose, is very quick tempered, excitable, fluent of speech, is an aristocrat in feeling, somewhat overbearing toward her inferiors, exacts admiration and deference as her due, shows refinement and a love for music and the arts.

Simply
Nellie

Miss Nellie Jolliffe is a young lady of dash, determination, a despotic will, tenacity of will and fluency of speech. She has a very quick temper of the explosive sort, and can do considerable execution with it when she gets started. Although the full signature has not been written, there is enough to show Miss Nellie's independence of thought and decisive action. She has a warm, affectionate nature, will be loyal, loving, demonstrative to her friends and merciless to her enemies. She is apt to be overhasty at times, but she is good-hearted, impulsive, emotional, ambitious, and, like all temperaments, capable of much exaltation of spirits, but is apt to spend a day now and then in the valley of humiliation or the slough of despond.

Very Cordially Yours
Kate de Young

This writing shows more or less *finesse*, tact or diplomacy, self-consciousness, self-confidence, executive ability. Mrs. de Young is ambitious, courageous, with indomitable will. She shows equanimity, composure, and yet possesses a naturally quick temper and vivacity. She is candid, remarkably charitable, and is friendly without much self-sacrifice. She enjoys holding the center of the stage, and has the ability to do so. She has a clear head, an active mind, the ability to plan and to accomplish, and seems above any petty jealousies or vengeful feelings. Her will is very strong, yielding only to the inevitable.

Eva Mathews

This handwriting of one of our women artists shows self-consciousness, force, push, originality, aggressiveness, self-love, an affectation of the bizarre and the peculiar. The lady is clear-headed, with natural cleverness, capacity for talking well, the ability to make the most of an opportunity. Commercial instincts are well developed. Lacks generosity, broad sympathy and self-denying traits. Not enough ideality to excel as a creator. Shows love of art, of music. The self-assertive angularity of the writing as shown in the capital E, together with the despotic dash at its lower end, preclude her possessing the idea of perfect harmony so necessary to a true artist. There is a certain hardness in her lines which time may soften.

Cordially Yours
Bronlle Spreckels

This character shows extreme self-consciousness, independence, strong will verging on despotism and obstinacy, originality tending toward eccentricity. She is affectionate but exacting, naturally ambitious, but suffers from depression of spirits. She is lively, vivacious, often extravagant, evinces a strong imagination, sequence of ideas, ardour, enthusiasm, impulsiveness; not particularly broadminded, but conscientious.

John W. Dungan
Bohemian Club
City.

This man shows a well-stored mind, a trained intelligence, and the power of expression, with some originality of a dogmatic sort. He is cranky and moody at times. He is eccentric, argumentative, inclined to be despotic, affectionate yet selfishly so, with much self-love. As a club man he is a *bon vivant*, fond of a good dinner. He shows closeness in financial matters, is not freehanded or lavishly generous. He is without affectation, is courteous, considerate, slightly egotistic and easily deceived.

Respectfully yours
Mrs. W. H. Mills

In this signature are indicated motherly kindliness, gentleness, refinement, warm-heartedness. A clear head is shown. She is a calm thinker, with intuitive reasoning powers; the critical faculty is well developed. Mrs. Mills is apt to weigh, to consider, and never acts hastily. She has just enough temper and spirit to make her character interesting. She never sinks to a dull level. She is not without some imagination, but is not carried away by impulse or enthusiasm. She is careful and economical, and is a cheerful optimist, believing and hoping the best of everybody and everything. She has too much tact and kindly feeling ever to wound another.

Very truly,
Sophie Harvey

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, who signs her Christian name to her letters, is a lady of determination and ambition. She is quick, impulsive,—nothing of a laggard about her. She is affectionate, demonstrative, and yet can be very secretive and reserved at times. She is very tenacious of her opinion, and self-willed, too. There is considerable of the quality best expressed by the phrase, "I-am-ity." She is quick tempered, inclined to be critical, and possibly a little captious when things do not go as she would like. She has taste, and enjoys nice things. She does not show lavish generosity. She has some tact.

Sincerely yours
William Nicholls

This handwriting shows the born aristocrat, the ruler of men, the critic, the fluent speaker, but the man without warmth of oratory, or the irresistible magnetism of a persuasive preacher. He shows clear, cold logic, intellectual ability, and is a dialectician rather than a popular preacher. He shows some affection, but little demonstrativeness. The writing would indicate him to be rather secretive and possibly strategic. He shows originality and mental ability of a high order. He also shows energy and a tireless capacity for work. He never spares himself.

San Francisco Bay is one of the leading show spots of the many show spots in California. This is no cause for wonder, for no maritime city on the globe—Sydney, perhaps, excepted—boasts a more noble harbor. Its tide flows through the only salt-water gap in the great chains of mountains inclosing the valley of California, and through this gap, the Golden Gate, the blue Pacific receives tribute in the drainage of 62,000 square miles, about one-third of the State's area. The gate is three and one-half miles long by one mile in width, and to carry the tides and fresh-water emptyings of the bay's area, which amounts to 465 square miles, requires a depth in the narrow channel of from 350 to 450 feet.

With California's cosmopolitan population and widely diversified interests it is not surprising that the waters of the bay should bear strange burdens. Nearly all classes of foreign-born residents employ the boats of their native climes, and there is much to be gained in nautical lore by a mere stroll along the four miles of docks and wharves on the improved line of San Francisco's frontage. The peninsula on which the city is located is bounded by the bay on the east, the ocean on the west, and the Golden Gate on the north, and the city has nine miles of deep-water bay frontage.

BOUND FOR THE HEADS.

The almost land-locked waters are only dangerous when a southeaster prevails. Then the wind has an unbroken sweep of over forty miles, and the bay on the San Francisco side is an expensive resting-place for ships that have not run double mooring lines or made fenders of hay bales. But fortunately southeasters of sufficient force to be destructive are not prevalent in this latitude, and the merest cockleshell of a pleasure craft is safe under canvas, oars or steam 360 days out of every 365. Under these conditions it is a matter of comment on the part of Eastern visitors that sailing as a pastime is not more extensively patronized here. Yachting is not an all-absorbing sport about the bay, it is true; but woe betide the amateur tar from abroad or the East who fancies he may take a turn at the wheel and show San Francisco yachtmen the way on a midsummer afternoon. In a summer's cruising some eight years ago six schooners of the old Pacific Club fleet averaged two and four-tenths knots per hour better than the best six boats in the fleet of the famous Seawanhaka Club of New York; and the six on this side did not include any such racing machines as the narrow single-stickers that have been built at intervals to defend the *America's* cup. That sort of craft, if sent down midchannel here when the summer trades are blowing, with the enormous balloons and spinnakers they sport off Sandy Hook, would be blown out of the water. Three New York yachts have been imported here, all with some pretensions to speed, and two of them proved most miserable failures when entered against the tight little sloops and schooners that prevail as pleasure craft in the West. One of them, the schooner *Ariel*, was re-sparred and re-canvased and re-rigged nearly a score of times, and yet remained notoriously the slowest craft on the bay. She was finally sold as a seal-hunter, and was not fast enough for that, although rated as a cup-winner in New York. The exception of the trio is the *Annie*, the sloop in which Boss Tweed made his flight to Cuba. She was not built as a yacht, however, but as a butcher's boat for outside work; and it is doubtful if the builders could identify a single line of

ITALIAN FISHERMAN'S BOAT.

her hull or a figure in rig and sail area, so completely has she been made over to fit the changed conditions of these waters.

Of steam yachts we have one fully fledged, the *El Primero* of Mr. Hopkins, but there are launches by the hundred driven by every sort of motor, and some of them are large enough to be called yachts. Mr. Hearst, the newspaper man, imported a Herreschoff craft a few years ago, and skipped about the bay at the rate of twenty-one knots an hour. Then he was possessed with a desire to own the fastest yacht in the world, and sold his "slow" boat. The famous *Vamoose* was the result, but he could not get her out here, and she is, perforce, a New York boat.

Perhaps one reason why yachting is not more affected here is to be found in the handsome appointments of the ferry-boats. No city's suburban residents travel with anything like the comfort that is bestowed on San Franciscans who have their bedrooms in Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, San Rafael, Sausalito, Belvedere or other of the bay towns. The boats are fast, handsomely furnished, clean and commodious, and present a most palatial appearance when compared with the dingy little craft that cross the Hudson and East rivers. Here a bay trip is a pleasure as much as a means of "getting somewhere," and probably half an hour twice a day is sufficient to satisfy the ambition of most people for cruising. Then, too, people possessed of a wild desire for steam yachting can gratify their penchant by chartering a tug.

In the towing fleets of San Francisco there are four or five boats that have no equals for looks and comfort and cleanliness anywhere. A tug on the Atlantic, either abroad or at home, is a dirty, oily, ill-smelling craft with sticks of cord-wood trailing over the side for fenders, and no arrangements for anything but towing. A holiday party patronizing one of them could safely calculate on ruined costumes and discomfort throughout.

One favorite boat here, the *Fearless*, registers four hundred tons, is 145 feet long and cost over one thousand dollars a foot to build. Her cabins are equal to those of the most luxuriously appointed yacht in the country, and her snowy decks, glistening sides and polished hard-wood finishings are much more sug-

CHINESE JUNK.

gestive of a yacht than a towboat. With such craft as this, always procurable at small expense, it is small wonder that towboat parties are popular to the exclusion of steam yachts.

One section of the water-front of San Francisco Bay looks like a bit out of the Mediterranean; it is the short section of seawall at the foot of Telegraph Hill, that is devoted to the Latin fisherfolk and the appurtenances of their trade. Picturesque would be a mild term if one's olfactory sense did not put in perpetual protest. The great fleet of Italian fishing boats, the net-festooned wharves, the swarthy, earringed men clad in silk-sash-supported trousers, big seaboots, sou'westers and bright-hued shirts, all belong to a different country from this. Their language is foreign, and the odors of cheese, maccaroni, garlic and wine that issue from the holds of their boats are foreign even in this land of cosmopolitan diet. The fishing people from the shadow of Vesuvius are more to themselves in San Francisco than the Chinese.

It is forty-two years since the foundation of the fishing fleet, which is one of the shows of the bay shore, was laid. Then a score or two of American sailors, who had tired of unsuccessful ventures in shore diggings and returned to the sea, were rapidly acquiring wealth by fishing for the market. They had three or four stanch little sloops, and dropped their trawls and cast their hand-lines is promising spots up and down the coast outside the heads. They took mackerel, bonita and barracuda as far south as Monterey Bay, and went to the Farallones and Drake's Bay for flounders and rock cod, and still farther north and west for halibut. Hand-line fishing was slow work, but days of gold prices ruled, and five hundred or six hundred pounds of fish meant $250 or $300.

Their bonanza was seen and appropriated by a couple of olive-skinned wanderers who were wafted in through the Golden Gate with the floatsam and jetsam of the time. In a few weeks they had built themselves a broad-beamed, tight-decked craft, with rounded sides,

pointed ends and the general characteristics of a duck in rough weather. In this, a third of the boat's length from the bow, they planted a short mast at an angle of forty-five degrees, and to this mast was bent a long yard supporting an immense spread of light canvas ending in a ringtail or point at the sheet. The boat looked as though it would require very careful trimming, especi-

HAY SCHOONER.

ally when running free, and only such sailors as had visited the Mediterranean refrained from predicting that it would turn turtle the first time it was hauled on the wind. But appearances were deceptive, and the strange craft skimmed the water like a seabird, which it greatly resembled in the perspective of the Golden Gate.

Then the boatbuilders knitted themselves yards and yards of net out of dark-brown twine, and the bonanza of the American fishermen was at an end. With their net they took more fish in one haul than came in on the hand-lines and trawls in a day, and they operated lines also for such fish as their net did not reach. They worked the mouth of the river for salmon, and soon had a monopoly of the fishing. They sent for their friends, trained their children as fishermen, and now the lateen-rigged fleet numbers nearly half a thousand. Cruising far outside in the wildest weather it is not remarkable that the Italian fishermen furnish a large proportion of the wildest tales of sea peril that the local marine newsgatherers have to write.

The Chinese do a little fishing, but only cut a figure in the local market with the shrimp—not the big musty prawns of other waters, but a diminutive crustacean with a flavor all its own, and a protective armor the knack of removing which is only acquired by long residence in California. The Chinese adhere strictly to the unwieldy junks of their native rivers,—coffin-shaped, cumbersome craft, with square bows, enormous rudders and square sails ribbed with slats of bamboo. The small boats are built on the

YACHT RACING.

same model and would drown white sailors faster than they could get into them. Perhaps the Chinese are better sailors than their *confrères* of Europe and America, or perhaps their junks are better craft than they look; but anyway Chinese and junks are out in the worst of weather, which is on the shallows of their fishing grounds, and they do not average the loss of a man or a boat in a year.

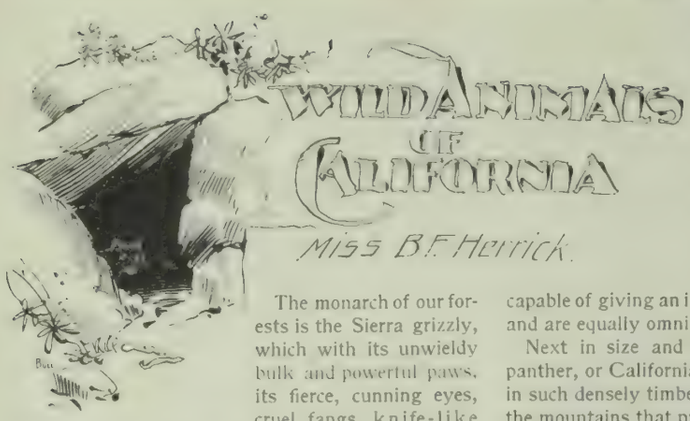
Shrimp yards are located at a dozen different points in the bay, and they would be as picturesque as the Italian fleet but for the odor.

Another freak in bay craft are the scow-schooners that run up the sloughs and upper bays. Seen across a marsh or at a distance over smooth water, one of these box-like craft bears more resemblance to an enormous load of hay under sail than any kind of a boat. There is little hold-room in these carriers, and their burdens are piled into the air until a third of the distance up the mast is achieved; and the man at the wheel is perched on a platform twelve or fifteen feet high, with his steering gear mounted on stilts beside him. The scow-schooner is picturesque only when loaded to its fullest capacity and drifting lazily in the haze of a smoky twilight. More artists have essayed the peculiar effects of such a calm evening, with a scow for the center or foreground, than any other subject on San Francisco Bay, and usually with more success, especially in wash pictures that will not bear close inspection and dissection.

Sharing in the up-river freighting of the scow-schooner is the stern-wheel steamer, a flat-bottomed boat that is popularly supposed to be navigable wherever a heavy dew has fallen over night. These ripple-kickers are not to be compared to the magnificent side-wheelers that controlled the traffic in the flush days before the railroads came and the rivers were shoaled with slickens from the mines and debris from the disturbed hills through which they course; but they are handy in turning corners and carry tremendous freights. Some of them are ambitious affairs, with cabins, staterooms and dining accommodations for hundreds of passengers. They are especially well patronized between San Francisco and Stockton, a ninety-mile trip, for which, in opposition times, the fare is only twenty-five cents. On the Sacramento River the stern-wheelers have a monopoly of the fruit carrying, and no prettier trip can be devised than a drift down stream through that wonderful Pomoma land in the late summer months.

The whalers are another interesting feature along San Francisco's docks, but they will not be for long. In October and November the south side where they rendezvous looks and smells like a slice out of old New Bedford. In the fleet there are round-bowed, square-sterned craft that have been in the chase for the leviathans of the sea for over half a century, and are yet as sound as the day they were framed of oak on the Massachusetts coast.

IN THE CHANNEL. *W. H. Lowden photo.*



The monarch of our forests is the Sierra grizzly, which with its unwieldy bulk and powerful paws, its fierce, cunning eyes, cruel fangs, knife-like claws and stealthy tread, well deserves its notoriety as the most formidable of all the North American carnivora.

It is a typical California product, weighing sometimes as much as eighteen hundred pounds; and, such is its strength and daring, that it has been known to carry off a young horse in its arms, and to gnaw in two the trunk of a half-grown tree in which a hunter had taken refuge. Though very common in early days these creatures are rapidly diminishing in numbers, owing not only to the deadly bullet and the poisoned haunch of venison, but to the locomotive and the woodman's axe, which disturb the silence of their native wilds. Many were the thrilling tales told around miners' camp-fires of encounters with this ferocious animal. From one specimen, shot in 1849 in El Dorado, were obtained no less than eleven hundred pounds of meat, which, being retailed at $1.25 a pound, brought to the lucky marksman the neat little sum of $1,375.

The head was once considered an especial delicacy, and was baked in rough earthen ovens, filled with heated stones.

Having a particular fondness for tender calves and lambs, grizzlies were formerly the pet abhorrence of the Spanish stock-ranchers; and it was a favorite amusement with the young vaqueros to ride out on moonlight nights with strong lassoes and surprise the thieves at their evening feast. When the party was a large one sometimes as many as thirty or forty bears would be captured in a single night. This exciting sport was usually followed by a bear and bull fight in the arena, after which bruin was often reliberated if he came off victorious in the fray.

About fifteen or sixteen years is the average term of life; and, if taken when very young, they can be tamed and trained like a dog. Hittell, the historian, relates the adventures of a mountaineer who raised a captive cub to hunt with him, and which, when it was fully grown, packed the slaughtered game upon its back.

They sleep in caves or in roomy dens of their own manufacture, and their food consists not only of flesh, but of wild fruits and honey, young roots and various kinds of berries, especially those of the manzanita. Among the Indians, necklaces of their claws were greatly prized as trophies of adventurous hunts, and are handed down as heirlooms.

The black, brown and cinnamon bears are also found in certain portions of the State, and, though much smaller and less fierce than their far-famed cousin, the Sierra grizzly, are also capable of giving an intruder a generous "bear's hug," and are equally omnivorous.

Next in size and importance to the grizzly is the panther, or California lion,—a cowardly beast, lurking in such densely timbered regions in the fastnesses of the mountains that pursuit is often next to impossible. It usually flies from the sight of man, though fighting savagely when wounded or cornered. One of these giant cats, caught in the Santa Ynez Range, back of the town of Santa Barbara, measured eleven feet from head to tail-tip, and weighed about three hundred pounds.

They leave their lairs, in search of food, toward early evening, making the long night hideous with a series of unearthly shrieks and screams. Recognizing no game laws or "open seasons," they are said to have destroyed more deer than all California hunters. Crouched in ambush on some lofty rock or tree, they spring suddenly upon their unsuspecting prey nibbling complacently in the chaparral, and lap their life-blood with the keenest relish. They also fly at the throats of horses, and have even been known to engage in a fight with a grizzly. In order to escape from its clutches, a buck has jumped over a fifty-foot waterfall, landing unhurt upon the wooded canyon wall.

1. HEAD OF MULE DEER. 2. MOUNTAIN SHEEP. 3. COYOTE. 4. WILD CATS. 5. COON AND CAT SKINS. 6. RED FOX. 7. MOUNTAIN LION. 8. GRIZZLY BEAR.

Deer are still plentiful in isolated forests, but the elk and the antelope, once very abundant, are now exceedingly rare. Occasionally an elk is found in Humboldt County, and a few wandering bands of antelope are sometimes discovered on the lower slopes of the Sierra Madre Range, or on the edge of the Mojave Desert. The mule deer is the largest species, though the black-tailed variety is most common.

Hiding in the shadiest thickets, and being very keen-scented and fleet of foot, these shy denizens of the woods are not easily discovered, unless by a pack of hounds; but, taking advantage of their natural curiosity, the ambitious sportsman often resorts to strategy,—waving a flag or handkerchief from behind the shrubbery, and so bringing them within easy range of the rifle. When hard pressed they sometimes take to the water and swim a considerable distance.

The antlers are shed annually, each successive growth being larger and more branching. Sometimes during a fight the horns become so interlocked that the contestants are unable to extricate themselves and perish miserably from starvation. Indians tan the skins by rubbing them with a solution of the animal's brains, and subsequently smoking them.

It is not generally known that the deer is a great exterminator of rattlesnakes, which it kills by jumping upon the coiled reptile with its four sharp hoofs placed close together, and cutting it to pieces.

The magnificent bighorns or mountain sheep of Mount Shasta and Southern California are almost if not quite identical with those of the Rocky Mountains, having the same short, thick necks, shaggy coats and circular horns. They make their home on the most arid and inaccessible of heights, flying up the precipices in leaps at the first signal of alarm, and, like other large game of the West, are now but sparingly represented.

Wild cats are common in the Coast Range and the Sierra, and the lynx is also found at certain altitudes. The former animals are very destructive to sheep-ranches, killing young lambs by the dozen during the unguarded hours of the night. Such is their cruelty and bloodthirstiness, that, unless driven by the stress of hunger, they never eat that which they themselves have not deprived of life. They possess many of the traits of the domestic cat, especially when treed by dogs, which they lead a lively chase over hills and fields.

Another old resident is the greedy, inquisitive raccoon, which is easily tamed and makes an interesting though often tiresome pet. Its most characteristic habit is that of washing its food in the creek or river before devouring it; and, when near the sea-coast, it consumes large quantities of crabs and oysters, opening the shells of the latter in some deft and mysterious manner with its paws.

Midwinter in the southern counties is really the beginning of spring; and several large and delightful cross-country clubs have been formed, meeting at stated intervals to pursue the sneaking coyote, the wily fox and the sportive jack-rabbit over the bright-green fields and the carpets of wild-flowers. What

more exhilarating exercise than this, with the snow on the distant hill-tops and the blossoming orange-groves in the foreground! while the tally-ho of the hunting-horn and the deep baying of the pack of hounds spur the riders to continued energy! The fox's brush or the rabbit's ears are presented to the first lady of the party who arrives on the scene of capture, and are worn by her in her riding-hat as a trophy of the chase.

The coyote is an insufferable pest to the farmer, depleting the chicken-roost of its choicest specimens and attacking other barn-yard fowls, as well as young animals, with equal impartiality. To such an extent have their depredations been carried, that the State offers a bounty on their scalps of five dollars apiece, the slayer being required to swear before a legal official as to the place and date of killing, and to present within a period of three months not only the scalp but the nose and ears, which are burned to prevent possible resurrection. Sometimes the skins can be sold to furriers, and bring fifty or seventy-five cents each. But poisoned meat and the shotgun are effectually thinning their ranks, and the importation of scalps from other countries has so disgusted the authorities that the bounty is threatened to be rescinded.

Like other members of the wolf family, coyotes usually go in bands of from four or five to a dozen, and generally sleep by day in their holes in the rocks and hollow trees, prowling around at night-time and keeping up an incessant chorus of dismal howls, which once heard are not soon forgotten.

Space forbids more than a passing mention of the smaller and less conspicuous dwellers of the woods and meadows,—such as the tree-squirrel with its fox-like tail and chattering note, the saucy chipmunk bounding along the fallen logs, its pouches distended with acorns, the queer little cotton-tail scurrying out of sight in the dusty sagebrush, and the curious prairie-dog inhabiting its subterranean nest with the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake,—though their habits are of no little interest to the keen observer.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the water below is dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily o'er the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

Chas. V. Lamb photo.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone.
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I looked where the whirls their white spray shed,
'Ere the blossoms waved or the green moss grew
O'er the moldering stern of the old canoe.

IN KEITH'S STUDIO.

SPENCER C. BROWNE.

Heretofore Keith's portraits have not equaled his landscapes in technique or feeling, but during the last year he has produced several which prove that had he made portraits a specialty he could have earned a reputation in that line as great as that he now enjoys as a landscape painter.

One of two portraits of Irving M. Scott, painted last month, is, I think, a great picture and on a plane of equality with Keith's best efforts in landscape. Although done entirely from a photograph and without a sitting, his intimate acquaintance with the man has enabled him to express in this portrait the best there is in Scott of character, feeling and intellect. Any man might be proud to show such a portrait as that of an ancestor and glad to possess it as a work of art.

But it is in landscape that Keith's genius is at its best. After a week or two at portrait painting he returns to landscape with relief and enthusiasm, feeling that he can there best express himself, whether in his bright and happy moods, or in the occasional periods of deep gloom to which the artistic temperament and his highly sensitive nervous organization make him subject. It is in these somber moods that he produces his most characteristic, poetic and mysterious effects.

WM. KEITH, ARTIST.

His forest, sunset, twilight and moonlight scenes contain the most beautiful color and feeling.

Keith is a marvel in one respect. His genius is ever fresh, and his capacity for learning and improvement apparently greater as he grows older. What an extraordinary development there has been in his work during the last three or four years. Prior to 1890 he had accomplished enough to place him easily at the head of his profession on this Coast and in the front rank of American artists. Then began a period of rapid change. Friends were alarmed at the vigorous, yet, as compared with his previous work, crude efforts in a new direction.

"I have discovered the methods used by the old masters in portrait painting," said he, "and am applying them to my landscapes as well as portraits. Only give me twenty years more of life and I will accomplish something."

After many years of close study of Nature, until her secrets had become as an open book to him, his paintings during that period having shown more imitative power than imagination, another great development has occurred. The imagination has been given free play, and the feeling, refinement and poetry inherent in the man now appear in greater degree in his productions. In most of them is a delightful mystery, suggesting many possible and beautiful things and working powerfully upon the imagination of the beholder.

MISS M. E. SPERRY: "TO MEET THE TRAVELER."

During the brief career of THE TRAVELER we have been the recipients of many favors from our camera friends, and from want of space have many times been compelled to decline some excellent subjects which would have otherwise appeared in our columns.

Not long since we received a batch of good things from Salem, Oregon, the address being of a partially anonymous character. We wrote, asking the privilege of reproducing the hand and seal and received the following crisp reply:

SALEM, OR., Nov. 26, '94.

Eds. TRAVELER,

SIRS: Yours rec'd, with request for my hand. You ask to whom you shall ascribe it. Allow me to introduce to you Miss Sperry, sole proprietor and manager of the photo studio known as that of "Sperry the Artist." I, the aforesaid Miss Sperry, do hereby swear that I am the designer of "Witness my hand and seal," the executor of the work and the possessor of the hand.

Truly yours, M. E. SPERRY.

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427, 429 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

ITEMS.

Considerable surprise is manifested by many that the expenses of the candidates, as shown by the statements they have filed, were so small. The statement filed by the San Francisco Business College, stating that the expense of a full course at that school is only $75, while undoubtedly true, is fully as surprising as that filed by any candidate. As their course includes all the branches necessary to a complete education, it would be cheap at twice the money. Call at 1236 Market St., and see about it.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

DR. GEORGE K. FRINK, Physician and Surgeon, No. 47 Post Street, corner Kearny, San Francisco, Cal. Hours 1 to 3 and 7:30 to 8 P. M. Residence 3005 Jackson Street. Telephone 4286. Specialties: Women's and Children's Diseases and Obstetrics. At office on Sunday by special appointment only.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon. Office and Residence No. 601 California Street, San Francisco. Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Telephone 1800.

Ladies visiting the city should not fail to call on La Verite Hairdressing and Manicure Bazaar at No. 1170 Market Street. It is strictly first-class. Artistic hairdressing, bleaching, dyeing and shampooing, and the only place where you can have the *egg* shampoo. Bangs, switches and wigs of natural curl at reasonable rates. Scalp treatment, face steaming and ironing. Further particulars gladly furnished on application.

Did you ever pass a well-dressed, stylish, rosy-cheeked woman on the street and envy her some of the good things of life? I did the other day. From her appearance I judged her to be a stranger, and yet almost every day about one o'clock I met her near the corner of Sutter and Kearny, and could not but remark not only her wholesome and attractive looks but her apparent cheerful and self-satisfied mien. I knew that good living and prosperity were largely accountable for her robust health and tasty attire, but I never knew just what caused her noticeable good humor and cheerfulness until one day I happened to pass by 218 Sutter Street and saw her just coming out of Swain's Restaurant, and then the mystery was solved. Who wouldn't be happy after indulging in one of their peerless luncheons or dinners; for we all know that Swain's is one of the most pleasant and best-catered cafés on the Coast.

V. W. Gaskill & Co. are the accredited general agents of the United States Fire Insurance Co., which was incorporated in 1824 and is to-day a leading underwriter on the Coast. Beside representing the above, this firm represents locally the Alliance of London, the Franklin of Philadelphia, the Hamburg-Bremen of Germany, the Niagara of New York, and does a general brokerage business with other leading companies on the street. Their office is situated at No. 313 California Street in this city, and its appointments in every particular denote a growing business.

DR. BYRON W. HAINES,

DENTIST,

14 Grant Avenue,
Over "City of Paris." Rooms 16-17.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

ETC., ETC.

All men are subject to more or less criticism. Just now the dude comes in for a considerable portion. The principal difference between a dude and the average man is that the latter is always appropriately dressed and of correct deportment. They all get their furnishing goods at Carmany's, 25 Kearny St.

DR. RUDDOCK'S Family Medicine Case and Book (750 pages) should be in every home. Safe, simple and sure. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Outfit will be sent prepaid on receipt of $13.00 to Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal.

It is now an acknowledged fact that C. Herrmann & Co., the hatters, have done more for the heads of the male population of this State than any other house on the Coast. By introducing the finest goods and always keeping up with the latest fashions, they have made our headwear occupy the same excellent position the remaining outfit of a California gentleman occupies in the world of fashion. By having a factory connected with their store (occupying a building of four floors at 328 Kearny St.), they are enabled to make any kind of headwear to order at the shortest notice. Their illustrated catalogues and pamplets are works of art and will be mailed free upon application to any address.

The Pittsburg Coal Mining Co. are now taking Clarke Vein Coal from their new 700-foot shaft. Consumers of twenty years ago will remember this coal as a first-class steam coal. It is to be hoped that the enterprise of this company in reopening this mine at this depth will be amply rewarded, as it is a matter of great importance to all consumers and particularly to those of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. Charles R. Allen, 144 Steuart Street, San Francisco, has been appointed agent for the sale of this coal.

Honolulu is famous as a winter and summer resort. Travelers are learning that this place has more to attract and fascinate than any island resort whatsoever. The climate is perfection. Surf-bathing is indulged in at Waikiki, three miles from Honolulu, the entire year. Travelers prefer it to the Indies and come from remote parts to enjoy the hospitality of that ideal "Island Paradise." The splendid steamers of the Oceanic and Union S. S. companies sail twice a month. Supplanting the *Monowai*, heretofore run on this service, will be the S. S. *Arawa*, a fine 5,000-ton steamer, luxuriantly appointed. A trip to the Islands on this line is pleasure-sailing the day long. These steamers, in addition to performing Honolulu service, run to Samoa, New Zealand and Australia.

Connoisseurs in art in this day are not so rare as formerly, a fact which is demonstrated by the popularity which the Iridium Photographs have gained among our critics. The perfection to which Mr. I. W. Taber has brought the art of photography is a surprise to even our European visitors, who unanimously declare that his productions excel in fineness, elegance and beauty. His work has received the seal of approval from the highest authority ever created by the Pacific Coast States, and every lover of true art rejoices that such a high honor has been so worthily bestowed. Mr. Taber's beautiful apartments are located at 121 Post Street, San Francisco, and all are invited to inspect them.

We would call the attention of our readers to the famous Santa Clara Valley, one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth, and the home of the prune, apricot, etc.; a most delightful climate, beautiful homes, fine schools and colleges, magnificent drives with no dust, good society and everything to make you happy and prosperous. Money invested in property in this section pays a handsome interest on the investment. Write W. G. Hawley & Co., 17 South First Street, San Jose, Cal., for catalogue and full particulars They have extensive experience in fruit lands and fruit culture.

The First National Bank of San Francisco offers to the traveling public Safe Deposit Vaults, where valuables can be left with perfect certainty that they will be forthcoming on demand, and circular letters of credit through which funds deposited in this city can be drawn in any part of the world. Founded in 1870—the oldest National Bank on the Coast—its record has been one of steady and solid growth.

The popularity of the Judson Weekly Excursions to Chicago and Boston has been acquired by years of honest service. Each week their through cars leave California for the East, and also leave Boston Tuesdays for California. They have special cars, and each excursion is personally conducted by a manager through to destination. Their motto has been, "Lowest rate, best accommodation, redemption of every promise." They have Pacific Coast offices at 19 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, and 212 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

NEW GOLD.

KISSING AT SUNSET.

The sun is kissing the fleecy clouds
With a rosy-tinted kiss,
And I am kissing my sweetheart
With as full a measure of bliss!
The clouds are kissing the mountain tops,
The stars are kissing the sky,
The daylight is kissing the pulsing earth
With a smile and a happy sigh!
Sombody's kissing the pensive moon,
For she's hiding half of her face!
And the twittering birds, in noisy glee,
Are kissing in every place!
Over all Nature there comes a kiss,
From the God of peace and rest!
But the kisses I steal from my darling's lips
To me are the sweetest and best!

—*P. Maurice McMahon, Los Angeles.*

UNCLE EPH—EPICURE.

You kin talk erbout yo' 'lasses an' yo' steamin' buckwheat cakes,
'Bout yo' eisters fried in crackers, an' yo' juicy hot clambakes;
'Bout yo' beefsteak fried wid inguns, an' yo' ros'n yeahs ob co'n,
But ol' 'possum wid sweet taters beats dem all, des sho's yo' bo'n.
Tek erway yo' Floyda elange, tek erway yo' fig an' date,
An' bring erlong my 'possum on dat bigges' ol' tinplate.
Turnip greens all biled wid bacon an' er co'n pone smokin' hot,
I gwi' nebber scratch *dat* ticket caze it retch a tender spot.
An' hot biscuits wid hot coffee mek a mighty han'-som' pa'r,
W'ile ol' hen biled wid dumplin's, O yes, dat's parsin' fa'r.
But tek erway yo' greens an' bacon, tek erway yo' chicken biled,
An' bring 'possum an' sweet taters—hesh yo mouf, dey sets me wild!

. . .

Sta't him out'n pawpaw thicket, chase him up er 'simmon tree,
W'ile de music of dat houn' pack sets de woods er-ring wid glee.
Roun' de hill an' troo de bottom, up de holler by de spring,
Ow! ow! ow! ow! des a whoopin'! how dat ol' lead-houn' do sing!
An' yo' hurry troo de briahs an' yo' tumble ober logs,
Nebber knowin', nebber cyarin' es yo' cheeh dem blessed dogs.
An' w'en dey all sees yo' comin', how dem dogs sing wid new grace,
Frum de young houn's sweet, cla'r tenor to de ol' houn's mighty bass.
An' dar on a lim', er-grinnin' wid his tail quoiled mighty tight,
Hangs my fren', ol' Mistah 'Possum—how dem dogs howl wid delight.
An' yo' crawl out furder, furder, twel yo' hyuh dot ol' lim' crack,
An' yo' shake erloose his tail holt, an' yo' put him in yo' sack.
Den you tote him home an' feed him twel he fat des es yo' please,
Den yo' kill him an' yo' hang him out er frosty night ter freeze.
Den yo' stuff him wid sweet taters an' put butter all er roun',
Den yo' put him in de oven an' yo' bake him twell he's brown.
Oom! all swimmin' in his graby an' a drippin' in his fat—
Talk erbout yo' milk an' honey, wut's de hebbenly food ter dat?
Let dot show-ban' play its loudes,' let dot 'cession des march on,
I would'n' stop my eatin' ef ol' Gab'ul blowed his horn!

—*James Edwin Campbell,*
in Kate Field's Washington.

When fair Matilda first came out,
A timid "ingenue,"
Her shoes, they say, at ball or rout,
Were snowy white in hue.

Ah! cruel one! whence gained they then
That sanguinary shade?
From dancing o'er the hearts of men
That at thy feet were laid!

—*Yale Record.*

SUSPENSE.

A silver thread of the heart that's drawn
So tight that it almost breaks,
When every sound from dawn to dawn
An expectation wakes,
And a trembling like the trembling that
A wind in the tree-top makes.

—*Southern Collegian.*

MAGAZINE MUSINGS.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

The Review of Reviews. 13 Astor Place, New York. $2.50 a year.

Albert Shaw edits the New York edition of W. T. Stead's well-known London periodical. The leading events of the past month are commented on in "The Progress of the World." The December issue contains contributions on the "New Czar," "Forest Reserves," and reviews of thirty-six important articles selected from the chief periodicals in the English language. To San Franciscans the most interesting item is an illustrated sketch of Adolph Sutro's career, by E. W. Townsend, entitled, "San Francisco's Mayor-Elect."

The Atlantic Monthly. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. December, 1894.

The fact that *The Atlantic*, in these days of profuse illustration of periodicals, is in its 74th volume, shows plainly that really high-class literature does not need the aid of pictures to find a market in this country. *The Atlantic* depends wholly on the merit of its contributions, and maintains a very high level. The issue before us contains another of Sir Edward Strachey's "Talks at an English Country House," a charming essay on "Ghosts" by Miss Agnes Repplier, "A Letter of Advice to an English Friend," and "An Appreciation of Dr. Holmes" by the editor, also full criticisms and short comments on new books. In his "Reminiscences of Walter Pater" Mr. Sharp earnestly refutes the general notion that Pater was a mere stylist, and insists that he was, on the contrary, a deep thinker first, and that his beautiful, polished style was really an outcome of his pure, high and exact thinking. The description of Pater's personal appearance and of his artistic room at Brasenose College—in which I have frequently sat—is minute and accurate.

The Ladies' Home Journal. Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Man Who Most Influenced Me" is one of the autobiographical studies now so much in vogue. Lillian Nordica writes of "Girls and Operatic Careers;" Caroline Atwater Mason and Frank R. Stockton contribute stories, and W. D. Howells continues his "Literary Passions." Probably the "Paradise Club," by J. K. Bangs, is the most amusing item. Besides all this, there are dinner menus, recipes for soups and candies, hints on dress, and countless other matters of interest to the fair sex.

The Forum. Forum Publishing Co., New York. December, 1894.

The Forum, now reduced to twenty-five cents a copy, is the most generally readable of the picturesque periodicals. Social, political, religious, educational and scientific topics all find a place in its pages. An interesting comparison by Price Collier of the "Reading Habits of Englishmen and Americans" shows the writer's fairness and insight; and an autobiographical sketch by the late P. G. Hamerton, entitled, "The Chief Influences on My Career," is very pleasant reading. There are also contributions on "Charity," "Christian Missions," "The Death of the Czar," and the inevitable wail from voteless woman.

Life. New York.

Of all the comic papers of the United States *Life* does the best work and maintains the highest tone. Its jesting is bright and keen and is not of the kind "that is not convenient." It is never tired of ridiculing social pretense, humbug and ostentation of every sort; and it jumps with wild delight on the vulgarity of the newly arrived.

Current Literature. The Current Literature Publishing Co., New York.

To extracts from the most valuable articles in newspapers and magazines are now added striking passages from the newest books. These are classified under such headings as Art, Biography, Education, History, Criticism, Religion, Science, Sport and Travel. Thus one can see at a glance the best that is to be found in the publications of the past month on any desired topic. An article on "Extra Illustration" tells how a favorite book may be enlarged by adding pictures illustrative of the text.

The Outlook. The Outlook Co., Astor Place, New York.

The new series of the *Christian Union* is known by this name. The paper is a weekly one, and comprises editorials on the topics of the day, articles on religious, biblical and domestic subjects, also a sermon and an essay by Lyman Abbott. Book notices, notes on authors and literary matters, with a summary of events in the religious world, make up a good family paper. The issue of December 8th contains an interesting article, with illustrations, on "American Book-plates," written by E. H. Bierstadt.

Public Opinion. Public Opinion Co., Washington and New York. Five cents a copy; $2.50 per annum.

This weekly is intended to put the reader *au courant* with the condition of public opinion on all important cotemporary affairs. To this end it reprints, in a complete or a condensed form, the most striking passages from articles in the leading newspapers of all shades of politics. *Public Opinion* has no opinions of its own, but aims merely to reflect, as in a mirror, the views of public events taken by those who profess to mold the popular mind.

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

The National Council of Women will hold a triennial meeting in February next at Washington, D. C.; Mrs. May Wright Sewell, President. The triennial will be conducted like the World's Congress of Representative Women at the World's Fair, and the leading women of the United States, with fraternal delegates from other countries, will participate.

There will be twelve day sessions, and one of these has been set aside for teaching patriotism in the schools, under the auspices of the Standing Committee of the National Council, as follows: Kate Brownlee Sherwood, Ohio; Isabella Charles Davis, New York; Frances E. Willard, Illinois; Eliza D. Keith, California; Caroline E. Merrick, Louisiana; Mary Desha, Washington, D. C.

In addition to this a special evening programme will be prepared and presented by the Woman's Relief Corps, in which patriotic teaching will have a part.

In Sacramento, on Thanksgiving Day, the new and handsome liberty pole on the Plaza was dedicated with appropriate exercises. The beautiful large flag was unfurled from the staff by children representing every school in the city of Sacramento. The liberty pole was the gift of the Grand Army of the Republic to the city.

In San Francisco, on Thanksgiving Day, the Lick Statuary was unveiled with due solemnity and impressiveness, while the children of our public schools united in singing "The Star Spangled Banner." Who will say that our children will not grow up impressed with the dignity of being American citizens when they are being permitted to take part as children in the celebration of the great days of the nation?

At these exercises Willard B. Farwell, President of the Society of California Pioneers, delivered a magnificent oration defending the men of '49 from the aspersions and direct charges that had been made against them by certain ministers of San Francisco. In his masterly manner, epitomizing his controversion of their absurd, illogical and unfounded statements, Mr. Farwell said:

"Out of a total membership of 3,023 pioneers who arrived in California in 1849, that is, members of the Society of California Pioneers, not one was ever convicted of a crime, not one was ever imprisoned, nor, so far as can be ascertained, was one ever charged with criminal wrongdoing. Out of 423 junior members, the sons or male descendants of pioneers, but one has ever been publicly charged with or convicted of a crime against the laws of the State or country."

Concerning these facts and figures the San Francisco *Chronicle* well says:

"In the face of such a vigorous and conclusive defense we do not see that anything can be said by the ministers referred to, whoever they may be, but to acknowledge their error and retract language which is certainly slanderous."

But up to date these ministers who, led away by a desire to say something startling, made these slanderous remarks, have since been suspiciously silent. As has been said on another occasion, Bret Harte is largely responsible for the loose ideas that prevail concerning California. He has painted his characters in a light that was never on sea or land: he idealized whatever he touched. Those whose knowledge of California was drawn chiefly from Bret Harte's writings and his host of imitators confound the men of '49 with the desperate and disreputable characters who were the scum of the new commonwealth. But these were not the men who settled down to build a new State. They came to take advantage of a new and unsettled condition of affairs which crystallized into a civilization that had no place for them, and which, as the Vigilance Committee of 1856, started them upon a new cycle of wanderings. In reading the history of those early days of California we must agree with the writer who says:

"The Pioneers were not all saints, nor are their descendants, but they have done a great and noble work and deserve praise, not censure."

"Christmas comes but once a year;
When it comes it brings good cheer."

So runs the old rhyme. Is there any one in whom memory yet lives whose heart does not beat a little faster as he remembers the Christmas days of his childhood? Whether he were the child of poverty or of wealth, whether he were made ill with longing, or surfeited with satiety, yet, to every one born in a Christian country, Christmas will ever be a present excitement or a happy memory.

When I was a child Christmas always loaded me with books to my great delight. But, child as I was, it always seemed so strange to me that all the Christmas stories in my books were about snowstorms and blazing open fires. I used to wonder if San Francisco were different from all the rest of the world.

The contrast between the book and the fact could not but impress a child who had spent Christmas morning out in the clear sunshine, walking on old Meigg's Wharf, or looking at the bears, or feeding the popular monkeys with peanuts, or peeping into the now historic "cobweb saloon," or conversing with the loquacious parrots, or enjoying the rage of the irascible and screaming cockatoos which sat with horrent dignity upon their perches before the door of the cobweb saloon. With such an appreciation of the constrast, any child who then sat down to read of the ice and snow of an Eastern winter must have been impressed, even at an early age, with the great superiority of our glorious climate.

The old attractions of Meiggs' Wharf and North Beach as I knew them are no more. Still I often wander over there for the sake of old memories, and I like to stand upon the wharf and watch the boys haul up their crab-nets. It's a study in human nature to observe how differently the various youthful fishermen take their luck or their lack of it. Or it is pleasant to sit upon a pile of sweet-smelling lumber, and watch the gulls circling overhead, or the huge porpoises tumbling over and over in the waters of the bay, or to look off and out through the Golden Gate, and to thank God that one is in California on Christmas Day.

While the United States singly and collectively have been having a hard time of it during the past year, Alaska has had a season of prosperity. Missionaries, fishermen and miners have all had good results from their labors. Even the Government can congratulate itself upon the returns, for its effort to introduce Siberian reindeer into the country promises to be successful. Now, if we could only settle the seal question to our satisfaction and to the protection of the seals, all would be well.

Tree-planters are warned against buying trees from Eastern nurseries. "Home-grown trees," says the San Jose *Mercury*, "are in nearly every case the best and the cheapest." We Californians should develop our own resources. For instance, we send hides to the East, and import boots and shoes by the carload. Why do we not make our own shoes, and our own furniture, and our own jams and marmalades? Why do we not take hold with our hands and help ourselves to capture the whole world for a market?

Different sections of California are waking up to the necessity of properly presenting their attractions and advantages to intending or even possible purchasers of land. The example of Southern California is to be emulated by other portions of the State. For years one could hardly go into a hotel, a railroad depot or a barber shop without being confronted with a placard setting forth the glories of that region. Hundreds of newspapers were seemingly never weary of booming that section. With what result? Take Los Angeles, for instance. It is growing very fast,—rapidly filling up with the very best people from the Eastern States. It is a city of homes. Now, why should not San Jose, the cities of Northern and Central California, for example, become another such town? There is no reason, unless it be lack of push, and that is a charge that cannot be made to hold against the people of Santa Clara Valley. The coming year will see a great increase of effort in the right direction, in widespread, well-managed and well-placed advertising of all sections of California.

It should be a source of unceasing satisfaction to all American women, and to Kate Field as well, that she has been decorated by France,—has been made by the French Government an officer of public instruction. This is the highest distinction the Department of Public Instruction can bestow for service rendered to literature and art. Kate Field has made her *Washington* a power to be felt, feared and feted. And yet Kate Field cannot vote. She is only a woman.

The *Argonaut* gave the chronic suffrage shriekers a hard hit when it said that when equal rights were granted to women, as they would be at no distant date, it would not be because of the warhorses but in spite of them. "With rare exceptions, the members of the sex who come to the front on the woman question are obtrusive, tactless, and consumed with a morbid fondness for the sound of their own voices. It will be when the soft-mannered, sweet-voiced, well-bred, daintily gowned women ask for suffrage, when it is taken up by society leaders, that equal rights will be bestowed upon women." Does it not seem rather hard that those who have been the pathfinders in this wilderness of injustice should be brushed aside after they have borne the burden and the heat of the day in the brunt of the battle? Does it not savor of poetic injustice that just as the goal is within sight they should be told: "You do not embody all the wit and wisdom of your sex. You have done so much for the good cause that you ought to be allowed a rest on the benches where the listeners sit." It may be hard, it may be unjust, but the eleventh hour is the way of the world.

Some enterprising journalist has been interviewing French actresses on the subject of the corset. Jane Hading says, "The corset is either the iron hand or the velvet glove." Another actress advises women to wear the corset as rarely as possible, and to supply its place with bands and ribbons. Another declares the corset to be "frightful, unhealthy and ungraceful." While a third in more words declares the corset to be the fat woman's friend. Dress reformers may inveigh against the corset, and the apostles of the new garments may appear on the platform with their skirts a la Josephine, depending from their breast bones and from between their shoulder blades, yet plain, ordinary woman will cling to her corset, and the tighter, the closer, her corset will cling to her, the better she will like it. The corset has evidently come to stay.

"Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings," is a sign that once was familiar to all dwellers along the lines of local railroads. Now it must vacate the premises for the best example of that brevity which is the soul of wit, "Railroad crossing,—Stop, look and listen!" $4,780 were paid to Paxton, who formulated that curt, incisive command.

It will be a source of unending pride to San Franciscans when Park Commissioner Stow's dream of groves of wild oaks in Golden Gate Park is realized. The first grove will stand on the site of the Northern California building at the Midwinter Fair. The trees are to be brought from W. H. Howard's estate in San Mateo County. It will take a year to uproot an oak tree twenty feet high with a trunk a foot thick and make it grow in the Park. When a tree suitable for transportation has been selected, trenches are dug around it, leaving a square ten feet across, about the roots. This square will be firmly boxed up; the trenches will be five or six feet deep. Roots extending beyond the boxed-up space are cut off. Within the box there remains enough earth to maintain the tree for a year. New roots form and the filaments interlace and spread until they hold the earth within the box quite solidly. When the year is up box and all will be lifted from the ground by means of a giant truck. Horse-power must haul the boxed-up trees to the Park, where pits will be prepared to receive them. There is just one thing lacking to make these oak groves a perfect success, and that is soil. Golden Gate Park is on "made ground," so far as the fertility of the soil is concerned, for the Park is built on sand dunes by a slow process of reclamation. There is no depth of earth in which to plant trees. Our Park Commissioners must be provided with a silver wand that will say, "Presto, change!"

While we are cutting down our redwood forests with a wanton hand, robbing the hillsides of their trees and our valleys of their moisture, Europe is sending to us for the cones of our pine trees, eager to raise forests of her own. The seeds of our coniferous trees bring two dollars a pound in Germany.

Many of our California hills are as bare as a bald head. It has always been my wonder, a subject on which many might ask for information, if it were not possible to make trees grow on the smooth surfaces of our foothills. Perhaps there is not soil enough to support a tree, but, if there be, why not plant trees broadcast, and let them grow into the forests that future generations may enjoy and prize. Nature has been so prodigal of her good gifts to man in this favored land that we have grown wasteful and destructive.

ELIZA D. KEITH (DI VERNON).

A KICK.

In a recent issue of THE TRAVELER, in speaking of "Western Transportation," you say, "If California to-day stands in the front rank as regards rare and ingenious forms of profanity, it may be attributed to the fact that mules entered largely into her early transportation questions."

Now, my dear sir, I rise to a question of privilege on account of my friend the mule, who, unlike Balaam's ass, is denied the power of speaking for himself.

I know it is customary to make unkind remarks about the mule; but is it right, is it just, is it human? We have been reared to respect and condone shortcomings for which the individual himself is not responsible. Must, then, all our feelings of pent-up aggrievement be vented on this poor animal with no ancestry to speak of and no hope in a posterity to live down the records of a sire? If history is not a bigger pack of lies than is usually admitted, it was not many generations ago when men were as obstinate, as contrary, as wilful, as great kickers against fancied wrong, as is my friend the mule.

If a more peaceful and patient spirit has come over the human race—which some fancy has—we may be proud of the moral evolution and condone the pranks of the ancestry in the progress of the progeny. But can my friend the mule ever look forward to such an evolution in his case? Will he ever become aught but what he is? A little larger, a little stronger to bear his burdens, a little more abstemious, so as to live on less; all these he may become; but can he ever expect to attain to the higher planes of evolution?

Among his traditions he may find the records of how the horse has progressed from the state of broncoism into the petted and feted hero of the race-track. Even the jackass can point his nether heels with pride at a "record." But it is not so with my friend the mule; he has ever remained the same. Yesterday, to-day and next week he is but a mule.

And now, Mr. Editor, let me ask you in all sincerity how you would feel under the circumstances? Put yourself in the mule's place. Think with his brain, see with his eyes, endow yourself with his brief pride, feel his lack of hope, and then say whether you would not feel that life has but little of the sweet to coat the pills of bitterness. See whether you would not think it useless to assume virtues and practice forbearance. Answer whether you would not be tempted to act naturally, to be a mule pure and simple, letting man invent and use as great a variety of cuss words as he d—— pleases, and paying as little heed to them as does my friend the mule. Yours for the mule,

CHARLES B. TURRILL.

JUST A STEP FROM THE DEPOT,
when you get off the train at Los Angeles, you will find
The Arcade Depot Hotel.
It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward. American plan, $2.50 per day upward.
DARMODY & SCHAFFER, Props.

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All the late novelties in millinery. New hats. New feathers. Ribbons, velvets, laces, etc. Large stock. Low prices.
Branch, 999 Market Street, Cor. Sixth.

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Men's Furnishers
AND
Shirt Makers.
AGENCY
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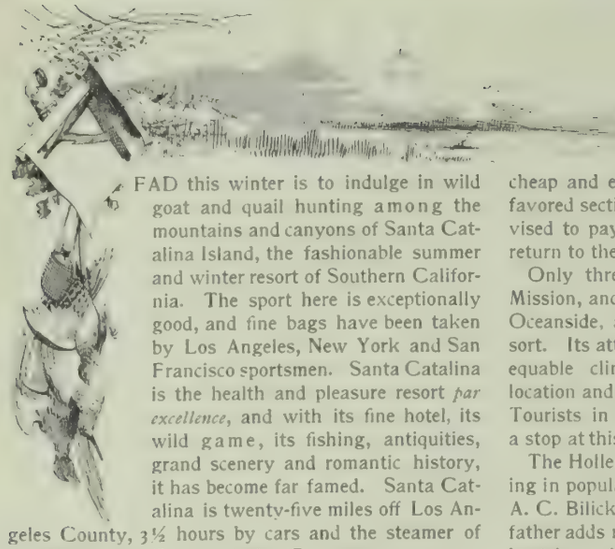
Our specialty is **prescribing** and making glasses to correct **Complicated** Cases of Defective Vision. **Skilled Opticians** with the latest appliances known to science for testing the eyes enable us to give our patrons superior service.
CALIFORNIA OPTICAL COMPANY,
317 and 319 Kearny Street.



FAD this winter is to indulge in wild goat and quail hunting among the mountains and canyons of Santa Catalina Island, the fashionable summer and winter resort of Southern California. The sport here is exceptionally good, and fine bags have been taken by Los Angeles, New York and San Francisco sportsmen. Santa Catalina is the health and pleasure resort *par excellence*, and with its fine hotel, its wild game, its fishing, antiquities, grand scenery and romantic history, it has become far famed. Santa Catalina is twenty-five miles off Los Angeles County, 3½ hours by cars and the steamer of the Wilmington Transportation Company.

The Mount Hamilton Stage Company has its headquarters at the Hotel Vendome. From the Vendome to Mount Hamilton is twenty-seven miles, yet the five hours usually consumed in covering this distance is whiled away so pleasantly that one would not believe that either the time or the distance had been consumed in making the trip. The explanation lies in the beauty of the mountain scenery that constantly presents itself.

Occupying a commanding situation on the summit of the most picturesque and romantic spur of the majestic Sierra Madre, and reached by the great cable incline of the Mount Lowe Railway, the most wonderful mountain railway in the world, is Echo Mountain House, the most elegant, best quipped and most delightful mountain hotel in the world. To all cultured, refined and traveled people it is superlatively attractive, and it is equipped in a manner second to none in the world. No tourist can afford to miss a ride over the Mount Lowe Railway, and winter is the season for its perfect enjoyment, when everything is richly verdant and the atmosphere has been rendered clear and pellucid by the rains. As the temperature on the mountain is more equable than in the valley, it is warmer in the winter and cooler in summer at the hotel on the mountain than below in the valley. Nothing in the White Mountains or in Europe equals the view from the summit of Mount Lowe. The whole country, for one hundred and fifty miles in every direction, is open to view.

San Jose, California, is fast becoming the center of a number of attractions that have a world-wide fame. These attractions naturally draw visitors from all parts of the world, who, before coming here, naturally desire to know that, in making San Jose their temporary abiding place, they can be accommodated with desirable hotel conveniences. Hotel Vendome was erected to meet this growing necessity. It is a beautiful building, in the Queen Anne style of architecture, and is located most advantageously to accommodate tourists as well as those who delight to make it a winter or summer resort. It is owned by a corporation of wealthy and enterprising gentlemen, who selected, as its manager, Mr. Geo. P. Snell, an old hotel man, one without a peer on the Coast in his business. Hotel Vendome is unsurpassed in California in all the luxurious requisites that go to make a first-class caravansary.

The Sonoma Valley may be said to be a favored region. The hunter, the fisherman, the farmer and the health-seeker can each here find the realization of his desires. The nature of the country makes the streams prolific of trout of all sizes, from the delicate brook trout to the twenty-pound salmon. Along the sides of the valley in the adjoining foothills are more than a score of mineral springs, the waters of which possess great medicinal virtues and attract multitudes of health-seekers every year. The San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad, extending from San Francisco to Ukiah, affords a cheap and easy means of reaching any part of this favored section. Eastern visitors are particularly advised to pay the Sonoma Valley a visit before they return to their homes.

Only three miles from the famous San Luis Rey Mission, and on the direct line of the Santa Fe road, is Oceanside, a most delightful summer and winter resort. Its attractive features may be summed up as an equable climate, splendid surf-bathing, picturesque location and accessibility to points of historic interest. Tourists in Southern California will do well to make a stop at this pretty resort.

The Hollenbeck Hotel at Los Angeles is daily growing in popularity under its present management. Mr. A. C. Bilicke is an ideal host, and the geniality of his father adds much to the charm of a visit to his popular hostelry. All through the summer, in spite of extensive and annoying alterations, the house has been nearly full all the time, and already the winter's tourist travel has set in heavily. The improvements and renovations are such as to make a new hotel of the Hollenbeck. The dining-room and cafe have been entirely changed. A new grill-room and refreshment buffet have been put in at large expense, and for ornate and elaborate decorations nothing can surpass it even in San Francisco. A ladies' entrance has been built,—a great need to this otherwise complete hotel; and a new system of electric bells and wiring for electric lights has just been completed. Tourists may rest assured that the best of entertainment in every sense of the word will be afforded them at the Hollenbeck.

MRS. JOHN BRADBURY OF LOS ANGELES. *Copyrighted.*

The publishers of THE TRAVELER feel that the holiday number would not be complete without calling the attention of its readers to the Palace Hotel. The building that covers two and a quarter acres in the heart of the city, though severely simple in point of architecture, shows that solidity and strength reign in every part of the immense structure. The court, the beauties of which are known the world over, covers twelve thousand square feet and extends to the immense arched glass roof one hundred and fifty feet above. The eight hundred sleeping rooms, each of which has bath attached, are beautifully furnished. This applies to the medium-priced rooms as well as the more expensive ones, and entire floors can be thrown into a continuous *suite* if required. The restaurant, combining as it does a perfect cuisine and service of solid silver, Royal Worcester, Royal Vienna and Haviland wares, is to-day, as since the opening of the house, pre-eminently the best equipped and conducted dining apartment in America. The private dining, banquet and ball rooms, together with the maple room, marble room and tapestry room, form a series of connecting apartments that are admirably adapted to the use of wedding and dinner parties. Truly, great is the city of San Francisco, and great is her "city of luxury within itself."—the Palace Hotel.

To those in search of health the oasis known as "Palm Springs" possesses peculiar attractions. The mineral hot springs are phenomenal. From profound depths is constantly welling up a clear stream of hot mineral water, accompanied by pure, fine sand, of about 100 degrees Fahrenheit and containing magnesium, sodium, chlorine, iron and sulphur, which is a specific for kidney, rheumatic, skin and blood diseases.

The Hotel Florence, situated on Florence Heights, San Diego, is a well and favorably known tourists' hotel on the American plan. The situation is superb, being 183 feet above sea-level. It overlooks the city and bay and yet is perfectly accessible to the business center. Every room is sunny, the attendants in all departments are polite and attentive, and the manager is always present to attend to the wants and complaints of his guests. It is an exceedingly comfortable, home-like, restful place, where your associations are the best people and where you feel that the management gives you a dollar's worth for a dollar.

Tourists intending to spend the winter in Southern California, whether for health or pleasure, would do well to stop at the Hotel Terracina. This beautiful place is situated in the residence portion of Redlands. Its elevation above sea-level affords pure air and a magnificent view of the entire San Bernardino Valley. The hotel is lighted with electricity and is well heated.

The Argyle Hotel at Los Angeles is a well-appointed family and tourist hotel. It is on high elevation, near the business center, churches and places of amusement.

Paraiso Springs (the Carlsbad of America), as a famous resort for health, rest or recreation, cannot be excelled. Its situation, one thousand feet above the Salinas Valley, forms a natural alcove in the Santa Lucia Mountains, looking down upon a view that is highly picturesque. The white sea of fog from the valley below does not reach this charming spot, where all the conditions for a dry, healthful atmosphere are met. Mr. Robertson, associate manager, and his efficient wife, are hosts in themselves as entertainers, and make it so pleasant for their patrons that the departure of their guests is always made with reluctance.

There is no hotel in San Francisco that has made more phenomenal strides than the Hotel St. Nicholas. Less than six months ago Messrs. Doolittle & Son undertook its management and have built it up to that point where they have recently been obliged to turn away trade. It is conducted on strictly first-class principles, and the commendable exclusiveness in regard to the character of its guests has won the approval and patronage of the best people. Captain Knowlton, the manager, is untiring in his efforts to continue the good work, and his large circle of friends and acquaintances counts much toward the popularity of the hotel.

Among the Los Angeles hostelries the Hotel Lincoln has gained an enviable reputation. Mr. Pascoe, the proprietor, has lately spent several thousand dollars in refitting it, and it will no doubt enjoy a large share of the tourist patronage this winter.

Highland Springs, Lake County, is fast becoming the popular summer and winter resort of this Coast. So great has been its patronage the past two years that the new management has been compelled to build a new hotel to accommodate its patrons. The new buildings are now nearing completion and are models of comfort and convenience. The rooms are all large, light and airy, and the dining-room is the largest and most attractive in Northern California. It will be newly furnished throughout, and we can assure our readers that health, pleasure and solid comfort can be had there to their heart's content.

Convenience, comfort and good service are one of the first requisites of the tourist or traveling man. It is therefore well to remember that when you go to Los Angeles you will find that the Arcade Depot Hotel combines all these features. It is neat, well-furnished and its rates are reasonable, and travelers arriving at the Arcade Depot will find this pretty little hostelry only a stone's throw from the train.

The Arlington, Santa Barbara, under the new management of Messrs. Gaty and Dunn, has already won "golden opinions" from the public. The excellent table, combined with an efficient corps of help, has placed this house second to none in the State.

We learn that the Rainier-Grand Hotel of Seattle, under the management of Mr. De L. Harbaugh, is doing an excellent business. A large amount of money has been spent in improvements, and, as Mr. Harbaugh is one of the most popular hotel managers on the Coast, his advent at the new hotel should insure its success.

The long-established and well-known Napa Hotel is doing a brisk business under the new management of Mr. John B. Hopkins. Situated in the center of the city, with spacious sample rooms on the first floor, the commercial men are glad to make it their headquarters. Travelers everywhere speak of the excellent *table d'hote*, which is not surpassed by even the metropolitan hotels.

The Rowell Hotel of Riverside, Southern California, stands among the best known and most popular hotels. It enjoys a central location and is well furnished and equipped.

The first and most natural exclamation of the foreigner upon his arrival at Coronado is, "How very unlike anything I have ever seen before." At this tropical spot in a semi-tropical country may be found the very extremes of comfort. For the invalid, desirous for quiet and rest, are cosy nooks and delightful lounging places where one may enjoy a most perfect season of "sweet idleness;" while for the pleasure-seeker are arranged pleasant little excursion parties to the several points of interest in the immediate vicinity; and the guests who remain at the hotel are frequently heard to remark that never before have they been kept so busy doing nothing but having a good time.

The Hotel Ramona is the only one in Los Angeles of a quiet and homelike character, most centrally located, which renders it especially attractive for families desiring to locate in the very heart of the city.

The Revere House, Eureka, Cal., ranks among the best hotels of our State. Under the able management of the Kramers it has attained a degree of excellence seldom found among hotels.

A trip south is certainly incomplete without a visit to the Horton House. It is a favorite resort for tourists and commercial travel as well, catering to a large permanent family business during the winter months, and enjoying an enviable reputation among all classes of the traveling public. Mr. Hadley prides himself upon the excellence of his table, believing this method of advertising to be indispensable; and, judging from the frequent praises we hear of the same, his labors have not been in vain. We wish that space permitted us to sing the praises of the Horton House as they should be sung, but this we can say: Go to San Diego, stop at the Horton, and, if every word of the above is not true, drawn on us at sight for the amount of your bill.

The increasing popularity of the Paso Robles Springs is becoming more noticeable every day. Now that passengers are not compelled to remain in San Luis Obispo on their way north (over night) many avail themselves of the opportunity of testing these famous waters. A number of Eastern tourists are expected here this winter from the South. As this is on the direct line to Del Monte, passengers can avail themselves of the opportunity of spending a few days at Paso Robles.

Within eighteen miles of Los Angeles, and directly facing the Pacific Ocean, is located the Hotel Redondo. Comparatively new, with every modern appliance for the comfort and convenience of its guests, large, airy and well-ventilated rooms, perfect drainage, pure water, hot salt-water plunge baths, and healthful surroundings, make it a most desirable resort. Two railroads, the Santa Fe and the Redondo, make it their terminus. And, to add to the accommodation and pleasure of their guests, the hotel company has arranged for free transportation to and from Los Angeles, over the lines of the Redondo Railway Company, for those who sojourn by the week or month.

The Golden Eagle Hotel at Sacramento has recently undergone a change both in appearance and management. Forty thousand dollars have been expended on the building, and now, with elevator, hot and cold water service, rooms with baths, tiled floors, and elegantly decorated ceilings and walls, this hotel takes its proper place abreast of the other first-class hotels of the West.

The inaugural reception and ball to Governor-elect McIntire of Colorado, on the evening of January 8, 1895, promises to be the greatest social event of recent years. It will be held at the Brown Palace Hotel and Broadway Theater, Denver.

The following letter from a young lady stopping at the Hotel Green, Pasadena, and addressed to one of her Eastern friends, is of some interest:

"Here I am once more in dear old Pasadena, and I am delighted to be here again. We have the same lovely rooms at the Hotel Green that we had last winter, and in this we are fortunate, for the hotel is rapidly being packed from pit to dome. You remember last year how we enjoyed the music during dinner and the other social entertainments always provided by the hotel. The same features are still carried on, only to a greater extent, and Mr. Holmes, the manager, does all in his power to make his guests comfortable and happy. He is one of the pleasantest men I have met, and all the girls think that he is one of the most ideal hotel managers that they have ever seen."

The Windsor Hotel at Redlands is a very convenient hostelry for persons wishing to see the beautiful orange-growing country surrounding that prosperous town. The Windsor has accommodations for a hundred guests, and its management aims to care for them in a quiet and unpretentious yet comfortable and homelike way and at moderate charges.

The Painter Hotel at Pasadena is one of the few really homelike family hotels in Southern California. The service and appointments are second to none. A livery, with tally-ho excursion coach, is in connection, and street cars pass the door.

An extensive establishment in San Francisco is now manufacturing optical lenses which are superior to most and not excelled by any manufactured in the world. Skilled opticians devote their entire attention to the examination of the eyes, and prescribe lenses to correct errors of refraction. As the reader may have guessed, we have reference to the California Optical Company, 317 and 319 Kearny Street.

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23 FIRST STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Prices Furnished Upon Application.

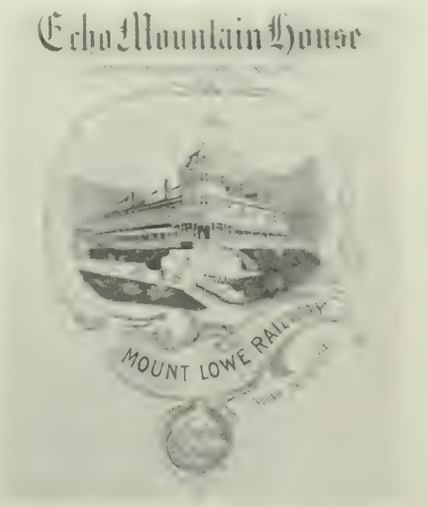
ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

H. R WARNER MANAGER. MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY, OWNER

3,500 Feet Above the Level of the Sea, at the Summit of the Great Cable Incline, on the Line of the Mount Lowe Railway.

The great World's Fair 350,000,000 candle-power search light, the most powerful in the world, and the Lowe Observatory, containing the finest Alvan Clark telescope ever built, all for the entertainment of the patrons of the house.

In location it has no equal, being immediately overlooking the San Gabriel Valley, with the cities of Pasadena and Los Angeles, mountains, foothills, ever verdant valleys, cities, towns, villages, old missions, sea-beach, shipping, islands and ocean in full view.



The climate is delightful both winter and summer. It is never hot and never cold. On the verandas there are always cool breezes in summer, and in winter it is warmer than in the valley below.

The sunrises and sunsets witnessed from its porches and verandas equal in splendor the most gorgeous displays pictured by European visitors.

The Echo Mountain House is metropolitan in its appointments. Every comfort and luxury that the nineteenth century has devised for the enjoyment of hotel patrons has been provided. A large number of the rooms are *en suite*, with private bath and toilet rooms.

The TABLE is equal to that of any first-class metropolitan hotel.

There are also United States Post Office, Public Telegraph, Telephone and Express Offices, Office and Presses of the *Mount Lowe Echo*, Photographic Studio, and well filled Livery Stables.

For further information address

ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
Echo Mountain, California.

America's greatest health and pleasure resort. Open summer and winter. Fare to Springs, round trip, $8.00. Rates $1.50 to $2.50 per day; $10.00 to $16.00 per week. Baths free. Thirty different kinds of mineral water. Fine bathing, boating, hunting and fishing. Accommodations first class. Handsomely illustrated pamphlet sent free by addressing

J. CRAIG, MANAGER HIGHLAND SPRINGS, Lake County, Cal.

The Redondo Hotel,

Redondo Beach, Cal.

18 miles from Los Angeles, beautifully located. Sunny rooms; every modern convenience; hot and cold water in every room. Free transportation between Redondo and Los Angeles accorded to weekly and monthly guests. Hot salt-water swimming and plunge baths near the hotel. Illustrated and descriptive book and rate sheet sent on application to **REDONDO HOTEL, REDONDO BEACH, CAL.**

The Painter Hotel,

PASADENA, CAL.,

is located one thousand feet above the sea-level and thirty miles from the ocean. The view of the San Gabriel Valley from the veranda is charming. The drives are a feature of the location, and the table is fully up to the standard.

ELEVATOR AND STEAM HEAT.

PARLORS CHEERFUL AND SUNNY.

RATES:

$2.50 TO $3.50 PER DAY.

For further information address

M. D. PAINTER, Proprietor.

WHEN you are traveling your first thought on reaching a city is which is the best

HOTEL

at which to stop. Five elements will enter into your decision,—comfort, attention, convenience of location, a good table and reasonable rates. It may therefore interest you to know that the

WESTMINSTER

claims to combine all these essentials, and, in addition, is homelike, cheerful and refined. We should be pleased to have you come and see us when you arrive at

LOS ANGELES.

POTTER & JOHNSON, PROPS.

10c in stamps sent THE TRAVELER will give you a copy of "Outings in California." Handsomely illustrated. **SEND NOW.**

HOTEL DEL CORONADO,

Coronado Beach.

Largest and Most Elegantly Furnished Hotel in the World.

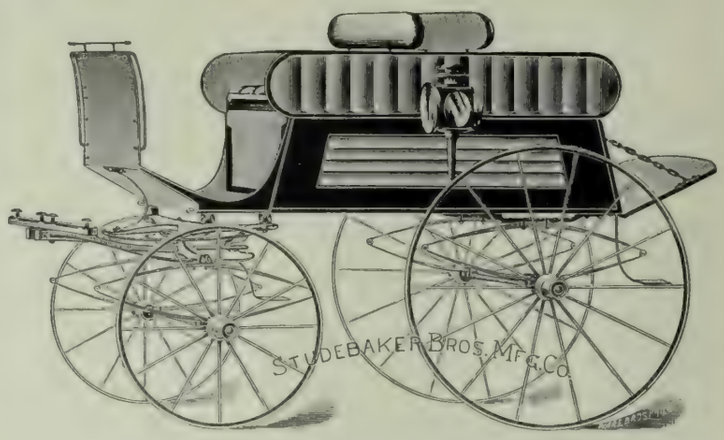
The famous "Coronado Water" is the only water used in this hotel. A large concrete tank for hot salt-water plunge bathing, and a new iron ocean pier, are fresh additions to the unequaled attractions of this, the pleasantest place on earth for the sick or well. Steam motor and ferry every twenty minutes between hotel and San Diego, commencing at 6:40 A. M. and stopping at 11:40 P. M. Open all the year round. Bathing every day in the year. The omnibus of the Hotel del Coronado meets all incoming trains and steamers.

E. S BABCOCK, MANAGER.

SWELL TRAPS AND CARRIAGES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT

Studebaker Bros.



Carriage Repository: { Market and Tenth Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE.

• GAMELAND • If you are fond of gameland—haunts of wild birds, fishes and quadrupeds—read the gentle sportsman's illustrated magazine of shooting and fishing, *Gameland*. It tells of hundreds of places to use the rod and gun, and treats exhaustively of camp life, woodcraft, landscape and general history. It is practical and authentic, yet entertaining to the household. Yearly, $1.00; with THE TRAVELER, $1.50. Free for a year to any one sending in three new one-year subscribers. Three trial numbers, 25c. No free copies.

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1267 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Magnolia Springs Hotel,

CALISTOGA, CAL.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

Livery Stable connected with the house.

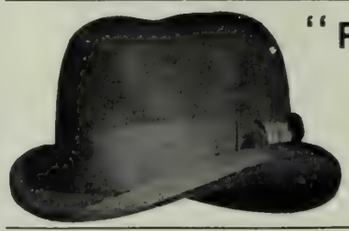
Hot Sulphur and Steam Baths at all hours.

The waters are of value in the treatment of chronic rheumatism, gout, chronic arthritis, white swelling and joint troubles, and for chronic cutaneous diseases.

E. C. CHESEBRO, Prop.

Analysis of the Springs Showing Grains per Gallon.

Sodium Chloride	20.76
Sodium Carbonate	5.10
Sodium Iodide	.16
Sodium Sulphate	1.75
Potassium Iodide	Trace
Magnesia Sulphate	2.90
Calcium Chloride	5.57
Calcium Sulphate	.63
Alumina	.47
Silica	4.55
Organic Matter	Trace
Free Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas	4.74 cu. in.



"PERSONAL."

THE lady who passed the corner of Market and Powell about eight o'clock last Saturday evening is respectfully informed that the new Derby she admired on the well-dressed gentleman near the drug store was from the establishment of

C. HERRMANN & CO.,

328 Kearny Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

When You Go South

your visit will not be complete unless you stop at SAN DIEGO, and at the same time it will not be thoroughly comfortable unless you sojourn at

The Hotel Florence,

that great three-hundred-room structure on Florence Heights, whose chief characteristics are COMFORT, COURTEOUS ATTENTION and FAULTLESS CUISINE.

The hotel occupies an eminence commanding a splendid view of the bay and city of San Diego. A handsomely illustrated souvenir will be mailed to any address, without charge, on application.

GEO. W. LYNCH, Manager.

LEADING HOTELS AND RESORTS.

The following is a list of the principal Hotels and Resorts in favor with the traveling public. "THE TRAVELER" indorses them as thoroughly reputable and first class.

Further information, and descriptive pamphlets, will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 602 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

ALAMEDA, CAL.—PARK HOTEL; European plan; 45 minutes to San Francisco; 100 trains daily; sea-bathing; 50c. to $1.50 per day.
ARROWHEAD SPRINGS, CAL.—In the mountains; hot mud baths; fine springs; $2.50 per day.
CALISTOGA.—MAGNOLIA SPRINGS HOTEL; new management; fine baths; $2.00 per day.
CORONADO BEACH, CAL.—HOTEL DEL CORONADO; largest in the world; $3.00 per day; 17.50 per week upward.
DENVER, COL.—BROWN PALACE HOTEL; magnificent fire-proof structure; American plan; $3.00 per day and upward.
ECHO MOUNTAIN, CAL.—ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE; 3,500 feet above sea-level; fine view; delightful climate; table unexcelled.
HIGHLAND SPRINGS.—Lake County, Cal.; splendid mineral springs; good hunting and fishing; $1.50 to $2.50 per day.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—HOLLENBECK HOTEL; centrally located; European plan; $1.00 per day and upward.
—— ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL; adjacent to depot; first class; European plan, $1.00 and up; American plan, $2.50 and up.
—— HOTEL LINCOLN, Second and Hill sts.; board and rooms first class. Thos. Pascoe Prop.
—— HOTEL RAMONA; European plan; most centrally located; first class; rates moderate.
—— HOTEL WESTMINSTER; central, homelike, first class; $3.00 per day upward.
—— ST. ELMO HOTEL; newly renovated; centrally located; $1.25 to $2.00 per day.
—— THE ARGYLE; a quiet family and tourist hotel; $2.00 per day upward.
MONTEREY.—HOTEL DEL MONTE; American plan; $3.00 per day and upward.
OAKLAND, CAL.—GALINDO HOTEL; $1.50 to $2.50 a day; American and European plans.
OCEANSIDE, CAL.—SOUTH PACIFIC HOTEL; strictly first class; rates moderate.
PALM SPRINGS, CAL.—One of the best sanitariums in the State; $2.00 per day.
PARAISO SPRINGS.—Monterey County; a mountain resort; eight miles from Soledad Station.
PASADENA, CAL.—HOTEL GREEN; American plan; $3.50 per day.
—— HOTEL BALMORAL; American plan; $2.00 to $3.00 per day; special by week or month.
—— THE PAINTER; American plan; $2.50 per day.
PASO ROBLES, CAL.—EL PASO DE ROBLES HOTEL; mineral waters and mud baths; $10.00 per week and upward.
PESCADERO, CAL.—PESCADERO HOUSE; first class; good sample-rooms; free coach to Pebble Beach; Jno. McCormick, Prop.
REDLANDS, CAL.—WINDSOR HOTEL; centrally located; $2.00 per day.
—— HOTEL TERRACINA; a quiet, homelike resort; $3.00 per day; $17.50 per week up.
REDONDO BEACH, CAL.—REDONDO HOTEL; delightful seaside resort; $3.00 per day.
RIVERSIDE, CAL.—THE ROWELL; $2.00 per day.
SAN DIEGO, CAL.—HOTEL BREWSTER; splendidly equipped; American plan; $2.50 per day and upward.
—— HOTEL FLORENCE; overlooks bay and ocean; American plan; $3.00 per day.
—— HORTON HOUSE; fine cuisine; central location; American plan; $2.00, $2.50 per day.
SAN FRANCISCO.—HOTEL PLEASANTON; a splendidly equipped family and tourist hotel; American plan; $3.00 per day and upward.
—— HOTEL ST. NICHOLAS; family and commercial hotel; American or European plan; rates reasonable.
—— MIRABEAU HOTEL; first class; desirable for tourists and families; excellent table.
—— PALACE HOTEL; American and European plans.
SAN JOSE, CAL.—HOTEL VENDOME; beautiful grounds; appointments first class; American plan; $3.00 per day.
SANTA ANA, CAL.—HOTEL BRUNSWICK; centrally located; American and European plans; rates $1.50 to $2.50 per day.
SANTA BARBARA, CAL.—THE ARLINGTON; new management; American plan; $3.00 per day.
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.—HOTEL HAGEMANN; family hotel; centrally located; $1.25 to $2.00 per day.

EUROPEAN HOTELS.

BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.—ROYAL BATH HOTEL; 18 miles from Southampton. Patronized by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. "The Hotel de Luxe of the South."

HOTEL TERRACINA,
REDLANDS, CAL.

A Most Delightful Winter Resort in the

SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY.

W. G. HOWARD, Proprietor.

THE ST. ELMO,
M. A. DUDLEY, Prop'r.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS.

Telegraphic Service in Office.
Free Bus from All Trains to Hotel.
All Cars Pass Hotel.

RATES $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per day. Special rates on application.

LOS ANGELES, - - CAL.

SECOND AND OLIVE STREETS
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
First-class family hotel, overlooking the city. Sunny, central and home-like. Electric cars to all depots.
D. E. BARTON, PROP'R.

DENTIST.—DR. H. G. YOUNG. Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 POLK STREET.

HOTEL RAMONA,
Most Centrally Located,
Cor. Spring and Third Sts., LOS ANGELES.
Conducted on the European plan. Large, sunny rooms, single or en suite. Quiet and homelike; strictly first-class; newly renovated, refurnished and refitted, and connected with first-class café. Rates moderate.
F. B. MALLORY, PROP'R

MUST ADVERTISE.

A man may guy,
And a man may lie,
And a man may puff and blow;
But he can't get trade
By sitting in the shade,
Waiting for business to grow.
—*Exchange.*

The ink used in printing THE TRAVELER is furnished by REED & GOODMAN.

THE
Brown · Palace · Hotel,
DENVER, COLO.,
is an absolutely fireproof building American Plan. ALL ROOMS FACING THE STREETS. One hundred rooms at $3.00; one hundred rooms at $4.00; one hundred rooms at $4.50; one hundred rooms at $5.00 per day and upward. Dining rooms on eighth floor. THE BROWN HOTEL CO.

A FRENCH RIDDLE.

Take away my first letter,
Take away my second letter,
Take away my third letter,
Take away all my letters,
And I remain what I was before,—
The Postman.

THE
Horton · House,
SAN DIEGO, CAL.
Three hundred rooms. Centrally located. Table strictly first-class.
W. E. HADLEY, Proprietor.

1849. **THE NAPA.** 1894.

Commercial Tourists and Cyclists Headquarters. Convenient sample rooms on the ground floor. The leading hotel in the valley.
J. B. HOPKINS, Proprietor, NAPA, CAL.

MAYES' OYSTER HOUSE.
Oysters Supplied to Families.
California Market, California St. Entrance.

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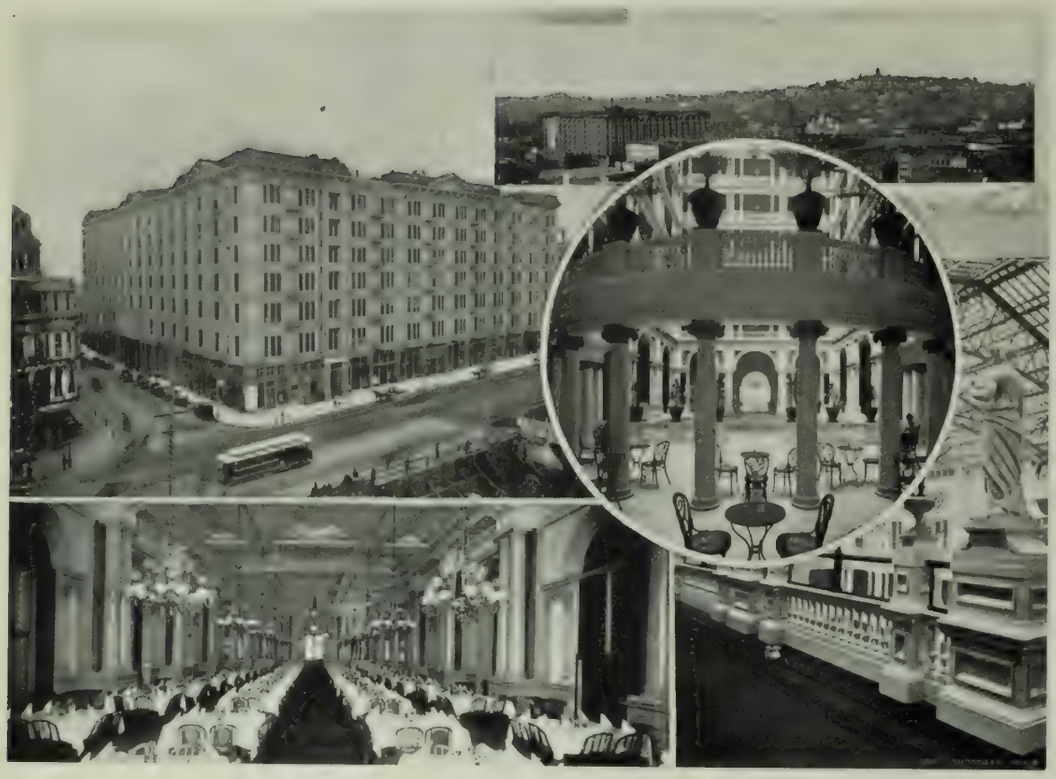

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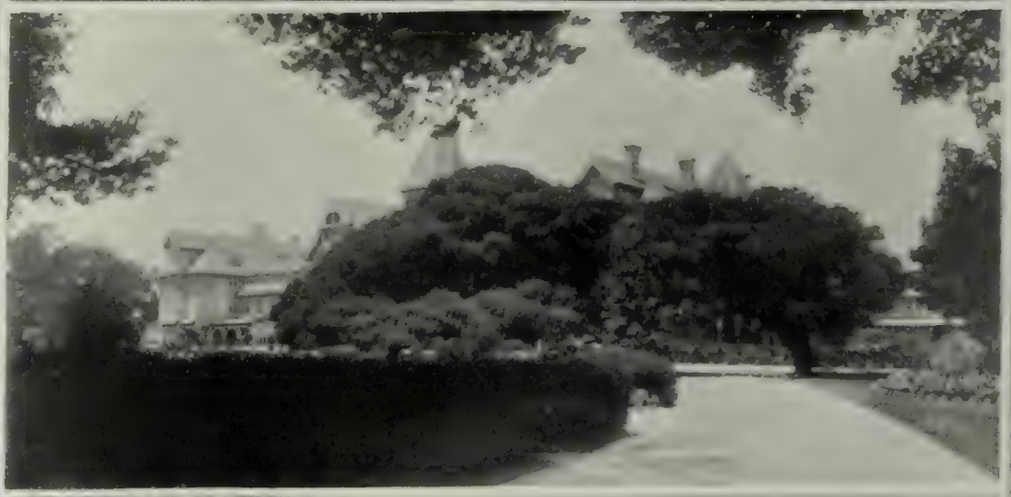

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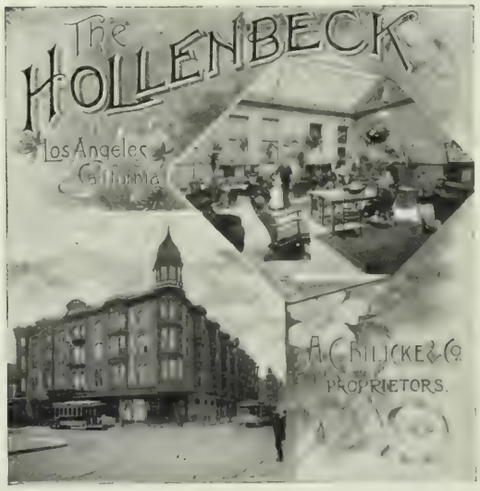

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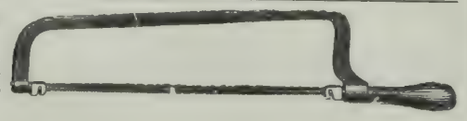

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THE DUETT.

Supplement to THE TRAVELER, July, 1895.

HALF-TONE PRINTING BY
H. S. CROCKER COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

forbids us mentioning which one that is. Exercise section respecting fiestas, fetes, etc.

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LOS GATOS, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY, 1895. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE, - - 314 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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IS THERE any possible means of abolishing, to some extent at least, the infernal noises incident to railroad travel. The engineer takes a delight in cracking the atmosphere for miles and miles around with a shriek that Dante's demons would envy; his assistant, the fireman, loses no opportunity to pull the bell rope, whether the engine is in motion or not; then comes the baggage man: he never makes a noise, except when he slips in behind the brakeman and yells a note that would wake the dead, "Baggage Checks, Checks for Baggage, Checks for the City." The conductor and the brakeman divide honors in closing the car door so that the concussion resembles the premature discharge of a Winchester. In these days of improved appliances to reduce friction, it does seem as though the ears of passengers might receive as much consideration as the running gear of the train.

BEING a novice in wheeling, it might seem imprudent that we, the editors of THE TRAVELER, should venture any grave opinions upon this popular pastime, but there are a few points that in our fresh and verdant experience seem pertinent to the question, and the following advice is given gratis. Of course, buy the best wheel you can find. Modesty forbids us mentioning which one that is. Exercise moderately on the wheel, as you would in any other way. There are only a very few persons who make any noticeable speed records; therefore, instead of making a hundred-mile record or taking a run for the purpose of bragging about the distance you wheeled, would it not be better to take just as long a run, and no longer, as would enable you to enjoy life and assist you in performing your every-day duties. No man can wheel fifty or a hundred miles on Sunday and expect to do a good day's work on Monday. This is simply too much of a good thing. The temptation to take a long run is very great, and the outward trip is almost always enjoyable. Instead of going thirty or forty miles down the road and the same distance back, would it not be better to cut the distance in two and arrive home unexhausted and ready to engage in your regular duties with more than your accustomed vigor? Because you have but an hour in the day or a day in the week to ride, it is no reason why you should overdo the matter. If you have only a day to spare at the springs, it would not be advisable for you to drink several gallons of water. Moderation, my friend, moderation in everything, eating, drinking or wheeling, is the sermon we would preach to you first, last and all the time.

A STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE.

THE Santa Cruz Water Carnival closed in a blaze of glory on the fifteenth ultimo that not only surprised the traveling public but the good people of Santa Cruz themselves; it was a gigantic project, and was carried out in a masterly manner in all its details. The people of the central portion of the State are slowly awakening to the fact that they are in possession of the facilities for competing with any other section respecting fiestas, fetes, etc.

THERE are a few items of interest to be gleaned from the seventh statistical report of the Interstate Commerce Committee for the year ending June 30, 1894.

Total railway mileage in the United States on June 30, 1894, was 178,708, an increase of 2,247 miles.

Number of locomotives, 35,392, an increase of 704.

Number of cars, 1,278,078, an increase of 4,132.

Number of employees, 779,608, a decrease of 93,994.

Number of passengers carried, 619,688,189, an increase of 26,127,587, occasioned by travel to the World's Fair.

Gross earnings were $1,073,361,797, a decrease of $147,390,077.

Net earnings, $341,947,475, a decrease of $50,883,100.

During the year 1,923 railway employees were killed and 23,422 were injured, as compared with 2,727 killed and 31,179 injured in 1893. This marked decrease in casualty is partly due, the report says, to the decrease in the number of men employed and the decrease in the volume of business handled. The increase in the use of automatic appliances also may have rendered railway employment less dangerous. The number of passengers killed was 324, an increase of 25, and the number injured was 3,304, a decrease of 195. One employee was killed out of every 428 in service, and one injured out of every 33 employed.

Prince Poniatowski's Franco-American Magazine.

72 Rue Blanche, Paris, May 28, 1895.

Even in Paris, where scores of books are published daily, where new political organs grow like mushrooms and spring up like the men whose politics they are called upon to defend, where an exposition of painting is inaugurated almost every other day, the advent of a magazine with so commonplace a title as "Franco-American" is not allowed to pass by unnoticed. "Revue Franco-Americaine" is the name, and it is printed in pale blue letters on a pale yellow ground, with a floral decoration, beneath which it is discreetly announced that the literary management of the magazine is in the hands of Prince Andre Poniatowski. The "Revue" is supposed to be of interest to Californians, as it is to Parisians and New Yorkers. So formidable an array of French writers as is supplied by the Prince in his first issue has seldom, if ever, been witnessed in any periodical.

In the magazine, which is endeavoring from the start to be of interest from its international character, the following lines are intended to give Europeans an exact idea of what Californian society is doing.

"In California, the William Crockers are back from a tour in their private car through Mexico, where they took their friends, the Nutalls and the Carolans, for a month. They have recommenced the series of those little 'diners intimes,' which are the charm of this model home. A few new marriages, Robert Colman, Elliot MacAllister and James Tucker, rouse the married element of San Francisco. Many Californians are in Europe and in Egypt, seeking a climate that Europeans will soon be going to ask of Santa Barbara and Monterey."

Europeans truly must be delighted to learn the latest news of Californian aristocracy through the "Revue Franco-Americaine." And this interesting paragraph finds a home between a few lines devoted to Chicago society (the only event of importance there having been a dog show), and a long anecdote about Washington society, which winds up with an anecdote telling how Miss Leiter, whose recent marriage to the honorable George Curzon has been so talked about, was once asked to wave (instead of wear)—well, the unmentionables that belonged to an attache of the English embassy, and that were left at the young lady's house by a stupid valet, instead of a boquet of flowers. The good taste of the anecdote is decidedly doubtful. In the opening pages of a magazine that is destined to reach readers on the two hemispheres, and copies of which have been most respectfully addressed to the sovereigns of Europe and two score of royal personages, it is certainly out of place.

The effort, however, is noble, and one cannot but applaud the endeavor of Prince Poniatowski to create an "intellectual connecting link" between the old world and the new. It must not be judged upon its first number, which is a curious departure from trodden lines. In future numbers "youth and vitality" from America will probably make their appearance, for so far there is but little to justify the title of Franco-American.

FREDERIC MAYER.

WM. V. BRYAN.

From June eleventh to the fifteenth inclusive, one of the most beautiful, original and entertaining fetes took place at Santa Cruz, California. We had had our "fiestas" at Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, etc., and each one of them displayed a novelty and enjoyment peculiar to itself; but it remained for Santa Cruz by the sea to give us an evolution in the carnival business that none of its predecessors could produce,—a combination land and water fete, still further subdivided by the unusual opportunity of a display both on the ocean and the river.

Some interest naturally attaches to the projectors of this remarkable show. The full credit of the idea belongs to the wife of the Hon. J. P. Smith of Santa Cruz, the Director-General of the carnival. These genial and public-spirited people are abundantly endowed with this world's goods, and have enjoyed the advantages of many years of travel abroad, so that in a patriotic moment Mrs. Smith conceived the idea of a water carnival at Santa Cruz—something on the line of many she had witnessed at Venice and elsewhere in Europe. The suggestion was echoed and actively fostered by Mrs. Lucy Underwood McCann, a progressive lady of the city; and, after a ringing call for a mass meeting of the citizens had been issued, the project took form in fact. Once under way the movement was heralded by the Hon. J. P. Smith, and to his untiring efforts and ingenuity, as well as those of Messrs. Chas. B. Tidball, Major Effey, J. F. Coope, Jno. T. Sullivan, Jno. R. Chace, T. V. Matthews and others, the brilliant success of the carnival was mainly due.

The most striking feature of the fete was the novel display on the lagoon. The cry had been, "Dam the river!" and so, at an expense of over three thousand dollars, a splendid dam was constructed almost at the mouth of the San Lorenzo River where it rushes into the Bay of Monterey. The result was a beautiful lake or lagoon over a mile in length, navigable for the entire distance by the curious craft and gondolas that participated in the display, and averaging in width perhaps five hundred feet. It took five days only to complete the dam, something over eighteen thousand sacks of sand being used in the undertaking.

Along the banks of the lagoon, tiers of comfortable seats had been erected, accommodating about seven thousand persons, and each night and afternoon saw them filled to their utmost capacity.

I shall never forget the first impression I received as I entered the inclosure leading to the river bank on the evening of Thursday, and to describe the display of this beautiful river tribune covers, with the exception of minor varieties, each of the evenings so pleasantly remembered.

Our seats were just at the right of the Queen's throne, so that a most excellent opportunity was afforded for viewing every feature of the entertainment.

In the center of the lagoon were erected a number of lofty poles stretching some distance apart, and from pole to pole were suspended in graceful festoons hundreds of incandescent lights. These festoons draped the entire distance in front of the spectators' seats. From various points of vantage, calcium lights were placed and threw their rays the entire length and breadth of the lagoon, so that the intensity of the luminations gave the most brilliant and beautiful effect imaginable. Nearly in front of the Queen's throne, a handsome platform draped in yellow and white (the carnival colors) had been built in the center of the river, whereon was stationed the immense Roncovieri band, while just beyond them, on the opposite bank of the river, a huge white screen had been erected for casting the views from the stereopticon at the grand stand used to illustrate the special pieces of music of historical and allegorical character. The night was perfect,—not a breath of wind, clear, calm and starlight. All is stillness and expectation, when softly comes floating over the waters the first notes of a violin, gradually increasing in beauty and intensity until at the last every instrument in the band leads forth its harmony into one grand stirring prelude, and the fete has begun. Now may be seen floating lazily on the waters hundreds of barges, floats, canoes, rowboats and other odd specimen of craft, each and all of them brilliantly and beautifully decorated with various colored Japanese lanterns and incandescent lights. Their occupants—young men and pretty girls—were gayly draped in carnival colors, and the life and beauty of the occasion made it one long to be remembered.

Suddenly the music changes to a grand reception march, and thousands of eyes turn in the direction of the river's mouth, from which point it is known that the Queen and retinue are to make their appearance. We do not wait long, for shortly looms up in the shadow the stately barge of Queen Anita. It is a pretty conception. The Queen rests conspicuously upon the apex, surrounded by a well caparisoned guard in royal uniform, while the oarsmen, screened from view, propel the craft near the water's edge. Slowly the majestic procession floats toward the royal seat on the bank where the landing is to be made. Anita looks every inch a queen with her gorgeous robes and dignified carriage. Now sounds the music with redoubled intensity, and, as the cavalcade stops at the great throne, cheers upon cheers ring out from the loyal subjects on shore. With the chivalry and pomp of a Raleigh, the Queen disembarks and ascends the grand throne, and once more the attention is centered upon the scene on the river.

The illustrated concerts by Roncovieri's band were unique and beautiful, the stereopticon views adding greatly to the effect of the music. At intervals was heard a swish and a roar, and rocket after rocket followed each other into the skies; colored bombs, special pieces and other eccentricities came in close order, so that the *tout ensemble* almost carried one back to the gorgeous spectacles of kings and queens of the olden times whose gatherings have been so elaborately depicted by the historians of later days.

The grand ball at the pavilion on Friday evening was a memorable occasion. If you have ever seen a royal gathering pictured on the modern stage, brilliant and resplendent as tinsel and art could make it, the ballroom and its occupants were in no wise its inferior. It is not too poetical to term it a "dream of loveliness and grandeur." The entire canopy was festooned with the carnival colors, underneath which was suspended a delicate piece of network interstrewn with loose roses, pinks and other floral products of Santa Cruz. The throne at the end of the ballroom was almost pure amber, so that the entire effect was most delicate and rich. Due homage was paid the Queen at the pedestal, Mayor Sutro leading the list, and, though her Majesty condescended to trip the light fantastic toward the close of the festivities, her honored and *only* partner was Mr. Henry Crocker who even then had the selfishness (or fascination) to secure two dances in succession.

CARNIVAL SCENES.

The grand mask ball on Saturday was no less a success and gave rise to many a funny combination. The daylight entertainments were unique and highly interesting. The grand military parade—national, civic organizations, societies, clubs and school children—was elaborately outlined, perhaps the most attractive feature being the quaint vehicles of the children and the battle of flowers. On other days the time was divided between recreating on the river, surf-bathing, boat-rowing and swimming matches on the bay. The bicycle races at Vue de l'Eau Park formed a most interesting feature of the closing day. The track was not in the best condition, but nevertheless some excellent records were made.

The riders of the Sterling, Columbia and Stearns bicycles were in good form and cast no discredit upon these wheels. The extensive decorations of Pacific Avenue should not be lost sight of. From one end to the other was a continuous display of white and yellow bunting, the Pacific Ocean House being particularly noticeable for the generosity of its drapery. Surf-bathing received its share of attention, and each day, between eleven and two, saw the beach strewn with light calicoes, knickerbockers and otherwise, enjoying the discomfort of the more nervy visitors who dipped their Trilby feet into the cold waters of the Pacific.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of those visiting Santa Cruz during the carnival. Suffice it to say that every available room seemed occupied, and the main thoroughfare of the city was akin to Market Street, San Francisco, at the busiest hour of the day.

CARNIVAL SCENES.

I have yet to hear aught but praise for the great entertainment, which is saying a great deal for a public enterprise of this character. It was chiefly conspicuous for its novelty and unquestioned success, financially and otherwise. Further, it was strikingly characterized by the strictly first-class and lavish manner in which every feature was conducted, from even the elegant printed matter, ball programmes, souvenirs, etc., to the splendor and elegance of the various displays. The motto was "first class or nothing." So prominently was this exemplified that it received an unsolicited compliment from not only the guests but many of the daily papers.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of June 16th lays special stress upon the character of the printed matter used (and which, by the way, we might add, was designed and published by THE TRAVELER), and says: "The souvenirs were free from all advertising, and the result was one of the prettiest mementoes of such an occasion ever issued."

The following is a portion of Senator Bart Burke's address of welcome to the Queen:

"By magic sway the majesty and beauty of old Venice has been transported to our shores. Here is the low lagoon and yonder Venice, that proud queen of the Adriatic, which rises vision-like from the unsubstantial sea. Behind us lies the glory of fourteen centuries of Venetian pride; and now, after a hundred years of slow decay, we feel our pulses quicken with new life, and a future stretches out before us which promises to be as bright as Isis ever saw. To me, a proud old Doge, has been assigned the hardest task of all,—of yielding, of surrendering our fair city, which never yet has yielded to woman's hand. And canst thou know thy power, Oh! Queen? It took a Napoleon to bow our heads after fourteen hundred years of freedom and prosperity. It was no Venetian who fell a victim to that bright Serpent of the Nile; no Venetian who, 'drunk with her caresses, madly threw a world away.' No Semiramis has shared our power or lent Assyrian luster to our authority. No Maria Theresa, with her babe, could move the Doge's breast to war. Yet have we reverenced women always as the blind Othello did, but our conquerors have been made of sterner stuff.

"Our city was Europe's gateway to the East. Through us has flowed the commerce of the world. We snatched the great bronze horses from Nero's golden chariot of the sun. We stretched our dominion as far as the realms of Constantine, and held back the tide of the Saracen. Saint Sophia yielded the treasures of her sanctuary to beautify Saint Mark's. The plunder of a thousand cities lent beauty to our ducal palaces. We forced Frederick Barbarossa to his knees. The very sea belonged to Venice by right of conquest, and was subject to her as a bride to her lord. Each year she was wedded with a ring, and for this did our bidding.

"But now what do we see in Venice? The glittering spires, the lordly palaces, the marble bridges, all are there, but the gondolier is sadder than he used to be. The brilliancy of pageants is no more. The gondolas—those dusty spirits of the canal—are all in somber black as for a funeral. The fete days and the festivals are all dwindled into days of grief. Only the sunset in its golden glory remains to remind us of the splendor of the past. And why this change? It staggers beneath despotic sway. Its freedom and its pride are now no more. A hundred years ago we recoiled from our first defeat at the hands of the great Napoleon, and since have lain stunned, waiting for a new lease of life to stir us to new deeds. And now it remains for us to call the Venice of those grand days across the waters to these Western shores. And I, an old, old Doge—imagine if you can my joy in finding here, in this land of liberty, this promise of new Venetian splendor. Venice shall live and thrive once more in this new Italy of the West. As in Italian Venice, so here we shall gather the dark-eyed Spaniard, the smiling Turk, the Indian Mystic of the East, all the nations of Europe and the Orient to smile on thee, the Queen of Carnival. And now, while Italian Venice is wrapped in the pathos that ever must attend a queen uncrowned, our City of the Holy Cross witnesses the coronation of another Venice. Here shall come the flower girls and the low-voiced gondolier; here shall be the thronged cafe and the bright salon; here the far-off music of the harp and lute, the pageant and the masquerade. All come in thy train, Oh! Queen of Carnival. Welcome."

B. H. SANFORD SMITH.

Mother Nature must have smiled rather than frowned when the wrinkle that formed the indention known as Big Tree Canyon spread over her seared but kindly face.

At all events it is a wild and beautiful valley-like gorge, walled in by the Marin County mountains, ten miles north of San Francisco.

The distance from Mill Valley, where one leaves the railroad train, is about three miles, they will tell you, as per the flight of the crow; but, as I made the journey by the donkey route instead of that of the ebon bird, it struck me very forcibly as being seven miles if it were an inch. It was a very enjoyable jaunt nevertheless.

The donkey, or burro, the genuine Mexican importation, is the most popular means of transportation after reaching Mill Valley. There are a few travelers, however, foolish enough to drive over in a buggy or carriage. But our party—two ladies and two gentlemen—being all very sensible people, and with possibly a taste for the romantic and an adventure in a small way, declined to accept a wheeled conveyance. Accordingly, upon our arrival at the station, we went direct to the donkey farm.

Here we chartered four specimens of those meek-eyed little creatures that cannot be induced to change their gait for love or money, profanity nor the spur or cudgel. They were all named and bore up bravely and without evident ostentation under the following titles: Bob Ingersoll, Henry Ward B., Injun Jim and Calamity Jane; but, with all the evident meekness of their soft brown eyes and expressionless faces, each had a healthy olive complexion and strong Roman features that suggested strength of limb if not of character.

When I saw the hostler drawing the creaking double cinch around the ungainly form of Bob Ingersoll,—Bob was the first to be saddled,—I mildly protested.

"Niver d'ye moin' it a hurtin' av the wild baste," said the son of Erin, who was fairly lifting the animal from the ground. "Thim foin burreds do be oop to thricks av the'r own, entoirly. Jushst kape yer oi on the nixht wan whin Oi tro' the saddle achrost the back av 'im."

The next victim was Henry Ward B., and I acted on the Irishman's suggestion. No sooner was the girth swung under the woolly belly than H. W. B. humped up his back and puffed out his ribs like the jaws of a blow snake. I then turned to Robert G. and was astonished to see that the cinch was no longer eating its way into his vitals, which was the alarming condition that had aroused my sympathy, but that it would be necessary to take up the side straps an additional two or three inches in order to make the saddle secure.

I was assigned to the tender mercies of him who bore the name of America's eloquent agnostic, while, by a strange coincidence, the lady who was to ride by my side mounted the beast that had been christened for the dead and gone divine, our friends riding Injun Jim and Calamity Jane.

After all was in readiness and the names of the two male excursionists and those of the four donkeys had been enrolled on a soiled leaf of the great book of the ranch, our caravan was headed westward ho and put in motion. We crossed a little creek on the outskirts of the village, and, after passing the ruins of an old mill, commenced to climb the dusty trail that wound up the mountain-side.

In order to reach the top we found it necessary to tack back and forth like a ship beating before the wind, and making equally slow progress. Many picturesque cottages peeped up at us from the tree tops as we looked down on the quiet valley. But why any sane man should select such an eyrie retreat for a permanent habitation, I do not pretend to understand. After half an hour of this heavenward journeying, passing through heavy timber and deep cuts made in the rock and clay, we reached a high, level plateau of bare, brown prairie. The only incident that occurred on the upward passage was when Calamity Jane, as if to prove that her front title had not been given her haphazardly in an idle moment, made a misstep and nearly spilled the lady who was riding her down the gaping mouth of one of the cottage chimneys. From the upland, where we again gladly renewed our acquaintance with the warm sunshine, we paused to gaze upon a scene well worth a whole day's journey to feast our eyes on, a scene that, once beheld, must ever remain in the picture gallery of the traveler's memory.

The tranquil waters of Sausalito Bay lay far beneath our feet, a trembling sheet of molten silver. The speck-like ferry-boats and other craft resembled, for all the world, painted ships on a painted sea, as they plied to and fro, scarcely seeming to move, or rested at anchor between Oakland and San Francisco, farther away; while the latter city was cooling its brow in a great frosty-looking fog bank that hung like a mystic curtain from Twin Peaks to Telegraph Hill. To the north,—but, when we turned our eyes in that direction, a great surprise awaited us. From that great height above the waters of the bay, it seemed as if we had reached an elevation from which one might look down on all else in California, were it only near enough; but the point of vision met the grayish green of the chaparral that cloaked the side of Mount Tamalpais as it loomed skyward, a veritable prop to the heavens. We were at an altitude probably less than one-half the height of the towering peak of that silent sentinel, —that majestic guardian of Ross and Mill valleys.

After a halt of twenty minutes we again moved forward. The donkeys seemed to be in as good spirits as ever, keeping up the same steady pace with which they had climbed the hill. Bob Ingersoll never looked to the right nor the left, but would occasionally tilt one ear forward and the other in the direction of my head, as if in gentle remonstrance at my folly when I would knock my heels together beneath him. Henry Ward B. was inclined to take the lead, with my steed as a close second, while Injun Jim and Calamity Jane were content to sleepily bring up the rear.

In half an hour we reached the western limit of the little barren plain. Here the trail made an abrupt curve round a small knoll, and another scene of rare beauty and striking interest, but one far different from that which I have just made a poor attempt to describe, spread out before us. A vast panorama of chaotic splendor unrolled itself as if by magic, stretching away two or three miles in every direction. In the foreground, descending from our very feet, was the steep declivity of the mountain, far too precipitous to be traveled in anything like a straight line, even by the tireless and surefooted Bob Ingersoll and the other members of his tribe.

Farther down, a verdure-clad canyon ran diagonally across the scene, starting from the right. On the north and south towering battlements of red-brown rocks or rugged banks of gravelly earth appeared, while the bluish timber line of Big Tree Canyon, and the overhanging misty purple of the mountain tops above it, framed the variegated picture. In the middle distance, in striking contrast to the sober sameness of the prairie from which we had just escaped, the dark and shady dells, the still darker but less inviting depth of gorge and glen and wooded gulch, formed a spectacle at once startling and admirable, and one that the traveler would scarcely expect to find within a few miles of a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants.

The windings of the trail were longer between turns and curves as we began to descend in the direction of our destination, still a mile away, than those on the route by which we had reached the table-land. The trail was also narrower, and in many places the space between the brink and the rocks would not permit the passing of a vehicle unless we backed up into a sort of pocket and waited till they flashed by, too eager to reach the promised land to jog along at our slow pace. Before coming to the last curve, where the road makes a short cut across a spur of the hill and strikes the heart of the canyon, we passed for half a mile along the dangerous brink of a deep ravine. The trail at this point, as at many others, is cut and blasted from the shale-like rock with an average width of not more than six feet. For several hundred yards the steep bank descends to the left at an angle of forty-five degrees, and ends in a dense thicket of underbrush and stunted oaks. At the bottom the copse is apparently as impregnable as an African jungle—a retreat as quiet as the grave and giving no sign of having ever been tampered with by the subduing and devastating hand of man. Here a few well-armed bandits could hold the fort against a regiment; but I doubt if its sacred precincts were ever trodden by any living being save the savages in the long ago, and the rabbit and the mountain lion, which are said to lurk and have their lairs in its primeval fastnesses at the present day.

Finally we entered the redwoods and soon found ourselves in the bottom of the great canyon—not great, of course, when compared with the Yosemite or the National Park, but by its proximity to the metropolis of the Pacific Coast and the ocean on the west. Here the trail runs right along the margin of—to use the enthusiastic expression of the lady who rode Henry Ward B.—"just the *dearest* and *sweetest* little brook in all the world!"

The solemn shade of the big trees was more than welcome to the little cavalcade after being two hours under the broiling sun. Its very quiet was refreshing.

Robert G. drew a long breath, closed his eyes piously and gave thanks after his own peculiar and original fashion. This manner of offering up his praise or adoration, or whatever it might have been, was quickly imitated by Henry Ward B., Injun Jim and Calamity Jane, whose melodious voices echoed and resounded throughout that great tabernacle without interruption. No doubt it would have been more appropriate if the great doctor of divinity had led the sylvan service, which my gentleman friend was pleased to irreverently term "a jackass camp-meeting," than for the daring agnostic to have done so. But such was not the case, and I feel in duty bound to chronicle the incidents of the excursion just as they occurred. One can never understand a Mexican burro any more than one can understand a woman. Not that there is any affinity between the two, but simply because one can't.

We dismounted at once on reaching the brook, and listened, I may say, to the very stillness that abounded in that deep and silent retreat. Our own voices were hushed with awe and admiration. Scarcely a sound disturbed the solemn quiet that seemed to have reigned there unmolested since the dawn of creation. Nothing could be heard save the low and soothing murmur of the clear waters of that mountain rivulet as they plashed languidly over bright pebbles, winding in and out among ferns and other luxuriant vegetation that lined the banks or welled up from beneath a prone monarch that formed a huge foot-log, a rustic bridge, strangely out of proportion as it spanned the diminutive river with a hundred feet to spare on either side. And while those drowsy murmurings could hardly be recognized as perceptible sounds, no song of siren, no merry laugh rippling from the happy heart of innocent childhood, ever fell on human ear with softer or more pleasing cadence than the music born on the restful flow of those cool waters.

For an hour we wandered along the tiny stream, beneath the shade of those towering trees. And such a shade! An ambient light, a pearly, emerald-tinted

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

MADAME MODJESKA'S HOME.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

THE picturesque home of Madame Modjeska is situated in the heart of the mountains that skirt the eastern edge of Orange County, and at the head of the long wide canyon of Santiago. It has been named the "Forest of Arden" by the fair owner, after Shakespeare's "As You Like It," in appreciation of the character of "Rosalind," which is the favorite of the dramatic artist. The ranch, for that is what the Madame and her husband, the Count Bozenta, insist that it shall be called, lies twenty-one miles from Santa Ana and seventeen miles from the nearest railroad station, El Toro. Here the famous actress spends her long summer vacations. Here she came to find a home in the seventies, when fleeing from political persecution in her native Poland, and here, she always declares, will be her permanent abode when she bids farewell to the stage. In a recent letter to a friend in Los Angeles, the Count Bozenta wrote: "The Madame and I have been having a royal time among old friends in Italy and Hungary, but no spot can be so dear to our hearts as our secluded mountain home by the Pacific shore, to which we look with unspeakable fondness."

The drive to the "Forest of Arden" is one of the most entrancing of the many of that sort in Southern California. It is over a smooth and hard road in some places and gravelly in others. It leads past thousands of acres of waving barley, through thickly planted orchards of oranges and lemons, across great fields of poppies, marguerites and blue-eyed daisies, now in the shade of live-oaks centuries old and towering eucalyptus, and then out across ragged washes among tracts of shrubs until the foothills are reached. There the road becomes suddenly romantic and picturesque.

It is about ten miles farther on to Modjeska's home, and the route is through Santiago Canyon. A good part of the way is on the Count Bozenta's private estate, and with skill and taste, that only ardent lovers of Nature possess, he has created a roadway that is alluring at almost every foot of the way.

The road winds slowly up the canyon to the ranch home. For a mile the way is canopied by spreading sycamores and tall, heavy shrubbery, just as they have grown for ages. Mossy banks are passed at the sides of the turbulent little stream, and through the openings in the copse the undulating ground is seen carpeted with a rolling, waving mass of bluebells, wild violets and golden eschscholtzias. Up above all, and rimming the low walls of the canyon, overhanging boughs of massive trees add their fresh green to this scene of natural beauty. The sun trifles with the fluttering foliage, playing hide and seek amid the leaves. The fresh scent of wild herbs and flowers from the adjacent lazy mountain slopes in the fresh morning sunshine comes to the nostrils, and the fluty notes of flocks of meadow larks or the twittering of hundreds of wrens in the chaparral enhance the pleasures of the drive.

An hour has been spent in the canyon ride. The road turns abruptly past two mammoth boulders and a heavy thicket, and the home of Madame Modjeska comes into full view. The house itself is of wood—one story, broad and deep, painted white, modest, cosy. But, oh, what artistic arrangement! The very house and the outbuildings are blended in the landscape. The beauty of the low, rambling white house amid a shade of great spreading live-oaks and palms, surrounded by closely cropped lawns of blue grass, beds of luxuriant flowers of every hue, climbing vines about the piazzas and over trellises, and environed by walks and driveways as smooth as asphalt, that curve in south of the lawns and flower beds, is difficult to tell. Rearing their shaggy sides away up two or three thousand feet above this home scene are the peaks, adding their qualities of repose and calmness to the landscape. And this is Modjeska's "Forest of Arden."

The bungalow—that is what the Count Bozenta says the house is—was built under the supervision of the Count and the Madame about ten years ago. It was planned by an architectural friend of theirs, who gave much study toward making complete harmony between his building and the wild mountain scenery. There are in the house eleven rooms. Most of them are comparatively small, but the living rooms were built on a generous pattern. The windows are tall and wide. In several rooms they are of French style and open out upon broad verandas. Hammocks, awnings, big porch chairs and inviting recesses abound.

The dining-room is the largest apartment in the house. It is lighted on two sides and has a huge brick chimney and mantel across one corner, a deep seat about a recessed window of diamond-shaped and colored panes of glass. The furniture is of very heavy oak and embossed leather. About the walls are pictures in oil and water colors, for the Count Bozenta avers that his weakness is for pictures in color. He has trophies in art of his capture in every city in Europe all over the house. There is a quantity of bric-a-brac on the dining-room walls—quaint swords, ancient cutlasses, crude battle axes and historic javelins, short knives and scabbards. Some have been the property of famous actors and actresses, and have a little story connected with them.

Of course, every one wants to know all about Madame Modjeska's own part of the house—her den, her workshop if you please—where she reigns in autocratic supremacy, where she studied and prepared those characters that have thrilled and delighted countless thousands of people, and where her individuality has been shown in the decoration and arrangement. Madame Modjeska's "den" is the library of the bungalow. It is some sixteen feet square. It has a triple-mullioned window looking up amid the overbranching oaks, and a long French window that opens upon a porch shut in by ivy and other vines, and looks out across the lawn and beds of heliotrope, poppies and roses. There is a wealth of bric-a-brac on all sides in the "den." Engravings, etchings, sketches and light water colors hang in every possible spot on the walls, and rugs of Indian, Arabian and Turkish handicraft lie in studied negligence upon the polished floor. At one side stands a huge stone fireplace, with heavy brass andirons on the hearth. Four oak and mahogany bookcases are arranged here and there. Near the window is a heavy table. This is the Madame's work-table, and close to it is her favorite deep-seated leather-covered easy-chair. There are books of plays in paper and in covers; great volumes with colored pictures of costumes and stage settings, and scrapbooks of dramatic criticisms and theatrical events on the table, under the table, on stone mantle and on the floor. Above the large window hangs a large and finely worked portrait in water colors of the Princess Louise, with a note of hers in the frame stating that the picture is a gift to Madame Modjeska. The most valued article of bric-a-brac at the "Forest of Arden" is a little black-colored tea-table with brass legs, in one of the quaint corners of the library. It is known to have been in use in London in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was presented to Count Bozenta by Joseph Jefferson. A beautiful miniature on porcelain of Marie Antoinette hangs on the wall, a gift from Mary Anderson some years ago.

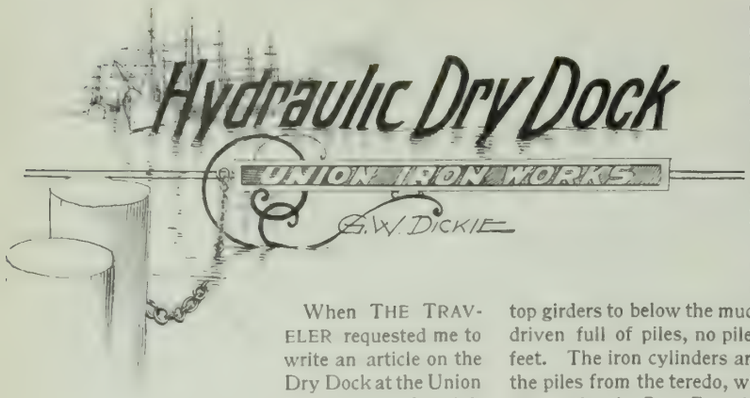
In the little parlor at the front of the bungalow there is an evident desire to avoid conventionality. Easy-chairs are in profusion, and a big Wedgewood tobacco jar, with convenient cigarette papers, stands on a table. A piano, zither, harp, flute, violin, cornet and banjo occupy one corner in the apartment. The walls are lined with pictures in oil, crayon and engraving, and in all sizes and variety of framing. They have been gathered by Madame Modjeska and her husband in Paris, London, Brussels, Cracow, Moscow and Berlin, and the delightful hosts never tire in telling the little stories and histories attached to each of their art treasures.

The practical work of ranching that Madame Modjeska personally engages in is in the hen yard and among the domestic animals. No one ever had more devotion for dumb beast or fowl. When at home on a long summer vacation, after months of theaters, hotels and railroads, Madame Modjeska's greatest comfort is in her hen yards, among her horses and with her prize cow. Every day she visits her hens and chickens, watches with eager interest the development of each new brood of chicks, carries tempting sweetmeats to her saddle ponies and calls often several times a day upon her Jerseys out in the cow corral. Several residents of the Santa Ana Valley tell of their visits at the "Forest of Arden" at some time in the summer season, and of having seen the ravishingly beautiful Juliet of their early theatrical recollections metamorphosed into the domestic and rural Modjeska engaged in throwing a pan full of corn, ear by ear, to the big black swine at the rear of the ranch.

THE HOME OF MODJESKA.

"What do I do when at my mountain home?" said the famous actress to a reporter some time ago. "Why, I do just what I like. The Count and I live as near Nature as we can. For days at a time we have all our meals served in the arbor. We climb over the mountains, have calls from our friends and go down to Santa Ana and Anaheim on short visits. I spend some time every day in dramatic study and many hours each week in sketching. We never grow weary of the landscape, but I have long since abandoned all hope of ever doing it full justice in my sketches. Nowhere can there be more gorgeous scenery than we have among the mountains and in the canyons of Southern California."

In her pleasant home at the head of the canyon of Santiago, Madame Modjeska enjoys the climate and scenery of that favored section unannoyed by any espionage from the agents of the great white Czar.



When THE TRAVELER requested me to write an article on the Dry Dock at the Union Iron Works, I, with some reluctance, consented: not that I did not want to write such an article, but simply out of respect to the feelings of the readers of THE TRAVELER, as, from the nature of the subject, an article on this dock must, of necessity, be very dry.

With the advent of iron and steel as a material for building vessels came the question of how to prevent the under-water portion of the hull from fouling, and thus retarding the speed of the vessel. Inventors and chemists have spent much time and labor in attempting to produce a coating or paint that would be fatal to marine animal and vegetable life, and at the same time preserve the iron or steel of the hull.

The success attending their efforts has not been very encouraging, and the necessity for docking and cleaning iron and steel vessels confronts the shipowner as much to-day as it ever has done. The necessity for docking every six or nine months, against which inventors have labored so hard, is one of those natural conditions that sometimes forces the selfish man into doing what is right. The periodical inspection of a ship's bottom forced upon the shipowner by the persistent and rapid growth of marine life, in spite of all his pains, is a great safeguard provided by Nature for the traveler who "goes down to the sea in ships and does business in the great waters." So that, while the teredo eats up our wharf supports, making us no end of trouble and expense, his little brothers and sisters attach themselves to the iron or steel skin of the ship, retarding her progress so that the lost time and big coal bills force her owners to patronize the dry dock, bringing us the wherewithal to buy food for our ever-hungry teredo.

When the Union Iron Works of San Francisco moved their works from the old location in the heart of the city to a block of land on Mission Bay, some twenty-two acres in extent, the object was to be in a position to take advantage of the increasing steamship trade of the port and provide facilities for carrying on a business, the principal item of which would be marine engineering and shipbuilding. Chief amongst the requirements of such an establishment is a dry dock.

Various forms of dry docks were considered in deciding what would be best adapted to the conditions of the business and the nature of the ground upon which the dock would be built. The principal part of the docking business at San Francisco is for cleaning and painting, and most vessels are on the dock only for twenty-four hours; and, for that reason, the getting of the dry dock and the vessel dry in the shortest possible time is a matter of first importance. The site of the dock being on a mud flat, with a depth of mud of from eighty to ninety feet, would render the working in a graving dock very disagreeable, as such docks, where much mud is carried in with the water, require a long time to clean and dry out. The Union Iron Works therefore resolved to build a hydraulic lift dock from the designs of the manager of the works. This dock, which we illustrate, consists of a platform built of cross and longitudinal steel girders, sixty-two feet wide and 435 feet long, with keel blocks and sliding bilge blocks, upon which the vessel is lifted. The lifting power is obtained from a set of hydraulic pumps working through a weighted regulator, the weight on which is increased as the load increases on the dock. There are eighteen hydraulic rams on each side of the dock. These rams are thirty inches in diameter and have a lift of sixteen feet. As the platform rises two feet for each one-foot movement of the rams, the platform can be lowered thirty-two feet. This gives twenty-two feet of water over the keel at high tide.

The foundations consist of seventy-two cylinders of iron, which extend from the top girders to below the mud line. These cylinders are driven full of piles, no pile being shorter than ninety feet. The iron cylinders are to protect the piles from the teredo, which is very destructive in San Francisco harbor. The hydraulic cylinders are carried on girders resting on the foundation piers, the cylinder passing down between each pair of piers. On top of each hydraulic ram is a sheave or pulley, six feet in diameter, over which passes eight steel cables two inches in diameter, making 288 cables. Each cable has been tested with a load of eighty tons. These cables, which are anchored in the bed plate supporting the hydraulic cylinders, pass over the pulley and are secured to the side girders of the platform. In lifting a vessel, the load, of course, is not evenly distributed on the platform; there are, in fact, often three ships on the platform at once, so some rams may have a full load while others have no load at all. To preserve a true plane, a special valve gear was designed to make the action of the dock perfectly automatic. Down each side of the dock a shaft is carried, operated by an engine in the power house. At each hydraulic ram this shaft carries a worm gearing with a worm pinion, on a vertical screw. This screw works in a nut on the end of a differential lever. This lever operates the inlet and outlet valves of the hydraulic rams, the valve box moving up or down with the rams, the inlet and outlet pipes sliding in stuffing boxes.

To lift the dock, the engine operating the shaft is started, and, with it, the operating screws. These, through the levers, open the inlet valves. The rams then begin to move up. If any one has a light load it will go up ahead of the others; but, in doing so, it lifts the other end of the lever and closes the inlet valve. In fact, the screws are continually opening the valves, while the motion of the rams is continually closing them, so that no ram can move ahead of the screw. To lower the dock the motion is simply reversed. When the dock is up, a line of locks on top of the foundations, seventy-two in number, is pushed under the platform by a hydraulic cylinder, and the platform lowered onto them, where it rests until the work is done on the vessel, when the dock is again lifted, the locks are drawn back, and the dock with its load is lowered.

Where extensive repairs have to be undertaken on iron or steel vessels, the fact that this dock forms part of an extensive shipbuilding plant, and is located right in the shipyard, enables such repairs to be executed with dispatch and economy. Several vessels have had the under-water portion of their hulls practically rebuilt on this dock lately. The steamship *Columbia*, of the Oregon line, has just had virtually a new bottom, including the keel, put in in the short time of twenty-seven days. This is possible because every facility is alongside the dock, and the bottom of the vessel is on a level with the yard. This being the only hydraulic dock controlled automatically has attracted large attention from engineering experts in this class of work. English, French and German engineers have visited the Union Iron Works to examine this piece of engineering work, and have reported to their governments on its successful working. The French engineer at the head of the Bureau of Docks and Waterways made a special visit, and his report gave an elaborate account of the work. It is work of this character that makes us known abroad, and we trust our fine harbor may soon be known the world over as possessing every help to commerce that engineering skill can produce.

The construction of this dock was begun in the early part of 1886, and the first vessel was lifted on the 15th of June, 1887. The work done is shown in the following table:

END VIEW OF DOCK.—P. M. S. S. "COLON."

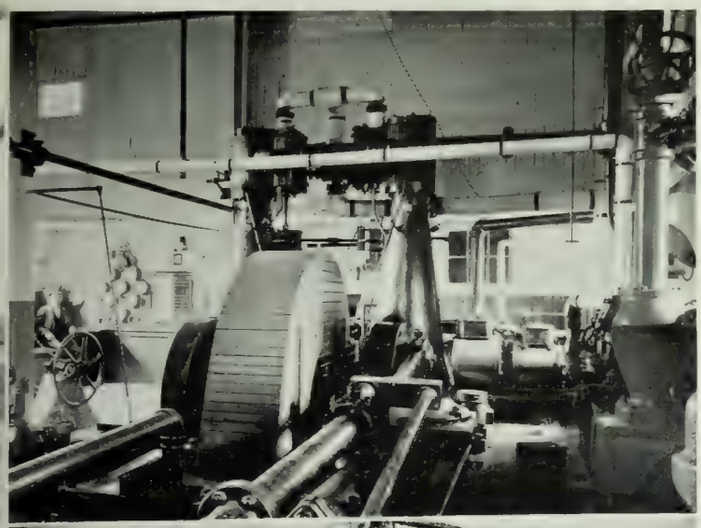
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.—P. M. S. S. "CITY OF PUEBLA."

In 1887, from June 15th to December 31st,					47	ships,	55,560	tonnage.
In 1888, from Jan.	1st	"	"		117	"	114,493	"
In 1889,	"	"	"		120	"	131,381	"
In 1890,	"	"	"		133	"	135,275	"
In 1891,	"	"	"		136	"	137,885	"
In 1892,	"	"	"		138	"	142,600	"
In 1893,	"	"	"		134	"	140,000	"
In 1894,	"	"	"		130	"	153,400	"
First four months of 1895,					45	"	61,000	"

Making a total of one thousand ships lifted, having a total tonnage of 1,071,934 tons, without any accident whatever, being an average of ten and one-half vessels per month. We doubt if any dock can show such a record of work.

THE BICYCLE.

From the time of my early childhood I have had the notion that flying must be the height of bliss, and not even the example of Darius Green and his mishaps deterred me from an attempt at a flying machine. When I was nine years old I constructed a pair of wings. Nevertheless, like the small boy who defined faith as "believin' a thing that you knew wasn't true," I had faith in my flying machine, but an innate conviction that it might not work. So I fastened it to the arms of a younger brother before pushing him off the roof of our wood-shed. I had assured him that with those wings he could fly in a manner that would surprise him. It did surprise him. He came to the ground in a condition that resulted in a sound thrashing for me. Having always had this mild mania for flying, I was much impressed a few years ago when some one said to me: "If you want to come as near flying as we are likely to get in this generation, learn to ride a pneumatic bicycle." Then I began for the first time to take a serious interest in the bicycle, upon which my eldest boy was so fond of scurrying around the country; and to-day I am only too willing to say all that I can in its favor. When one begins to tell why the bicycle is one of the great inventions of the century, it is hard to begin, because there is so much to say. A bicycle is better than a horse to ninety-nine men and women out of a hundred, because it costs almost nothing to keep, and it is never tired. It will take one three times as far as a horse in the same number of days or weeks. In touring with a bicycle, I can make fifty miles a day as comfortably as twenty miles on foot, and I can carry all the clothing I need, beside a camera and other traps. The exercise is as invigorating as walking, or more so, with the great advantage that you can get over uninteresting tracts of country twice as fast as on foot. In fact, as any bicyclist knows, walking seems intolerably slow after the wheel; even easy-going tourists, with women in the party, can make forty miles a day and find it play. Perhaps even greater and more important than its use as a touring machine is the bicycle as an every-day help to mechanics, factory hands, clerks and all people who live in or near small towns. Thanks to this modern wonder, they can live several miles away from their work, thus getting cheaper rents and better surroundings for their children; they can save car fares and get healthful exercise. For the unfortunate dwellers in cities it offers recreation after working hours, and induces thousands who would never walk to get out into the air and find out for themselves that life without outdoor exercise is not living.



INTERIOR DOCK. ENGINE HOUSE.
MEXICAN CRUISER "ZARAGOZA" IN DOCK.

How tremendous has been the change in the fortunes of the nickel-plated steed within the last five or six years can only be realized by those who remember the first bicycle exhibitions of a few years ago, and can compare them with the wonderful show held last January in the Madison Square Garden, in New York. The early shows were held in dingy little halls, and attended by a few thousand persons who were looked upon by the majority of other people as grown-up children. The bicycle was still a toy five or six years ago. Half a dozen manufacturers exhibited their wares, and the pneumatic tire, then a curiosity imported from England, was viewed with interest, but much doubt as to its practical usefulness. The wheel was still something of a curiosity as a machine for grown men, while women who braved public opinion far enough to ride one in public were looked upon with suspicion.

The high fifty-two-inch wheel, upon which the rider perched himself at the risk of his neck, was still the only one in common use, and, had the "safety" pattern not appeared, it is pretty certain that we should see but little more of the bicycle now than we did then. When I look at the high wheel to-day I rather wonder that any one was ever reckless enough or skillful enough to ride it. It was a matter of weeks to learn to get on it at all, and of months to ride it well; many persons who tried gave it up after a few bad falls. At best the big wheels of a few years ago were fit only for athletic young men; they were out of the question for all other persons and, of course, for women. The pneumatic tire has been credited with the rapid growth of the bicycle craze, but the introduction of the "safety" pattern has had much more to do with it. The pneumatic tire adapted to a high wheel only made it higher and heavier. When a wheel was offered that any one—man, woman or child—could learn to ride well within a fortnight, that exposed the rider to no dangerous falls while learning, and that possessed all the speed of the high wheel with none of its dangers, then, seemingly, every one began to talk bicycles. Now no one is too old or too young to ride a "safety," and the woman who objects to bicycling is soon likely to be looked upon as more eccentric than her sister who skims along the road in bloomers.

Never did an athletic pleasure, from which the other half is not debarred, come into popularity at a more fitting time than cycling has to-day, when a heavy burden of work is laid on all the sisterhood, whether to do good, earn bread, or squander leisure; no outdoor pastime can be more independently pursued, and few are as practicable as many days in a year. The one who fain would ride, and to whom a horse is a wistful dream, at least may hope to realize a wheel. Once purchased, it needs only to be stabled in a passageway and fed on oil and air.

The first women cyclists of New York City seemed to rise in a heroic handful from the earth near Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive. They ride from the first day of spring to the last privileged days of frosty winter. They ride from morning to high noon, and their lanterned wheels purr by with the gleam of a cat's eye through the dark. A moon sends hordes of their queer, cobwebby shadows scurrying over the ground. In the revolving years, to the eyes of those whose windows overlook the wheelways, the woman cyclist has ceased to be a white blackbird. The clear-eyed, vivified faces that speed by give no clew to the circumstances of the riders, but inquiry shows that many callings and conditions love the wheel. The woman of affairs has learned that an hour, or even half an hour, may be stolen from the working day, with profit to both woman and affairs. Now and again a complaint arises as to the narrowness of woman's sphere. For such disorder of the soul the sufferer can do no better than to flatten her sphere to a circle, mount it, and take to the road. An hour of the wheel means sixty minutes of fresh air and wholesome exercise, and at least eight miles of change of scene; it may well be put down to the credit side of the day's reckoning with flesh and spirit.

The eye of the spectator has long since become accustomed to costumes once conspicuous. Bloomer and tailor-made alike ride on unchallenged; tunicked and gaitered Rosalinds excite no more remark than every-day people in every-day clothes. No one costume may yet claim to represent the pastime, for experiment is still busy with the problem, but the results are in the direction of simplicity and first principles. Short rides on level roads can be accomplished with but slight modification of ordinary attire, and the sailor hat, shirt waist, serge skirt uniform is as much at home on the bicycle as it is anywhere else the world over. The armies of women clerks in Chicago and Washington who go by wheel to business show that the exercise within bounds need not impair the spick-and-spandy neatness that marks the bread-winning American girl. On the excursion a special adaptation of dress is absolutely necessary; for skirts, while they have not hindered women from climbing to the topmost branches of the higher education, may prove fatal in down-hill coasting; and skirts, unless frankly shortened or discarded, must be fashioned so as to minimize the danger of entanglement with the flying wheel. Knickerbockers, bloomers and the skirt made of twin philabegs, all have their advocates. Pinero's youngest Amazon has set a pretty fashion for the cyclist, and many of the best riders make their records in a conventional cloth walking-dress, with cone-shaped skirt worn over the silk trousers of an odalisque, or the satin breeks of an operatic page. This sounds costly, but it need not be. Here and there a costume strikes the spectator as an experiment, but the sincerity of all is unquestioned; for absence of self-consciousness has characterized the woman cyclist from the outset. The pastime does not lend itself to personal display, and in criticism the costume must be referred, not to the standards of the domestic hearthrug, but to the exigencies of the wheel, the rider's positions to the mechanical demands of the motion; accordingly, the cyclist is to be thought of only as mounted and in flight, belonging not to a picture but to a moving panorama. If she rides well the chances are she looks well, for she will have reconciled grace, comfort and the temporary fitness of things.

Regarding bicycling purely as exercise, there is an advantage in the symmetry of development it brings about, and a danger in riding too fast and far. The occasional denunciation of the pastime as unwomanly is fortunately lost in the general approval that a new and wholesome recreation has been found, whose pursuit adds joy and vigor to the dowry of the race.

Scribners for Jun.

ABOUT CLOCKS.

F. H. M'CONNELL.

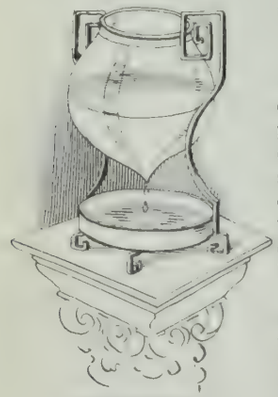
THE readers of THE TRAVELER may be interested in knowing how we came by our present very exact timepieces, as exemplified in the regulator clocks which are to be found at all points where exact time is necessary, and which are in their best make and form really wonderful examples of exactness and reliability. They have not come to us by any sudden discovery or invention, but by the slow process of evolution, the various steps of which are herewith briefly described.

The first time recorder or instrument by which it was possible to tell the time of the day was the sundial, which was in use among the Romans, and there are evidences of their having had some knowledge also of the clepsydra, or water clock, and of a style of timepiece consisting of a candle in which were placed, at

SUNDIAL.

certain distances apart, small metal balls which dropped into a cup as the candle burned down and released them, thus indicating the hours or other periods of time, as desired.

Of course these rude contrivances were not in any true sense timekeepers, and it is somewhat surprising that it was not until the fourteenth century that any attempt was made to construct a mechanical timepiece. In the year A. D. 1370 an order was given to Henry de Vick, of Wurttemburg, by Charles V., King of France, to make a large tower clock for Paris. It took him eight years to complete the work, and, as the pendulum and pendulum spring were unknown at that time, it is safe to say that it was a very poor timepiece. The only thing it had in common with the clocks of the present day were the weights which propelled it and the train of toothed wheels and pinions. The escapement of this clock consisted of a wheel called a crown wheel and a staff having two pallets or projections on it called a verge (from the Latin *virga*, a rod), hence the name verge escapement. On the top of this verge or rod was placed a crossbar, on either end of which were suspended weights, which could be placed at any distance from the center, thus ergulating its rate of vibration.



THE CLEPSYDRA.

The greater part of the next hundred years seems to have been occupied in inventions connected with the striking mechanism of the clock, in constructing contrivances for working automatons and figures of all kinds, and also arrangements for showing the motions of the planets and other celestial phenomena.

About the year 1500 Peter Hele invented mainsprings, which marked a distinct advance in the timekeeping part of clocks and was the first step toward making portable timepieces.

Horology now had to await two notable inventions or discoveries, viz., the pendulum by Galileo and the anchor escapement by Dr. Hooke. Huygens adapted the pendulum to clocks in 1656, and Dr. Hooke, Secretary of the Royal Society of England, invented the anchor or pallet escapement ten years later. This ushered in a new era in the timekeeping qualities of clocks. Dr. Hooke invented and adapted the balance spring and made the first timepieces that could be carried on the person. The anchor escapement, as now made, differs from that first invented in the respect that the pallets do not cause the 'scape wheel to recoil or give a small backward motion at each beat, but the tooth now remains perfectly at rest during the swing of the pendulum, the face of the pallet forming a perfect segment of a circle. This improvement was made by Graham, a London horologist. The escapement is called the deadbeat or Graham's escapement, and has about superseded all other forms and is the basis of the lever escapement for watches.

In the year 1648 Godefroi Wendelinns, Canon of Conde, in Flanders, observed that different temperatures caused a change in the length of metal rods, and that different metals were affected in different degrees. John Elliott, a London watchmaker and a Fellow of the Royal Society, invented in 1736 an improved pyrometer or apparatus for testing the effects of heat and cold on metals, and published in 1751 his results in a paper read before the Society, entitled, "Contrivances for Preventing the Irregularity of Pendulums Arising from Temperature."

Further investigation on this point led Harrison to construct the compensation pendulum known as the gridiron pendulum, which consists of a number of steel and brass rods so placed and connected that the difference of expansion (steel 49, brass 80) would neutralize each other. If we take a jar partly filled with

CANDLE CLOCK

mercury, and suspend this on a steel rod, they can be so proportioned that the mercury in the jar will expand upward in exactly the same proportion that the steel rod lengthens by a rise of temperature and vice versa, thereby keeping this point or center of gravity stationary, although the pendulum has changed in length. This form was adapted to clocks by Mr. Troughton of London about the year 1840, and has almost superseded every other kind, although some good timekeepers are still made with the gridiron form. However, I may say that the clock of precision at present consists of the Graham deadbeat escapement, mercurial compensation seconds pendulum, which is propelled by a weight.

Some astronomical clocks and also some tower clocks are supplied with the gravity escapement invented by Sir Edward Dennison, for which invention he received the British Government reward of £40,000 and the honor of knighthood. It was first applied to the tower clock in the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. But, all other things being equal, I believe the Graham deadbeat escapement will give as good results, and it has the merit of being much simpler.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A good stout Indian baby would seem to be load enough for one woman to carry any distance; but, as may be seen by this picture, the Indian women of

Arizona, beside carrying a baby or two, can trudge along under a burden of jars, baskets and other curiosities that one might suppose would tire a horse.

A man who knows all about ants says that no one has ever seen a quarrel between any two of them that lived in the same nest. If a great many children were put together in one big house, do you think that could be said of them? Some of the ants guard the home, some feed the babies, some make roads and new rooms, while others go out to get food. Each one seems to do its little duty without fuss or fretting. Once an ant found a big fly that was dead. The ant pulled and pulled, but could not carry it off. After twenty minutes of hard work it went to the nest and came back with twelve others to help it. How did it let them know about the fly? There are big ants and little ants, white, black and red ants,—a thousand kinds in all. One kind has servants to wait on and feed them. Other ants keep cows! You have often seen these cows, but you did not know they were cows because they have no horns and long tail. They are the little green bugs that spoil our rosebushes in the summer. The ants are very fond of their milk, which is what we call honey-dew.

A little maid on crabs intent:
Down the slippery sands she went,
Her figure reflected in the sea;
But never a glance she gave at me.
A camera fiend on mischief bent:
As loitering along the shore I went,
A glance of the eye, a single twist
Of the supple photographic wrist,
As quickly down the beach I pass,
Her image fast on the telltale glass. —*Myra E. Sperry.*

AMONG THE RESORTS.

CALIFORNIA is a State of diversified climate and scenery. Almost every one knows that the region in the vicinity of Mount Shasta is one affording the most complete change for those resident by the seashore or on the lowlands. Perhaps the most attractive resort in this section is that known as Sisson's Tavern, located at an altitude of nearly four thousand feet above sea-level. It is at the base of Mount Shasta, 14,440 feet in height, and is in full view from this beautiful resort. Sisson's Tavern is the oldest and best-known resort on the Shasta Route. The site was chosen about forty years ago by the late J. H. Sisson as being in every way the most desirable scenic point from which to view the grand old mountain. Shasta is perpetually covered with snow, and, especially on the clear July mornings, is one of the finest sights that one could wish to cast his eyes upon.

Mrs. Sisson, who now conducts this famous hostelry, is the wife of its founder, and still extends to visitors that old-time cheer and hospitality which characterized the place in early days. If one wishes to enjoy a really comfortable, restful and homelike time, he will never make a mistake in going to Sisson's Tavern. It is easily reached from San Francisco. Taking the train at 7:00 P. M. there is a pleasant night's ride up the Sacramento Valley, reaching the Tavern about eleven o'clock the following morning; so that it seems almost profitable to spend a Sunday there, for the business man can return to his desk early on Monday morning. In the way of amusements there is no greater variety than is found at the Tavern. Beautiful and picturesque walks abound; there is an excellent swimming-pond; and, as for fishing and hunting, it is hardly necessary to add that there is no better place in the State. The drives are also a feature of the place, and one can find ample livery accommodations on the grounds.

"Golden Clouds and Silver Linings" is the title of a new little brochure recently issued by C. M. Hill, manager of the Windsor Hotel, Denver, Colorado. It contains quite a fund of information concerning Denver and vicinity, and tourists who contemplate a visit to that locality should obtain a copy of this pamphlet before taking the trip. Mr. Hill is continually getting up something unique in this line, and one will never regret a stop at the Windsor when passing through the Great Divide.

The Hot Springs Hotel of Elsinore presents the best facilities to those who avail themselves of the wonderful healing properties of these hot springs. They comprise electric baths, mud, hot mineral water, hot and cold shower, oil, alcohol and plain massage. The bath-house is supplied by springs of hot mineral water which run direct to the various baths at a temperature of from 98° to 110°. The paramount excellence of the climate of Elsinore renders the springs vastly superior either as a summer or winter health resort. The accommodations of the hotel are excellent, and the table is supplied with the best of everything the market affords.

Since N. H. Mitchell assumed the proprietorship of the Hotel Balmoral at Pasadena it has experienced a most gratifying popularity. It is one of the pleasantest and neatest hotels in the South and no doubt this season will secure a goodly share of the tourist traffic. We wish Mr. Mitchell every success in his new venture.

The Lakeview Hotel of Lakeport, Cal., is an ideal place to spend a few days' vacation. Its situation is only a hundred feet from the lake and commands an excellent view of the surrounding country. Mr. A. H. Spurr spreads an excellent table.

When deciding upon a resort for the season, one should not lose sight of that pretty watering place, Paraiso Springs, situated only six miles from Soledad, in the Santa Lucia Mountains. Many changes and improvements have been made, and Mr. Robertson is now prepared to take care of a larger number of guests than ever. To those who have ever visited these springs no eulogy is necessary.

The Glenbrook Hotel at Glenbrook, Lake County, is now ready for business. This is a quiet little nook that should not be lost sight of; and if any of our readers desire further particulars about it we should be glad to furnish it at THE TRAVELER'S Bureau.

Vichy Springs, about fifteen minutes' run from Ukiah, has one of the finest mineral springs in the world. Whoever has been there will never forget the delightful sensation of a bath in these waters, similar to what one might imagine were he immersed in a tub of champagne. Those who have not been there will never regret a trip to this pretty place, and it is one of the most accessible to reach of any of the resorts.

MISS ANITA GONZALES.

Notwithstanding that the cream of the tourist season in Southern California is now over, we understand that the Hollenbeck Hotel at Los Angeles is still doing a healthy business. It certainly deserves it, for Messrs. Bilicke & Company are of the kind who believe in putting a goodly share of their profits into improvements, and each season sees some extensive change with a view to keeping up to the times always. This fact, coupled with the most central location in the city, accounts for its phenomenal popularity and success since its occupancy by the present proprietors

Among the recent arrivals of Californians in Paris are: from San Francisco—Hugh McDonnell, Julius Leszynsky, Miss A. Leszynsky and Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Madison, who are staying at the Grand Hotel; Charles S. Givens, Marshall Hale, M. H. de Young and family, Hotel Continental; Charles Adler, Miss Aline Adler, Miss Irma Adler, 37 Avenue Marceau; Mrs. Edith Cook, Miss Ethel Cook, Master Clifford Cook, 24 Rue Boccador; Mrs. G. L. Colburn, Miss M. Colburn, 69 Boulevard St. Michel; Mrs. E. R. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, 45 Rue de Clichy; Misses Younger, H. L. Younger, 123 Avenue Wagram; Miss Camille Gros, 40 Rue du Luxembourg; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, Hotel Binda; Mrs. F. F. Johnson, Hotel de l'Arcade; A. Koenig and wife, Hotel Violet; Mrs. A. L. Day, 37 Avenue Marceau; Mrs. Lawton, Hotel Byron; Mrs. Frys, Hotel Chatham; Mr. and Mrs. P. Priest, Hotel Terminus; J. F. Myrick, Ed. R. Myrick, Mrs. E. Myrick, Mrs. M. Barrett, Miss H. Weaver. Oakland—Dr. and Mrs. Ed. von Adelung, Mrs. Archie Borland, Miss Borland, 4 Rue Marbeuf; Miss P. T. Watkins, Miss Little, 37 Avenue Marceau. Miss Wolters, Los Angeles, and Lester L. Morse, Santa Clara, Hotel Normandy.

"Starting a week ago from the Victoria Station of the London, Chatham & Dover Railway," writes Mr. G. W. Smalley, "I chanced upon a striking illustration of the magnitude of American travel from England to the continent. On the platform was an American agent of this English railway company, Mr. Thorne, to whom Mr. Green, the station superintendent, introduced me. I had never heard or guessed that there was in London an American representative of an English railway company, nor could I for a moment conceive why there should be, or what occupation such a functionary could have. But there he was, in the flesh, American all over, with that air of alertness and of being—I was going to say ready to shoot at sight, but perhaps that is because I have been reading Paul Bourget's cowboy story. There is not much shooting at sight in London, but there is none the less room in this staid city for some of the energy and quickness which are so distinctively American and can be shown in other ways than with a finger on the trigger. It was at any rate a pleasure to meet a countryman in this unexpected way, and the more so because of his official relation to an English corporation. His presence and his official relations to the London, Chatham & Dover meant clearly enough that, for the particular work he had to do, an American was better fitted than any Englishman could be, as no doubt he is. He knows his own countrymen and their ways, and what they like and do not like, and what inducements to offer them to travel by a particular line. It takes an Englishman a long time to find out these simple things." According to a fine photograph lately taken of Mr. Thorne, by the famous Walery of London, he is a hearty, genial gentleman, of prominent, regular features, full beard and fine head of hair, with a tinge of gray in it. He seems to do nothing but care for his friends and the patrons of his line. His influence unlocks all doors to them, and he is known everywhere in and about London. Indeed, both personally and officially, Mr. Thorne is a unique figure, and probably does more for the L. C. & D. than all their other advertising outside of the newspapers. He would seem to be invaluable to the company. Mr. Smalley estimates that we send sixty thousand travelers to Europe every year.

Salmon fishing is now on at Santa Cruz, and reports of forty-pounders are already coming to us, with the best liars to hear from. Of course, Sullivan of the Sea Beach Hotel is never forgotten when such items as fishing and lying are mentioned, which reminds us of a rather good one on John T. that came to our notice the other day.

An enthusiastic angler, who lately made a visit to the "Sea Beach," said that all Sullivan gave him for lunch was a fish story and a draught from an open window; but he says that Sullivan took him to one side afterward and said: "Say, old man, I'll do better when it comes dinner time: I'll close the window."

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKLETT FERGUSON

Absent-minded people are prone to conversational errors. A stranger entered the dining-room of a downtown hotel, and gazed inquiringly about him. "Do you wish to see some one?" asked a man standing near. "I am looking for my wife," was the reply. "Ah," responded the other, dreamily, "would you know her if you saw her?" The remark, however, did not fall so far short of appropriateness after all, for the stranger was a Chicago man on a honeymoon tour, and he had been through the divorce mill no less than four times.

An editor's resort that is open the year round: the waste basket.

When the fire insurance war raged with such vigor, what a pity it was that, in view of future liabilities, some of our local sinners did not insure their souls!

It is stated that, with a population of 400,000,000, China has only one hundred physicians. Is there anything significant about this?

All through the week the kitchen grate,
Cold, comfortless, without a scratch
Upon its side of any match,
Stood blackly on its throne in state.

All through the week the pantry shelf
With cheese and cracker crumbs was strewn;
Here hubby dear dined all alone,
And shifted bravely for himself.

All through the week the empty house
With shades drawn down, in silence vast,
Each door and window bolted fast,
A playground for the festive mouse,

Mourned for its mistress. Wretched men,
You cannot check our mad career;
When Congress comes around next year
We'll do the self-same thing again!

People who live aloft, and are therefore compelled to do their gardening on window sills, should be careful that their Babylonic system of floriculture be not also a means for exterminating the unwary pedestrian below. A green plant outside the window; a bit of brilliant coloring against a background of boards—evidences of somebody's love for flowers. All these delight the appreciative passer-by, but, alas, they likewise menace his skull. A plant should never be thus placed without a protecting railing. Our winds blow recklessly, and the law of gravity never fails. One would not like to be cheated out of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness by a flying five-cent flower pot or an earth-filled oyster can. Granted that these fatalities are rare, the danger is ever present. Please, Oh! dwellers on high, fence in your cherished blossoms lest some one of us come to an untimely end.

Everybody looked up when they entered the car. The lady was stylishly gowned, elegantly wrapped and bonneted bewitchingly. Her husband and child were also expensively attired. Everybody was duly impressed with their grandeur. Presently the gentleman was seen to search his pockets anxiously. Then he leaned over and whispered in his wife's ear. She hastily opened her purse, which was flatter than a dried apricot, and shook her head—a picture of distress. Their hasty exit from the car ended the pantomime. And, of course, everybody smiled.

It was sad, very sad, and frightfully unfortunate, but it happened, nevertheless. One thing certain, she will never, never again as long as she lives, so help her gracious, make the acquaintance of strange, swarthy-skinned Apollos on the road, however debonair their appearance, however gracefully they may manipulate a wheel. But to begin at the beginning of the story. Miss—never mind who—suffice it to say that she is young, pretty, devoted to cycling, and incidentally is an heiress. Well, she is in the habit of riding daily in the park in costume befitting a maid of social eminence. Almost daily she observed another rider, a handsome, romantic-looking fellow, also exercising himself and his safety. For a long while they did not speak as they passed by, although burning glances from his black eyes were cast upon her alabaster skin with the warmth of Italy's sun. She was certain he was some titled foreigner, sojourning doubtless at the Palace; any one with half an eye could see that he was of noble lineage. It was just as well for her to be a trifle coy. Coyness always fans love's flame.

But fate stepped in and broke the ice, which was getting very thin anyway. Her wheel and herself got mixed up one day, all on account of a peacock that ambled bunglingly athwart her path. In trying to avoid mangling the reckless fowl, she precipitated herself to the highway. The stranger rushed to her rescue, quite like the hero in the play, who always arrives at the scene of disaster on schedule time. There were a few murmured words in the soft Italian tongue, her heart went pit-a-pat, and presently these two souls whom a bicycle had united were skimming merrily along together. On the way home they passed a number of her girl friends, who were duly impressed with her escort's distinguished appearance. Of course she told the secret of their meeting to the most intimate dozen of them, else it would never have leaked out. Last Saturday morning they were in the back yard of her aristocratic papa's mansion, examining their wheels preparatory to a matutinal spin. A shadow fell across the grass-lined marble walk. It was the ashman on his weekly rounds. He made a reverent salaam, his dark orbs beaming adoringly upon Miss Blank.

"I cannotta rida the wheela to-daya," fell in soft regretful accents from his sooty mustache.

N. B.—Miss Blank is ill with nervous prostration.

We women know that skirts impede our progress on the street. We know that pedestrianism in petticoats is a difficult and a clumsy exercise when a high wind encounters the yards upon yards of stuff incasing us. But when we are told that we must don the bifurcated garment if we would secure freedom of motion, we prefer to bear the ills we have rather than fly to the hideous alternative. The ideal dress for woman, the dress in which she may be as untrammeled as she already is charming, has not yet been evolved from the brain of any reformer. The Jenness-Miller costume comes nearer to it than any other, but it still leaves the skirt problem unsolved. The world will get along very well if it never is solved. Clear-headed women will always modify fashion's decrees to hygienic principles; will avoid wearing an uncomfortable corset or tight shoes; will be careful not to overburden themselves with heavy skirts. Such women are in a fair way to lead healthful lives and be mothers of a healthy race. The woman who tortures her anatomy with tight lacing does so from choice, not necessity, and is mentally quite as unfitted for motherhood as she is physically. In the interests of society in general, and posterity in particular, it is to be regretted that there is no law to prevent silly women and silly men from marrying.

The man who always has a tale of woe,
Abhors a joke, and chides you when you laugh,
Would better leave this vale of tears below—
We want a chance to write his epitaph.

Pale, pasty complexions are out of date. Since the bicycle became a factor in civilization, the languishing maiden has disappeared, for which heaven be praised! In her stead is a lithe-limbed, young goddess who counts her freckles as so many beauty spots, and who wouldn't for the world use any horrid lotion to obliterate them. Outdoor exercise promotes health of mind as well as health of body, and any recreation that develops common sense should be encouraged.

The car was filled with discordant sounds—
"My turn!" "No, mine!" "I'll pay!"
"You shan't!" The conductor made his rounds
In a sphinx-like sort of way.

They shrieked till you couldn't have heard your name,
These ladies of high degree—
"You horrid thing!" "It's a perfect shame!"
"You're as mean as you can be!"

I rose from my seat in nervous haste,
And out to the platform fled;
"To quarrel in public is *such* bad taste—
Pray stop them at once," I said.

The knight of the bell punch turned to me
With a weary, *blasé* air;
"O, that is the usual way," said he,
"That women pay their fare."

Mayor Pingree of Detroit, Michigan, builded better than he knew when he set in operation a method of relief for the unemployed poor, by utilizing vacant lots as garden patches for them to cultivate. The idea has attracted the attention of people in many portions of the United States, and much practical good may be the result. In no sense is this almsgiving. It is a plan, feasible and humane, by which the deserving poor, denied the possession of ground and the opportunity to labor, may be enabled to help themselves. The tilling of the soil is a grand industry. Mother Earth is not to blame if her children starve. Responsive to their care, she gives forth nourishment, and when their days are done she folds them in a lasting embrace. The tendency of the American people to congregate in cities is detrimental to their interests. If outside lands were not held at prices that make ownership impossible for the average husband and father, there would be less misery in this fair land; and crime, fostered by poverty, would decrease accordingly.

Who is it that in traveling gown
Stands on her trunk to jam it down
And buys a ticket out of town?
The summer girl.

Who is it flirts the long days through
And smiles when rivals fiercely woo,
Encourages and jilts them too?
The summer girl.

Who is it that in scant array
Strolls by old ocean's salty spray,
Expecting you to look her way?
The summer girl.

Who, on the gleaming, moonlit strand,
Sometimes will let you squeeze her hand
And kiss her without reprimand?
The summer girl.

Who, when the season gay is o'er,
Forgets the very name you bore
And recognizes you no more?
The summer girl.

This mundane sphere is haunted by apparitions more or less disturbing to flesh and blood tranquillity, but the most restless wraith of all is the Superannuated Jokelet. Up and down the newspaper column it wanders, guised variously as the mother-in-law joke, the small-boy-and-his-sister's-beau joke, the bride's-cake-and-biscuit joke. Many indeed are its aliases, but to the weary reader the original skeleton is always recognized with pain and commiseration. Would that the Superannuated Jokelet might be decently interred in the potter's field of journalism, its moth-eaten garments and travel-worn anatomy placed forever beyond the jurisdiction of printer's ink, its tattered reputation no more to be pieced together in cold type. *Requiescat in pace*, thou unhappy relic of newspaperdom!

When for two mutes of kindred mind
Peals forth the joyous wedding bell,
We know that Love, forever blind,
Is sometimes deaf and dumb as well.

The time-table had been changed the day before, but nobody seemed to know it. A railroad time-table is subject to vagaries that are all its own, and it behooves the traveler to keep up a friendly acquaintance with his guide book. The street car deposited a cargo of people in the various stages of trepidation that beset the average man and woman when they are fearful of getting left. The big depot was as empty as a dude's cranium and as decorously silent as a church o' week days. The ticket window met their gaze with a wooden stare. Down by the closed gateway that led to traindom, a lone official stood guard. Forthwith the entire multitude rushed upon him like a "Roman populace" engaged to roar savagely for twenty-five cents apiece per night.

"Went three minutes ago," was the laconic reply to their wild-eyed inquiries; "next train goes in one hour."

The crowd fell slowly back in the direction of the waiting room, and distributed itself variously. A dashing drummer pulled his hat over his eyes, deposited his valise in the farthermost corner, sat upon it, and swore softly to himself. A meek-faced little woman in black who looked as though getting left had been her lifelong fate, gazed patiently out of the window. A fat man with a large voice and puffy, gesticulating hands, struck up an animated conversation with a cadaverous neighbor, and laughed vociferously at the situation. A stout lady with very short hair, wearing an alpaca ulster and comfortable, ugly, square-toed shoes, frowned in professional displeasure, for she had been sent for to assist in a surgical operation. A little man who sat near her glanced toward her with a gentle, deprecating air, then covered his forehead with a handkerchief and sought repose. A tall, clerical-looking individual compared his watch with depot time, then formed himself into a procession of one and nervously paced the platform. Two precocious infants, presumably twins, simultaneously set up a howl that their nurse speedily quieted by stick candy, with which they ecstatically besmeared themselves, attracting the immigration of an enthusiastic fly colony. A stoical man in a tweed suit went into partial eclipse behind his favorite newspaper. The hands of the depot clock moved with majestic slowness, but they ticked sixty golden minutes of grace for a sick man at the other end of the line; and somebody in search of an "item" found it.

Impatiently, from cushioned, low divan,
He watched the clock five minutes, more or less;
"I wonder," mused this inconsistent man,
"Why women take so very long to dress?"
He quite forgot (I fail to understand
The reason why) that he, an hour before,
Spent nineteen minutes on his four-in-hand,
And, curling his mustache, just fifteen more.

A lady furnishing the motive power that propelled a godet skirt of marvelous proportions boarded a cable car, and, in seating herself, swung the unyielding folds, stiff and uncompromising with their haircloth lining, across the knees of a mild old gentleman next her. He looked up from his evening paper in spectacled dismay; then, seeing that he would either have to stand or submit to the situation, he folded his paper with injured dignity and retired to the platform. "Why don't women hook those things on some way so they can unhook 'em and hold 'em on their own laps?" he muttered in aggrieved tones to the conductor. But the latter, who was at that instant skillfully dodging the point of an umbrella aimed thoughtlessly at his left eye by an alighting passenger, and assisting a fat woman with five olive branches to reach the crossing, rang up three fares by mistake, and heartlessly recommended his questioner to tell his troubles to a policeman.

There is no predicting to what lengths the bicycle craze will go. An Oakland man desires to exchange an out-of-town lot for a wheel. Now comes a San Francisco girl with a generous supply of jewelry and a dearth of pocket money, who wants to trade a marquise ring for the universal steed. At this rate personal property would change ownership with confusing rapidity, and a unique industry be built up by some enterprising individual. One obstacle, however, seals the doom of this new system of brokerage: nobody who owns a wheel will part with it.

Trim a straw; upon it sit;
Smash it very flat;
Whack it endways; label it
"Napoleonic Hat."

Hitherto the barber's trade and the dentist's profession have been as widely divided in the business world as are the poles in geographical history. It remained for a thrifty citizen down on Davis Street to combine these vocations, both of which he is plying industriously. The customer who wants to be relieved of a jumping molar and a straggling beard can be accommodated at prices to suit the times. Truly it is an innovation, this affiliation of dissimilar pursuits, an appropriate sign for which would be

Tonsorial emporium.
Teeth pulled while you wait.

Much has been said for and against the appearance of the bloomered rider awheel. Bloomers are not a thing of beauty, but they are a joy forever to the wearer thereof, who invariably claims that skirts are a menace to life and limb. One thing apparent to the observer is, that the awkward and sometimes immodestly constructed bicycle costume is a sermon in dry goods compared with the average bathing suit.

She paused beside her trusty wheel
With calm, impressive mien;
"We women everywhere," quoth she;
"Should strive to be serene;
Because we ride, we need not lose
Our dignity," she said—
And fifteen minutes afterward
She stood upon her head.

Ideas pay—sometimes. A certain manufacturer in the East, wishing to place an article upon the market, vainly searched the nooks and corners of his brain for a word of medicinal import that would render his product valuable in the public eye. One of his factory girls, unexpectedly equal to the occasion, supplied the word which proved to be a mascot and has made a fortune for the owner of the lucky trademark. To his everlasting credit be it said that he lost no time in settling a monthly salary of seventy-five dollars upon his employee, who, engaged elsewhere at another business, continues to draw a regular income for her timely idea.

If thou art hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to a cyclery; no tear
Dims the sweet look that bloomers wear.

ITEMS.

We take pleasure in announcing to the public that California has at last been able to enter the field of manufacturing fine printing inks. Heretofore the Pacific Coast has had to depend on the different Eastern cities for its supply of fine inks. The ink used in THE TRAVELER is a specimen of fine work done by a product of California industry.

The aim of THE TRAVELER has always been to use the finest materials necessary to produce the high-grade journal which our paper has always been. The California Ink Company's ink, which is used on this paper is, in our judgment far superior for high-class printing to anything ever imported into this State.

[Woe for coming generations.]—*Tommy*—What you cryin' about, cry-baby?

Jimmy—Aw! You'd cry, too, if your pants was made outer yer sister's old bicycle bloomers!

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

"To make a long story short," observed the city editor to the young reporter, "you may as well hand your stuff to the copy-reader. That's the man over there in the corner. He has a blue pencil."

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Mogntomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

There are many traditions respecting the origin of the name "plum duff," the great holiday dish of sailors. No feast on shipboard is considered perfect without it. According to the story given in the history of the British navy, an English brig in the South Pacific was caught in a series of awful hurricanes. All on board were anxious to reach a port in time for Christmas, but the holiday found them still off the Navigator Islands.

Worst of all, they had shipped a sea that carried away the hencoop containing a few chickens. When the cook saw the Christmas dinner floating in the lee scuppers, and in danger of going overboard, he made a gallant charge down the slippery, sloping deck to recover it; but at that moment a great wave rose high over the bulwarks, broke with resistless fury on the very spot where he stood, and when it subsided cook and chickens had both disappeared.

This unfortunate accident left the crew not only without a Christmas dinner, but without any one to prepare an ordinary meal.

The sailors were heartily sick of "hardtack," and remembered with longing the famous plum pudding of Merrie England. They determined that somehow they must have a Christmas pudding, and drew lots as to who should be cook.

The choice fell on the boatswain's mate, a brawny son of the Emerald Isle. In the galley he found an old cookbook. This he solemnly pored over in search of something promising, but, for lack of skill or materials, found nothing he dared venture upon.

At last he settled upon a recipe which began, "Make a stiff dough." When he reached the word *dough* he said to himself, "If r-o-u-g-h spells ruff, d-o-u-g-h spells duff."

So he made the pudding, putting in some fine Malaga raisins, and served it out with a generous quantity of rich sauce. The sailors hailed it with delight and appreciation.

"What d'ye call it?" they asked.

"Plum duff," said the proud cook.

And plum duff it has remained from that day to this.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"I saw a cool deed his morning," remarked Fangle, at the supper table.

"What was it?" asked his wife, with interest.

"The title to an icehouse," replied the wretch.

The Yost-Falcon Bicycle is the wheel of the season. As to speed, lightness, perfection of mechanism, lasting qualities, and neat, artistic appearance, the Yost-Falcon wheel is not to be surpassed by any wheel in the market. The lady's wheel made by the Yost-Falcon is a little beauty, and combines all the requirements for beauty, speed, lightness and durability. Geo. W. Alexander & Co., 401 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"You were always a fault-finder!" growled the wife.

"Yes, dear," responded the husband, meekly, "I found you."

Major Handy, who always has a good joke to relate, recently met an old dame of the Mrs. Malaprop-Partington type, who remarked that she and her family had so long resided in Paris that they all began to *feel like parasites.*

NEW GOLD.

We never fight, my wife and I,
As other couples do;
Our little matrimonial sky
Is of the brightest blue.
She never beards me in my den
(My study, I should say);
She vows I am the best of men,
But then—she has her way!

Some wives are never pleased unless
They wring from you a check
Wherewith to buy some costly dress
Or jewels for the neck.
My little witch ne'er asks from me
The value of a pin—
She is so good and true, you see,
But then—*she* keeps the tin!

"'Twas not!" "It was! It was!" "'Twas not!"
Thus ever scold and fight
Full many a luckless pair, I wot,
From morning until night.
If e'er *we* have a word or two
The skirmish soon is past.
The words are mild and very few,
But then—SHE *has the last!*

I saw him standing in the crowd—
A comely youth, and fair!
There was a brightness in his eye,
A glory in his hair!
I saw his comrades gaze on him—
His comrades, standing by;
I heard them whisper each to each,
"He never told a lie!"

I looked in wonder on that boy
As he stood there, so young,
To think that never an untruth
Was uttered by his tongue.
I thought of all the boys I'd known—
Myself among the fry—
And knew of none that one could say,
"He never told a lie!"

I gazed upon that youth with awe
That did unchain me long;
I had not seen a boy before
So perfect and so strong;
And with a something of regret
I wished that he were I,
So they might look at *me* and say,
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right:
"How did you tear those pantaloons?"
"My son! what caused the fight?"
"Who left the gate ajar last night?"
"Who bit the pumpkin-pie?"
What boy could answer all of these
And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand;
My words with praise were rife;
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life;
I told him I was proud of him.
A fellow standing by
Informed me that *that boy was dumb*
Who never told a lie!

My autograph she begged, the night
When first her beauty filled my sight;
"Not just your name, you know," quoth she,
"But something nice beside; maybe
A poem or a maxim trite."

I yielded to the witching light
Of her soft eyes, and did indite,
Entwined with flowers of poesy,
My autograph.

She perches on my knee to-night,
And in her eyes so clear and bright
The old light dwells. Ah, woe is me!
My check-book in her hand I see
And once again she begs me write—
My autograph.

—*Clarence H. Pearson.*

If I had a girl with golden hair,
And teeth of exquisite pearl,
And eyes that were gems, resplendent, rare,
Do you know what I'd do with that girl?

I'd carry the beautiful, precious thing
Right down to a jeweler's place,
And I'd sell her quick for what she would bring
As an ornament to her race.

—*Arthur Grissom.*

Pretty maiden, debonair,
Eyes of blue and auburn hair—
"Pinafore?" How could I see!
No! My gaze could ne'er pass thee.

Long I looked, the whole play through;
Naught saw I, not e'en the crew;
Naught—ah, how my heart relieves—
Naught I saw save surplus sleeves.

—*T. A. S. in the Sequoia*

THAT REMINDS ME.

A noted evangelist, having stayed over in one of those southwest junction towns where the hotel-keeper depends upon the disconnection of trains for a livelihood, fell into the following table talk with the landlord:

"You've got a good town here, haven't you?"

"We think so," replied the host, diplomatically.

"Business seems to be lively."

"Yes; we're enjoying a boom."

"It appears to be improving rapidly."

"That's what!"

"You don't have any more lynchings here, do you?"

"Not like we used to."

"I've heard that it was once very bad in that line."

"Well, yes; we used to have a hanging now and then, but it's been a mighty long time now since we had one."

"When was the last one?"

The landlord studied a moment and counted on his fingers.

"I ain't shore," he said at last, "but I think it will be two weeks day after to-morrow."

Dolly—The wretch! And so he has been proposing to both of us?

Polly—It seems so.

Dolly—I wish we could think of some fearful way to punish him.

Polly—I have an idea.

Dolly—What is it?

Polly—You marry him.

Few things make a man more agreeably independent of other people's opinions than a lofty estimate of his own abilities. Cæsar Payson, a middle-aged negro living in a small Massachusetts town, possessed this soothing quality of self-esteem to a remarkable degree. He was what is called "a good hand at odd jobs," but his principal occupation was that of a wood sawyer.

One day he was sawing wood in the side yard of a favorite "customah," and the ten-year-old son of the house was watching him with much enjoyment, listening at the same time to the words of wisdom which Cæsar was always letting fall.

"I tell yo' w'at, Mas'r Ned," remarked Cæsar. "I'se paid a high compullment to yo' ma, comin' hyar to-day, as I done—a high compullment. I'se done gone lost more'n fifteen dollahs comin' hyar to-day, Mas'r Ned!"

"Why, how's that, Cæsar?" inquired the boy, much impressed.

"W'y, yo' see, dah was six oder people w'at wanted me. I reckon dat 'ud make fifteen dollahs, Mas'r Ned. An' I dis'pointed ev'ry one of 'em, jest fo' yo' ma!"

"But, Cæsar," said Ned, "you never earn more than two dollars and a half in a day; and you couldn't have worked for but one of them, anyway, could you?"

"How old is you, Mas'r Ned?" inquired Cæsar, pausing for a moment.

"Ten years old last November," said the boy.

"An' yo' expects to un'erstand all de ins an' outs ob arit'metic at yo' age, sonny! De chil'en ob de present age is simply s'prisin'!"

And Cæsar resumed his work with an air which discouraged further questions.

Irate Landlady—I want you to take back that folding-bed you sold me, and I want my money back. One of my boarders smothered to death in it, and he owed me a week's board.

Furniture Dealer—Madame, you have no business sense. If you were in the habit of making your boarders pay a month in advance, you would have been away ahead.

In a recently published volume of essays of unusual brightness and interest, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells a tale of a former Earl of Mayo, who had imported some emus, and, going to London, left strict orders that he was to be informed when they began to lay. In a few days he received the following letter from his bailiff: "My Lord,—I have the honour to inform your lordship that one of the emus has begun to lay. In the absence of your lordship, I put the eggs under the biggest goose we have."

Hotel Manager—I see you have given our best suite of rooms to a man named Jones. Are you sure he can pay the price?

Hotel Clerk—Yes, sir; he is immensely wealthy.

Hotel Manager—How do you know?

Hotel Clerk—O, he is very old and very ugly, and his wife is very young and very pretty.

VINTINE acts directly on the blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Its tonic effects are due solely to the action of the remedies composing it, and not to alcohol, as is the case in most tonics. At Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal. Price $1.00 at drug stores.

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Wonder

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All the Spring novelties in millinery. New hats. New feathers. Ribbons, velvets, laces, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

Branch, 999 Market Street, Cor. Sixth.

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CALIFORNIA OPTICAL COMPANY,
317 and 319 Kearny Street.

TELEPHONE 5125.

SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY.

OFFICE 33 GEARY ST.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street.

For the half year ending June 30, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight tenths (4 8/10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1st, 1895.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California Street, corner Webb.

For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and eight tenths (4 8/10) per cent on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, the 1st of July, 1895.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post Street.

For the half year ending June 30, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight tenths (4 8/10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1895.

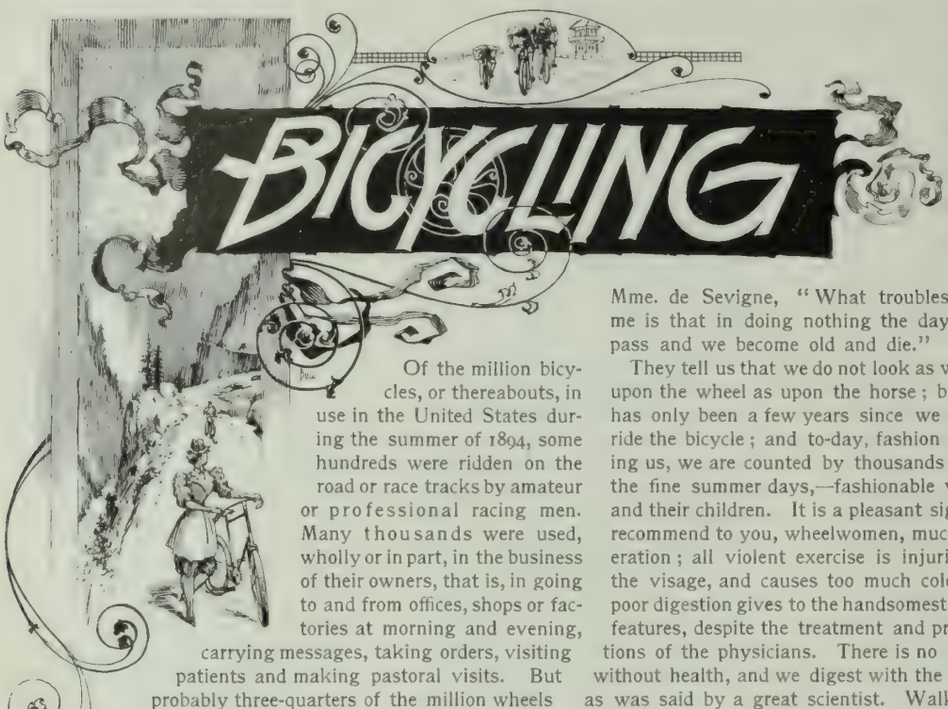
GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter.

For the half year ending June 30, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight tenths (4 8/10) per cent per annum on Term Deposits and four (4) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1895. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1895.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.



Of the million bicycles, or thereabouts, in use in the United States during the summer of 1894, some hundreds were ridden on the road or race tracks by amateur or professional racing men. Many thousands were used, wholly or in part, in the business of their owners, that is, in going to and from offices, shops or factories at morning and evening, carrying messages, taking orders, visiting patients and making pastoral visits. But probably three-quarters of the million wheels were devoted to pleasure riding; and, if the use of the bicycle for this purpose increases, as it seems bound to do, cycling is to become distinctively our national sport. It may not become, or may not long remain, popular with the class which seeks only those sports that are made impossible to others by reason of their expensiveness or the need of special surroundings for the practice of them, but the inherent delight of riding is too bewitching to be abandoned by most of those who have once experienced it.

What is baggage? Sooner or later this question is going to be brought before a jury for decision in New York. The plaintiff will be a wheelman, the defendant a railroad company and the "baggage" under question a bicycle. The courts have decided that anything carried by a passenger on a journey, either with reference to the immediate needs of his trip or the ultimate purpose thereof, according to the particular class he belongs to, is baggage. For example, a jury has decided that a lawyer and a minister, taking passage on train for a hunting expedition, are entitled to have their guns and hunting equipment transported free as baggage. A reasonable application of this rule is, of course, always a question for a jury to decide whether the particular article in dispute may be reasonably regarded as baggage. In the case of a wheelman traveling with his bicycle, it seems hardly possible that the machine might not reasonably be considered as baggage, and, as such, entitled to free transportation as a right, not as a favor, on the part of the transportation company accepting him as a passenger.

Is cycling exercise for woman injurious to her beauty?

It is an important if not capital question. The gift of beauty is precious and should be preserved; and if we cannot, alas! change our face, we should try to keep its grace and freshness as long as possible. Age, what a frightful thing! Is not old age the end of some pleasures and the beginning of many others? To be admired and sought for is certainly sweet, and we like to make it last as long as possible; but a sensible woman knows how to become old and console herself by devoting herself to those she loves. Riding the safety is so fashionable she can initiate the children into its mysteries. When the hour comes, we will wear the frosty hair which becomes us so well and will not revolt at the thickening waist. The safety is the only remedy for this.

Does a woman appear old on the safety?

Exercise will always preserve the freshness of the face and a Svelta waist and all the things which not only belong to youth but to well-preserved old age. Life seems empty through idleness, and we can say like Mme. de Sevigne, "What troubles me is that in doing nothing the days pass and we become old and die."

They tell us that we do not look as well upon the wheel as upon the horse; but it has only been a few years since we dared ride the bicycle; and to-day, fashion assisting us, we are counted by thousands during the fine summer days,—fashionable women and their children. It is a pleasant sight. I recommend to you, wheelwomen, much moderation; all violent exercise is injurious to the visage, and causes too much color. A poor digestion gives to the handsomest drawn features, despite the treatment and prescriptions of the physicians. There is no beauty without health, and we digest with the limbs, as was said by a great scientist. Walking is always monotonous, while with our safety what a pleasure it is to devour the space and breathe the fresh, restorative air. So, then, amiable wheelwoman, pedal, pedal, and have no fear of injuring your beauty. To the contrary, it will improve by this exercise; do not hesitate to use your safety for your promenades. What your color loses in whiteness you will gain in health. A little counsel to terminate: Do not be masculine in costume or manners; remain womanly and you will be charming. Laces and ribbons for you and leave the stiff collars for the gentlemen. This year the sailor hat safely trimmed is charming. It is simple and in good taste.—*Cycling West.*

The performance of Maddox on his Sterling at Brooklyn, when he made the ten miles in competition in twenty-one minutes, thirty-nine and three-fifths seconds, is the most noteworthy performance of the season. In cutting the big slice off the record Maddox was compelled to ride at an average speed of better than two minutes and ten seconds to the mile.—*The Bearings.*

In his book on "Cycling for Health and Pleasure," Mr. L. H. Porter says: "When mounted, sit up straight and well back. Unless for special cause, like racing, riding against a high wind, or mounting a hard hill, it is best to sit erect. Do not grasp the handles like a vise, but hold them lightly. When you can steer with a light grasp, practice steering with only one hand until you can control the wheel easily in that way. When that is acquired, remove both hands from the handles for an instant, taking care to press evenly with the feet. If the wheel swerves, a little pressure on a pedal will right it. Practice this a little at a time, but often, and you will soon be able to ride hands off. This accomplishment is not for show, but to give a good control of the wheel, and will teach you quickly the importance of even pedaling. Most persons pedal more or less unevenly, exerting greater pressure with one foot than with the other, and this, of course, tends to deflect the wheel from a true line. Steering with the hands counteracts this tendency more or less completely; but a man who does all his steering with his hands rarely, if ever, rides as true and gracefully as a man who can steer perfectly with feet alone. By practicing diligently, hands off, a little at a time, perfectly even pedaling can be acquired, and a man can ride long distances on good roads without touching his handles."

The plant of the Sterling Cycle Works, now located at Carroll Avenue, Chicago, is to be largely augmented and removed, some time in August, to Kenosha, Wis., where excellent facilities have been obtained. Mr. Moore, the new general manager of the company, before deciding to go into the bicycle trade, took a course of several months of hard thinking. He visited both the Chicago and New York shows, and what he saw there was a revelation to him. He next crossed over to England, and examined very closely into the business in that country, and then traveled through France, Germany, Belgium and Spain. All this traveling was done for one purpose, and what he saw convinced him that the bicycle had come to stay and that for years there would be a good market for the wheel. Mr. Moore is one of Chicago's successful manufacturers, and the Sterling Company is to be congratulated upon securing him. He brings into the company both money and brains. The new factory in Kenosha has already been started, and one hundred carloads of stone have been shipped to be used in the new building. Over eight hundred thousand brick are also contracted for. The main building will be five hundred by one hundred feet, one story high. Two or three smaller buildings will be constructed, giving a floor space of about seventy-five thousand square feet all on one floor. The offices of the company will remain in Chicago, and it is probable that they will be located near Wabash Avenue, where a retail store may be opened. It will be observed that in the building of its new factory the Sterling Company is following closely the lines laid down in *The Referee's* articles on the construction of a cycle plant. All of its space will be on the ground floor. We are indebted to President Dickerson for an interesting trip through the present factory and a glance at some of the secrets for '96, on which the mechanical genius, Mr. Timms, is at work. The general belief among the people connected with the company is that next year's machine will be so good a thing that it will almost push itself along.—*The Referee.*

"It's a joy to be up in the morning when the dew is still on the clover,
When the air is full of sweetness that seems like a draught divine,
To mount one's wheel and go flying away, away like a rover,
In the wide, bright world of beauty—and all the world is mine!

"I sing in my care-free gladness; I am kin to the wind that's blowing;
I am thrilled with the bliss of motion like a bird that skims the down;
I feel the blood of a gypsy in my pulses coming, going;—
Give me my wheel for a comrade, and the king may keep his crown!"

BIG TREE CANYON.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

atmosphere, filled the space about us, from the ground to the nearest intermingling branches, fifty feet above. We seemed to be reveling in an enchanted bower, a massive arbor whose leafy covering was supported by lofty pillars of living redwood, with never a glint of sunshine to mar the intensity of its translucent depths.

In the meantime we had drank long, deep draughts from the clear, cool stream and watched the small trout and minnows as they sported or rested in the waveless pools, or shot a mimic rapid, or floundered for a moment in the shallow water where we had caught them napping. The only unpleasant feature of the canyons was the painful absence of birds and small animals. We saw only one or two harmless and badly frightened green snakes and a stray lizard or water dog that now and then crossed our path and scurried to the friendly shelter of a moss-covered boulder or a bunch of branching fern.

The most interesting portion of the canyon is about half a mile in length, and from one hundred to three hundred feet in width, with the ever-restless brook flowing on and on between its steep but verdure-clad walls.

Big Tree Canyon is the reserve of a San Francisco sportsmen's club. It is free to the public, however, with the restrictions that no fires be lighted nor guns or pistols discharged within its limits. It starts from the timbered side of the mountain on the north, and ends at the southwest in a beautiful valley that leads to the sea, the terminus being at Willow Lake, a few miles north of Golden Gate.

After devouring the last of the lunch we had taken with us, we talked and read and sang and lounged about to our heart's content. Then Bob Ingersoll, Henry Ward B., Injun Jim and Calamity Jane were gently awakened from the peaceful slumbers they were enjoying, and the homeward journey was commenced.

We reached Mill Valley in time for the five-thirty train, and arrived in San Francisco early enough for dinner, tired and dusty, but pleased withal.

MODEL L, 23 LBS

There is a whole lot of

Satisfaction...

in riding a bicycle that you know is strictly first-class, that doesn't need repairs, and that runs as easily and noiselessly as a well-oiled stationary engine; and you further enjoy a just pride in knowing that you own . . . . .

Absolutely the Best Wheel.

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BUILT LIKE A WATCH
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Write for rates that will surprise you for cheapness. Address

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Sonoma County, Cal.

JOHN F. MULGREW, PROPRIETOR.

ONLY 4½ hours from San Francisco and but one hour's staging; temperature of water 125 degrees Fahrenheit; famous for its medicinal properties; tub and plunge baths; good hunting, and no better trout streams in the State; no fogs, and an entire absence of mosquitoes and other annoying insects. First-class service. Round trip from San Francisco $5.50. Take Tiburon Ferry at 7:40 A. M. or 3:30 P. M., connecting with stages at Geyserville.

Terms $2.00 per day; $12.00 to $14.00 per week. Write for circular.

GEO. J. CASANOVA, Manager.

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A HEALTH RESORT ten miles south of the Lick Observatory, at an elevation of 2,000 feet. Best mineral waters in the United States. **An infallible remedy for indigestion.** Stage leaves Madrone Station Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays on arrival of morning train from San Francisco. Reached in four hours from San Francisco. Special rates to professors and teachers. Send for descriptive pamphlet and terms. Address as above.

For an Outing go to Mendenhall Springs,

situated in Alameda County, near Livermore, 1,750 feet above sea-level. Fine climate and scenery. Table and rooms first class. Coaches connect with the morning train from San Francisco.

WM. M. MENDENHALL, Prop.

GLENBROOK is beautifully located at the foot of Cobb Mountain, nearly 3,000 feet above the sea. For pure air, water, mountain scenery, trout-fishing, etc., it is the finest suburban resort in the State. Parties desiring board, address

O. W. R. TREDWAY,
LAKE COUNTY, CAL. GLENBROOK.

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Cor. Raymond Ave. and Locust St., Pasadena, Cal.
MRS. G. W. ANDERSON, Proprietor.

TOURIST SUMMER RESORT. Rates per day, $1.50 to $2.00; rates per week, $7.00 to $10.00. Electric cars pass the door. Lawn tennis court, croquet grounds, shady lawns, bowers, etc. We aim to please our guests.

Pope House and Cottages,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The Pope House is favorably located in the most beautiful residence portion of town. The genial warmth of the atmosphere, and freedom from the cold, damp winds of the beach, furnish the quietness of a rural home. Tennis and croquet grounds, billiard and music room. Electric cars to beach and baths.

Rates $2.00 per day; $10.00 and $12.00 per week.

For further particulars address

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SUMMIT · SODA · SPRINGS

is a delightful resort in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, thirteen miles from Summit Station, on C. P. R. R., and will be open June 1st. Fine scenery, excellent hunting and fishing, and refreshing MINERAL SPRINGS. Altitude, 6,009 feet. RATES, $2.00 per day; $10.00 to $12.00 per week. For further particulars address

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Large Sample Rooms.

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Thermal Baths and Hot Mineral Springs,

California's famous mountain health resort with its hygienic natural grand and beautiful canyons, unsurpassed views of valley and mountains. Send for descriptive circular.

CONNECTING at **Reno** with Southern Pacific Company, at **Mound House** with Carson & Colorado Railway, and at **Carson** with daily stages for **Carson Valley, Sweetwater Mines, etc.,** and **Lake Tahoe.** THE GRANDEST MOUNTAIN LAKE IN AMERICA IS TAHOE, ranking all others in rare beauty, fine scenic effects and climate. *Excellent hotel accommodations, boating, and the most enjoyable trout fishing*, can be had at the several summer resorts located at different points on the lake. **THE ROUTE TO AND FROM TAHOE.** Commencing May 1st and closing October 31st, passengers can leave west bound overland trains of Southern Pacific Company at Reno, Nevada, and enjoy a delightful trip to Lake Tahoe by taking express train of Virginia & Truckee at Reno, Nevada, each morning for Carson City (31 miles), where close connection is made with Keyser's stages for Glenbrook, on the eastern shore of Lake Tahoe (15 miles), there connecting with steamers for Tahoe City (and other resorts on the lake), where connection is made with Moody & Co's stages for Truckee, *arriving the same evening*, where

VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE RAILROAD

connection is made with west-bound passenger trains of Southern Pacific Company. **Through Ticket, RENO to TRUCKEE, over the above route, $6.** Or passengers may leave the east-bound overland trains of Southern Pacific Company each morning at Truckee, going over same route and arriving at Reno the same evening. Tickets $6.00, on sale at Moody's stage office, Truckee.—**TO VIRGINIA CITY AND THE FAMOUS COMSTOCK LODE.** Passengers may also take train above mentioned at Reno for Virginia City (89 miles), where an entire day may be pleasantly and profitably spent examining the famous Comstock mines. A lay-over of one day at Carson City, the State capital of Nevada, will permit visitors to inspect the United States branch mint, the mammoth prehistoric man's footprints found under thirty feet of solid sandstone at State Prison quarry; also Shaw's Hot Springs, with attractive swimming and tub baths. **GENERAL OFFICES, CARSON CITY, NEVADA.**

D. A. BENDER, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agent

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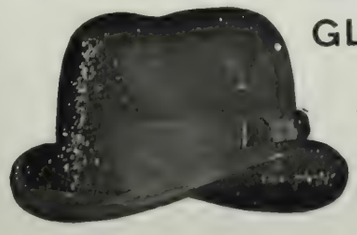
THE OLIVER is an elegantly appointed family hotel, with modern, commodious and sunny rooms. It is quiet, homelike, and, in fact, the best family hotel on the Coast. The terms are reasonable.

If you want good home cooking and courteous attention, come and see us.

MRS. M. L. LEACH, Proprietor.



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Then you will know where to go when you

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The Family Dining-room connected with our establishment offers the best inducements to **Eastern and Country Visitors** who are in search of a quiet, elegantly appointed restaurant of **undoubted excellence.**

Overland Lunches Carefully Prepared.
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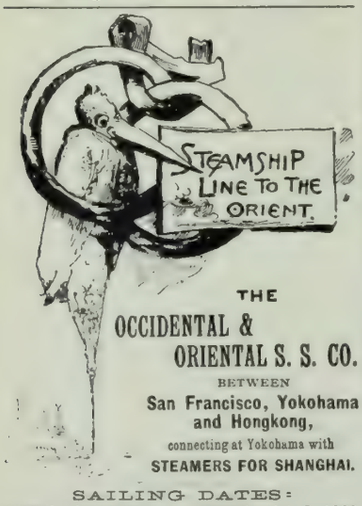

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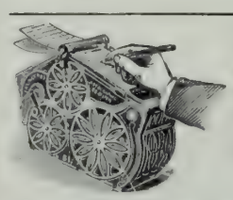

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VOLUME VI. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1895. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

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AN UNUSUAL OFFER.

The attention of our readers is respectfully called to our announcement on the first page of advertisements in this issue. This will be the first instance where we have ever deviated, even for experimental or advertising purposes, from our regular subscription rate of one dollar per annum. It will, likewise, be the last, so that those who are fortunate enough to take advantage of this opportunity will do well to act upon it at once, as the thirty-day limit spoken of will be strictly adhered to.

We make this exceptionally liberal offer for three reasons: First, because we wish to still further extend our Eastern circulation; second, because we desire to compare the cost of this method of advertising ourselves with that entailed through the use of other mediums; and, third, because we have some curiosity to know to just what extent the price of a periodical affects its circulation.

Perhaps ninety per cent of our readers have friends in the East or elsewhere, who would be more than delighted to be presented with a year's subscription to a beautiful journal like THE TRAVELER. What could make a more tasty and acceptable holiday gift in a small way than that? Just think! It comes regularly each month, replete with the finest illustrations in the world. It employs a staff of the best writers, and forms in itself a veritable album of beauty and art worthy of preservation for all time.

Those who take advantage of this offer can begin their subscriptions with the Christmas number, which will be published early in December. This issue will be sold for twenty-five cents a copy, and alone is worth the cost of a whole year's subscription offered under these special terms.

The cover of the Christmas edition will be printed in twelve colors. The issue will consist of about twenty thousand copies, and the illustrations and articles within will be of the most interesting and artistic character ever published.

Those who have friends whom they would like to favor with a yearly subscription, or those who will form a club of two for one dollar, should not lose a moment in taking advantage of this opportunity.

No remittances bearing date later than November 30th will be accepted on these conditions.

THE daily papers have been overrun for the past two weeks with accounts of the gigantic meetings of the members of the Salvation Army, who listened to the able deliveries of their leader, Mrs. Ballington Booth. And it is no secret that perhaps sixty per cent, or more, of the audience composing these gatherings were from the best educated and most respectable classes in the community. The stability of the Army is beyond any question of doubt, and it is only justice to admit that while their methods may be criticizable no one will gainsay that they have been fruitful of good results. The character of their organization has proven an unquestioned success, and while years ago we were wont to scoff and ridicule the little band that nightly paraded our thoroughfares, we now observe them with a silent and respectful consideration. There is just one criticism we might justly make, that I believe would still further lessen the derision to which the Army has so long been subjected, and that is the unpardonable jargon of the bass drum, cymbals and cornet. It would seem that a more careful selection of the musical branch of the Army would prove conducive to better results and greater respect from the multitudes. We all like good music, but a combination of discordant sounds, as is almost invariably heard in the Salvation Army, is certainly far from attractive to the riff-raff whom they seek to convert, and only opens the door to mockery, disrespect, and indifference.

THREE OF A KIND.

Who but can admire the true spirit of religion which was manifested by Mrs. Booth through her visit to our State Prison? Her plain, simple, and heartfelt appeal to the convicts within its walls, which met with a gratifying response, is in striking contrast to the prattle of the rattle-brained, addle-pated females, whose professed sympathies lead them to offer bouquets and hypocritical consolation and pity to the most hardened murderers and criminals under lock and key. Attentions of this character only palliate the evil of crime, while those of the former appeal effectively, in most cases, to the heart and the conscience.

IT SEEMS worth while to call the attention of our readers to the splendid description of the Volcano of Kilauea appearing on another page of this issue. A trip to the crumbling edge of this restless region of fire cannot be compared to anything on earth with which people are familiar, nor can one who beholds it fully comprehend its awfulness. Like Niagara and Yosemite, like Haleakala (palace of the sun), an extinct crater on the Island of Maui, into which the City of New York could be dropped—like these, Halemaumau grows on one after repeated visits and sober reflection, until finally its effect is so overpowering and awe-inspiring as to become forever the symbol of the terrible in nature, the most tremendous force ever beheld by mortal eyes. Its sixteen acres of restless flame can never be forgotten, and it is natural that many startling problems are suggested to one who stands by the edge of Kilauea's boiling abyss and tries to fathom the mystery of its origin. Does the terrific fire extend seven thousand miles below one's feet, according to the popular hypothesis that assumes the earth's crust to be a mere egg shell, and the interior a molten mass? Is the volcanic lake merely a defect or break in the earth's crust, like an air hole in a frozen sea? If so, Niagara might thunder into such a chasm for a thousand centuries without filling it, and ten thousand Pacific Oceans emptied into the awful depths where Halemaumau begins would not rise to the level of its liquid fires. When its fiery seas ebb and flow in waves, whose crests sometimes disappear many miles below human vision, the mountains throb and quiver, islands of the sea are rent by earthquakes, and the submarine caverns of Pele, the fire goddess, roar like monster thunder-storms.

THE SCENERY OF NEW ZEALAND.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

DISTANT about 1300 miles from the mainland of Australia, and containing a total area of 100,000 square miles, is the Colony of New Zealand, consisting of three islands, called North, Middle, and Stewart. Stewart Island to the south has an area of only 1500 square miles, and is so thinly inhabited and unimportant that it is rarely mentioned; and in ordinary language, the Middle Island is spoken of as the South. New Zealand is as far to the south of the equator as Italy is to the north of it, and probably no country of such small extent offers so great a variety of scenery to the traveler as the Italy of the antipodes. Striking examples of almost every kind of scenery are to be found in one part or another of the North or South Islands.

The west coast of the South Island is deeply indented with fiords, which render the outline almost as irregular and broken as the west coasts of Scotland or Norway. The trip to the West Coast "Sounds," as they are called, is to the Australian what the trip to Southeastern Alaska is to the American. If the Sounds present us with scenery rivaling that of Norway, the Southern Alps furnish scenery that in some respects surpasses that of Switzerland. Here there are precipices, roaring torrents, great glaciers, and snow-fields that delight the heart and eye of the mountaineer. Already a distinguished member of the English Alpine Club has spent a considerable time among them, and has written an interesting account of his adventures under the title of "The High Alps of New Zealand." In this book Mr. W. S. Green describes the glaciers of the South Island and an ascent of New Zealand's loftiest mountain—Mt. Cook, 12,349 feet above sea level.

In the district of Southland there are many beautiful lakes, called the Cold Lakes to distinguish them from the Hot Lakes of North Island. The Cold Lakes much resemble the Lochs of Scotland, and bear picturesque Maori names, such as Manapouri, Te Anau and Monowai. In the North Island, Lake Taupo, two hundred and fifty square miles in area, is the largest body of fresh water.

The Islands are long and narrow, and, stretching over thirteen degrees of latitude, enjoy a varied climate. The North Island, being the nearer to the equator, has the warmer climate, and the South Island, being nearer to the south polar region, the cooler. In the North Island, snow is rarely seen except on the peaks of the mountain ranges, but in the South Island it falls even upon the plains, though it generally melts rapidly. In the North Island are many mountain ranges, the highest peaks being Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Mount Egmont.

The atmosphere of the Islands is so moist and the soil so fertile that vegetation is remarkably prolific. The climate of the Auckland district in the North Island is about that of Northern Italy; that of Wellington, the capital, closely resembles France; while the climate of Invercargill at the south of the South Island may be compared to that of England. In the South Island, especially in the province of Canterbury, there are broad-stretching plains, which produce great quantities of wheat and other cereals.

Port Lyttleton, the port of Christ Church, and Port Chalmers, the port of Dunedin, are good harbors, as is also that of Wellington. The Manukau Harbor, of Auckland, is one of the great ports of the world, and for beauty has been compared to the Bay of Naples. Everywhere throughout the Islands there is an abundance of streams, and the Waikato in the North Island is a really great river.

But the Wonderland of New Zealand is in the North Island. In the King Country are geysers, steam jets, fumaroles, boiling springs, subterranean rumblings and other volcanic phenomena scarcely equaled in any other region, except, perhaps, in the Yellowstone Park. The chief marvels and crowning beauties of this district—the Pink and White Terraces—were destroyed by the eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886, described in THE TRAVELER of January, 1895; but enough of the weird and wonderful remains to render the region one of the most curious and interesting in the world. From Mount Eden, the crater of an extinct volcano, overlooking the City of Auckland, may be counted at least twenty volcanic cones, any one of which may at some future day burst into activity. It is said that within a radius of ten miles of Auckland there are sixty-three volcanic cones, varying in height from two hundred to seven hundred feet. The roads all round the city are paved with scoria—the most plentiful material, and the hardest. Piles of scoria frequently form the boundaries between fields and gardens.

SCENES ALONG THE WEST COAST ROAD, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

The New Zealand "bush," as the wild uncleared land in its primitive condition is called, far surpasses in beauty the Australian "bush," and falls little short of the luxuriance of the tropics. Most of the trees are pines, the principal variety being the Kauri-pine, which covers vast tracts of the Auckland district. A Kauri forest is very impressive in its magnitude and calm; the long straight smooth stems of the splendid tree tower to a height of a hundred or more feet, and remind one of the columns of a cathedral nave. Underneath the mighty branches is a tangled undergrowth of luxuriant ferns, in which New Zealand is remarkably rich. In these forests it is not unusual to find large areas in which the Kauri alone grows in solitary majesty, and even where other trees grow near it, the Kauri stands in groups apart from them. It is a conifer, but instead of needles it has dark green leaves. It is a slow-growing tree, and produces a timber of fine grain, which is easily worked and does not warp or split on exposure to the atmosphere. It is said to require eight hundred years to reach maturity, and so recklessly have the trees been cut down that the supply of timber is expected to be exhausted in about twelve years. Besides the Kauri-pine, which is found only in the Auckland district, there are many other fine forest trees. The chief of these are the *rimu*, the white pine, the silver pine, the *matai*, the *totara*, the beech, and the cedar. The trees of a New Zealand forest are thickly clothed with a growth of luxuriant creepers, one of the commonest of which bears a rich scarlet flower. The tall fern-trees are peculiarly graceful, and the New Zealand cabbage-palm, which commonly decorates our gardens in California, is a striking tree. The glossy dark-green leaves of the *phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax, are seen almost everywhere, the fibers of the plant being used by the colonial for almost as many purposes as the leaves of the *Agave Americana* by the Mexican, or the cocoanut by the South Sea islander.

Ferns of the most luxuriant description carpet the ground, and drape the sides of banks and rocks wherever there is a trickle of fresh water to keep them green. The islands, too, are rich not only in forest trees, creepers, and ferns, but also in wild flowers; among which may be mentioned the *rengarenga*, a blue lily, the *tupapa*, a small daisy, and a green and yellow passion-flower.

In the Auckland district camellias bloom prolifically in the open air, and the fuchsia becomes a great tree. The scarlet blossoms of the *pohutukawa*, or New Zealand flowering bush, form a brilliant decoration for the Christmas dinner-tables of the North Islander.

The views illustrating this article represent scenes along the West Coast road. This runs from the east coast of South Island to Hokitika on the west, passing through some of the boldest and most romantic scenery in the colony. The Otira gorge is a striking spot, the wildness and picturesqueness of which never fail to awaken the enthusiasm of travelers and artists.

AN ENCHANTED GORGE.

THEODORE S. SOLOMONS.

A CONSPICUOUS feature of the High Sierra is its sustained grandeur, yet this is hardly more remarkable than is the singular diversity of its scenery. In those localities where ancient volcanic fires raged, the crests are as dark as night, and the snow-fields lay weirdly upon them, like great ghosts.

In a journey through the heart of the Southern Sierra, taken last July, the writer and his companion were strikingly impressed by this aspect of the mountains in the vicinity of Mt. Goddard. From the summit of that lofty peak, splendid contrasts met our eye. To the north a sea of granite gladly reflected the dazzling alpine light, while to the south and east the surface of the range was churlishly dark, as though a lowering thunder-cloud had flung upon it a heavy pall of shadow. Midway between Mt. Goddard and the Palisade crests that towered some fifteen miles to the east, a group of peaks rose abruptly on either side of a deep trough, the lower part of which was hidden by its enclosing walls. Here the blackness of Pluto's nethermost depths seemed fairly to reign. Chance determined our descent of The Enchanted Gorge.

We had been out with our knapsacks just a week, and though they still weighed about forty pounds apiece, we thought nothing of plodding over the unequal surface of the snow and jumping over the rocks, for hours at a time. But to do this in a freezing air and with snow sifting down, is another matter. Yet this is what we stood during the whole morning of our climb along the Goddard divide toward the main crest; and when noon came, we sat on a boulder, and, for shelter, threw a blanket over our heads while we ate our lunch of salmon, dried fruit, and a stick of chocolate apiece.

Occasionally it ceased snowing and then white clouds scurried across the sky from the southeast. During one of these interludes in the storm, the southern and eastern mountains were visible for several minutes, and looking below us, we saw that the deep black gorge was directly opposite and south of us. Snowy terraces, reached by precipitous descents of splintered granite and occupied by ice-covered lakes, succeeded each other to the gorge's entrance, which was barred by a final lake of considerable size. Its sides were locked up in the armor of ice-smoothed walls of dangerous acclivity, that continued irregularly upward to the two majestic peaks that

LOOKING SOUTH FROM MT. GODDARD.

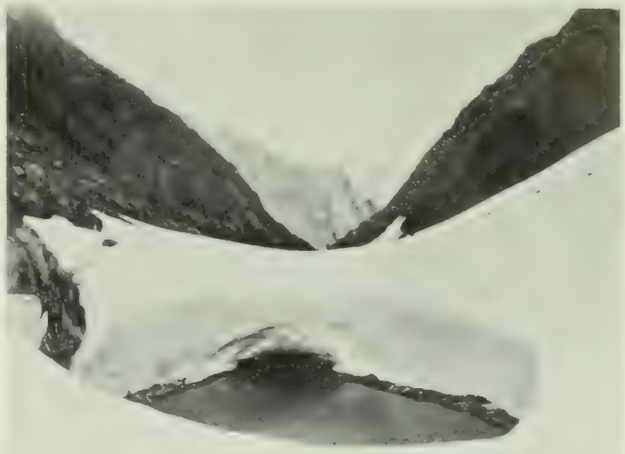
had attracted our attention when on Mt. Goddard. A Scylla and a Charybdis, they seemed to us, as we stood there by the icy flood that poured into the lake between them, and wondered how we were going to pass through. So Scylla and Charybdis they were christened, and their photographs were taken while we deliberated. It was finally decided to cross the stream and try the snow on the eastern edge of the lake. By going slowly, and carefully feeling our way, we managed to avoid the bath that would have been fatal, and reached the lower end of the lake without having had to take to the wall oftener than twice or thrice. Here was a little plateau of snow, along which we advanced with some anxiety, for ahead could be seen only the walls of the gorge, and we feared to find a precipice. Instead, however, when we reached the edge of the level, we were delighted to see that the snow merely sloped at a comparatively gentle angle of declivity, filling the narrow bottom of the gorge and furnishing us a fine hard turnpike, down which we sped at a rapid gait.

Excepting that of the Yosemite—which is really a valley—this was the most wonderful gorge I had yet encountered in the High Sierra, and the afternoon on which we made its descent will ever remain to me a kind of red-letter day in my mountaineering. Verily, it was like going down to the Infernal Regions,

THE ENCHANTED GORGE.

for the place was as one of enchantment. Where was the roaring stream? And whence those scintillations of the wet black walls that rose up and up into the storm clouds, and downward and forward into the clouds again? Imagine so novel an environment. The rain was falling; but we did not care, as we strode on down the serpentine pathway of snow, now narrow, now wide, as the walls permitted, now occupying all the space between the walls, then clinging to one side only—and here our footing was precarious. Above and beyond the glinting basalt reaching into the fleecy mists. A curve of the gorge brought us to a rotunda-like amphitheater of some fifteen acres in area, where three streams poured over the wall. One of these formed a lake which had no visible outlet. We stood on the brink and looked into the mirror of its surface which showed an inverted world of cliff and cloud as gruesome as that it reflected.

In the rotunda, the snow had disappeared and in its stead the naked bottom of the gorge was revealed in savage roughness and irregularity. Billions of fragments of rock that ancient earthquakes had shaken from the cliffs, lay piled in irregular masses to a depth that could only be conjectured. But the absent stream was now accounted for, as it was evident that it had disappeared in the interstices of the gorge's rocky floor, nor could the sound of its battle for passage through the jagged labyrinths of its subterranean prison be even faintly



THE WALLED-IN LAKE.

heard. We were now about two miles down the gorge and the walls had taken on the metallic luster of many shades of bronze.

The snow road having terminated, we were left to struggle among keen-edged fragments of rock, often of immense size, and our progress was slower than that of ants traveling over a newly macadamized road. Occasionally we encountered small lakes filling natural wells between groups of boulders—lakes that had no visible bottom and might have been five hundred feet deep. Once, we almost fell into one of these, and again, as I made a long jump from the summit of a splinter of basalt to a lower rock, the sudden roar of the subterranean stream so startled me that I almost lost my balance. Looking down very cautiously I could see water far below, swirling in a vortex-like mass of foam around a chamber that was all but roofed over by the immense rocks. In another half-mile the full stream suddenly boiled up from the gorge-bottom and was never afterward lost to view.

Soon the gorge narrowed again, and here we met our next trial, in the shape of a lake which occupied the entire space between the walls, except that along the lower part of the west wall lay a bank of snow, the lower edge of which was an abrupt wall that overhung the lake. The mass was frozen hard and its surface was steep, but, barring swimming—and swimming *was* barred—there was no other way to continue the descent of the gorge than by crossing the snow, and accordingly we crossed it. But we had to cut every step of the way with our ironshod shoes and a single misstep meant a glissade into the walled-in lake of ice-cold water. Leaving this dangerous place, we struck another snowroad and made good time, being delayed only by an occasional snow tunnel, in passing over which extreme caution had to be used.

At about seven o'clock, after having descended some six miles through the gorge, we found some trees on a little flat above the stream and here we decided to camp and take a much needed rest. The aneroid registered a drop of six thousand feet since entering the gorge, yet where we camped the walls were at least as high as they had elsewhere been, and the grandeur of the scenery had in no way diminished.

To emerge, as we did late the following morning, into the familiar granite, with its cheerful forest growth and sunny lawns, was like a sudden transition from winter to summer. There had been something uncanny about the place—as though a spell of enchantment had really been cast upon it; but in this very uncanniness is that which, to the adventurous nature, is calculated to surround The Enchanted Gorge with a peculiar charm and leave a most vivid remembrance.

BELLEVILLE AND THE PASSAIC.

MARY L. TAYLOR.

THE old-fashioned, revolutionary village of Belleville, New Jersey, in which, a few years ago, it was my good fortune to spend a summer and a winter, is, I think, a place quite unknown to those on the western coast. It is situated on the Passaic River, three miles from Newark, on the Erie Railroad. Belleville, besides being a very picturesque spot, contains many old landmarks that are curious to the traveler of to-day. It was here that a fierce fight took place during the war of the Revolution. The British soldiers on the east bank of the river shot across to the Americans on the west, and many of the houses at the present time contain bullet holes from that encounter. The whole atmosphere surrounding the village is full of history but to many the old buildings are of the greatest interest.

The main street is a beautiful avenue, shaded in summer by tall trees which seem to meet above, thus forming a perfect canopy of shade. On one side is the river, on the other stores and dwellings with many of their gardens reaching to the water's edge.

One of the first homes built in Belleville was erected by the Van Rensselaer family in sixteen hundred and eighty-three, who, with the Schuylers, were amongst the first settlers in the State. It is now used as a hotel, having passed entirely from the hands of the Van Rensselaers. This old building sets back some distance from the main street and forms a pretty picture in its colonial colors, yellow and white. A carriage-drive approaches from two different directions. A most attractive feature to the passer-by is an old sign-post on the roadside. It is picturesque and yet primitive in its way; merely a post with a lantern at the top and a short flight of steps at the base on which the porter ascends to light the lantern. Suspended from a hook at the top of the post is a sign that reads:

"BELLEVILLE HOTEL,
Erected 1683.
GEO. QUAYLE, PROP."

It is said that George Washington spent a night in this old homestead, and a back stair-case is pointed out to all strangers as the one he ascended the night he was sheltered by its hospitable owner, when hiding from the British soldiers.

In this little village there are three churches, built of brick, with a clinging ivy almost covering them. In the burying-ground adjoining the Dutch Reform and Christ Episcopal Churches are some very old tombstones, so old that the inscriptions on many of them are entirely obliterated. Those that can be deciphered are very ancient in their wording. It was in the Dutch Reform Church that Dr. Talmage preached before he became so celebrated a divine in Brooklyn, New York.

A little further up Main Street and near the drawbridge is an old colonial house, built about seventy-nine years ago. It is the prettiest of all the Belleville homes because of its style. This old home has four large Ionic pillars reaching from the porch to the roof, and is called by its inmates "Ione Hall," a most appropriate name. Owing to its pillars and also its color, one is reminded of the White House in Washington.

Across the river from the village is a beautiful old place surrounded by trees and forming in itself one's idea of an old park. The bricks and the tiling were brought from Holland. The ceilings are low, the doors divided, with a swinging lower and a swinging upper, and an old-fashioned brass knocker warns the inmates of the approach of a visitor. This place is owned by a wealthy San Francisco gentleman who was raised in Belleville. The house is kept in a good state of preservation without the modern improvements and here the owner spends a month or two every couple of years, in quiet and in rest, happy in the contemplation of the scenes of his youth.

The people, like the old land-marks, are antique, but not in years. Generation after generation has been brought up in this place until it seems as if nearly every one is related in some way to every one else. Many of the families still live in the same houses where their great grandparents lived and died.

It seems but fitting to speak of Belleville's colored centenarian, Baker Coe, or "Old Bake," as he was called. He was born in slavery about ninety years ago, in the ancient town in which he died. No figure was as familiar as his. When asked his age he would reply, "More'n a hundred, Boss." Nobody was justified in contradicting him, for Belleville's oldest inhabitant was a boy when "Bake" was a man advanced in years. He was short of stature, as black as coal, and everybody was his friend. He did odd jobs for any one who would employ him but is best remembered with a market-basket on his arm, wending his way from house to house, delivering meat for the butcher who, in return, gave him food and shelter. "Old Bake" did not claim a wholly unbroken record. He believed that he died once and returned again to life. It was the sum of the years of both existences that made him "more'n a hundred." He claimed to remember quite well his sojourn in the spirit land and has related it many times. It was true, however, that he lay in a trance for three days. His body was dressed in a brand-new suit of broadcloth, and the coffin stood on three chairs in an adjoining room, for others besides "Old Bake" believed that day that he was dead. He had fallen into a state of suspended animation, and the funeral preparations were far advanced, when the trance was ended. Twenty-five years after, "Old Bake" walked through Belleville, on Sundays, dressed in the suit of clothes that was intended for his burial. He had added to it a glossy silk hat. His whole appearance was that of a man who had lived "more'n a hundred years" in one place. In eighteen hundred and ninety-two "Bake" died of old age. A subscription fund was raised to defray his funeral expenses.

Sign Post. North River Bridge. North Belleville Bridge. On the Passaic. Belleville Hotel.

The Passaic is one of the most picturesque of the small rivers of the East. Both banks are of a most delicate green and the reflection in the water is like looking into a mirror. It having been considered somewhat dangerous of late years to hold regattas on the Hudson River, owing to the net work of ocean steamers, ferries, tugs, and small boats plying back and forth, the Passaic was selected to take its place in this particular. A number of small regattas are held during the summer but the thirtieth of May is the big day. A New York and a New Jersey boat club contest for the honors. Long before two o'clock, the hour set for the races to begin, both banks are lined with people, some in carriages, others on foot, and many men and boys sitting on fences, lumber piles, and even on the tops of houses. In fact, every available corner is occupied. Those who are fortunate enough to possess a boat, make good use of it. One can always find a number of friends who have kept an eagle eye on a particular seat in his boat, so there is never any trouble of not having enough company. The more the merrier, so long as there are not too many for safety. At the appointed time the referee raises the flag, and the race has begun. Two shells, long and slender, with four oarsmen in each—four with their white suits with the red symbol of the Atlantas on their breasts, the other four with the blue symbol of the Bradfords—start out so easily and so gracefully, that an observer would think each had been born with an oar in his hand. The speed is gradually increased; they work in unison without one splash of water. It is a beautiful sight. On they go, and still on, until the distance set for the race has been reached. The people cheer, and, as the victorious four return from where they started, there is still more cheering and shouting. The same is repeated with eight oarsmen in each shell. As they cut through the water the spectators become more and more enthused each time there is a fresh start. In the meantime the little boats are moving slowly up and down each side of the river. Some grow tired and do not wait for the finish, while others, carried away by excitement, remain until all is over and leave with the winners of the day.

Belleville claims a fine boathouse, the "Nereid," and it is well equipped with shells, canoes, row-boats, and barges. Rowing is thoroughly enjoyed. The young ladies manage a boat as well as the young men, and late in the afternoons many boats are to be seen on the river. Some are out for a short row, while others have several miles before them. It is quite common for parties of eight, with two boats, four in each boat, to make a start about five o'clock. When a certain point has been reached a landing is made and all go ashore. The ladies have provided a cold supper—watermelons, sandwiches, cake, cheese, and olives, and when the gentlemen have made the coffee, a cloth is spread and an enjoyable meal partaken of. By the time the party is ready to return to Belleville the moon has shown itself and the homeward trip is a most enchanting one. A little singing is indulged in, and when the dock is reached there is just one more melon to be disposed of. It has been kept for the return, so all sit down on the bank and devour it. In this happy manner the young people of the oldest town in New Jersey let their summers pass away.

When this river, the beautiful Passaic, freezes, every pair of skates in town is put to use. Men, women, and children, alike, are wild over the fun. This sport lasts some weeks and gradually the winter passes on and spring approaches and we find our dear little village once more clothed in green.

Belleville is an interesting type of the old-fashioned New England village, where the people lead happy, peaceful lives, free from the noise and bustle, the strife and turmoil, of the busy outside world.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

A RELIGIOUS DOG.

THEY were discussing the sagacity of dogs. "That's a pretty good story," said one of the group, as the last speaker concluded, "but I know a better one. Did any of you ever see a religious dog—a downright pious canine? Well, I have. I visited a family this summer who owned the most sanctimonious specimen of the species that could be imagined. That dog, wouldn't miss family prayers for anything. He would raise Cain if a door happened to get shut upon him when the household assembled for their daily devotions, then, when admitted to the ceremony, he would walk in as solemnly and sedately as any church deacon, take his place beside the head of the house, sit back on his haunches, and never budge until the Amen came. My early training has been a trifle neglected, and the first morning I failed to kneel when the rest did. Blest if that dog didn't come up to me, snapping his teeth and growling in a way that made me nervous. He made such a fuss that my host looked around and signaled to me to kneel, which I did, and prayers proceeded as usual. But Jerry (his name was Jerusalem, and they called him Jerry for short) never liked me—had no use for sinners, you know. There was another guest at the house, a real Methodistical chap, who was a fervent exhorter. You just ought to have seen the way Jerry followed that fellow around—couldn't do enough for him. Whenever the man uttered an unusually loud 'praise the Lord,' Jerry would rap his tail enthusiastically on the floor, as much as to say, 'same here!' Oh, that dog was a wonder—one of the most consistent Christians I ever encountered."

A dead silence fell upon the group. Then, one by one, each man rose and went out, closing the door softly behind him.

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS IN JAPAN.

One of the most curious of the many ingenious ways in which the Japanese supply themselves with fish is by the use of trained cormorants (known to Californians as shags), which are taught to bring the fish they catch uninjured to their masters. Having an opportunity to witness this novel sport, we gladly availed ourselves of it.

Leaving Tassa, on the Banin River, we took a boat to go down the rapids, but at the mouth of a cave called the Niujo-ana we met a party of fishermen who had come down to the riverside with cormorants.

There were five men, each of whom had four cormorants on a pole, two at each end. The cormorants were fastened with light leather straps to the pole, and each had a small strap lightly fastened below the crop. When loosed from their perches, they walked into the water and took a drink; then two of the fishermen took a long straw rope and walked into the shoal water with it, one walking by the edge of the stream, the other further in. They began to walk smartly down the stream, and then the excitement began. The cormorants followed close to the rope, and made a great dashing and splashing, never resting a moment, but incessantly diving and throwing up their heads, and each time you would see the sparkle of a fish. They went on down stream for ten or fifteen minutes, and then began to get uneasy. Their pouches would hold no more, and they had to struggle very hard to keep the fish down. They would stand up in the shoal water with their tails spread out, and wriggle their necks and jump about in the most absurd manner. The rope was then brought ashore, and the cormorants waited till their perches were brought to them, when they also were brought ashore. The next operation was to take them in the left hand by the neck, open the beak with the right hand, and pour the prey out into baskets. We estimated that each bird had caught on an average about thirty fish, all of which were of one kind, and about the same size, from three to five inches in length. The birds were then fed, by picking out a few of the smallest fish and giving them to them; but, instead of unfastening the neckstraps, and letting the cormorants swallow their food naturally, the men took the birds by the neck and squeezed the food past the obstruction.

The birds were very tame; one of them did not mind sitting on our hands. When they came out of the water they all sat head to wind and hung their wings out to dry, and as soon as the feathers were dry they began preening them. The fishermen told us that the birds could each make about six hauls a day, so that this method is not only a labor-saving device, but unique and profitable.

A SAN FRANCISCO FAVORITE

Well known in Social and Musical circles, and who will be married this month to a prominent Eastern gentleman.

THE BRAIN OF AN ANT.

There is an old puzzle question which asks, "What is smaller than the mouth of a mite?" The answer is, "What goes into it."

Although an ant is a tiny creature, yet its brain is even tinier. But, although it is necessarily smaller than the ant's head which contains it, yet it is larger in proportion, according to the ant's size, than the brain of any known creature. This we can easily believe when we read of this insect's wonderful powers. The quantity of instinct or sagacity does not fully explain some of the stories told about them. The best writers upon ants, those who have made the astonishing intelligence of these little insects a special study, are obliged to admit that they display reasoning ability, calculation, reflection, and good judgment. Such qualities of brain show a more than ordinary instinct, and we are not surprised to hear that the ant's big brain carries out our idea that he possesses a higher intelligence than is shown by other workers of his size.—*Harper's Young People.*

BATHING AT BATH, ENGLAND.

Bath is, perhaps, the only watering-place in the world that has a name which exactly describes its character. It has also received numerous subtitles, such as "King of Spas," "Queen of the West," and "City of the Waters of the Sun," while by universal consent of the medical profession it ranks as first in English health resorts. The climate is extremely mild, and the possession of thermal waters attracts invalids by thousands.

Bath has always been an extremely "swell" place, and its history is most interesting. It first received a charter from Richard I; but early in the Norman era a physician of Tours, John De Villula, gave the waters to his patients, and afterwards became Bishop of Wells, with Bath as the real seat of his bishopric. It was Queen Henrietta Maria who first made Bath fashionable by paying it a visit in 1644. In 1704 Beau Nash, the famous dude who lived before the word "dude" was invented, became master of ceremonies at Bath.

The Romans occupied Bath, and traces of their being there are found in great magnificence. Among the discoveries brought to light, by recent excavations, is a large bath, with a hall, ambulatories, and a large number of chambers. The bathing establishments now in use, however, are controlled by the corporation, and are wonderfully complete. The King and Queen's bath was founded in the sixteenth century, and has a capacity of fifty-one thousand gallons. The more modern are the magnificent New Royal and New Queen's Baths, which include swimming pools, private bathrooms, douche-baths, a room adapted to the inhalation of plain and medicated vapors, and a hall where there are arrangements for specific forms of local water applications. The waters rise at a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit, and the outflow daily amounts to half a million gallons. About ninety-four thousand bathers go to Bath each year. Most of these drink the waters at the Grand Pump Room, where the waters are dispensed from 8:30 A. M. to 6 P. M., and at mid-day on Sunday. Each afternoon there is playing by a band to enliven the drinkers. The leading hotel adjoins the Pump Room, and is named the Grand Pump Room Hotel. It is a favorite with those who use the baths and the bath waters.

BICYCLING

Now that bicycling has really come down to a science, as far as skill, strength, and endurance are concerned, we read almost daily of the wonderful records made by the professional crack-a-jacks all over the world. We hear of world's records being made and broken almost in a week. But comparatively little is said, however, in the amateur field, and considering the age and experience of some of the younger members of the bicycle enthusiasts, many of them have achieved remarkable successes. Among the latter class, Frank E. Rodolph, whose portrait is herewith presented, deserves special mention. Young Rodolph is but fifteen years of age, an apt scholar at the Boys' High School of San Francisco, and has ridden the bicycle for only a few months. Although he has not entered but half a dozen races, he enjoys the distinction of not having lost a single one. Lithe, willowy, strong, and with splendid powers of endurance, he has been able to cross the tape in advance of many older and more experienced riders. He enjoys a splendid figure for a youth of his age, somewhat similar, in fact, to that of the celebrated Foster; and by those who are acquainted with his nerve, his regular and steady pedaling, there exists no doubt but that he will in time come to the front rank of our professional riders.

On April 5th last, at the Lowell High School Cyclers' Race at Central Park, Rodolph won the half-mile handicap race by half a lap in 1.14, starting from the scratch. May 22d, at the Oakland Trotting

FRANK E. RODOLPH.

Park, he won the one mile scratch race in 2.34, and on September 21st, on the inter-class field day, Olympic Club grounds, he came in first in the two-mile scratch race, covering it in 6.01½.

The last race in which he participated was at Souther Farm, near San Leandro, under the auspices of the Olympic cyclers. The track was in a deplorable condition, and though his time for the one-mile handicap, made from the scratch, was but 3.10¼, he still had the satisfaction of coming in first.

On September 16th, the Sterling Cycle Works moved into their newly equipped and recently completed factory at Kenosha, Wis., where they will turn out nearly twenty thousand Sterling bicycles next season. The factory grounds cover almost six acres of ground, and the entire plant is a one-story structure. Every new device for the improvement of wheels has been secured by the Sterling people, and they promise not only to equal but to excel their enviable reputation of the past, so that we may look for a revelation in beauty, grace, and strength of the Sterling for '96.

TWO REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

DR. G. E. SHUEY.

Considerable interest has been taken of late by the local amateur photographers in two remarkable photographs, taken by Mr. Chas. Burckhalter, of the Chabot Observatory, on a recent trip through the Coast Range Mountains in Tehama, Mendocino, and Trinity Counties. They are, indeed, so unusual, that some incredulity has been exhibited as to their genuineness,

A DISTURBED NAP.

and to this fact I am desirous of reciting the facts in connection with the circumstance under which they were obtained, as I was one of the members of the party, together with a young son of Mr. Burckhalter.

For many years Mr. Burckhalter has had a great desire to photograph a rattlesnake in life, so that we maintained a careful lookout, when we reached a section of the country where rattlers were plentiful, for an opportunity of this kind. Toward evening of the first day, we were rewarded by the sight of a big fellow just crossing the trail in front of us. We dismounted, procured a stick, and at once brought his rattlesnakeship to bay. He quickly coiled, gave out the usual rattle, and prepared for fight. By prodding him with the stick we angered him to such an extent that he struck viciously at it many times, and while in the act of one of these attacks Mr. Burckhalter caught him with the camera. The poison ejected at every strike was plainly visible, but he seemed to realize that his efforts were fruitless, and resigned himself to his fate. The next day, shortly upon arriving at our destination, we captured another large rattler and took him with us to camp. He fought viciously at first, but a short time in solitary confinement took all the fight out of him, and no amount of irritation would cause him to be aggressive. Another day we found a rattler asleep on a rock. He was awakened by the noise we made in approaching, but apparently not being the least bit frightened, he awaited to see what the object of our intrusion was. The accompanying photograph shows that for itself.

In the experiences we had on this trip, we proved the fallacy of many common beliefs in regard to the habits of rattlers. They will not show fight if there is a possibility of escape, but if cornered fight viciously. They do not always coil, nor is it absolutely necessary that they do so before striking. They can, and will, strike from the form of a letter S, but they cannot quite reach their full length, the tail necessarily remaining on the ground. Some theories have been advanced that they cannot live at a high altitude, but nevertheless, we found them in June and July at an elevation of 6000 feet, and we caught one within 50 feet of a bank of snow. Later in the season they can frequently be found at even a higher elevation. It has also been believed from time immemorial that a rattlesnake will not cross a hair rope. To test this theory, we placed a barrier of this kind, drew a circle around one of these, and retired some distance to await developments. Without being disturbed in the least, he crawled back and forth over this rope without the slightest hesitancy. We tried one rather amusing experiment on the snake which we had captured by giving him a hypodermic injection of spirits of fermunti. The first effect was one of exhilaration and seemed to incite a pugnacious spirit, while a repetition of the dose created a sort of stupor and indifference to interruption, but, after a long sleep, the effect passed away and he regained his normal condition. To another, we gave a hypodermic injection of cocaine, which proved fatal at once. Again we administered tobacco juice, which seemed to throw him into convulsions, causing him to turn on his back and become quite rigid, so that he could be picked up on a stick without bending whatever. He lay in a stupor for about half an hour, but finally revived. We afterwards killed one with a large dose of tobacco.

One of the best pictures Mr. Burckhalter secured was that of a salmon in the act of leaping a waterfall. The falls are located on a branch of the Middle Fork of the Eel river, near the line between Mendocino and Trinity Counties. The fall is about twelve feet high and the current very swift. The pool below was filled with salmon, and in the forenoon we could observe them lying about in schools of perhaps fifty at a time, averaging in length from two to four feet. In the early part of the afternoon they would begin to jump, endeavoring to reach the upper part of the fall. Every few seconds they would make a leap, sometimes there being two or three in the air at once. After observing their movements for some time, we conceived the idea of photographing them in the act of leaping, and after two exposures Mr. Burckhalter succeeded in obtaining the excellent and unusual picture herewith reproduced.

SALMON JUMPING THE FALLS.

These two photographs have caused so many expressions of unbelief, that I sometimes feel like presenting an affidavit, duly attested by a notary, on every occasion that they are exhibited to others.

THE BURNING LAKE.

LEIGH H. IRVINE.

THE Volcano of Kilauea is the most tremendous example of energy on the planet, for it is a boiling lake of fire where billions of tons of molten rock are forever tossed by elemental forces.

Before one visits the lake proper he beholds the mischief made in ages past by the Titanic forces which ripped the sloping plain of the great mountain Mauna Loa, and rent the rock-ribbed bluffs and earth in every direction from the Volcano-house. The strange spectacles abounding on the bluffs are second only to the fires below—a fine interlude to Kilauea itself!

There is, for example, one ragged ravine running to the eastward which terminates two miles from the hotel. It is probably twenty feet wide, and no plummet has ever sounded its depths. It is, however, only one of the many bottomless ravines which abound in the neighborhood. The palm of one's hand is not more thickly furrowed with lines than is the earth surrounding the volcano hotel on the edge of this Kilauean wonder. One is made aware of the existence of many of these rents by the sulphuretted vapors and hissing steam—but where one puffs and blows forth its hot gases a dozen slumber without the slightest warning of their existence. Indeed, the most dangerous cavities are often covered by ferns, flowers, creeping vines, and semi-tropical mountain shrubbery which carpet chasms that terminate many miles below.

Now for a descent to witness the great spectacle itself, of which all preliminaries are the merest side-shows!

The Volcano-house is at the northeast edge of the cavity in the mountain side known as the great crater, whose circumference is nearly ten miles. The descent into this weird region begins about two hundred feet southwest of the hotel, and though quite abrupt the path is wide enough for a horse and it winds down, down gradually for a mile. Along the road there is much beautiful foliage, and not the slightest suggestion of violent forces slumbering or in action. Suddenly you reach the limit of plant and animal life, and before you stretches a bleak expanse of lava, formed into mountains and billows of congealed rock, which have cooled and stopped in myriad flows, doubtless the accumulation of centuries—some decomposed, worn, and ancient, others fresh as the morning. Yonder is a patch of broken, bluish lava, upheaved like an ice flow on a river, its cakes and crusts formed into hills, hollows, cones, arches, and triangular shaped blocks. Look back toward the trail, and ragged cliffs and perpendicular walls from five hundred to eight hundred feet above you tell the story of your descent. Everything on this vast floor is more silent than the Dead Sea, and apparently solid as Gibraltar, for you can see through chasms that the lava beneath your feet is anywhere from thirty to one hundred feet thick. Some of these rents are bridged, and by peeping down where the sunbeams shine you will behold ferns climbing toward the light. Your first impression is that the floor is smooth and practically level, but you soon learn that your zig-zag western march will carry you over many steep and frozen lava waves, and gradually upward toward the active lake of fire, which is four hundred feet above the lowest eastern floor of the pit. On this side and that are deep ravines and sulphur-colored holes, once puffing with expanding vapors, but now at rest. And as you proceed the lava grows warmer under your feet while steam and sulphur fumes escape through occasional blow-holes and gigantic cones.

The old trail was now abandoned, for here and there it had been obliterated by a river of lava flowing over it, cooling and forming into pools which were so convoluted as to suggest great coils of rope. The guide led the way, armed with a testing pole ten or fifteen feet long. Every tourist was provided with a substantial cane, and the guide said: "We are now getting into the second pit. Do not get scared, but follow me! Step where I step, and strike the spot immediately before you with your stick, to see whether it will hold you. If you fall do not touch the lava with your hands, for it is as sharp as glass."

No one knows whence come the drains that sometimes empty the lake or the surplus which makes it overflow. The lava conduits must run to a vast supply in subterranean depths, for billions of tons are required to cause the known outflows. The reservoir of lava must be in regions of eternal heat and fusion, amid disrupting and displacing forces which no violence or prodigality of Kilauea can drain. For ages upon ages the wonderful abyss has done its work of melting mountains, interrupted by occasional arrests, as on March 7, 1891, when the fires were suddenly extinguished for a month, so that Surveyor Joseph Emerson, of Honolulu, explored the crater's bed for 600 feet below the general level. But no one can account for these caprices!

VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

Many visitors describe tremors and rumbling sounds, blow holes and other spectacles, which were absent when I saw the lower pit; but Kilauea is never seen twice alike, because the volcano's work continually changes the displays throughout the crater.

Finally I reached the summit of the crumbling lava, cakes of which lay in all directions, intercepted here by air holes and melted there by fresh flows. Faith led me on and on, though every time the sheet of lava beneath me gave way I had no assurance except the uniform experience of others that I should not sink into the bowels of the earth instead of a few feet; for no engineer knows what cantilever system or law of mechanics prevents the lava floor from falling into the lake and becoming billows of the blood-red sea.

At last the abode of the fire goddess Pele was before me, a hissing, seething lake of fire a few feet from where I stood. Bursting areas of the molten globe rose like a swelling sea not ten feet away, and I saw the liquid plane through rising waves of hot air which glistened and trembled until the eye was pained. Steam and vapors escaped with a thunderous roar from innumerable vent holes, and tons of melted lava were tossed into the air, showing that nature can lift a mountain as readily as float a feather. At intervals the surface was struck by chilling breezes which turned the red to a sheen of silver. The desolate sea on which I gazed was upheld by the heat and gases of subterranean lava whose temperature is beyond comprehension—so great as to transform the most solid things into vapors, not unlike the sun, itself a seething globe of compressed gases.

On the edge of this Hawaiian sphinx, therefore, one is brought face to face with the Infinite; and compared with the energy beheld in its varied phenomena all other spectacles ever beheld on earth are dwarfed into absolute insignificance.

But the best view, after all, was from the somber bluff half a mile away, a spot free from danger. There no vapors suffocated and no heat blinded me, and beneath my feet was terra firma. From there the view at night was a sublime spectacle of tremendous energy. Gigantic eruptions upheaved lurid fountains which hissed and roared forty and fifty feet above the level of the lake, mingled with various outbursts of sulphur and other vapors, as the blood-red lava dashed over the banks and overflowed the places where our party had stood but a few hours before. Great boulders were tossed by the surging fire waves like corks or light buoys upon an angry sea. Then crimson fountains rose gently like rainbows and sank again into the bosom of eternal fire. Boiling springs and exploding acres of lava rose hither and yon in countless profusion, sending forth their hot breath as from the throat of Vulcan's forge: bubbling, hissing, thundering geysers from the inferno, whose awfulness overpowered the mind! Cataracts of liquid flame now and then plunged from the walls or fell back into the bottomless seas whence they came—forever restless in their terrible home. The molten sea incessantly quivered as if shaken by perpetual earthquakes, its surface now covered with ten thousand torches and again bursting into a tidal wave of brilliant red—the exploding vapors dashing thunderously, as if driven by pent-up demons beneath the fiery storm. At one time I counted fifteen brilliant fountains, and suddenly thereafter the entire southern wall of the crater was submerged by a monster wave of lava, which flowed all night, forming into red rivers and many branches which ran in all directions over the cold sea of lava that forms the great crater ten miles in circumference.

And when I awoke in the night the light from countless fire fountains and lava flows was shining on the walls and pictures like a delicate sunset effect. For centuries the mysterious fountains of Kilauea have illumined the sky and tinted the clouds which form over snow-crowned Mauna Loa, and they will play on amid sunshine and storm, beneath blazing suns and ripening moons just as faithfully as the stars keep their vigil. And so long as the dance of the hours shall go forward, for all man knows, Halemaumau's awful fires will throb and beat like things of life and terror in contrast with the somber peaks of Mauna Kea, snow-capped and eternal, glistening amid the stars, ten thousand feet above Pele's abode of eternal fire, the gateway to realms infernal.

A Run Through the South

W. V. Bryan

It is a fairly well-known fact that Del Monte has, for years past, been a veritable Mecca for bridal couples, so that young married people, who may be strangers to the guests of that famous hostelry, are more than likely to be accredited with being on their honeymoon, and, in consequence, must endure the quizzical demeanor which curiosity, in such instances, impels.

Nowadays, however, it has become also quite a fad for bridal parties to take a run through Southern California, and we read almost daily that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so "will spend a couple of weeks in the South, after which they will return and settle down in their new residence." Why is it, therefore, that Southern California has made such strides during the past few years, enjoying not only the immense influx of Easterners each winter, but also the increasing patronage of many families in other sections of the State and Coast? The question seems easy of reply. Climate, hospitality of its people, unusual excellence of its hotels and resorts, and variety of its attractions will, no doubt, explain almost wholly why this is so. Then again, to a certain extent, it at least reminds one of the tropical countries, not because of its temperature, which is not excessive, but because one sees on every side many varieties of plants and trees that are identified with warmer climes; and while the inhabitants of Southern California are far from lacking in industry and energy, one's whole environments—people, climate, plants, all—are most pleasantly suggestive of the delightful abandon, frivolities, gayeties, pleasures, and the good-natured, lazy indifferences which are so characteristic of the semi-tropics.

FALLS SCENERY, SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS.

Los Angeles is just as busy and bustling as ever. Everybody is on the go, the hotels are beginning to feel the first advances of the tourist trade, and nobody seems to complain of hard times. Drop into the office of the Hollenbeck Hotel and you will invariably find it full. The success of this well-known hotel is, perhaps, almost phenomenal, for when it came into the hands of its present proprietors, nearly three years ago, it enjoyed what might be termed but a fair patronage. To-day, there is no more popular, nor more prosperous hotel in the South than the Hollenbeck. The policy of the management has been improvement at all times, and each year many thousands of dollars have been spent in keeping up to the times; and the fact that this method was a wise one is testified to by the increasing trade the hostelry has enjoyed. It further enjoys the advantage of being the most centrally located hotel in the City of Los Angeles, which is generally a desideratum to both tourists and business men.

Ten miles eastward from Los Angeles lies the pretty town of Pasadena, which, during the past few years, has become a most popular resort. Reached by two competing railways, as well as an electric line, it is a natural outlet for tourists from Los Angeles. Pasadena has three good hotels—the Green, the Painter, and the Mitchell.

The Hotel Green is, undoubtedly, the finest, most elegant, and best equipped hotel in the South. Since the past season a number of changes and improvements have been made in its interior, particularly the office, which has been enlarged and lightened, making it a most imposing introduction to the whole. The Green opens on November 1st, and already nearly all the rooms have been engaged for the winter. The success of the Green is due almost entirely to the exceptional management of Mr. J. H. Holmes, who is one of the most affable and capable managers in the hotel line. Mr. Holmes is constant in his attention to details and his close observance of the wants of his guests; the standard and elegance of the general service throughout the hotel are accountable for the ever-increasing patronage enjoyed since the opening day.

A little farther up the slope, just on the outskirts of the town, stands the Painter Hotel, surrounded with a well-preserved flower garden, and affording a splendid view of the San Gabriel Valley. While not as pretentious in point of size and architecture as many other hotels, yet the Painter enjoys a peculiar attractiveness of its own. While not catering to the society element, the Painter is strictly first-class in every respect, and its patrons are mostly those who enjoy quiet, comfort, and home-like sociability.

The Hotel Mitchell, too, is a neat, cozy little house, only a block from the Santa Fe depot. It changed hands only six months ago, being formerly known as the Balmoral. Neat, comfortable, attractive, and setting an excellent table, it will no doubt receive a considerable share of the patronage of the traveling public during the coming winter months.

CAVES AT LA JOLLA, NEAR SAN DIEGO.

Last but not least, at the extreme southwest corner of the State, is the incomparable City of San Diego, on San Diego Bay, the latter being one of the finest harbors in the world. The mildness and evenness of its climate and almost perpetual sunshine are characteristics that have made the city one of the most attractive in the South. For the invalid, no better location could be selected, and for the tourist and pleasure seeker it offers an almost unlimited variety of attractions and amusement. Its proximity to the famous Hotel del Coronado, the celebrated and wonderful caves at La Jolla Park, the Mexican boundary line, its interesting drives, and its exceptional facilities for boating, sailing, and bathing, all combine to make it a delightful resort for the traveler.

Mexican Boundary Monument. Sea Bathing. Point Loma. Old Mission, San Diego.

In this connection it will be interesting to know something of the character of the hotels in so charming a spot. There are three well-known, first-class caravansaries in the city—the Brewster, the Florence, and the Horton House. In the very heart of town is the favorite "Little Brewster," as it is sometimes affectionately termed by its old-time patrons. A neater, cleaner, better managed hotel does not exist. Mr. O'Brien, the proprietor, is one of the most affable, generous, and obliging bonifaces in the hotel business, and every detail of the business is at all times under his personal supervision. It is a pleasure to meet a man of this character, who, while properly reserved and mindful of his own business, yet enjoys an intuitive tact of sociability with his guests, and makes every one of them feel at home, contented and happy. Mr. O'Brien has recently added an annex to the hotel, consisting of sample rooms which, of course, meet with high favor among the commercial classes.

The Hotel Florence, situated on the heights overlooking the bay and city, is a capacious and most pleasant house. It has recently undergone extensive improvements, both inside and out. The most noticeable and effective change is in the large dining-room which has been lightened by a series of arches cut out of one side, giving a cheery outlook into the garden of tropical plants. Mr. A. E. Nutt, the owner, and Mr. G. W. Lynch, manager, will jointly conduct the hotel this season. The combination is a most excellent one, and, together with the timely improvements, will, no doubt, add greatly to the popularity of this resort, and draw a large contingent from the tourist trade.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

CAPT. ROBERT QUINTON.

MANY years have I spent trading in the South Sea Islands, but in a short article it is impossible to give more than a brief outline of life among the strange people who inhabit them.

My first visit was in command of a vessel from Sydney to Tongataboo, and the first Sunday I spent there I went to the Missionary chapel to hear Rev. Shirley Baker preach. Most of the congregation squatted upon the floor, and several men, armed with long bamboos, walked up and down and rapped them on the head if they did not pay strict attention to the sermon that the minister was earnestly delivering.

When they were dismissed I was surprised to see them take off their clothes as they came out of the door and walk home with them under their arms.

The vessel was afterward sold in Samoa, and I entered into partnership with a man named George De Vere and kept a trading station in Vavao (one of the Tonga Islands), where I learned a good deal about the natives. A party of natives once invited me to accompany them on a shark-fishing expedition. They went in a number of double canoes, and, upon arriving at the fishing-grounds, began to rattle a great number of empty cocoanut shells strung upon pieces of fow (a very tough kind of wood), and yelled like fiends.

In a few minutes the sharks were thick about us. The natives had a number of ropes made of fow bark, with running bowlines on the ends, which they kept towing in the water. The lower part of each bowline hung so low in the water that they had no difficulty in passing it around a shark, when all hands instantly hauled him to the surface and part of them got another bowline over his head and held him while the others beat him to death with their clubs.

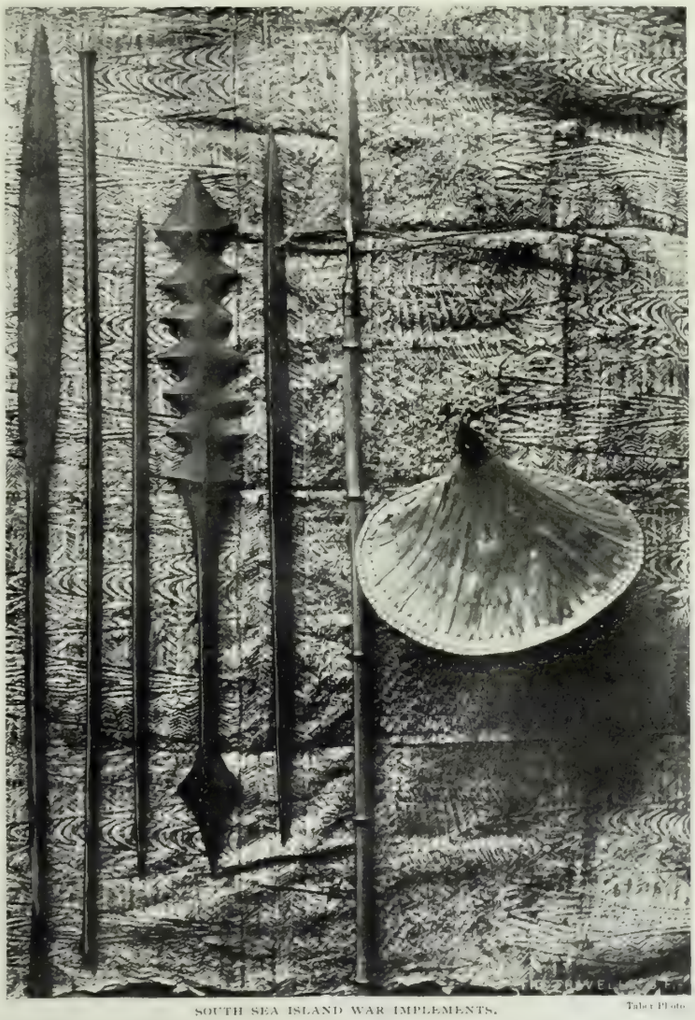
The usual dress consists of a small mat of pandanus leaves, called a vala, but full dress consists of a large mat, made of the inner bark of the paper mulberry-tree, and every family has a different pattern for painting their natoos (mats), commonly called by traders tappa. Every little girl has one of these natoos made for her, and the family pattern is tattooed upon her left arm or side in a space about two inches square. This natoo is then put away until she is married, when it is wrapped around her from her shoulders to her feet, and tied about the waist with a rope of fow bark. She then marches through the colo toward the fali of her intended husband, attended by all her female friends, who walk two by two behind her and shout good wishes to the bride at the top of their voices. Arrived within sight of the bridegroom and his friends, who are squatted upon the ground in a semi-circle in front of his fali, all parties begin singing; the bride seats herself beside the bridegroom and the other women find places among the men. The bridegroom's friends then give each one a basket made of cocoanut leaves containing about seven or eight pounds of pork and yams, and it is considered impolite to leave any of it; but they never insult each other in this way, for, like the Australian blacks, they always appear ready to eat. The kava is then pounded upon a stone, mixed with water in a large wooden bowl, strained through fow bark, and passed around in cocoanut shells.

In case of a death the body is wrapped in mats and placed upon a raised platform in the fali. The mourners squat upon the floor, each two sitting back to back, as it is considered very impolite for any one to sit with his back against the fali. The men sit in silence, but the women keep up a low wailing chant containing frequent repetitions of the word "Oiaooe" (o-ee-ah-oo-ay) "Alas." They march to the grave chanting in low mournful tones. After filling in the grave, the surface of the ground is covered with oblong layers of black and white pebbles, each alternate layer being of a different color and an inch or two higher than the one immediately surrounding it.

The Gilbert Islanders were once fierce cannibals. I have often heard natives of the Cannibal Islands assert that they do not like white man's flesh because it tastes too salty.

On one occasion we were ordered to the Solomon Islands. Being short of water we put into Coleridge Bay, and anchored in fifteen fathoms. At first we saw very little of the natives, though we knew it was necessary to keep an extra good lookout to guard against a sudden surprise. At midnight we started up one of the creeks in two boats to fill our water casks, and after having filled our casks we were about to return, when we heard a series of grunts and squeals which we knew were caused by pigs which had come down to the water to drink. Instantly one party of us landed and made a detour through the bush to head them off, while the others were to lie concealed in one of the boats under the shadows of the trees and attack them in the water should they attempt to swim across the stream. To guard against accidents, no one was to use firearms, but only cutlasses and hatchets.

There appeared to be about twenty of the pigs, and just as we were about to rush upon them one man tripped and fell, and the pigs, alarmed by the noise, set up a loud squeal and dashed back directly among us. Our dexterity with cutlass and hatchet was severely taxed, for the pigs fought savagely. Six of them were secured, but we had no means of knowing how many badly wounded might have been concealed among the bushes, for they are sharp enough to keep perfectly still till the moment they are discovered.



SOUTH SEA ISLAND WAR IMPLEMENTS. Taber Photo.

We were just congratulating ourselves upon our success, and had placed the last of the hogs in the boats, when we were startled by a series of savage yells, more resembling the cries of wild beasts than those of human beings, for the natives make a peculiar noise by slapping their mouths with their open palms while yelling. It would have been worse than useless to attempt to escape in the boats, for the moon had risen sufficiently to reveal any object on the water, and the natives could shoot from under cover of the trees on the bank without exposing themselves.

We instantly dropped down behind the bank as a shower of arrows flew over our heads, and the natives, probably thinking we had taken to the boats, gave another yell and dashed forward just in time to receive a volley from all hands, which brought down several and caused the others to dart back into the bush. This was not because they were frightened, but because it is their regular method of fighting. We then hastily hitched a spare piece of rope to the roots of two bushes, and drew to one side of our former position.

For a few minutes everything was deathly still; then we were suddenly startled by a yell so close that it seemed surprising how they had managed to get so near without being discovered. As they rushed forward the foremost ones landed on their heads over the rope, and were cut down as they attempted to regain their feet, but the others instantly closed upon us and tried to cut us off from the boats. Of course we kept close together under the shade of the trees and kept up a constant fire from our rifles and revolvers. It might be supposed that the heavy war clubs of the natives, wielded with both hands, would be more than a match for our cutlasses, but this is a mistake. Their clubs are too heavy and unwieldy, and, while they raise them over their heads to strike, it is comparatively easy for a man armed with a cutlass to evade the blow or run them through; and so it proved on this occasion—the weapons of civilization won over those of the savages.

Two white men and four of our islanders were killed; one white man was wounded by a spear which penetrated his lungs; I received a glancing blow of a club on the head, the force of which was considerably broken by an East Indian topee, but just as he struck me I cut him across the face, and he did not strike again.

The strangest case of all was that of a Russian, who was struck by an arrow which passed clear through the calf of his leg. As he stooped to examine the wound a native struck at his head, but missed, and the two fell together. The native caught him by the throat, but quick as a flash the Russian drew his knife and drove it through the body of the native. His leg afterward shrivelled up till the skin was drawn tight to the bone, and in color resembled a Chinaman's skin, though he did not complain of much pain; yet it afterwards filled out and became as well as the other. I received a slight cut from an arrow on the left hand, and it festered for nearly three months before healing.

We sailed next day and buried the bodies at sea to prevent the natives eating them.

It seems strange that so few know or care anything about these fertile and beautiful islands, on many of which coffee, cotton, and sugar-cane grow wild, besides many kinds of valuable timber; while the sea supplies pearls, pearl shell, tortoise shell, sponge, and beche-de-mer.

In Alaska, Kamchatka, Hong Kong, Borneo, Java, Australia, India, and Cape Town, I have often reflected that all these races are compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the white man.

Why are the fairest portions of the earth given up to those whom we denominate savages; or, are they merely created to hold their land in trust till the white man takes it from them?

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKETT FERGUSON

Girls' names with variations have quite superseded the plain cognomens of their baptism. One observes that the Alice of babyhood has been evolved into the Allyce of to-day; that Grace has become obsolete since Grayce crept into the Society directory, and that the identities of Maree, Jeanne, Edythe, and a host of others are well nigh lost in time's shuffle. Why not extend these privileges to downtrodden man? Why should we not have Wyllyams, and Alphreds, and Albyrtes? What is the matter with Henrye, Phreddie, and Jahymes? May not they, too, trim their names with alphabetical ruffles? Why do not men assert their rights?

An article on a live subject—bloomers.

Science makes the interesting discovery that there is a woman in the moon. If this be true, we cannot for an instant blame the man in the moon. He has certainly held out a long time against feminine charms; and, after several thousand years of celibacy, no one would have the heart to forbid the banns. It must have been dreadfully lonely up there, anyhow, and in putting out a sign "To Let" upon his bachelor apartments, he has simply followed out—though somewhat tardily it must be admitted—the scriptural precept, "It is not good for man to be alone." Surely the New Woman's ambition should be satisfied with this difficult conquest. Up to the present time the man in the moon has not been reckoned an eligible *parti;* but since he has fallen a victim to her wiles, it is safe to say that he has already pledged himself to support the suffrage amendment.

The unkindest cut of all was administered on Market Street the other day. Said one of the sex feminine to another, discussing an acquaintance of uncertain age, "I see that Miss So-and-so has become quite devout—in fact, she says that she has given herself to the Lord."

"Good reason why," responded her companion, "she couldn't find anybody else to give herself to."

A tender-hearted maid was she, so tender-hearted that
She would not for the world have harmed a fly;
And yet to fittingly adorn her stylish winter hat,
Just twenty little birds were doomed to die.

Evidently the journalists of Madrid do not believe that the pen is mightier than the sword, since they have dropped the former and drawn the latter with the pleasing intention of reducing each other to fractional pieces. Several duels have so far been fought and a couple of dozen more are pending. We do not manage things like that in this country. We have a much cleaner, safer, and easier way of settling the little difficulties that mar the sweet serenity of newspaperdom. Our weapons are manufactured in the mints and their effect is magical in helping "the hurt that honor feels."

It is thrillingly interesting to be informed by a fashion authority that, although the styles in canes are severely plain this season, a bit of silver on a stick is quite the thing, and that no one using one of the latter variety will offend the canons of "good form." Several novelties in this article of personal adornment are described at length. A perusal of the paragraph gives the reader the impression that new ideas in canes are more plentiful than in their owners' heads.

The orchestra I knew was somewhere near—
I heard it playing;
The actors, too, were there, for I could hear
What they were saying.

Through five long acts in dark eclipse I sat,
With thoughts unuttered;
I might have been as blind as any bat
That ever fluttered.

For no one can appreciate the charm
In footlight glories,
Compelled to lurk behind an ostrich farm
Of thirteen stories.

In spite of the fact that his personal reputation has not a tattered shred left to tell the tale, the name of Oscar Wilde will live in literature. That he has given to the world brilliant work cannot be denied. He should be allowed the credit that belongs to him intellectually, though morally he be beneath contempt. Even the Ruler of the Warm Regions should be given his due. As a man, Wilde should be forgotton. As a litterateur, he should be remembered. As for his soul, God may be trusted to look after that. Were the world to gauge men of brains by their morality instead of their mentality, a number of very brilliant stars would disappear from the literary firmament.

There is a mother-in-law in New York who does not approve of saying "bless you, my children," when the children in question abscond from home rule. Her fourteen-year-old daughter recently eloped with and married a young man. Overtaking them, the irate parent drove off the bridegroom, took the bride home, and, placing her across her knee, administered corporal punishment in the time-honored way. It must have been a humiliating denouement to the romance of the thing, but doubtless it was the most sensible one after all.

The idiosyncrasies of the folding-bed have served several purposes, but those most directly benefited by its vagaries have been of the medical profession. The folding-bed is an evil thing, and there is every reason to rejoice, in the interests of humanity, that its day is not to be a long one, that its popularity is already on the wane. It always was a wretched compromise, anyway. Deceptively innocent in appearance, it has held awful possibilities in its grasp, and it is not likely that it will survive the present generation—if, indeed, the present generation survive *it*. No one wants to be utilized as a ham sandwich, to make a living picture with face turned to the wall, or to depart this life in obedience to the unreasonable whim of a sideboard or parlor mantel that is not attending to business. The passing of the folding-bed is a public blessing.

He left her sitting all alone
Between the acts;
His impoliteness I dislike to own,
But such are facts.

Pacific Grove is a charming retreat when one is in search of recuperation combined with quietude. The Hotel Del Monte and its incomparable surroundings are distant by but an hour's ride on the street-car, and the famous "Seventeen Mile Driveway" is delightful every foot of the way. Two San Francisco girls, who occupied a room this season in one of the many canvas cottages that dot the Grove like tents on a battlefield, created a small sensation down there one night. At the uncanny hour of two o'clock, one of them was awakened by a strange noise at the window. She does not claim to be a heroine, and is not ambitious to make a record for bravery, so she promptly tucked her head under the bedclothes. Emerging cautiously to take breath, she again heard the same sound. Badly frightened, she roused her companion. "Burglars!" she hissed in the latter's ear. The sound being rapidly repeated, the terrified maidens held a conference under the counterpane, one urging the burglar hypothesis, the other insisting it must be a snake. Just how a reptile could attach itself to a pane of glass and perform tomtoms thereon does not transpire, but then a girl's reasoning faculties are not at their best in the dead of night. Putting their Trilbys out on the cold floor, they fled to awaken the household. Presently all was confusion. Lights glimmered, people in airy costumes tiptoed nervously about, the landlord dashed outside to lasso the prowler, and his better half turned the searching rays of a bull's-eye lantern upon the fateful window. And there, on the topmost pane, clung a large, energetic bug.

The disappointed candidate is, no doubt, to be pitied; but what are his feelings compared with those of the summer girl who has not had a single, solitary proposal?

She comes in gown of russet brown;
A captivating curl
Upon her forehead nestles down—
The bright-eyed winter girl.

And when she parts her lips to speak,
You see twin rows of pearl;
The glow of health is on her cheek—
Oh, charming winter girl!

She'll quite forget your words of love,
Your flag of hope she'll furl;
But then, that is the custom of
A naughty winter girl.

There's danger in the upward glance
That sets your brain awhirl;
She'll lead you, sir, a merry dance—
This saucy winter girl.

She flirts alike with city fop
And awkward country churl;
In fact, she don't know when to stop—
For she's a winter girl.

But when your days are dark with strife,
Within the tempest's swirl,
She promises to be for life—
Your own dear winter girl.

"Some people are continually in the rear of the social procession, and I'm one of them," sighed a little woman who is trying with all her small might to get into the Four Hundred's innermost circles. "Although I'm invited to the very swellest functions, I am always overlooked when it comes to the matter of names. I invariably figure in the coterie known as 'and others.' It is very provoking. One likes to see one's name in print *once* in a while. 'Among those present were——and others,' meaning yours truly and her companions in oblivion. Well, one thing sure, my obituary will have to be more explicit. Not to retire from mortal scenes in the 'and others' list will be some satisfaction anyway."

If the love of a nice girl, or the possession of a good wife will not keep a man from wrong-doing, nothing will, and he deserves neither of these blessings.

A severe-featured, prim, elderly lady turned the corner into Kearny Street the other evening. "Have some fun with a mustache!" said a voice in her ear. She looked shocked—indeed, she stopped still from sheer amazement; then a relieved expression came over her face as she observed that the young man whose voice had arrested her attention was, after all, not addressing himself to her in particular, but to the passers-by in general, while offering his stock of detachable mustaches and other hirsute adornments for sale.

The sidewalk merchant is a great attraction to the visiting countryman and a strong drawing-card to the small boy. Whether he be the vender of a cargo of Marys and Johns, wonderful tin fowls that make tracks for the nearest cellarway, the latest topical songs, or lizards with machine interiors, the sidewalk merchant is a never-ending dream of delight to the youthful eyes about him. Mechanical toys fascinate children of all dispositions, from the careful child who treasures everything in his possession, to the destructive child, who longs to perform autopsies upon everything within reach. And so the sidewalk merchant is always sure of an audience, a round-eyed, adoring audience; for no worship is equal, in disinterestedness, to the worship that childhood gives.

At twenty he aspired to be
A ruler in the land;
Alas, for human destiny!
He's quite content, at forty-three,
To run a peanut stand.

Brass bands as shopping accompaniments are rapidly becoming a feature of metropolitan life. While it might seem at first a trifle incongruous to select one's favorite brand of darning cotton with "Sweet Marie" floating around one's ears, or to buy mourning habiliments to the invigorating strains of "Yankee Doodle," it is safe to predict that what now seems an extraneous condition will eventually become an absolute necessity. A slave to the musical habit, one will not think of purchasing a pair of socks without the soothing complement of a dreamy waltz, or trust one's judgment in the matter of hairpins unaided by the "Star Spangled Banner."

Attached to a local kindergarten is a "lumber room," where various articles are stored, among them a large American flag. Recently a cat found her way in there, and when the door was opened next day, behold! there lay a tiny kitten beside its mother. Kitty is now the youngest kindergartner in the school, the pet of the children, and has been christened "America" because it was born under the flag. Nevertheless, it chases its tail with a frivolity that plainly demonstrates its inability to live up to the patriotic dignity of its name.

When Wallace's circus was in town, the kindergartners took the little ones in their charge to visit the show. Just before the Lux-Potter contingent started, a very small boy was discovered to be in the sulks.

"What is the matter, Johnnie?" asked his teacher. "Don't you want to go to the circus and see the animals?"

"No," responded that disgruntled juvenile, "I don't like animals. I only like elfunts."

Misfortune may seem to follow you, gentle reader, and doubtless you sometimes think that you are in hard luck, but if you are not a witness in the Durrant case, rest assured that your cup of bitterness is only half full.

Foreign capital is making its way in California. The Iron Mountain Mine, yielding gold and copper, has been purchased by a British syndicate, and a million dollars of English money will be expended in its development. Thirteen miles of railroad will be built, and smelting works are to be erected. At present the Selby Works in this city are the only smelting works in the State. The syndicate has advertised for one hundred men and will eventually put five hundred more to work. The great Utica Mine at Angel's Camp, in Calaveras County, recently burned out, will soon be in active operation again, the stupendous task of repairing it having gone on without intermission since the disaster.

ITEMS.

Those who contemplate the purchase of real estate, fruit lands, etc., in San Jose and vicinity, should not fail to communicate with W. G. Hawley & Co., 17 South First Street, San Jose. They are now unquestionably the leading real estate firm of that city, and have an abundance of choice literature bearing on the lands that they have for sale. San Jose is well known as the Garden City, and aptly termed so, for it would be difficult to find a prettier town, with its miles and miles of shade trees growing along the streets.

It may be only a coincidence, but it is usually the very, very scrawny girl who has the most to say about the immodesty of wearing bloomers.

Mr. J. F. Coope, well known during his connection with the Ben Lomond Wine Company at Santa Cruz, has recently formed a co-partnership with Mr. Pippy of San Francisco, it now being under the name of Coope & Pippy. They are handling the famous Vino del Rey wines, and are sole agents for the Schramsberg Vineyard, from which come some of the best table wines in the State. They are located at 204 Market Street, and families who care to be served with the best wines in the market will do well to call upon this new firm.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks's Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The California Optical Company, at 317 Kearny Street, San Francisco, is doing a most excellent business. This concern has grown rapidly during the past few years, the reason for it simply being the excellence of the goods they handle, the courteous treatment extended to their patrons, and the splendid modern facilities they have for effecting a perfect test of the eyes. They deal in optical instruments of all kinds, and there is no better place in the city to purchase goods of this character than from this company.

Louis Roederer Champagne stands once more at the top of the market, but there was a time, some years ago, when it retired somewhat to the background; not due to the wine itself, but to the lack of push given it through the former agency. Since, however, it has been under the control of Macondray Bros. & Lockard, these young men have brought it to its old place at the head of the list, so that to-day it is, perhaps, the most popular brand in the market.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

San Bernardino is now possessed of one of the neatest little hotels in the South, "The Stewart." About a year ago it opened under the management of Messrs. Erkes & Co., who still remain in control. It is a two-story structure, the rooms are large, airy, and excellently furnished, and one of the unique features of the hotel is a system of telephone communication between the rooms and the main office. It is the only hotel in the State furnishing this system, and, as it works to perfection, it may be readily understood that it is the most convenient adjunct that could be introduced into a house of this kind. The table is well managed and beyond criticism, so that, altogether, "The Stewart" enjoys all of the best patronage that comes to the city. Erkes & Co. are to be congratulated upon the phenomenal success that they have evolved since the opening.

NEW GOLD.

SWEETHEART.

'Tis the prettiest word
That ever was heard
From lover to his near one;
It means much more
Than fifty score
Of darling, pet, and dear one.

To lover tall
Doth it recall
His little lady slender;
Her cheek's ripe peach
His heart doth reach,
His heart both strong and tender.

And be her eye
Like summer sky,
Or be it black and gleaming;
And be she small,
Or queenly tall,
This word for her is seeming.

Sweetheart, sweetheart,
If not one part
Be hers of beauty's power;
Her heart so true
Beats sweet for you,
You crave no fairer dower.

If loved were I,
And I should die,
By him who'd learned to love me,
Might on my stone
"Sweetheart" alone
Be sadly cut above me.

THE WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood,
While he sat on a cornsheaf at daylight's decline;
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played on her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried.
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your fair arm"—
She smiled, and she laid her fair arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss;
You would lay your fair cheek to this browned one of mine,
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make;
For, only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

—*Robert Story.*

"What a beautiful thing is thought," said she;
"A boon it is to myself and Jim.
I sit and think he is thinking of me,
And he sits and thinks I am thinking of him."

THAT REMINDS ME.

HAY THERE! Emb. Photo.

Edwin—What do you think I have in this locket, dearest? The postage stamp on your last letter. It has been touched by your lips. It often touches mine.

Angeline—Oh, Edwin, I'm so very sorry. I moistened that horrid postage stamp on Fido's dear, damp nose.

"Is your son improving in his violin-playing, Mr. Jones?"

"Well—either he's improving, or we're getting used to it!"

Little Girl—Did the newspaper reporters notice your papa was at the great banquet last night?

Little Boy—Yes.

"Mamma said she couldn't find your papa's name on the list."

"No, but the list ends up with 'and others.' That means papa. They always mention him that way."

Baroness—When we were in London we saw "Charley's Aunt."

Retired Chandler's Wife—Ah, I had the pleasure of dining with her last season at Lucerne.

"My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent. "So I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a farthing, in which the last words were: 'Has Earnest got over his financial difficulty yet?'"

Julian Ralph, when he went to China, prepared himself very carefully in pigeon English, which he had been told he would find useful, and on discovering a Chinaman in his bedroom at a hotel in Shanghai, remarked: "Hello! What ting? What fashion man you belong? What side you come?" To which the Chinaman replied:

"This is Mr. Ralph, I presume? We have mutual friends who suggested my calling on you. I spent eight years at school at Norwich, Conn."

The Teacher—Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold?

Johnnie Bright (promptly)—Heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold.

Professor—Can you tell me who was Aristophanes, and how long ago he lived?

Student—I'd like to accommodate you, Professor, but the truth is, I don't know as much about him as you do.

Tramp—Madame, yer don't happen to have a porous plaster in the house, do yer?

Mrs. Hussiff (sympathetically)—P'r'aps I have. Is it for a headache?

Tramp—No, ma'am. I just want to patch dis hole in me pants.

First Ragged Urchin—Mariar, I want ter tell yer one thing, I kin never marry a gal wot chews gum!

Second Ditto—Well, why don't yer give up yer horrid cigaroots?

First R. U.—With us men it's different; we needs a stimulant.

CHEW

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

It aids digestion.

COAL Wholesale and Retail.
J. C. WILSON & CO.
Telephone Main 1804. 900 BATTERY STREET
Branch, 1058 Broadway, Oakland.

VINTINE acts directly on the Blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former, and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Its tonic effects are due solely to the action of the remedies composing it, and not to alcohol, as is the case in most tonics. At Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price $1.00 at drug stores.

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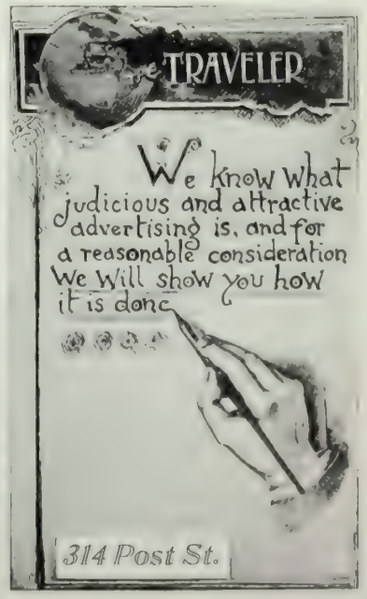


SOME CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

ORIGINALITY is in danger of becoming a lost art in these days of forms and ceremonies; and for one to read such odd, ingenuous expressions as "tan-colored children's camping shoes," or "fine solid gold American ladies' watches," is often as refreshing as a cooling drink from a sparkling mountain spring.

A shoemaker is responsible for the following remarkable announcement: "Any man, woman, or child can come in this store and have a fit!" Such disinterested philanthropy is none too common in our selfish age, and can only be accounted for by the supposition that the dealer in foot-gear was formerly a specialist in epilepsy, and has added a free emergency hospital to his establishment for the sake of keeping himself in practice.

In an English weekly, a correspondent (presumably a member of the Humane Society), artlessly inquires if "any one will furnish a kind home for a fox-terrier," intimating that all animals of the canine family do not necessarily lead "a dog's life."

Another clipping is somewhat similar: "Very kind home offered to a nice kitten. Must be good. Particulars requested." Strange! when cats are as common as the sands of the sea, that good money should be wasted in advertising for them. And what about the forlorn street-waifs, who are far more in need of "kind homes" than all the "nice kittens" in Christendom?

Here is a delicious tid-bit, found in an old number of a local daily, which embodies so much apparent sincerity and earnestness that one is tempted to linger over the perusal of it:

"A Protestant, self-made, moral, temperate, energetic, thrifty in business, cheerful, a newspaper reader, aged 33, brown hair, sandy moustache, above medium height, broad shouldered, fond of singing and guitar, but do not perform; like flower and orchard work;—my place, its oaks, redwoods, firs, waterfalls, towering rocks, vistas of ocean, bay, and valleys convenient to Stanford University. I would make a mutual haven, hence seek a reciprocal nature, with means to improve; the betrayal of my confidence leaves me lonely, but hopeful, alive to self-faults. Oh! let us be frank!; exacting now, if at all; when wedded, loving forbearance must govern those trifles which make or mar marital harmony; and by the grace of a healthy, cheery, brown-eyed, large-featured woman, of medium height and figure, caring for home, rather than society's vanities, I shall endeavor to be her ideal. Please write.

"Robin Adair."

Another individual, who is nothing if not matter-of-fact and laconic, comes straight to the point without any display of rhetoric, and advertises thus in a prominent Eastern paper:

"A stamp-collector, the possessor of a collection of 12,542 stamps, wishes to marry a lady, who is also an ardent collector, and the possessor of the blue penny stamp of Mauritius, issued in 1847."

(In parenthesis, be it remarked, the stamp mentioned is said to be valued at $1000, on account of its rarity.)

"Wanted—a room for a single gentleman, 12 feet long and 6 feet wide." This abnormal being, before whose generous proportions the glories of the ancient giants pale and sink into insignificance, is undoubtedly a freak in a traveling circus company, and is doomed to disappointment as regards suitable accommodations, unless "the roof" is literally "raised" in his behalf.

The Boston *Post* reprints this "card" from an English religious monthly: "A cultured, earnest, godly young man desires a pastorate. Vivid preacher, musical voice, brilliant organizer. Tall and of good appearance. Blameless life. Very highest references. Beloved by all. Salary, £120."

This is the sort of young clergyman whom sentimental spinsters and widows delight to honor, and who is overwhelmed at Christmas time with presents of embroidered slippers, as if, as was aptly suggested, "he had as many feet as a centipede."

Here is a curious will, copied, verbatim, from an antiquated number of the Philadelphia *Ledger:*

"October 23, 1850.

"I do bequeath the middle room and the garret to my wife and son William, as long as she lives; at her death it goes to William, with a free passage through the lower room, each way back and front; a sow and three pigs to my wife and William, the lower room to my daughter Ann,—all the wood and coal about the house to my wife and William; my wife is to have privaleg in the seller for wood and coal; two of the fattening hogs to my wife and William, the kitchen part of the house to John;—my wife and William is to pay $5.00 of it ground rent a year, and John and Ann is each to pay $5.00. Thomas is to have $5.00 a year for ten years; each of the other hers to pay their equal share of this $5.00; my tite-bodied and frock coats and satten west to Thomas and my watch to Ann; the rest of the hogs to be equally divided between them.

"Witness: "For his X mark."

"William" is evidently the favorite son, and John, Thomas and "the other hers" have every cause for jealousy. From the picture of Thomas, in his "tite-bodied coat" and "satten west," retiring for life upon his princely income of five dollars a year, we turn reluctantly to that of an eccentric German baron, who inserts the following in the *Courier of Nether Bavaria:*

"My two female readers having left me, to look for lovers in the town, not being able to find the same at the old castle, I now want to find a female who well understands French and English, and is well instructed. Her business is to read to me, whereby she will also improve herself in languages. She will have a salary of 400 florins, and, if she speaks Italian, 100 florins more. She will likewise have substantial food and the best of Mocha coffee three times a day—but no sugar—sugar spoils coffee. Married women and old maids need not apply. As to their religion, I say nothing; because each must seek to arrive in heaven after his or her own fashion. I observe, moreover, that I dine at the same table with my female domestics, as all persons have equal rights.

"[Signed:] "Baron von Halberg."

"Lost—a child six years old, named Mary, followed by a lame terrier, dressed in a blue gingham apron and a white calico sunbonnet." What a prize for a bench show! An ordinary dog that calmly submits to being arrayed in human garb, and a lame dog at that! What docility and intelligence!

From the distant shores of sunlit Tokio comes this peculiar announcement, penned by some love-lorn Japanese maiden:

"A young lady wishes to get married. She is very beautiful, has a rosy face, which is surrounded with dark curly hair. Her eyebrows show the form of the half moon, and the mouth is small and pretty. She is also very rich, and well-read enough to admire the flowers in the daytime, at the side of a companion, or at night to sing to the stars in heaven."

A grocer in a rural district thus calls attention to his stock in trade:

"Hot coffey, tee, ginger and spruce bear, pies, donuts, biled Eggs, pigs fetes and sarsiges sold hear. Also fresh and skimmed milk, warranted pure with no warter. Broken glas and chana taken in parte paye. No ardent lickers sold hear." This is short and to the point, and marks the advertiser as a man of thrifty and economical habits, the "broken glas and chana" been probably manufactured into mosaic work.

From the "Editor's Drawer," in a back number of *Harper's Monthly* were obtained these two literary gems:

"Wanted a capable, General WORKING-WOMAN, in a small, quiet family in the country, a Christian at heart, a Teetotaler and a singer would be valued, Address, etc."

"Wanted, as HOUSEKEEPER, a Christian FEMALE accustomed to Poultry. Address, etc."

To cap the climax of all that is odd in the line of advertising is this notice, reprinted by *Harper's Bazaar*, from an English journal, and giving the future king of Great Britain none too gentle a hint:

"By Special Appointment, *Pawn-broker* to His Majesty."

STRANGE OBJECTS IN NATURE.

J. M. SCANLAND.

In California, Arizona, and New Mexico are to be seen more natural objects of interest than can be found in the whole of Europe. Thousands of Americans make the "grand tour," never having seen the greater objects of interest in their own country.

Along the popular lines of travel the tourist sees quaint objects carved in mountains of rocks, or standing alone as monuments of Nature's architectural skill, designed by her invisible hand, which knows no rules of art, but is itself art. Some are grand, others grotesque. In the southwest and in the Sierra Nevadas may be seen, by the side of the grandest objects in nature, these burlesque monuments and figures, representing human beings, birds, animals, etc. Man seems to be a favorite subject for Dame Nature to burlesque. His profile is frequently seen cut in a mountain's side, or on a monument of rock. A snap-shot of one of

Taber Photo

these freaks of Nature shows the chin whiskers turned up to a point almost in touch with the sharp nose, which is turned downward; between these is a space for the mouth; at a proper distance above is the eyes; the forehead is rather long, like that of a bank president, and on the top of the head the rock is cut into waves resembling curling hair. The monument is about the height of the average man, but here the resemblance ceases, for it assumes the style of a beer bottle.

Another freak frequently seen is the figure of a woman with hair hanging down her back. These hair lines are furrows cut in the rock by waters trickling from a rivulet escaping from the rocks above.

Unique specimens of the "Devil's Thumb," or what it is supposed to resemble, and the "Devil's Punch Bowl" are also seen. These are more frequent; for, it seems, that when a descriptive name is not readily found, the object is at once credited to our Satanic friend. A series of ridges or staircase-like steps in a rocky formation is called the "Devil's Slide."

These curious objects are formed by the chemical action of water and the wind. When water falls upon the rock the finer particles fall to the ground, or are blown away by the winds. The formation of the object is regulated by the position in which the water strikes it, and the course of the wind. Even where rock is not exposed to the elements, moisture rots away the softer portions and also forms a man's head or a "Devil's Punch Bowl" in a cavern. As the elements do not work with the same force at all times, the time for the formation of these objects varies from a century to 5000 to 10,000 years.

Pleasant Riding.

Everybody knows there is more pleasure in riding a good horse than a poor one—more variety, more society, more pride, more ease. Equally true of riding a wheel.

ON A

Sterling Bicycle

BUILT LIKE A WATCH

The motion is so smooth, in every way so pleasing, that the landscape seems brighter, and one feels proud to live.

Don't be convinced against your will; don't buy unless it seems the best. But come around and take a turn on a Sterling before deciding which.

"BUILT LIKE A WATCH"

May sound a little poetical and even provoke a smile, but it is an honest and happy expression applied to the STERLING. Its mechanism is beautiful and it is adjusted in every part with the care and nicety of a standard chronometer.

STERLING ROADSTER, 21 lbs.

STERLING CYCLE WORKS, 274-278 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE:
314 POST STREET.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NOTES.

Coronado looks as grand and beautiful as ever. Of course, the customary changes are in progress, and Mr. Babcock, the well-known manager, still remains in charge. The hotel will be further benefited by the association of Mr. Geo. S. Wright, who will use his talents in the advertising line, so that we may expect Coronado to be still further to the front than ever.

The Rowell Hotel, at Riverside, Cal., has recently been refitted in many ways, and it still remains by far the most desirable in that pretty little town. Central in location, and excellent cuisine and courteous management, as well as reasonable rats, have maintained its popularity for years past. The main streets of Riverside are now being macadamized, adding greatly to the attractiveness of the town.

The Hotel Palomares, at Pomona, is in course of the usual fall renovation for the coming tourist season. Pomona has always been celebrated for the excellence of its climate, and it would be difficult to find a more restful place than this. The Palomares is the only first-class hotel in the town, occupying an entire block by itself, with cheerful surroundings. It is a thoroughly home-like hostelry, and those who wish to combine a splendid climate and an exceptionally well-conducted house will not regret a season at the Palomares. Mr. V. D. Simms, the manager, still remains in charge, which is a guarantee that it will be conducted on the same general lines as the past.

Only a few miles from Pasadena is the little Station of Altadena, from which point the ascent, or, rather, the trip to Echo Mountain is begun. It would almost seem like leaving a letter out of the alphabet as to leave Echo Mountain out of a resume of a Southern California trip. It can be truly said that those who have visited this section without making the famous ascent of the incline, have not seen Southern California. Ascending Echo Mountain is similar in effect to descending into the famous Comstock Mines. The first trip you make will more or less try your nerves, and, perhaps, make you feel as though you wished you were at the bottom, but, after the initiatory experience, it develops a certain fascination which increases at each subsequent trip. The view from the summit of Echo Mountain is grand. One can embrace in the panorama the well-known Catalina Island, the main Coast line, with its little villages near by, and the numerous towns and cities of various sizes just a few miles inland and extending to the extreme western end of the valley. The hotel at the summit is a splendid achievement, and is, perhaps, one of the best equipped mountain resorts of its kind in the world, and, while formerly all tourists made the trip for the day only, a large number now remain on the summit for a week or more, and surfeit themselves with the ever constant sublimity and grandeur of the outlook.

CONNECTING at **Reno** with Southern Pacific Company, at **Mound House** with Carson & Colorado Railway, and at **Carson** with daily stages for **Carson Valley, Sweetwater Mines, etc.**, and **Lake Tahoe.** THE GRANDEST MOUNTAIN LAKE IN AMERICA IS TAHOE, ranking all others in rare beauty, fine scenic effects and climate. *Excellent hotel accommodations, boating, and the most enjoyable trout fishing*, can be had at the several summer resorts located at different points on the lake. **THE ROUTE TO AND FROM TAHOE.** Commencing May 1st and closing October 31st, passengers can leave west-bound overland trains of Southern Pacific Company at Reno, Nevada, and enjoy a delightful trip to Lake Tahoe by taking express train of Virginia & Truckee at Reno, Nevada, each morning for Carson City (31 miles), where close connection is made with Keyser's stages for Glenbrook, on the eastern shore of Lake Tahoe (15 miles), there connecting with steamers for Tahoe City (and other resorts on the lake) where connection is made with Moody & Co's stages for Truckee, *arriving the same evening*, where

VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE RAILROAD

connection is made with west-bound passenger trains of Southern Pacific Company.—**Through Ticket, RENO to TRUCKEE, over the above route, $6.**—Or passengers may leave the east-bound overland trains of the Southern Pacific Company each morning at Truckee, going over same route, and arriving at Reno the same evening. Tickets $6.00, on sale at Moody's stage office, Truckee.—**TO VIRGINIA CITY AND THE FAMOUS COMSTOCK LODE.**—Passengers may also take train above mentioned at Reno for Virginia City (52 miles), where an entire day may be pleasantly and profitably spent examining the famous Comstock mines. A lay-over of one day at Carson City, the State capital of Nevada, will permit visitors to inspect the United States branch mint; the mammoth prehistoric man's footprints found under thirty feet of solid sandstone at State Prison quarry; also Shaw's Hot Springs, with attractive swimming and tub baths. **GENERAL OFFICES, CARSON CITY, NEVADA.**

D. A. BENDER, Gen. Freight and Pass. Agent.

Oh, don't you remember the hatter, Ben Bolt,
Who sold you that derby so brown?
The price was so cheap and the hat was so fine
'Twas talked of all over the town.
In that same old place where you bought it, Ben Bolt
(We are neither obscure nor unknown),
We can fit you again with a brown, black or gray,
And sweet Trilby will call you her own.

C. HERRMANN & CO.,

328 KEARNY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ORIGINAL **SWAIN'S BAKERY,**

Established 1856.

213 Sutter Street, near Kearny,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Family Dining-room connected with our establishment offers the best inducements to *Eastern and Country Visitors* who are in search of a quiet, elegantly appointed restaurant of *undoubted excellence.*

Overland Lunches Carefully Prepared. Wedding Breakfasts a Specialty.

No connection with any other establishment.

SWAIN BROS., 213 Sutter St.

London, Chatham, & Dover RAILWAY.

A. THORNE,

Formerly at H. B. Claflin & Co's, New York,

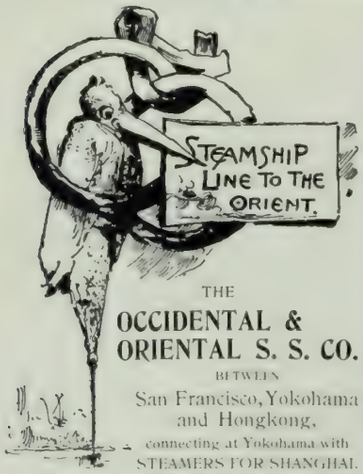
American Representative in England,

LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY,

VICTORIA STATION, LONDON, S. W.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

Telegrams: Caldover, London.



THE

OCCIDENTAL & ORIENTAL S. S. CO.

BETWEEN

San Francisco, Yokohama and Hongkong,

connecting at Yokohama with

STEAMERS FOR SHANGHAI.

SAILING DATES:

EVANDALE ..... Saturday, Nov. 2, 1895
COPTIC (via Honolulu)..Thursday, Nov. 21, 1895
GAELIC.....Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1895

NOTE. Purchasers of cabin passage tickets, single-trip or twelve-months round trip, from San Francisco to Yokohama, etc., or *vice versa*, may stop over en route at Honolulu, and resume journey by a succeeding O. & O. S. S. Co. steamer. On twelve-months round-trip tickets but one stop-over will be allowed, that is, on either the outward or the return journey, as passenger may elect.

Purchasers of such tickets may travel from San Francisco to Honolulu, or *vice versa*, upon an Oceanic S. S. Co. steamer, if desired.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at Company's office, 425 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

The beautiful city of Honolulu and its environs are a charm forever! Travelers never weary of describing these islands in the tropic sea.

Splendid steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company sail twice a month. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

Send ten cents in stamps for "Beautiful Hawaii," a pamphlet of exquisite photogravures, to J. D. Spreckels Bros. & Co., 138 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

AMUSEMENTS.

GROVER'S ALCAZAR,

O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell. Prices, 25c., 50c., and 75c.

Nov. 4th, Sothern's "Crushed Tragedian."

BALDWIN,

Under Baldwin Hotel. Prices, 50c., $1.00, and $1.50.

Nov. 4th, Caroline Hoyt in "A Contented Woman."
Nov. 11th to Dec. 9th, DeWoolf Hopper Opera Co.

CALIFORNIA,

Bush Street, above Kearny. Prices, 25c., 50c., and $1.00

Nov. 4th, "Charley's Aunt."
Nov. 11th to Nov. 25th, "War of Wealth."

COLUMBIA,

Powell Street, opposite Baldwin Hotel. Prices, 15., 25c., 50c., 75c., and $1.00

Nov. 4th, Bostonians.
Nov. 11th, Haverly's Minstrels.
Nov. 18th to Dec. 2d, "A Gentle Savage."

ORPHEUM,

O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell. Prices, 10c., 25c., and 50c.

Continuous high-class vaudeville.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,

Eddy Street, near Market. Prices, 25c., and 50c

Seventeen years of consecutive opera. The most popular opera house in San Francisco.

Cazadero.

In the heart of the redwoods, on the picturesque North Pacific Coast R. R. Fine hotel accommodations at reasonable rates; hunting, fishing, picturesque scenery, delightful climate, etc.

Full information can be obtained by writing The Cazadero Hotel, Sonoma County, or by applying at the office of THE TRAVELER, 314 Post Street, San Francisco.

We are informed that the Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara has done a most flattering business during the past season, since its control by the new management, Gaty & Dunn. Its business during the summer season has been most gratifying, and as Santa Barbara is well known as one of the most desirable winter resorts in the State, we may look for a splendid trade at the Arlington during the coming season. A great many improvements have been made in the hotel within the past year, and the beautiful grounds surrounding it are kept in splendid condition. Those who visit Southern California will certainly miss it if they do not devote a portion of their time to a stay in Santa Barbara. It enjoys some of the most beautiful drives in the State, and its excellent facilities for surf bathing are too well known to need comment.

One of the most delightful trips during a stay in Southern California is to take a ride around the kite-shaped track of the Southern California Railway. Leaving Los Angeles, it takes one through the San Gabriel Valley, passing the pretty towns of Pasadena, Arcadia, Baldwin's Ranch, Redlands, and many others. Every moment of the journey is full of interest and beauty, and as it can be made at a nominal expense, it should certainly be taken by all tourists who visit that section. The Southern California Railway has published from time to time some very tasty and elegant literature, giving full particulars about this trip, and Mr. J. J. Byrne, the General Passenger Agent, with headquarters at Los Angeles, will be glad to forward such pamphlets to any one taking the trouble to ask for them. The journey over the Southern line of the same road, between Los Angeles and San Diego, is quite a novelty, as the track follows for many miles so closely to the beach that at times the spray is thrown against the car windows, so that, all together, the territory covered by their system is, perhaps, one of the most interesting and diversified in the State.

Swallow It.

That is the best way to take a Ripans Tabule, best because the most pleasant. For liver and stomach disorders Ripans Tabules are the most effective remedy, in fact, the standard.

Ripans Tabules: Sold by all druggists, or by mail if you send the price (50 cents a box) to Ripans Chemical Company, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

MAYES' OYSTER HOUSE.

OYSTERS SUPPLIED TO FAMILIES.

CALIFORNIA MARKET,
California St. Entrance.

TRY **HEERMAN'S IMPERIAL SALAD DRESSING.**

A rich, wholesome, ready-made dressing for lettuce, asparagus, tomatoes, salads, cold meats, etc. All first-class grocers sell it.

Warranted to keep in all climates.

G. H. ABBOTT, Agent, 19 Montgomery St., S. F.

Sterling Bicycle

BUILT LIKE A WATCH

We have on hand all styles of '95 wheels, and guarantee immediate delivery. No tedious waiting, and you get the best wheel made for only

$105.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

STERLING BICYCLE,

314 POST STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

VICHY SPRINGS.

MENDOCINO COUNTY.

Three miles from Ukiah, terminus of S. F. & N. P. Ry.

Situation, location and scenery not surpassed. Only known natural electric water. Warm "champagne" baths.

THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD of this class of waters, where the bath-tubs are supplied by a CONTINUOUS FLOW of warm water DIRECT FROM THE SPRINGS.

Terms $12.00 to $14.00 per week. Postoffice and telephone at the springs.

WM. DOOLAN, PROPRIETOR.

HOTELS AND RESORTS.

Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 314 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

ALAMEDA, CAL. PARK HOTEL; European plan; 45 minutes to San Francisco; 100 trains daily; sea-bathing; 50c. to $1.50 per day.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—HOTEL RAMONA, Central, Spring and Third. 75 cents per day, up.

HOTEL LINCOLN; Second and Hill Sts.; first-class family hotel; Thos. Pascoe, Prop.

MONTAGUE, CAL.—HOTEL MONTAGUE; opposite depot; headquarters commercial travelers; first-class; rates reasonable.

OROVILLE, CAL.—UNION HOTEL; first-class commercial and tourist hotel; $1.00 to $2.50 per day.

SAN FRANCISCO.—HOTEL BECKER; 16 and 18 Mason St.; central; free 'bus; American and European plans; $1.25 to $2.00 per day.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.—HOTEL HAGEMANN; family hotel; centrally located; $1.25 to $2.00 per day.

EUROPEAN HOTELS.

BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.—ROYAL BATH HOTEL; 18 miles from Southampton. Patronized by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. "The Hotel de Luxe of the South."

RUBIES, SAPPHIRES AND EMERALDS. Direct importer of uncut Oriental Gems. Specimens for Cabinets. Fine Cut Stones mounted in the latest styles. W. J. PIERCE, 704 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

W. N. SWASEY, MERCHANT TAILOR. Best Workmanship, Latest Fashions, Perfect Fit. Telephone South 769. 142 EDDY STREET.

DENTIST. DR. H. G. YOUNG. Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 POLK STREET.

This Paper is printed with

No. 168

Halftone Black.

Made by the

CALIFORNIA INK COMPANY,

415 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

Our Rollers are the Best. Try them.

• GAMELAND • If you are fond of gameland—haunts of wild birds, fishes and quadrupeds—read the gentle sportsman's illustrated magazine of shooting and fishing, *Gameland*. It tells of hundreds of places to use the rod and gun, and treats exhaustively of camp life, woodcraft, landscape and general history. It is practical and authentic, yet entertaining to the household. Yearly, $1.00; with THE TRAVELER, $1.50. Free for a year to any one sending in three new one-year subscribers. Three trial numbers, 25c. No free copies.

GAMELAND PUBLISHING CO.,
13 Astor Place, New York, N. Y.

A FOOT NOTE.

PERMIT US TO MAKE YOUR TRAVEL along life's road easy, by fitting your feet with a footwear that wears well while wearing out, yet does not wear the wearer out.

Lücke's, 24 GEARY ST. S.F.

HOTEL GREEN,

Pasadena, - Cal.

THIS beautiful structure, just completed, occupies an entire block in Pasadena, one of the most delightful resorts in Southern California. This hotel can now accommodate nearly 400 guests. To miss a sojourn at this caravansary is to miss Southern California's chief charm. All rooms are large, light and sunny, the attention is beyond criticism, and the service faultless.

Free on application, one of our superbly illustrated souvenirs of Pasadena.

G. G. GREEN, Proprietor. *J. H. HOLMES, Manager.*

Just Two Weeks

At a Winter Resort,
When you are happy, is certainly short;
And if you have comfort and rooms that are fine,
Drives that are glorious, climate divine,
Wide spreading porches, nooks that are quainter,
And a meal for a princess whenever you dine,
You will never regret if you stop

At The Painter,

M. D. Painter, Propr. *PASADENA, CAL.*

---

300 Days of Sunshine

is the record every year in every room of the famous Windsor Hotel, Denver. It is the most popular hotel in the city. Service and cuisine second to none. Rates, $2.00 to $3.00 per day. **C. M. HILL, Manager.**

This map is printed from half-tone plates in five colors; size 22x28. For sale at the office of the UNION PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO., 523 Market Street, San Francisco. Price, 50 cents. Half-tone cuts used in THE TRAVELER are made by this firm.

FARE TO SPRINGS $4.50

RATES $2.00 AND $2.50 PER DAY. $10.00 TO $17.50 PER WEEK

BATHS FREE.

R. ROBERTSON, MANAGER

Paraiso Springs, MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL., THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA, is a summer and winter resort well and favorably known to the traveling public. The waters are the most healing in America. A handsomely illustrated pamphlet will be sent free by addressing PARAISO SPRINGS, MONTEREY CO., CAL.

---

is published monthly. It is concise, correct, and is the only railway guide that can be

CARRIED IN THE POCKET.

Distributed FREE from all ticket offices. For advertising rates and further information, address

THE RAILWAY HAND BOOK PUB. CO.
23 First Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

OUT OF THE EARTH!!

JACKSON'S

NAPA SODA.

A NAPA SODA LEMONADE IS LUSCIOUS.

Depot, 619 Howard St., SAN FRANCISCO.
329 N. Los Angeles St., LOS ANGELES.

'96 Wheels

Will soon be in.
Wait till you see

THE STERLING.

314 POST ST., S. F.

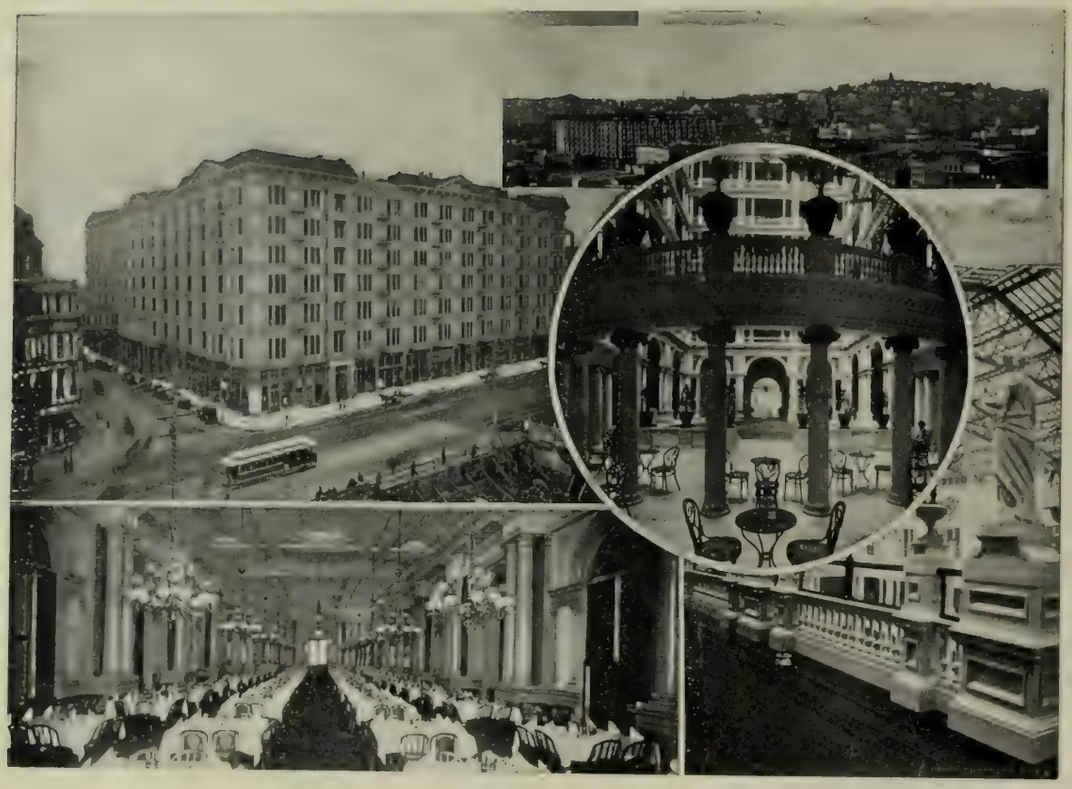
SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

New Attractions for the Season of 1895.

SANTA CATALINA, besides being the most charming, unique and picturesque resort on the Pacific Coast, affords unexcelled fishing, wild-goat hunting, boating, bathing, and mountain and valley tally-ho staging. The Santa Catalina Island Marine Concert Band and Orchestra of Soloists, comprising twenty instruments, in attendance throughout the season from June 5th.

HOTEL METROPOLE OPENS IN JANUARY.

For descriptive pamphlets and full information, call on or address
WILMINGTON TRANSPORTATION CO.,
222 SOUTH SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



The

Palace Hotel.

Centrally located. Convenient to street-car lines and theaters. Enexcelled in appointments. Unsurpassed in cuisine. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan.

THE GRILL ROOM
is the most elegant dining apartment for men in the world.

Write for Illustrated Souvenir.

San Francisco, California.

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

Hotel St Nicholas

JUNCTION OF
Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO.

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT.

A modern hotel, containing 400 elegant rooms, acknowledged by all unequaled by any in the city, conducted as a first-class family and commercial hotel.
THE TABLE WILL BE A SPECIAL FEATURE.
Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. Rates reasonable.

CAPT. J. KNOWLTON, JR., Asst. Manager.

IRA R. & JAS. H. DOOLITTLE, Proprietors.

The Arlington Hotel,

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

Accommodates 500 guests. Rooms large and elegantly furnished; cuisine unexcelled. Is a summer well as a winter resort. No excessive heat; air bracing and invigorating; no insect pests; semi-tropic trees and vegetation; a wealth of fruits, surrounded by lawns, carpeted with variegated flowers, making it a veritable Garden of Eden. All letters and telegrams promptly replied to. Famous Veronica Springs one mile from the hotel. GATY & DUNN.

LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

BRUT, an Extra Dry Wine.
GRAND VIN SEC, a Dry Wine.
CARTE BLANCHE, a Rich Wine.
The Highest Grade in the World.

MACONDRAY BROS. & LOCKARD, 124 SANSOME ST., S. F.
SOLE AGENTS PACIFIC COAST.

SUNSET LIMITED

SEASON OF 1895-1896,

WILL RUN TWICE A WEEK BETWEEN

San Francisco and New Orleans

OVER THE GREAT SUNSET ROUTE,

LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO
TUESDAYS AND SATURDAYS
From Tuesday, November 5, 1895.

The most complete, modern, elegantly equipped and perfectly arranged Vestibuled Transcontinental Train in America. New equipment, especially designed and built for this service.

Direct connections in New Orleans for all Eastern Points.

QUICK TIME.

CHARLES R. ALLEN.

COAL

144 Steuart Street, SAN FRANCISCO, - - Telephone Main 1845
1511 California Street, SAN FRANCISCO, - - Telephone East 446
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - -
Broadway Wharf, OAKLAND, - - - - - - Telephone 518
365 Sixth Street, OAKLAND, - - - - - - - Telephone 34
Twelfth and Market Streets, OAKLAND, - - - Telephone 823

HOLIDAY NUMBER

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JANUARY, 1896. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LAKE OF FIRE—VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

HOTEL DEL MONTE.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

HOTEL VENDOME.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

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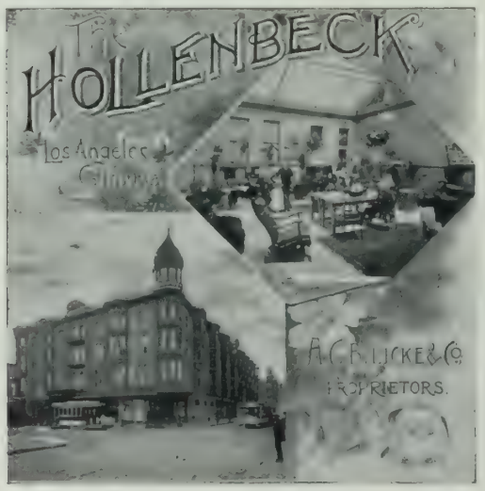

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VII. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1896. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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C. P. DONNELL, LOS ANGELES, CAL., GENERAL AGENT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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IF YOU have ever been to Mexico and attended a cock-pit, you have probably observed instances where one of the combatants is afraid and the other "dasn't," and you have felt like taking a stick, poking them from behind, and set the battle going just for the excitement of the thing. That is precisely the position of the American and English press in the gigantic "bluff" game inaugurated between the United States and Great Britain. Hardly a month has passed for the last twenty years that we do not read of some threatening war cloud hovering over the horizon, and it has been no fault of the newspapers that it has not broken long ere this.

It seems to us a case of "much ado about nothing." There is a little, insignificant South American Republic, populated by something over two millions of a quasi-civilized race, with whom we have not socially anything in common, and never can have. For years the boundary line with British Guiana has been in dispute, and, as the particular section in controversy is of no value to either Venezuela or Great Britain, merely involving a matter of principle, it seems almost humorous that we should allow ourselves to be drawn into an altercation embodying so small an emolument and so great a catastrophe. The Monroe Doctrine is a principle of government—not a law, and forms no part of our international agreements. No true American will deny, however, that it is a good principle and worthy of maintenance, but are we not straining at a gnat in this instance in applying it so aggressively to the Venezuelan dispute?

If we are going to war with England, let's have something worth fighting for—something to gain or a just insult to avenge—something to stir up our sincere patriotism and ambition, so that when we do return triumphant, which we certainly would, we will at least have the satisfaction of feeling that we gained something for the sacrifice that was required of us.

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION

THE following communication from Mormondom may prove of some interest to those at all familiar with the Latter Day Saints, and we publish it because of its strong, contradictory nature, and the usual curiosity surrounding the mysterious.

Judging from the unreserved scoring of our contributor, and the emphatic denial of his "revelations," we will have to leave it to the opinions of our readers, who may be versed on the subject, as to whether truth or fiction predominates in "Wife No. 13":

Editor "THE TRAVELER":—I have read the article, "Wife No. 13," in your paper for December, 1895, written by one J. M. Scanland. I am surprised that such literature has not had its day. If it were not that some of the things said therein make it appear that the alleged facts apply to the leaders and authorities of the Mormon Church, the gathering of rubbish in said article would not be worth the notice. He means to insult the Mormon people by weaving into his fiction presumed facts. To weave a lie, and yet make it appear that there is truth in it. Unfortunately, he has nothing but fiction, which he is masquerading as half truth—a difficult combination to combat. His conclusions are ridiculous to all who are familiar with the topics of which he speaks. However, people who are ignorant of facts may be led to believe him, and it is in misleading and prejudicing such people that the injury and injustice to the Mormons are manifest.

Blood atonement, compulsory marriage, "Danites," the fate of Apostates, and all that, have never been a part of Mormon doctrine or system, any more than murder and infanticide are teachings of the city government of San Francisco. The "Lion House Dungeon" is a laughable myth, which any person could easily learn for himself by a visit to the place. That Mormons are pronounced man and wife in the name of the Prophet Joseph Smith is a harmless but annoying lie; and it has been proven over and over again that in no ceremony, either in the Old Endowment House, or in the Temples, are the persons who enter made to "swear eternal enmity to the United States Government." On the contrary, the Saints who enter there do so for holy purposes, and loyalty to country comes under that caption. Loyalty to country is a doctrine abundantly exemplified in the history of the Latter Day Saints. The Mormons are married for time and eternity, and the marriage covenant is more sacred among this people on this account; and so far as morality goes—I speak from what I have seen, both in the United States and in Europe—no people can be found possessing greater virtue, and a more excellent moral character, than the Mormons.

If J. M. Scanland has been among the Mormons, he is well aware of this, or he is a deliberate falsifyer; if he has not, he is a mere ape of sensation mongers, and should learn to know something of his subject before he writes again. I sincerely trust that THE TRAVELER hereafter will not be blemished by such rot in the form of romance.

Yours respectively,

GEO. WARENG.

Ogden, Utah, December 19, 1895.

With this issue THE TRAVELER begins its seventh volume and its fourth year.

WHAT'S IN YOUR HAND?

JANE SEYMOUR KLINK.

FEW, indeed, are the individuals that look at their own hand closely, critically, discriminatingly. You may have noticed its softness, or its suppleness, but did it ever occur to you to observe whether its strength were that of nervous tension, or of physical vigor, or whether its force proceeded from will power instead of inherent vitality? Are your fingers short or long, smooth or with prominent joints, or are they naturally knotted? How do the ends of your fingers appear? Are they conic or square, spatulate or stubby? When your hand is let fall naturally upon a horizontal surface, do the fingers lie close together, or are they spread apart? When the hand is so placed, do the ends of the fingers and thumbs insensibly turn back, or do they not? Upon all these things an estimate of one's character can be based, and, judging from one's own hand as a stand-point, the intelligent observation and study of the hands of others is not a difficult matter.

But it is not at all easy to decide just which sort of hand one possesses. To begin, hold up your hand with the back turned toward you, and look at in the light of these cuts which represent six different types. Have you the coarse, thick fingers, hard, unyielding palm, rather smooth joints, thick, short nails, and large thumb of the elementary hand, as shown in the first cut? Then your nature will be strong rather than refined, your intelligence more shrewd than subtle, your passions and emotions intense and overpowering, yet not of long duration.

Of course, such could not be your hand; pass to the next cut. There it is—the spatulate hand. The fingers are somewhat longer than in the elementary hand, and are broadened slightly at the tips, like the spatula of a chemist, hence the name; yet they still present a curved appearance. The palm of the hand is also longer, is firm rather than hard; and the thumb, if it be in harmony with the rest of the hand, is large, and has both joints well-developed. Is this a type of your hand? Then look for resolution, confidence, energy, delight in manual labor, love of outdoor sports

THE ELEMENTARY HAND.

and physical action. Men with hands like these would follow Greeley across Siberian wastes, or go to the Congo in search of a fortune. Women with such hands are fond of outdoor life, are strong and courageous, and, had they the opportunity, would rival Ida Lewis or Grace Darling. These are the hands of Saxon ancestry—dominating, governing hands. But beware of a small thumb with such a hand: it is to indicate aimlessness, a want of concentration, and with all the life and spontaneous energy which this hand

THE SPATULATE HAND.

gives, you will be prone to rush into schemes, yet tire of them quickly, and waste your strength and vitality upon affairs of little moment. This hand will be governed by laws of habit, ideas of duty, rather than intuition.

But, here is another type. Do not take your hand down yet, for this may be yours. The fingers are a little longer, slightly broadened at the base, and diminishing in size toward the tips, which are conic. The joints are not prominent, the fingers are smooth, and the thumb rather small, with the upper joint slightly longer than the lower. This is the artistic hand. Is it yours? Then you will see things intuitively rather than logically. You may not be able to afford luxury, but your tastes will be luxurious; you may not always be able to *do*, but you will have the ready tact which will serve you in emergency as no amount of logical ability ever can.

Have you decided that your hand is artistic? If so, some one else must take the next type—that of the square or useful hand. It is a clever hand, a *very* clever hand, not so original as it is imitative and adaptive. The fingers are rather long, either upper or lower joint, or both, developed, the tips of the fingers squared, the sides squared to meet them, and the nails rather long. The characteristics of this hand are perseverance and order, foresight and regularity, and a good memory.

If *both* joints be well-developed, I should not like to live in the same house with you, for then you are a slave to methodical arrangement, and any disarrangement of the extreme neatness and tidiness which you must have around you will make you positively miserable. This hand, if the lower joint of the finger be *not* well-developed, is said, by Edward Heron Allen, to be "the cleverest hand in all the world." The women of France have hands like this—hands which are clever, ingenious, skillful.

The next cut is the hand of Abraham Lincoln. Is yours like it? Then, in his own words: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it." This hand has a large, elastic palm, large thumb, and knotty, conical fingers; painstaking, studious research, logical arrangement of facts, with slow but sure drawing of conclusions, are the characteristics of this hand. Analytical habits of thought, system rather than neatness, fidelity rather than brilliancy, all of the foregoing will be yours should you be the possessor of a hand like the one described in this paragraph.

It is of no use to look enviously at the last cut. Slight indeed is your chance of possessing the beautiful, psychic, useless hand! I have seen just one in all the hands which I have studied, and that one is the hand of a young girl, an imbecile at the City and County Almshouse. Her hand is simply perfect in all respects but one; it is absolutely lineless, except for the line of life.

This type of hand is very rare, and prevails largely in Southern India—a hand denoting religious fervor, innate instincts of right and wrong, skill in subtle sophistries, intense enthusiasm over abstract ideas, and, what is more, the capability to rouse that enthusiasm in others. Henry Ward Beecher said: "That when God gave a man a hand like that, and called him to the pulpit, he would not only preach, but he would always have crowds to hear him."

For the last type of hand, the mixed hand, it has been impossible to draw an outline, still, many hands come under it. With the cosmopolitan character of our population, the inter-marriages with people of different nationalities, and consequent blending of characteristics, the hands have, of course, been modified. See to which cut your hand approaches nearest, and judge it accordingly. Has it the cleverness of the French, the domination of the Saxon, the artistic instinct of the South of Europe, the knottiness of the philosopher, or the beauty of the worshippers of Brahma? But there are some characteristics which are common to all hands.

Does the light shine in between the chinks of your fingers; are they well-spread apart? Then, be you man or woman, you are a true child of Mother Eve, and many is the apple you will pick, and wish you had let alone; in other words, you are curious. Do they lie close together? You are indifferent, and do not meddle with the affairs of others. Do they lie even closer, almost fitting into each other? Then you have a distinguished talent for minding your own business, and you are quite insistent that others shall mind theirs. You do not like to be interfered with, on the ground that you let others alone, and therefore demand from them the same immunity.

Does the top of your little finger come below, above, or just to the upper joint of the finger next it? Should

THE CONIC, OR ARTISTIC HAND.

it not reach that phalange, then you, Mr. ——, whose hand I hold, need not try to deceive me; you may lord it over others, but in your own home your wife holds the scepter and reigns supreme, while you yield to her in a meek and becoming manner.

Should the top of the little finger extend above the phalange of the next finger, then the word "obey" was a conspicuous part of your marriage service, and its echo resounds in your home; but if finger and joint be about even, then there is an equality of rights, a

THE SQUARE, OR USEFUL HAND.

bearing and forbearing, which shows that "domestic sauce is not served in family jars."

Should the joint of the thumb be short, you are so fond of your own way, that one could call you obstinate and be sure that you could not, truthfully contradict them. Should that upper joint turn back, unless lines in the hand modify its meaning, it shows a tendency to cruelty, perhaps "the iron hand in the velvet glove."

But one may say, "That is all very well, but manual labor or manly sports will change the shape of the hand." That is true in some degree, but it can only modify the type, not destroy it. You may have a "baseball finger," they will not all be such. You may be the proud possessor of a football thumb, but there is another thumb.

But you must be weary with holding your hand up for so long a time. Lay it down upon the table with the palm up. I cannot help smiling as I see the hand spread, like a dried starfish, to its utmost limit, with every muscle tense. You cannot read it that way; relax the muscles, or, as Delsarte says, "devitalize it," so that it lies, easily open, before you. Do not say, "That is all nonsense; those lines are simply made by opening and shutting the hand"; for, if that be true, why are there no two persons' hands alike, and why do your right and left hands differ so?

The first line which we will notice is the life line, which begins between the thumb and the root of the first finger, and, passing around the Mount of Venus, ends upon its lower curve. It may be joined with the line of the head at its commencement; it may be separated from it, or it may begin quite far down in the hand, under the Mount of Jupiter, at the base of the first finger. If it be long, clear, and well colored, it denotes strength, a good constitution, freedom from illnesses, and a long life. If it be pale and broad, it shows a lack of vitality; if chained, uncertain health; if crossed by innumerable small lines, a tendency to worry over many things, and if it end in a tassel, it denotes poverty in old age. Should there be a decided break in either hand, it denotes an illness corresponding in time to the place in which the line was broken; should the break occur in both hands, it is a sign of sudden death.

The line of the head begins, usually, at the same place, and is often joined with the line of life, and if the junction be sharply defined, it is indicative of impulsiveness in one's actions. The line of the head usually ends about the middle of the hand, or under the third finger. If it be quite close to the line above it, you have plenty of what the Scotch call "thrift," and if it, in addition to being close to the heart line, extends still farther over toward the percussion of the hand, you are very selfish. If this line be branched at the end, with a branch turning up, or if the line itself turns toward the heart line, in matters requiring decision between the heart and the head, your heart will get the better of your head every time. If one branch turns down deeply on the Mount of the Moon, unless your hand be a very strong one, I should prefer to leave the house when you considered it a duty to have an attack of "the blues."

To return to the main line. If it be chained or with many little branches, it shows a want of fixity of purpose; if it be broad and rather pale, a lack of the power of concentrating thought; while, if well separated from the line above it, it denotes generosity of thought and action, breadth of mind, and candor, especially if it be clear and well-colored.

The next line is the line of the heart, usually the first line below the fingers, beginning at the percussion of the hand and extending across toward the Mount of Jupiter. This line is very interesting, so, for the moment, let us forget about the others, and devote all our time to this one. Down in the depths of every man's heart does there not lie, not only the possibility of flirting, but the probability, and if it be true that women flirt more than men, it is only because they have more spare time, and so, perhaps, improve to a greater extent the capacity which lies latent in them both. If this line be clear, strong, and rather deep, with neither chains nor branches, you will always have many friends, and you will always want many; you will be constant in your affections; you will love one with all your heart, and but one at a time will find room there.

Should this line be rather broad, and not very well colored, you will be apt to be indifferent to the world at large. You like a few people, and want to have them near you, but life is too short to bother much about outsiders. Your sympathies will probably be bounded by your inclinations, and your inclinations by your likes and dislikes. But, if the line be chained, or with small upward branches, then

THE KNOTTY HAND.

your heart is a very hospitable place, and can entertain many seemingly conflicting affections. Should you choose to express the idea differently, call it what you please. I did not say you were a flirt. But, then, those who do flirt always insist upon it they do not know how, that they never do, while those who cannot flirt, secretly wish they could; so, after all, the only criterion to judge by is one's hand, for that tells the true story, without fear or favor.

If this line end between the first and second fingers,

THE PSYCHIC HAND.

you will have the blessing of work in abundance all your life long. Should it end on the Mount of Jupiter, you will have fame and gratified social ambition. Should a branch go to the Mount of Saturn, it will be a fatality either for good or evil, according to the rest of your hand.

The line of fate rises either from the wrist, the line of life, or the Mount of the Moon, and should continue through the hand, if unbroken, until it reaches the Mount of Saturn. If clear, entire, or with upward branches, your luck is good; if broken, why, then you must conquer fate, and see if the right hand does not contradict the left. If the line be broken, and then continue again and end clear and well-defined upon the Mount of Saturn, you will be successful in the long run.

The line of the Sun, going through the palm of the hand to the third finger, denotes success in one of the fine arts, or connection with some one who will be famous in an artistic line.

There is another line, one which is rarely found in perfection. It is the hepatic or liver line, and extends diagonally across the hand, from the line of fate, at or near its base, to the line of the heart, with which it makes a sharp angle. If it be clear and unbroken, it denotes superabundant energy, extraordinary vitality, abounding enthusiasm, and good conversational powers. Its entire absence shows the presence of these qualities, without their increasing adjectives; but if the line be present and broken, you will be liable to have trouble with your digestive organs.

There are many other smaller lines, stars, crosses, and islands, which have special specifications. Thus, a cross upon the Mount of Jupiter, under the first finger, signifies marriage; a star, a brilliant and happy marriage. A star is always a sign of good fortune.

Oftentimes one meets with very odd experiences in "telling fortunes," as reading character by the h[illegible] is popularly called. One summer, while at W[illegible] several of our party at the hotel were reading [illegible] other's hands to make the evening pass quickly. The next morning, about six o'clock, as I was seated on the porch watching the departure of the Yosemite stage, a little, bright-eyed, white-haired lady ca[illegible] up, and held out her hand and said:

"Excuse me for speaking to you, but would you tell my fortune?"

Rather surprised, I said, "Yes," and began to tell her what was in her hand, but she stopped me, saying:

"No—no; I do not want that. Won't you please tell me whether I am to be married or not? Quick, for the stage is coming."

I saw no line of marriage, and said: "I am afraid not, madam," and, as the stage bore her to Yosemite, I walked out to my hammock, musing upon the mind feminine.

In a day or two she returned from Yosemite, and I was astonished to have her traveling companion, another bright-eyed, little, elderly lady, rush up to me in a half-distracted manner, and say:

"My dear Miss, what *did* you tell Miss B——, the other morning, as she was leaving for Yosemite?"

"Why, what do you mean?" said I.

"Well, you told her something, and she was so cross all the way up there; she picked us up on everything we said, and snapped up the driver, and——" Just then I remembered what I had told her and I laughed heartily. The little lady went on—"She would not stay in the valley; she is dragging me home, and I don't want to go. Now, you must fix it in some way, if you can. Look in her hand again."

I promised, went in search of Miss B——, and asked her if I might look in her hand again. She gladly consented, and I told her her fortune, looking diligently the while to see if I could not change my estimate or modify my former conclusion. Finally I said:

"I looked at your hand very quickly the other day, and now, seeing it more closely, about your marriage, do you know that if you do not marry it is entirely your own fault?" I never saw such a change in any one's face. She positively beamed, and skipped away like a girl of sixteen. I met her friend, Mrs. Potter, at the World's Fair afterwards, and my first question was: "Was Miss B—— married yet?"

"No," she rejoined; "and at one time I thought I should never forgive you for spoiling my trip, but after the second time she was all right."

One can draw a mask over one's face, and we often do, if we suppose that we are being judged in any way, but it is different with your hand. The lines are there, and you cannot change them, nor can you alter their signification. Handwriting differs with different people insomuch that their characteristics and habits of mind and thought, can be told from it. A disease foretold in one hand may often be guarded against and prevented by the other.

Have you classified your hand, and been formally introduced to its lines? Then, if you wish to pursue the subject further, study your own hand well; know it—thoroughly, for you will turn back to it again and again in reading the hands of others.

This is but an outline of the science of Cheirosophy, for a science it may be properly called, but it may suffice for a beginning, if one be enough interested to pursue the subject further. All of Edward Heron Allen's works are good, especially his "Treatise on Cheirosophy" and "Manual of Cheirosophy." While from earliest times among the ancient Egyptians, even down to the present day, the custom of telling fortunes from the hand has been in vogue, it was reserved for Messieurs Desbarroles and D'Arpentigny to formulate the science, the latter laying peculiar stress upon the form of the hand, under the head of Cheirognomy, and the former finding out, both by induction and deduction, the peculiar significance of the lines. As a closing paragraph I will quote the words of Balzac:

"To predict to a man the events of his life by the sight of his hand, is not more extraordinary to him who has received the power of knowing it than to say to a soldier that he will fight, an advocate that he will speak, or a shoemaker that he will make a pair of boots. If past deeds have left their traces that we can read the future may also be seen by its roots and seeds, and coming events cast their shadows before."

ONE OF OUR MOST POPULAR SOCIETY LADIES.

A NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 24, 1895.

Editor TRAVELER:—To you, with the equable and beautiful climate you possess, a long continuance of fair weather may seem a matter of slight importance, but to the dweller on the Atlantic Coast it is a decided boon.

Since October came in and overlapping into December, we have been blessed with blue skies and bright sunlight, the air delightfully, autumnally cool. There have been, to be sure, a few days of a fog, so dense as to please the Anglomaniac—"Like Lunnon, don't cher know," but these have only accentuated the general tenor of those lovely weeks.

Society, returning from mountain, lake, and sea, having disported itself at the Horse Show and the Ducal wedding, has settled into its usual round of gaiety, and, for exhibition purposes, the opera.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Opera House is ablaze on three or four nights of the week, and Abbey and Grau are to produce opera in Italian, French, and German. Calve, Melba, Nordica, Lola-Beeth, the two Reskes (Jean and Edouard), Plancon, and Maurel are doing the leading roles. Frances Saville, a native of San Francisco, and said to be a very promising soprano, is in the troupe.

* * * *

Madison Square Garden, that popular and most centrally located place of amusement, in the very heart of the city, near the large hotels, who cater by their cafes to the richly dressed crowds who seek them for refreshments after the Garden performances, is given over this week to the Hebrew Fair. It has been very successful, and the dark-eyed daughters of Judah have won golden opinions for their beauty, and golden coins for their persistency. Tuesday's receipts were said to be one hundred thousand dollars. Our Hebrew brethren don't certainly lack generosity.

* * * *

Some of the leading journals have recently given considerable space to the subject of "Coast Defenses." It is a large subject, and may, at any moment, almost, become a pressing one. Educated foreigners look with amazement upon our exposed and unprotected seaboard. Talk with any mature Ordnance or Artillery officer, and you will find that he has given the matter much thought. The retiring and the lately appointed Generals of the Army have reported upon the Nation's inefficiency in this respect, still Congress, with unwisdom, delays. There is no politics in it. It is conceded that New York and San Francisco are the only seaports with a pretense of defense by modern methods. The former has, at Sandy Hook, a battery of sixteen twelve-inch mortars and two twelve-inch rifled guns, and the latter the same mortar battery and one twelve-inch rifled gun at the Presidio, but whether mounted or not, I am unable to say. These guns are made at the United States Arsenal at Watervleit, on the upper Hudson, near Troy, N. Y. It was my good fortune to be escorted, a few years ago, through the foundry and assembling-room of the Arsenal by the officer superintending the construction of these big breech-loaders. Everything is on a grand scale; the pit for casting, cranes for handling, and machinery for finishing are gigantic. I was impressed with the necessity for technical and experimental knowledge in manipulating a plant of this character from the crude metal to the finished breech-block. The production of large guns is slow. It has been estimated that to equip the eighteen principal seaports of our coast line would require the product of the Arsenal for ten years.

* * * *

It is fortunate that those good old saints, St. George, St. Andrew, St. Nicholas, and others, have their feast days in the cold months, for it would be, at least, inconvenient to drink steaming punch and smoke long clay pipes on a hot July night. MAJOR.

A DAY AT OXFORD.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

DURING the first three years of my career at Oxford I occupied rooms in college, and it was my habit, unless I had been kept up unusually late on the previous night, to rise at about 7:30 in the morning, so as to be in time for Matins in the college chapel at eight. The number of attendances required each week at the chapel services varied at different colleges, and junior men were required to "keep more chapels" than those who had been longer in residence. At my college (Brasenose) about three "chapels" on week days, and one on Sunday, would suffice to keep one on good terms with the authorities; for, though we were entirely orthodox churchmen, we were not very pious. A record of the attendances was kept by one of the students, called a Bible Clerk, or, in his absence, by the college Porter, the latter a man of substantial form and eminent respectability. Occasionally, when I had failed to "keep chapels" with sufficient frequency, I was "hauled" by the Vice-Principal, that is, summoned to his rooms and admonished. I have an idea that I was once fined by that dignitary, but whether for fewness of "chapels," or for some other delinquency, I cannot now recall. The prayers were read by one of the dons, or resident fellows, and the lessons by undergraduates. Sometimes amusing scenes occurred, when the scholar, whose duty it was to read the first lesson, or the commoner, to whose turn the second lesson fell, either did not know what the lesson was, or where in the huge Bible on the brass eagle lectern to look for it. If the day happened to be a Sunday or Saint's Day, men upon the foundation of the college (of whom I was one), had to wear a white surplice, instead of a black gown. Often have I reached the chapel door, only to find that I must traverse two quadrangles, and climb two steep flights of stairs, to exchange my gown for a surplice. The dons had acquired the art of racing through the services at a very rapid rate, and the undergraduates "backed up" well with the responses. Of one of our dons it was jokingly said, that he could give any man as far as "Pontius Pilate" in the Apostles' Creed, and finish before him.

In about twenty minutes I was back again in my room, where I found the table spread for breakfast, and a large copper kettle boiling near the fire. Rolls and butter were there from the college buttery, and eggs could be boiled in my own saucepan, or dishes of hot meat obtained from the college kitchen. I always kept a pot of Scotch marmalade, called in Oxford lingo, "squish," in my cupboard. Frequently I was asked to a breakfast-party in a friend's rooms, and an Oxford breakfast is memorable for its bounteousness. Fish cooked in various ways, chops, steaks, cutlets, preserves, omelettes, dry, buttered or anchovy toast, coffee and tea, were its main constituents, but nearly every college had some special dish for which it was noted. In summer a large bowl of champagne, claret or cider cup would be brought in when the cigars and pipes were lighted. Such a meal as this naturally unfitted one for close attention at lectures, so that "reading men" generally contrived to give their parties on Sunday mornings, or on days when they had fewer lectures than usual to attend. Lectures rarely began before nine in the morning and it was seldom that they lasted after one in the afternoon; three of one hour each was the average daily number.

BOATING HEADQUARTERS

STREET IN OXFORD.

The morning's work done, I returned to my rooms to get lunch, consisting of soup or cold meat from the college kitchen, and a glass of wine from my own supplies. At a lunch-party there would be a generous spread of soup, cold meats, tongue, ham, meat-pie, pastry, cheese, celery, beer and wine; the eatables being furnished by the college kitchen, and the drinks coming either from the host's private stock, or from the college common-room. Claret cup, or other iced drinks, was sent up in splendid solid silver tankards, containing one or two quarts apiece. It was the good fashion of the Oxford undergraduate to devote some of his mornings to work, and all his afternoons to exercise and recreation. Every kind of sport flourished at Oxford: running, rowing, riding, sailing, and skating, when circumstances permitted, driving, gymnastics, cricket in the summer, football in the winter, fives, racquets, court-tennis, lawn-tennis, and golf. Fox-hunting, court tennis and racquets, were the sports of the rich, but all the rest might be indulged in by any one. I almost always made my way down to the river, walking down the narrow Oriel Street, through Merton College into Christ Church meadows, and so down to the Brasenose barge. Here were boats in abundance, from a single-sculling boat to an eight-oar. Owing to my light weight, I was frequently selected to steer college eights, though I never liked the job, for there is no exercise, and the captain abuses you if anything happens to go wrong.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Dinner was the only meal taken in common. It was served in the Hall, a handsome oak-roofed, oak-wainscoted apartment, built strictly on the model of the hall of a medieval baron, and adorned with oil-paintings of the benefactors and distinguished graduates of the college. At the end furthest from the entrance doors a dais ran at right angles to the body of the Hall. On this dais, in the old baronial mansion, the Baron and his family sat, and, at the tables below, running down the center and along the sides of the Hall, his retainers sat. The "high table" in a college hall is occupied by the dons and their guests, and at the other tables are seated the undergraduates and a few newly made graduates. At Brasenose there were always several Bachelors of Arts in residence, enjoying the emoluments of Hulmian Exhibitions, which amounted to $675 per annum in money, and $100 in bound books.

Dinner consisted of soup, entrees, joints, pastry, cheese and beer. The beer was of excellent quality, specially brewed by the college, and served in silver half-pint or pint mugs. All the plate used in the Hall was of solid silver, the accumulation of centuries. It was assumed that the undergraduate would dine in the hall; if he did not wish to do so, he had to "take his name off" by writing it before noon on a list posted on the college gate. The price of dinner varied a little, according to the extras, such as pastry, cheese, and beer, that one ordered, but was about fifty or sixty cents. It was rather the fashion to rail at the dinners in the Hall, but the meat and other things were of excellent quality.

After dinner the dons adjourned to the "common room" for dessert and wine. I either returned to my own room, or sat for an hour or so in a friend's room, drinking a glass of wine. Occasionally I was invited to a "wine" in the rooms, either of some Brasenose man or of a friend at another college. At a "wine" a handsome dessert was spread on the table, with decanters of port, sherry, and claret, and now and then champagne and liqueurs. After discussing these for some time to the accompaniment of songs and tobacco, coffee and toast would be served. Then the tables would be cleared and cards introduced. The play among rich men was often high, but men of moderate means usually played a "limited" game. The favorite gambling games of my day were three-card loo and *vingt-et-un*, generally called by the colloquial name of "Van John." Quiet men, however, rarely gambled confining themselves to whist for three-penny points. The game universally played was the popular one, club whist, five points to a game, counting honors.

LUXURIES OF MODERN RAILWAYS.

WILLIAM V. BRYAN.

OBSERVE, if you will, the evolution of modern railway travel, incorporating therein the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of the home, as well as the phenomenal development of speed, and you will admit it is unquestionably one of the most appreciated and most striking of the present decade. It is not necessary to retrospect beyond the past ten years in consideration of this subject, because the primal object up to that period was really more a question of rapid transit than of personal comfort, but as the element of competition, attendant upon the inauguration of rival lines between the same points, began to manifest itself, the natural result was the gradual adoption of improvements and the institution of better service, until to-day we have arrived as near perfection in some of our railway equipments as it would seem possible to reach. What Californian is there who cannot recall the old-time service from San Francisco to New York, made in the remarkable time, some years ago, of seven days, and who cannot remember the old "Silver Palace Sleeping Cars," owned and operated by the Central Pacific, which, at that time, seemed all their name implied? If the stupendous strides between the old and the new could have been made from yesterday to to-day, how impressive and astounding it would appear to us, and how marvelous the ingenuity displayed!

SMOKING PARLORS.

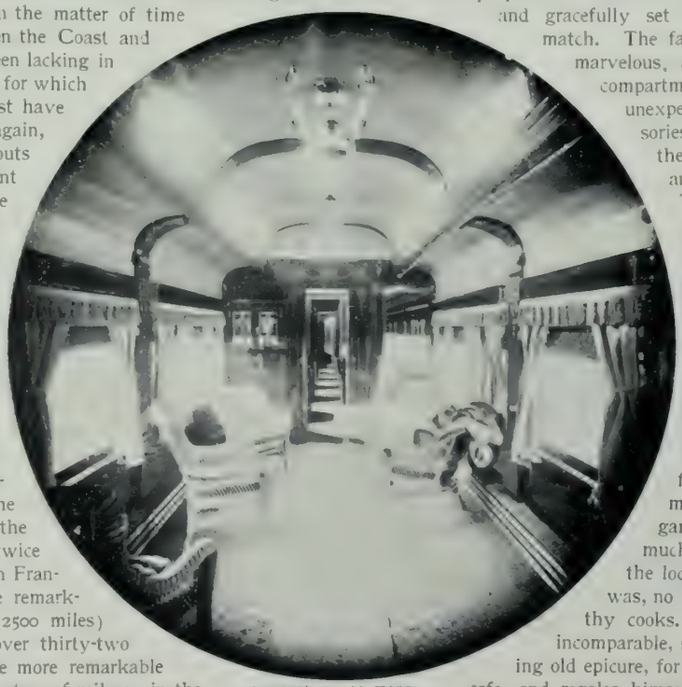
New Orleans, a hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, one of the great commercial centers of the South, and founded not far from two hundred years ago. It is a hybrid city, distinguished by the quaint picturesqueness of its older section, and the language, tastes, and customs of a large proportion of the inhabitants.

Crossing the Mississippi from New Orleans to Algiers, whereby an excellent view of the harbor and shipping may be had, the first view of the "Sunset Limited" bursts upon the gaze. Nor is this first impression disappointing, as is often the case. There stands the great engine modeled after the famous Columbian flyer, No. 999, puffing and snorting like the impatient hound ready for the chase, a splendid type of the modern locomotive; while, just behind it, stand the five cars comprising this wonderful "hotel on wheels." On boarding the "Sunset Limited" you are met on every hand by affable employees with smiling countenances, who direct you to your section, and indulge you in the hundred and one little fault-findings that the most congenial of us are prone to at the beginning of our journey.

The dining-car, like the balance of the train, is of the latest construction, and its interior fittings and tasty decorations remind one more of the gorgeous little cafes for which the City of New York is noted. Individual cushioned chairs, arranged without crowding, stand before the solid oak tables, which are as delightfully attractive as white linen, glassware, and silver can make them. Between each of the broad windows stand various assortments of tropical plants within little arched alcoves built for that purpose. The entire woodwork is of quartered oak, richly stained, and gracefully set off with festoons of expensive drapery to match. The facilities of the kitchen itself are something marvelous, and a visit therein, showing all the little compartments, cupboards, and lockers, in the most unexpected places, for storing the viands and accessories, is almost like the delightful revelations of the Harlequin as he bobs out of hidden traps and doors.

"SUNSET LIMITED" FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH WHILE TRAVELING AT THE RATE OF FIFTY-THREE MILES AN HOUR.

Between the Pacific and Atlantic there are, properly speaking, seven distinct routes, embodying the various climatic conditions of their several latitudes, greater or less scenic advantages, and differences in the matter of time and distance. Heretofore, the journey between the Coast and the East, while hardly a tedious one, has been lacking in the elegance of equipment and general service for which several of the prominent railways in the East have been celebrated for many years. And then again, the uncertainty of snow blockades and washouts in the winter season, as well as the attendant severe weather, has made traveling by the northern routes anything but delightful. Only last season, therefore, the management of the Southern Pacific Company brought still more prominently to the traveling public their famous southern highway, the "Sunset Route," by the establishment of one of the finest trains in the world, appropriately termed "Sunset Limited." It was a solid vestibuled train leaving San Francisco and New Orleans once each week, greatly reducing the regular time between those points and affording every luxury that money could purchase. It was a phenomenal success from the start, so that for the present season of 1896 the "Sunset Limited" will leave New Orleans twice each week, Mondays and Thursdays, and San Francisco on Tuesdays and Saturdays, making the remarkable time between the two points (nearly 2500 miles) of seventy-seven hours, or an average of over thirty-two miles per hour including stops. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that there is no other system of railway in the world that runs a through train the distance covered by the "Sunset Limited."



LADIES' SOCIAL HALL.

On the westbound trip the initial point is the interesting and historic City of

The dining service is deservedly one of the chief features of the "Sunset Limited." All meals are served *a la carte*, so that one can indulge his palate in proportion to the size of his purse, and the requirements of his stomach. An ample meal can be had at anywhere from fifty cents to a dollar, and some idea of the reasonable prices charged may be gained from the fact that the records of these cars show the average receipts per passenger to be considerably less than one dollar. A breakfast, consisting of fresh fruits, eggs, coffee, hot rolls, potatoes, etc., may be had for forty-five cents. All kinds of game in season are always on ice, even to the much abused "coon," which I one day espied in the locker, but it never appeared on the menu, and was, no doubt, the "old private stock" of the swarthy cooks. The cooking and tasty serving are really incomparable, so that altogether the most testy and exacting old epicure, for once, at least, finds his ideal in this superb cafe, and regales himself accordingly while the opportunity lasts.

But as the dining-car is the last one on the train, it may considered that I have put the cart before the horse in telling you something about it, but,

nevertheless, it is first in the element of interest and importance, and should naturally be accorded the prominence to which it is unquestionably entitled.

Four other cars complete the equipment. Just behind the locomotive is the composite car, consisting of a baggage-room, bathroom, barber-shop, sideboard, and a large gentlemen's smoking apartment, supplied with the most seductive easy chairs, elegantly upholstered. At one end is a complete escretoire, so adjusted as to reduce the oscillation as far as possible. Neat stationery is here provided, so that one can take the greatest comfort when he wishes to write a letter, or, more probably, his irrepressible encomiums on the delightful experiences of his journey. A full stocked library is likewise at hand, and is supplied with all the periodicals, pictorials, and daily papers. Not the least interesting feature of the smoking apartment is the little speed indicator, a small dial, which registers the exact rate of speed at which the train is traveling, and it is most interesting to watch the little indicator creep up from zero, as the train leaves a station, until it gradually points to fifty-five or sixty, and then you *are* traveling.

DINING CAR.

Behind the smoker we find the ladies' combined parlor and compartment car. Nothing similar or equal to this car has ever before been offered to the general public. At the forward end is a large, elaborately equipped drawing-room, built entirely for the comfort and sociability of the ladies, and where, for the first time, they are provided with the unexpected luxury of a magnificent social hall. This is furnished, like the gentlemen's smoker, with the various periodicals and writing-desk. Back of the social hall are seven state-rooms, which can be occupied singly or en suite. Each of them opens into a long aisle on one side of the car, and within are provided with communicating doors for use if necessary. Here again are exemplified the care and thoughtfulness, and indifference to cost, that are manifested throughout the entire train.

Every stateroom is absolutely complete in its own toilet facilities. The most minute details for personal comfort and convenience have not been lost sight of, even down to the little rack for the accommodation of umbrellas and canes. The windows are wide, giving a good view of the passing scenery; the woodwork and draperies are of the most expensive patterns, and the general privacy and coziness of the rooms are all that the most fastidious could desire. Another feature of this train is a "ladies' maid," a courteous little colored woman, whose sole duty is to cater to the wants of the occupants, and the fact that she is constantly on the go is some indication that this luxury is duly appreciated.

The other two cars are identical in general arrangement, each one a double drawing-room ten-section standard car, beautifully upholstered in fawn-colored plush with woodwork in harmony. They are two of the handsomest sleepers ever turned out of the Pullman shops.

It is next to impossible in a comparatively short article of this kind to do justice to such a magnificent conception as the "Sunset Limited." It cannot be appreciated until it is seen. One of its chief features is the new style of vestibule, by which two important improvements are made; namely, increased room on the platforms and imperviousness to dust. The doors leading from the cars to the steps are on a direct line with the outside of the cars, liberally windowed to permit of an unobstructed vision, and the points of connection between each car are so perfectly adjusted that the sifting of dust through the interstices is reduced to a minimum. With this arrangement a veritable observation room is formed by the juncture of the vestibules of each two cars, and forms the most delightful little "lovers' retreat" imaginable. The porters always have comfortable stools in readiness for this purpose, so that when you are ready to take your bridal tour and seek those charming little nooks, and invisible places, of course, you will not find the "Sunset Limited" lacking in the "necessaries" of that character.

On each platform you will notice what appears to be something like the steering apparatus on one of our modern ocean liners. It looks like it, because it is a large brass wheel with the customary spokes diverging from the circumference. On inquiry, I learned that it was the new style of car brake, easily managed, and affording so great a leverage that one or two turns would produce the same power as a dozen of the old style. At intervals along the route are special inspectors, whose duty it is to make a thorough examination of the entire running gear of the "Limited." Thus is every precaution taken against possible contingencies, so that you cannot but feel that you are honored by a special insurance while on this train. Throughout the entire train is used the well-known Pintsch system of illuminating. Each car carries its own plant, and can be lighted independently of the others. It furnishes a steady, brilliant flame, and adds greatly to the cheerfulness of the early evenings. Both hot and cold water are furnished at all the basins; a luxury that one enjoys on a cool morning or with a shave in the barber-shop. And, by the way, they have one of the best tonsorial artists I ever saw. He is the typical loquacious barber, but he understands his business for all that, and no more refreshing shave was ever administered under the electric lights of the Palace than is given by this genial professor. This is not all he does, though. He is baggage-man and train "doctor" as well. He doesn't know much about medicine, but he carries almost every variety of well-known drugs to cover all ordinary disquietudes. He knows where to find them, too, and with them printed instructions governing their use. Best of all, you are not charged a cent for any medicine you want. The Company carries this "emergency" box for the benefit of its patrons, and few are the ailments for which relief cannot be obtained through this assortment. It requires four trains to conduct the service of the "Sunset Limited," three being in actual operation, and the fourth for emergencies in case of disability of any of the regular cars. Each train is in charge of a line conductor from the passenger department, and he is a sort of walking cyclopedia on the entire route. He answers questions all day long with the urbanity of a Chesterfield and the intelligence of a Bacon,

And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

You have often been asked, have you not, what was the most striking feature of any celebrated place that you have visited? There is always one particular point that stands out from all the others, no matter what you see or where you go. Do you want to know what impressed me more forcibly than any other on this superb palace on wheels with all its elegance, costliness, its comforts, and enjoyments? It was the uniform and unvarying courtesy and attention of its employees, from the barber to the cook. There seemed to be a personal pride among every one of them, as though the success of this splendid service rested

INTERIOR OF SLEEPER.

wholly on the shoulders of each individual man employed on the "Limited."

To think, then, that this gorgeous equipage, this unequaled service, this delightful journey in a phenomenally short space of time, can be had, all without one cent extra charge. Nothing but the regular rate for a first-class ticket and for a Pullman berth is required to install you as a passenger on the finest caravansary that crosses the American continent to-day.

SANTA BARBARA.

H. EDWARDS.

NATURE, with fairylike prodigality, has heaped upon the City of Santa Barbara blessing upon blessing, favor upon favor, until she has become one of the best known and favorite watering-places on the Pacific Coast, and right well does she deserve this pre-eminence. By many pleasing soubriquets is she known, notably as "The Channel City," "El Pueblo de las Rosas," and "The Land of Perpetual Spring." Travelers of world-wide reputation and renown have outvied each other in publishing lavish praises of her in publications ranging from the modest pamphlet to the more ambitious magazine articles and histories of travel. The only comparison possible with any portion of Europe has been with the Riviera, Nice, and Mentone, and Naples, in Italy. When we stop to consider that the wealthy inhabitants of the whole of Northern Europe crowd to these resorts every season to escape the rigor of their winter, and bask in the glorious sunshine of Southern France and Italy, and enjoy the rest-laden breezes of the blue Mediterranean, and remember that visitors to Santa Barbara, well qualified to judge, speak enthusiastically of this spot in Southern California in comparison with them, we stand aghast at the possibilities the future holds for her, when the Easterner of wealth and leisure learns that it is not necessary to cross the Atlantic to find the "land of

OLD BELLS SANTA BARBARA MISSION

summer" in those months when Jack Frost holds regal sway in the Atlantic and Middle States.

To the lover of romance what a halo surrounds the history of the old Californian Missions of the period when the mad race for wealth did not occupy the whole attention and energies of the people, when the natives lived a life of contentment and pleasure under the kindly rule of the Franciscan Padres. Alas, in 1821, when Mexico gained her independence, the order for the secularization of the missions went into effect, and the day of their decadence began.

The Mission of Santa Barbara was founded on the fourth day of December, 1786, the day on which the Roman Catholic Church celebrates the feast of Santa Barbara, virgin and martyr. The earlier church and mission buildings were so damaged by earthquake in December of 1812, as to necessitate tearing them down, the present mission building being commenced in 1815 and completed in 1820. It is kept in excellent repair, and the mission gardens are the delight of all visitors, [illegible] cordially received by the Padres at stated hours each day. No visit to Santa Barbara is complete without inspecting the mission buildings and grounds.

Too much has been written and published about Santa Barbara as a winter resort. It should be distinctly understood she is an all-the-year-round resort. Strangers reading these reports naturally suppose it must be insufferably hot in summer, whilst such is not the case. Never cold in winter, neither is it unduly hot in summer, the average temperature being 72°. For ten years, H. D. Vail, Esq., has kept a record of highest and lowest temperatures, with the following results:

SANTA BARBARA MISSION 1788.

1886,	22	days above 80°;		17	below 40°.	
1887,	26	"	"	"	24	" "
1888,	28	"	"	"	16	" "
1889,	29	"	"	"	12	" "
1890,	41	"	"	"	24	" "
1891,	36	"	"	"	11	" "
1892,	22	"	"	"	14	" "
1893,	13	"	"	"	16	" "
1894,	10	"	"	"	22	" "

There is hardly a night throughout the year when blankets are not needed as a bed covering. Such a thing as sleepless nights caused by undue heat, mosquitoes, and numerous other drawbacks of semi-tropical climes, are unknown here.

As a health resort for sufferers from consumption, bronchitis, asthma, and kindred complaints, she is strongly recommended by the medical faculty. As a city of homes, she towers above all competitors, the tourist of to-day, in many cases, becoming the resident of to-morrow. Many beautiful villas have been built by people of wealth and distinction, both here and at the charming suburb of Montecito. After traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, no lovelier spot could they find in which to pitch their tents and spend the balance of their days in ease, contentment, and enjoyment.

What varied pleasures are here to be found. Are your tastes nautical? Then get a yacht and sail the summer seas any and every month of the twelve. Do you wish an objective point for exploration? Then steer for the islands of Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and Anacapa, which nestle upon the bosom of the mighty Pacific, thirty miles away. Are you a disciple of Izaak Walton? Then get your rod and line and whip the mountain streams for the silvery trout, or lay in wait for the finny denizens of Father Neptune's domain from boat or wharf. Or do you prefer to wander over mountain passes and by devious trail on foot, or in the saddle, gun on shoulder, in search of game, among the canyons and recesses of the Santa Ynez Range? If so, here can your heart's desire be gratified. Do you wish for a glimpse of mountain, sea, and sky, equal to that of the mighty Alps? Then cross the range by stage and be amply rewarded.

But the chief charm we have forebore to mention until the last, is the wealth of flowers predominating everywhere. Well may she be known in the euphonious Spanish tongue, "el pueblo de las rosas," roses everywhere and all the time. In no month of the year are roses not in bloom, and were that all it would suffice for the lover of the beautiful, but Santa Barbara revels in all varieties of flowers. In her gardens are to be found the most bewildering mixtures—great beds of fragrant violets, hedges of brilliant geraniums, stately hollyhock, and other old-fashioned flowers dear to our New England progenitors, side by side with semi-tropical or tropical flowers, usually seen only near the Equator. Particularly glorious are the wild flowers, fields brilliant with eschscholtzias or California poppy, the emblem of our State, wild mustard growing in dense profusion and crowning with gold the hills and glades, numerous varieties of lilies, violets, bluebells, and many others too numerous for any but a botanist to mention. As a producer of lemons, oranges, olives, strawberries, walnuts, lima beans, and deciduous fruits, Santa Barbara has earned an enviable reputation.

In still another regard is Santa Barbara to be compared with Nice. She, too, has become famous for her annual "bataille des fleurs" and floral carnival. Each year in the month of April she presents a scene which vies in magnificence and splendor with the best pageants ever beheld at Nice, the scene being changed from the Promenade des Anglais to State Street, Santa Barbara. In the year 1891, General Harrison, then President of the United States, visited the Pacific Slope, and the first flower festival was given in his honor; and so great was its success and so favorable and wide reaching the reports sent out by the various correspondents in the presidential train, that public opinion demanded it be made an annual affair, and an association was formed of many of the leading citizens to undertake the management. Annually since that time has Santa Barbara added fresh laurels to her crown, each year's celebration being more artistic and drawing greater numbers of visitors than its predecessor. Next April three days will be devoted to the "Festival of Flowers"—the 15th, 16th, and 17th.

In catering to the demands of tourists, she possesses superb hotels for both the tourists and the commercial element. Communication with the outer world is maintained by railways connecting both with San Francisco and Los Angeles.

In conclusion, Santa Barbara possesses well-paved and well-lighted streets, a picturesque plaza, an ocean boulevard fringed with palms, splendid water and sewerage system, churches of all denominations, ample school facilities, and a press which is energetic and loyal to the best interests of the city. No visit to California will be complete without a visit to Santa Barbara, on the sea—el puebla de las rosas, the glorious land of perpetual spring.

SEA BATHING, SANTA BARBARA.

SAN LEANDRO LAKE.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

OF the many popular drives in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay, none has become more deservedly famous than that from Oakland to San Leandro, in the County of Alameda, and once the latter town is reached, Estudilla Avenue presents many tempting features to the cyclist and horseman. It is over a mile long and seems to penetrate the foothills; on either side giant locust-trees tower and interlace their branches overhead, forming a grateful shade in summer and a peculiar lace-like canopy in winter.

The continuation of this avenue takes you up a rounded hill onto what is known as the "high road" it is a public thoroughfare—while the descending road leads you to a barred gate, through which you cannot pass without a permit, for reasons which will be given presently. At the end of another mile you will come to scenery that will call forth exclamations of surprise and delight. The road follows the contour of the heavily wooded slopes high above the rippling waters of San Leandro Lake, that lies in the embrace of its encircling hills securely screened from the world. Spicy odors greet the nostrils; delicate wild flowers peep forth from snarls of blackberry vines, and bunches of dainty ferns are half hidden under shelving rocks or piles of leaf mold. At every turn new beauties are revealed or wonderful mechanical effects meet the eye and make one pause to note the accomplishments of man in bringing into subjection to his necessities the handiwork of Nature. This body of water, known also as Lake Chabot, was formed by damming the San Leandro Creek Canyon. It is owned by the Contra Costa Water Company, of Oakland, and is the principal source of the water supply of San Leandro, Oakland, the several villages along its pipe line, and a portion of Berkeley. It lies about nine miles east of the City of Oakland, and is an irregular-shaped sheet of water about five and a quarter miles long and half a mile in width at its widest part. The canyon is very picturesque; the San Leandro Creek once meandered through it under swaying willows, bending alders and spicy laurels, and here and there in its winding course were deep pools, which the boys of the adjacent village utilized as "swimming holes," while hundreds of cattle roamed at will over the hillsides.

The Contra Costa Company had been supplying the City of Oakland from Temescal Lake, which lies high among the foothills, back of Temescal, at an altitude of 437 feet above city base, and which is still used to serve the residents of the higher ground; it is about a mile and a half in length, with a capacity of only 300,000,000 gallons, which, being insufficient to supply the demand, work was commenced on the San Leandro Creek in 1874. A year of constant labor was required to clear those portions of the hillsides which would be below the water line of all brush and vegetation, and to excavate the creek to bed rock.

The dam is constructed entirely of selected material brought from various localities, though it is mostly of a peculiar kind of clay. Four hundred teams were in use at one time during its construction, and when, three years ago, ten feet were added to the height of the dam, a string of forty horses was used in "puddling." It is now 120 feet in height, 473 feet long, 1800 feet in width at the base, and 50 feet wide on top, with a surface that is wonderfully smooth and hard. The inner wall is lined with cement, and all the buttresses and retaining walls are of the finest stone or cement. The most wonderful feature about this dam is the fact that there is absolutely no seepage. Nature has been copied as closely as possible in the whole undertaking, and this enhances the charm to the visitor.

The lake has a capacity of 60,000,000,000 gallons, and, during the summer, as high as 15,000,000 gallons a day have been consumed. The Company owns 5900 acres of watershed, their land extending up the creek for eight miles on both sides, and in all this area there is but one resident, who lives near the upper end of the lake, and whose duty it is to see that the water is not polluted and to prevent trespassing.

During the winter the water pours down the slopes in torrents, and the little creeks carry roaring floods to swell the contents of the lake; then the splendid system of wasteways and discharge tunnels is called into use. One tunnel alone discharges 90,000,000 gallons an hour. It is 10 feet in diameter and 1480 feet in length. The capacity of the other two tunnels is, respectively, 50,000,000 and 55,000,000 gallons an hour; the wasteway can carry off 160,000,000 gallons in an hour.

SAN LEANDRO LAKE AND GATEWAYS

Marshall Photo

When it is known that these tunnels are lined with brick laid in hydraulic cement, and that the wasteway is solid stone and cement, it will be seen that there is no possibility of the dam giving way by a rush of water, even if its perfectly scientific construction did not render such an idea preposterous. As an additional but not necessary precaution, a certain amount of water is allowed to flow through the waste-gate, constantly, during the winter season, and the lake is kept lower than in the summer time in order to render it absolutely certain that even an extraordinary freshet could be handled, but in the late spring, when all danger from floods is past, it is filled to high-water mark.

The supply pipe is laid in a tunnel until it reaches the open country, from whence a 37½-inch main conveys the fluid on its way. Tunnels designated as Nos. 1 and 2 are also arranged so that, in case of necessity, they can be used for the supply. The flow is regulated by means of valves operated from the surface. The water runs through screens (which catch the algæ, and other deleterious substances) into huge connecting aerating basins, the smaller of which has a capacity of 950,000 gallons, and the larger of 1,500,000 gallons. Both of these basins are used in the summer, but in winter one is considered sufficient to thoroughly aerate the water.

In the filtering house, twelve Hyatt filtering cylinders are in use, and it is rather surprising to compare the water from one of the filters with that taken from the pipe before it passes into the cylinder. The filtered liquid partakes of the brilliancy of a diamond, so clear and sparkling is it, while the unfiltered water has rather a cloudy appearance, though if it is held to the light, apart from the other, it, too, seems clear and pure.

A number of whitehall boats and a fine steam launch are kept on the lake for the use of the Company's officers, or those who are fortunate enough to secure permission to use them. It is the fault of the people themselves that they are deprived of the pleasures to be derived from the proximity of so beautiful a sheet of water to the Bay cities. A strong fence, reinforced by barbed wire, encircles the Company's property. The reason for this is obvious. Formerly visitors to the lake were made welcome, and permission was freely extended to picnic and camping parties to use the gentle slopes for outings, but this permission was not received as a favor; the water was contaminated by refuse thrown into it, or scattered about by careless hands, so that the winds spread it broadcast. Even the grand old oaks that have stood for, it may be, centuries, were defaced, or, as has happened, wholly destroyed; fish were caught also and thrown on the bank to decay, and so it was found absolutely necessary to protect the property and forbid entrance to the premises, except by permit, and even this has not proved efficacious. The lake has been well stocked with several varieties of trout, the last consignment being a lot of 18,000 received from the State hatchery of Nevada three years ago. Not long since, three permits were issued, one Sunday, to parties who professed a desire to secure a few fish, but who carried away as "trophies of their skill" 150 trout. The fish ascend the creeks beyond the Company's territory, during high water, and are there caught by hundreds. In consequence of these depredations the stock becomes depleted and the trout extremely wary.

SALMON "JAGGING."

There are other means than the fly and rod of obtaining salmon, but they are resorted to mostly by Indians, and unscientific fishermen, who care more for spoils than sport. One of these is called "jagging." The writer, with several others, while camping near a stream, was invited one day by a countryman to see the *modus operandi*. The whole camp repaired to the side of one of the deep pools. The countryman waded the boiling ripples at its head; the other side being reached he seated himself on a high rock, and holding a young sappling in his hand for a pole, cast his well-blackened and stout line into the pool. On it were four very large hooks and a heavy sinker. On our side of the river a boy with sacks full of stones stood ready, and from time to time, threw into the stream, now to the right, again to the left, and often in the middle. The poor bewildered fish rushed madly about. The fisherman seemed to feel them by instinct against his invisible line, and giving a skillful turn of the hand he managed (it must be confessed by pure accident) to *actually tie the line around the tail of a grilse*. This was quickly landed, and found to weigh five pounds. The real jagging then began. The countryman soon felt a large salmon against his line, gave a jag, and a magnificent twenty-five pounder was pierced in the [illegible] A blow on the head with a stick quickly finished

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN BLANKETT FERGUSON

One of the prettiest customs enforced by etiquette is that of a gentleman acknowledging a lady's recognition of him by lifting his hat when he passes her on the street, but the rule should have an exception when the wearer of the hat happens to be on a bicycle. To release the handle-bar, even for an instant, may result fatally for a rider if he be making his way along any of our crowded thoroughfares. To avoid the dangers of collision, to escape being run down or run over, to maintain equilibrium while bouncing over our villainous cobbles, require constant alertness and a steady grasp of the machine. Accustomed from childhood to the lifting of his hat when he meets a feminine acquaintance, the man on a bicycle imagines that he has violated a mark of respect if he fails to do it under any and all circumstances. Since the bicycle has apparently come to stay, why should there not be a law—written or unwritten it matters not, so that it be understood—exempting the cyclist from the hat-raising act? Personally, I would entreat each of my masculine friends awheel to bestow upon me only the light of his countenance in passing. It is positively alarming to me to see a strong right arm go hatward in my behalf, and I involuntarily prepare to rescue the reckless rider from the gutter, whither his politeness is very apt to send him. Friends, countrymen, lend me your smiles, but hold onto the handle-bar for dear life, lest I unwittingly be accessory to the crime of your bodily destruction.

The clock struck twelve on the mantel shelf,
As he glanced in the mirror at himself.

His forehead was certainly growing high;
Strange how the wrinkles would multiply!

"It is really time I was settling down,"
He said, with a self-accusing frown.

"No more will I bet on a racetrack steed,
Or puff at the fragrant but costly weed.

"I'll go to bed early, stop swearing—in brief,
I intend to turn over a bright new leaf."

The clock tick-ticked at a steady pace,
A cynical smile on its time-worn face,

As it said to itself, "Queer things, these men—
He is telling the annual lie again!"

A man in Oklahoma, who took his wife's name when he married her, is now suing for divorce with the privilege of resuming his bachelor cognomen.

A local merchant was asked by his clerk for a raise of salary. "Why do you want more pay?" queried he. "Because I am worth more than I am getting," replied the clerk. "You really think so?" inquired the merchant. "Why, I not only think so—I know it. I am necessary to your business; in fact you can't get along without me." "Can't get along without you," repeated the merchant, thoughtfully; "what should I do if you were to die?" "Oh, in that case," the clerk answered, "you would have to get along without me." "Well," responded his employer, quietly, "you will please consider yourself dead from now henceforth."

"Really," said the Bride, as she passed the cracker jar to her caller, "it was the lamp that did it."

The Unmarried Girl, forgetting that it is not good form to betray surprise even though [illegible] best friend runs away with the ash-[illegible] upset her teacup down suddenly and [illegible] her hostess with eyes that suggested two whole saucerfuls of interrogation points.

"The lamp?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Yes," responded the Bride, cheerfully. "Have another lump of sugar, dear, and take my advice at the same time. Buy a banquet lamp, a nice large one with a handsome silk shade all ruffled and daintily edged with lace. Be sure to select the color most becoming to your complexion in the evening. Then, when what-ever-his-name-is calls, find out what kind of reading he likes best. If he has no preferences, read him anything; the result will be the same. My word for it, a man likes above all things to see a girl look cozy and domestic, and it takes a delicately draped lamp and somebody in a rocker to set him thinking about cottages built for two. Men themselves don't realize the power of inanimate things. I doubt if Charlie would have fallen in love with me without the magic influence of a lamp. Talk about Aladdin's! The nineteenth century illuminator is miles ahead of it. Gas jets are so very trying. A lamp is a girl's best friend—a matrimonial agency all by itself. No investment pays larger dividends of happiness."

But a bevy of other callers arrived and the Unmarried Girl took her departure, looking unusually thoughtful. She did not go directly home. And later in the day a large package, right side up with care, was delivered at her door.

An outcry is being made against the ugliness of pianos as articles of furniture, and possessors of the unwieldly instrument are devising ways to conceal its angles. The main solicitude of most people is not so much how to beautify a piano, but how to get it.

Unless the prospective husband of a New Woman can, without fear or misgiving, manfully stand up and promise in unfaltering tones to love, honor and obey, his marriage will be a failure.

A certain "hotel" in Stockton advertises a square meal for five cents and a night's lodging for a dime. Therefore, if the "guest" indulges in three of these four-cornered repasts daily, his living expenses will amount to seven and one-half dollars per month. Times have indeed changed since the days of '49, when eggs were worth a dollar apiece and a sack of flour sold for fifty dollars.

Alas, that the divine Paderewski, who comes to us this month, should be a poker player! It is said that he is improving in this guileless pastime, and that recently, after four hours of hard work, he rose from the table just $4.50 ahead. Considering that his concert services are estimated at $5000 per hour, his little diversion must have cost the great man $20,000 minus $4.50.

It occurred across the bay and it does not speak well for the perspicacity of Oakland hack drivers. Besides, it delayed a wedding fully three quarters of an hour. This was the way of it. A carriage had been sent for the minister and his wife and they were en route to their destination when the harness parted company with itself somewhere, and the driver got down from his box to repair the damages. Now it isn't the safest thing in the world to sit calmly inside a closed conveyance on a dark night while the driver is experimenting with breaks in a harness. At least, so reasoned the pastor and his better half, who prudently alighted and awaited developments. Imagine their consternation when the driver, who was disgusted at the delay and wanted to make up for lost time, climbed to the box, seized the reins and dashed off into the gloom, the rattle of wheels reverberating through the muddy, lonely streets, quite drowning out the expostulations of the side-tracked passengers. He drew up at the gate with foaming steeds, leaped to the ground and threw open the carriage door. When he saw that the ministerial bird and his mate had flown—been spilled by the wayside—lost—strayed—stolen, his face was a study for a camera artist. Meanwhile, the deserted passengers walked through a lively shower to shelter and telephoned for another carriage and a driver with eyes.

The sky-scraping collar affected by the ultra-fashionable youth of to-day could easily be turned into a money-making contrivance that might yield its wearer a good revenue, so the suggestion is herewith submitted. Rent your starched collar, young man, at space rates correspondingly stiff, to advertisers at so much per inch. Its expansive surface might just as well as not be utilized to your profit. What more conspicuous advertising medium could one find than the Kearny and Market Street dude? He is truly "the cynosure of all eyes" as he struts or ambles, according to his preferred gait, along the pavement. One cannot help seeing him, any more than one can help wondering why he was born. As a peripatetic poster he would, at least, have some excuse for his existence.

"Pray tell me, why does true love lend
A charm to prose and poetry?"
I asked this question of my friend
And thus straightway he answered me:
"Because it brightens life!" said he.

I questioned yet another friend,
This time a woman, fair to see.
"Does love to make life brighter tend?"
She blushed, but answered earnestly—
"Why, love is life itself!" said she.

Why is it that writers are so prone to revel in gloom and despair when preparing their holiday "specials"? The average Christmas number almost invariably has its quota of the tragic, the pitiful, and the consummately awful. In fact, unless a Christmas number sends the shivers up and down the reader's vertebræ; unless it is strongly tinctured with wo; unless it reminds us that we live in a vale of tears and that "'sdeath!" is lurking at our elbows, it cannot really be called a success. The fault, however, if fault it be, lies not with the writers. That which is dramatic, pathetic, and weird finds a ready sale if well written, and authors must live. It is, after all, the demand that creates the Christmas supply.

No one need now be deterred from traveling on account of scarce funds. A railroad advertises that it will take passengers from San Francisco to Chicago without change.

The San Francisco pedler of perishable articles is nothing if not ingenious. Nowadays when he gains the ear of the housewife he unfolds a new tale to awaken her interest in his wares. If he be a potato merchant he assures her that his entire wagon load was grown on his own particular ranch and dug by himself. If eggs be the commodity offered, he pictures in glowing terms the hennery that he owns in Marin or some other adjacent county, where he avers those eggs were laid that very morning. If vegetables, then his private gardens furnished them. A careful estimate and comparison of notes inclines one to the belief that every pedler in town has become a landlord and that the peregrinating vender of life-sustaining edibles is only an orchardist in disguise.

Somebody with more sentiment than sense has written some very pretty verses, which are living a brief newspaper day, concerning poverty and love, in which the sharing-a-crust picture is beautifully drawn. In the abstract, and as a theory, this is all well enough, but as every day philosophy it might—as a permanent arrangement—pall somewhat upon the palate and the sensibilities of the poet in question, who, as it happens, is a person in extremely comfortable circumstances. It is undeniably disturbing to love's young or middle-aged dream to have the butcher, baker, and candle-stick maker banging impatiently at the back door; to answer, empty-handed, the rent-collector's imperative ring, and to encounter the coal man's haughty stare. No, poverty is not, never has been, and never will be, beautiful. It is one of the saddest body and soul destroyers upon this green earth.

They quarreled. Lovers often do, you know.
She drew the diamond circlet from her hand.
Why trifling things should disconcert them so,
Should change their bliss to temporary wo,
I fail to understand.

They quarreled. Lovers are so queer! They lack
Calm logic. "All is over," she confessed;
And yet the instant that he turned his back
I heard her quite distinctly whisper, "Jack!"
Can you not guess the rest?

The writer who, in an Eastern paper, asserts that one dozen towels should be used by each person weekly, would probably faint dead away upon being introduced to a printing-office towel.

The passing of the pinafore marks an era in juvenile history. Time has been when the height of infantile respectability could only be reached by the pinafore route. The wee woman who would maintain herself in the very front ranks of juvenile aristocracy was compelled to sit wretchedly upright on a chair, encased in a starched strait-jacket, called by courtesy an apron. The more uncomfortable she, the more immaculate her pinafore, the better were her chances of being called "a little lady." Is it any wonder that she grew up crushed in spirit, wishing that she were a boy? Boyhood meant freedom. Pinafores meant captivity. But out on Washington Street is a merry quartet who wouldn't for the world be boys. These little women (the eldest is only nine) have solved the dress reform problem to their entire satisfaction. They rusticate in overalls.

Fancy a house with four small girls in it and not a starched apron from garret to cellar! Think of being absolutely free to burrow in the ground all day without spoiling any dry goods; to fearlessly indulge one's affinity for dirt. And oh, rapture, to make a whole bakery full of mud pies without a single "don't" hurled at one in warning, maternal tones from the doorstep!

When these four little maids, who are the daughters of Professor Harry B. Pasmore, go down to spend the summer at the beautiful home of their grandmother, Mrs. M. O. Stanton, the scientist, in Santa Cruz County, they leave all traces of finery behind them, including shoes. Then their sensible little mother sends them afield. Later in the season they come back to town—and to gown—as healthy as children can be. Overalls as summer wardrobes are a great success.

Of course they have dainty frocks at home. When they "appear" in public you would never dream that for a third of the twelve-month they scamper like squirrels up and down the broad acres of "The Heights."

Mary, the eldest, is a wonderfully clever violinist. Susie plays the piano, Dorothy is a six-year-old 'cello artist, and Harriet dances like a three-year-old fairy. Their musical ability is inherited. As for their rosy cheeks and chubby chins, it is more than likely that these can be traced directly to four abbreviated pairs of brown overalls.

ITEMS.

In the current issue of THE TRAVELER will be found an illustrated article of that incomparable train, the "Sunset Limited," running between New Orleans and San Francisco.

It seems proper in this connection to state that tourists stopping at New Orleans will find there one of the finest hotels in the country, in the shape of the "Grunewald." It enjoys a central location, and up to date in every respect, and is unquestionably the best hotel at which to stop during a sojourn in this very interesting city, where the cafe is one of its main features, and is most admirably conducted.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks's Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Redlands people will soon enjoy the privilege of gazing on a new tourist hotel which will adorn one of the most conspicuous elevations in the vicinity of that flourishing little city. Some time ago, Colonel Richie, for over a year past proprietor of the Arlington Hotel at Riverside, offered to construct a new hotel in Redlands if the citizens would raise a certain portion of the money, something like twenty thousand dollars. This was forthwith done, and the work is now so well under way that the owner expects to have the building completed by about the twentieth of February.

Human ingenuity is nowhere more conspicuously exhibited than it is in the vast variety of shapes and styles in which hats and caps are manufactured. At the first blush it might seem as though this inventive and constructive genius could be applied to a more useful purpose. Reflection, however, dissipates this critical theory. Not one of the animate or inanimate objects of which the world is composed can be made too graceful or beautiful—certainly man cannot. And nothing so makes a guy of a man as a hat which, in shape and appearance, is unsuited to his physique. Hence the necessity of the vast variety of shapes which one finds in a well-appointed store like that of C. Herrmann & Co., 328 Kearny Street, where a whole building is devoted to the manufacture and sale of men's headgear.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

The recent changes at the Brown Palace, Denver—the moving of the dining-room to the ground floor, the opening of a first-class restaurant and cafe in connection, and the converting of the old dining-room on the eighth floor into a beautiful ballroom—have been pronounced by all a great improvement. The restaurant and cafe have been largely patronized, both by the traveling public and citizens of Denver, and although the doors have only been open about a month, there is no doubt in the minds of the management, or their patrons, regarding the wisdom of the change.

The Hotel Ramona, at San Luis Obispo, is now under the management of Messrs. Jack & Johnson, both wide and favorably known. Mr. Jack is a prominent banker and capitalist of San Luis Obispo County, and Mr. Johnson is Superintendent of the Pacific Coast Railway Company. This is a splendid combination and ought to insure the success of this splendid caravansary. It comprises two hundred rooms, single and *en suite*, baths, etc., and the rates are only $2.50 per day and upwards. Special attention is paid to the commercial trade. Those going to San Luis Obispo will find the Ramona the very best hotel in the town.

NEW GOLD.

MY "CLOTH OF GOLD."

O but the wind is keen,
And the sky is dull as lead!
If only leaves were brown,
Were only withered and dead,
Perhaps I might not frown,
However the storm might beat;
But to see their delicate green
Tossing in wind and rain,
Whirling in lane and street,
Trampled in mud and dirt—
Alive to the winter pain,
To the sting and the hurt!

I wish they all were hid
In a fleecy coverlid;
I wish I could bury the rose
Under the Northern snows,
And make the land take off
The purple and red and buff,
And flamy tints that please
Her tropical Spanish taste,
And mantle her shapeliness,
Just once, in the delicate dress
Of her sisters, fairer faced,
Over the seas.

If but for a single day,
This vivid, incessant green
Might vanish quite away,
And never a leaf be seen;
And woods be brown and sere,
And flowers disappear;
If only I might not see,
Forever, the fruit on the tree,
The rose on its stem!
For spring is sweet, and summer
Ever a blithe newcomer—
But one tires even of them!

You were pleasant to behold,
When days were warm and bland,
My beautiful "Cloth of Gold,"
My rose of roses, nursed
With careful, patient hand;
So sunny and content,
With butterflies about you,
And bees that came and went,
And could not do without you;
But better to die at first,
With the earliest blossom born,
Than to live, so crumpled and torn,
So dripping and forlorn.

Better that you should be
Safe housed, and asleep,
Under the tough brown bark,
Like your kindred over the sea;
Nor know if the day be drear,
Nor heed if the sky be dark,
If it rain or snow.
But ah! to be captive here,
The live-long, dragging year,
To the skies that smile and weep;
The skies that thrill and woo you,
That torture and undo you,
That lure and hold you so,
And will not let you go!

Lines Suggested in Passing Through The Royal Gorge. Written for "The Traveler" by Margaret Grant Wallace.

Giants stupendous in your awful height!
Great watchmen of the canyon's mysteries,
Stationed along its prehistoric walls;
I stand appalled beneath your mightiness,
Waiting, resigned, for ye to bend and crush
This helpless body, that my soul may fly
In rapture, to behold with ecstasy
The God that fashioned ye from nothingness!
Ye yield not! And I pass along and laugh
Aloud, until your echoing caverns ring
And mock me for my one presumptuous thought
That such as ye would e'er descend from heights
So grand, to smite my insignificance.
Silent I gaze, enwrapt in wonderment,
Perplexed to fathom if 'tis rapturous pain
Or gruesome pleasure that bestirs my soul,
As I behold ye, lofty, cold, sublime!

A sudden sound of merry, tinkling rills,
And lo, unheralded by noise of drums,
Yet queen of flowery vale and swelling hills,
January comes!

THAT REMINDS ME.

HAY THERE!

No one has quite as many ups and downs in life as the elevator boy.

Mistress (greatly scandalized)—Is it possible you are making bread without having washed your hands!

New Kitchen Maid—Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread.

There is only one thing that is said to be worse than being called upon unexpectedly to make an after-dinner speech: that is to prepare an after-dinner speech and not be asked to deliver it.

Mrs. Hiram—And have you any references?

Applicant—No, mum; Oi tored 'em up!

Mrs. Hiram (in surprise)—Tore them up? How foolish!

Applicant—Yez wudn't think so, mum, if yez had seen 'em!

"Mr. Hawkins," said she, "I wish you'd decide a bet. Mr. Johnson says it is only five hundred feet from here to the beach, and I say it's one thousand."

"Well," said the diplomatic Hawkins, "I should say you were both right. It's about five hundred of Johnson's feet, and a thousand of yours."

Mr. Flathouse—What did you kick me under the table for when I asked Georgeleigh to have some more turtle?

Mrs. Flathouse (severely)—For two reasons: there was not much turtle; and, not being a skirt dancer, I couldn't kick over it.

At a lecture on "The Decline of Literature," the eloquent orator shouted: "Where are the Chaucers and Shakespeares and Miltons and Spencers and Macaulays? Where are they, I say?" And a voice answered sadly from the gallery, "All dead."

Little Boy—Dr. Knowitt says that peoples most always eat too much.

Mother—I presume that is true.

Little Boy—Well, if peoples would jus' let their childrens eat all they wants to, there wouldn't be so much left for the peoples to eat theirselves.

A little girl, who was an unnoticed listener at dinner the other day, suddenly piped up with:

"Mamma, is everybody wicked?"

"Why, no, my child, of course not," answered her mother. "Why did you ask such a question as that?"

"Because you haven't said a nice thing about anybody to-day."

The meal was finished in silence.

When the lecturer inquired dramatically, "Can any one in this room tell me of a perfect man?" there was a dead silence. "And has any one," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient-looking little woman in a black dress rose up and answered, "There was one; I've often heard of her, but she's dead now; she was my husband's first wife."

Customer (reading a newspaper)—Here, I see I am referred to in the paper again.

Landlord—Indeed! What do they say about you?

Customer (reading aloud)—At the close of last week Berlin numbered [illegible] inhabitants. I am one of the lot.

"I believe Wenlock is terribly afraid of burglars."

"That is so; he even bolts his food."

"Absent-minded man, that fellow Swellfront!"

"Yes?"

"By Jove! I caught him the other day actually flirting with his wife."

Green—Did you see Jones when he came in from fishing?

Brown—Yes, I was close to the boat.

Green—Were there any fish lying about him?

Brown—No, Jones was lying about the fish.

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WHEN TO MARRY.

MARY J. HOLMES.

BUT few subjects have been so often discussed and written about as "At what age shall our girls and boys marry?" Perhaps the only rational answer to the vexed question is that given by some author whose name I do not now recall. "Show me the girl," was her brief comment, and, in a way, that covers the whole ground. Show me the girl and the boy; let me know something of their tastes, their dispositions, their habits, their ideas of life, and the manner in which they have been reared, for these are of far more importance than the respective ages of the parties. A girl who looks upon her mother as a household drudge of whom she is ashamed, who dawdles through the morning in a Mother Hubbard and crimping-pins, and runs to hide if there is a ring at the door, who spends the afternoon in gossip and the evening in flirting, is not fit to be a wife, whether she be sixteen or thirty. The chances are that the girl of sixteen will make the better wife of the two, for as the twig is more easily bent than the shrub, so the habits of sixteen are, generally more easily changed than those of longer growth.

For many disastrous and unhappy marriages the mothers are as much to blame as the daughters, who so often enter the matrimonial state without a thought of what that state involves, or that as much will be required of them as of the husbands they have chosen. How many mothers of the present day teach their daughters that marriage means far more than the feverish excitement of the grand wedding and the elaborate trousseau, which shall outdo the trousseau and wedding of some rival, and that from the sacred relations of man and wife will emanate influences for good or bad, which will go on from strength to strength until they beat against the shore of eternity's vast sea. I do not mean to be unjust to my own sex, and I believe there are quite as many good wives as husbands; but I also believe that more girls than boys marry with mistaken ideas of what will be expected from them. But, as I knew I should do in the beginning, I have wandered away from the question—when to marry.

Never, most decidedly, for the girl who, as an acquaintance of mine once said, intends to do nothing "but sit in a rocking-chair and eat molasses candy"; and never for the young man who has no right principle to guide him, no habits of industry and thrift, and no deeper feeling for the girl he marries than that inspired by passion or a pretty face, which will fade so soon. But to the pure young girl who looks upon the marriage state as something sacred and not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly, and to the pure young man who respects all womanhood, and who means what he says when he promises to love and comfort and honor his bride so long as they both shall live, I say most emphatically, marry young, before the formation of habits and tastes and opinions which you will find difficult to change, and which must be changed if the matrimonial wheels run smoothly. Marry, and in one sense, grow up together, laying aside self as far as possible, conforming each to the wishes of the other, remembering always that he or she who gives up the most gains the greatest victory.

And just here let me repeat an anecdote of a wife of a few months, who, in the midst of her first quarrel, was asked by her husband, which ought to give way, the man who was the head of the woman, or the woman who was created for the man? With a smile and a kiss, the wife replied:

"Neither the stronger nor the weaker, but the one who loves the most."

Brave words these and true, and recalled with bitter tears by the husband, who, within less than a year, stood by the grave of the young girl-wife, who had loved the most.

It is, I think, an erroneous idea that early marriages are a hindrance rather than a help to the success in life and the mental development and happiness of the parties. That this is sometimes the case is true, but I believe that more young men, and girls, too, have been saved from ruin and wretchedness by an early marriage than have been ruined by it. There is something inspiriting and ennobling in the possession of a home and a family to work for and beautify, and if the girl and boy are poor, I should still say, marry young and work together for the home and the competence, which will be all the more enjoyable because they are the result of toil and self-denial.

"All that I am worth and all the good there is in me I owe to my wife," is the verdict of many a happy husband, who, had he married later, would never have known the joy there is in toil and self-denial when shared with another for a common purpose, or the keen enjoyment of a pleasure which has been honestly earned.

Said a friend of mine to whom I was speaking of the article I was going to write, "Oh, take the side of early marriages and tell them of my sister who was married so young and is so much a girl, although she has a son much taller than herself."

MT. SHASTA IN WINTERTIME

And what prettier sight is there than that of a mother, wedded in early youth and surrounded by her grown-up children, who are proud that she is mistaken for their sister, she is still so young and fair with the beauty which comes to a restful middle age, when the hardships of life are left behind?

That there are many happy marriages late in life I know, but I think they are often contracted on purely business principles. A man who has outlived the period when poverty seemed sweet if shared with the girl he loved wants money, and he marries the woman who can give it to him; while the woman who has outlived the freshness of her youth finds herself, in one sense, alone, or she wants money or position or a home, or to escape from the one she has, and she marries from necessity rather than choice, sometimes finding happiness, but oftener the contrary. I believe, too, that there are as many mistakes made between twenty-five and thirty-five as between eighteen and twenty-five; and as I write, my thoughts go back to the far-off grave of one who, after a brief dream of happiness, had awakened to find her life empty of everything which she prized the highest. Between herself and her husband there was no sentiment in common, nor was one possible. He had his ideas and she had hers, and both were as widely apart as the poles. In contrast to this is the case of another friend who was married at thirty-nine to a man about her own age, and who was, and is still, as happy as was ever a bride of twenty.

And so one might go on citing instance after instance on both sides of the question, and the world would be none the wiser, for although sermons may be preached and volumes written upon the subject, our young people will still marry when they please.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE ADVENTURES OF A HUMMING-BIRD.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

I am a little orphan humming-bird, and my name is Chip. My eyes first opened on this big, strange world in a tall pine-tree on the slope of a snowy peak they call Mt. Shasta, and I lived happily in the nest with my little twin brother until one dreadful day when I tried to fly. Then, the next thing I knew, I was fluttering about on the cold, hard ground, with no kind mother near to help me. How long I stayed there I cannot tell, but after a while my constant peeping attracted the attention of some city people who were living in tents near by, and they picked me up and carried me back to the camp. Here I was very kindly treated, being fed and petted to my heart's content, all of which helped me to become used to my new surroundings.

Then, one July evening, I was carefully packed away in an empty candy-box, with holes in the lid to let in the air, and taken on board of the "Oregon Express," a great, shrieking, smoking train, with so many lights in the windows that it looked just like a giant spangled caterpillar. How we did rush over the lonely country all through that long, dark night! I was nearly scared to death, and never slept a single wink.

But the next morning, after we had reached our journey's end, and I had rested quietly in a sunny window, I drank up sugar-syrup with my long tongue for several minutes without stopping.

Every one was very kind to me, but I pined for the woods and hills and my old home in the nest. So, as I continued to mope, and lost my appetite, my mistress took me on the cars to a bird store in order to get some advice about me. The place was full of noisy parrots and squawking cockatoos, and my head buzzed so badly that I was thankful to get out again into the fresh morning air.

My next adventure was having my picture taken in a real photograph gallery. I did my very best to "look pleasant," but I was so cold and frightened that I couldn't keep still, and the portrait turned out a failure.

I perch all day on the edge of my little wicker basket, and go fast asleep every night at half-past six. There is a small toy chicken, with bright yellow feathers, that is placed up against me at bedtime, and I cuddle close beside it till I wake up at eight o'clock in the morning.

I watch the other birds out of the window, and oh, how hard I try to fly too! Yesterday somebody said that if I ever grow strong enough to look out for myself, that I should be set free in the garden among the beautiful flowers, to sip the honey out of their dainty cups, and to hum all day in the sunshine.

But if that happy time ever arrives, I will come back quite often to visit my faithful friends in the parlor; for I do not forget that but for them I might have been left to die of hunger or be eaten by some cruel snake or bluejay in the far-off Sierra forest. So you see that we little fellows have our trials and tribulations, but are denied the consolation of imparting them.

1896

It is predicted, will see the bicycle craze unabated. There will be all kinds, styles and prices of wheels in the market. What will govern you in your selection?

You want a wheel that is strictly high-grade, that contains ***in its construction*** the price asked; one that will not break down on you, that never needs repairs and gives you satisfaction throughout. ***DON'T BUY A CHEAP WHEEL***—it is too expensive. Buy one that has made its reputation so that you can ask your friends about it.

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IN THE LAND OF THE SAGE-BRUSH

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Ella Sterling Cummins.*]

A splendid sweep of harmony is here.
Within this region of the world, that seems
To be unblest of God or man. In dreams
I wander back once more, without a fear,
Unto my blessed mountains and my home
Within their shades. The land is gray, and gray
The sagebrush on the hillsides; all the way
Is gray with alkali, where'er I roam.

The world seems dead. And yet the dull, gray stone,
Piled up in massive architecture, seems
A mighty castle, touched with golden gleams,
Where the lichen's tawny gold hath grown.
Yellow, too, the greasewood blooms, and green
The pine and willow growing by the streams
That flow from banks of snow.
Amid the scene
Of yellows, grays, and olives dull, there gleams
A sudden spark of color, bright and gay,
That cheers the eye, and cheers the heart, and gives
The place a holiday. It sweetly lives
To bless and sanctify the sagebrush gray—
This scarlet plume of Indian red, so bold
And saucy in its attitude.
And yet
Wise Nature does not rest, nor e'en forget
To fret the skies with crimson bars, and gold,
The sweep of rosy curtains, back to hold,
The very Eastern skies with tints to light,
As cometh on the silver glories of the night,
And the mountains gray in purple cloaks to fold.

Oh, Prophet of the Beautiful, and man
Of taste subdued and clarified! I pray deny
Me not the right to love the colors of the sky,
And point to blessed Nature, if you can!

ODDS AND ENDS.

A silent partner—a henpecked husband.

The clumsiest man in the whole country has been discovered. He is so awkward that he will stub his toe on a sunbeam and trip up over his own shadow.

"Well, Fred, you're an uncle now; you ought to be real proud over it."
Little Fred—No, I oughtn't to. I ain't no uncle.
Grandpa—Why not?
Little Fred—'Cause I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl.

Bobby—I s'pose pa knows I stole the peaches?
Mother—Yes, he knows it, Bobby.
Bobby—And I s'pose he'll whip me?
Mother—Yes, child, I expect so.
Bobby—Well, ma, don't you think we made a great mistake in marryin' pa?

The writer who, in an Eastern paper, advances the statement that fifteen towels weekly should be the allowance of each and every person, would probably faint dead away upon being introduced to a printing-office towel.

Prcies in linens are getting ridiculously low. A lunch cloth can now be bought for fifty dollars.

There is something radically wrong with the woman who has ceased to care whether or not her hat is on straight.

A little time ago, on one of the Cunard boats, one of the crew (while the passengers were at dinner) picked up a menu, and, seeing on the top, "Table d'hote," inquired of one of his mates the meaning of it. The latter thoughtfully stroked his chin and said: "Well, look 'ere, mate; it's like this 'ere: them swells down in the saloon haves some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this, a bit of that, and a bit of summat else, and calls it table dottie. We haves table dottie, only we mixes it all together and calls it Irish stew."

Mr. Dasher—How is it that we don't see more of you on the beach, Miss Flasher?
Miss Flasher (blushfully)—You would, only for the police.

They sat in deep thought for half an hour after the lunch. Finally one of them could stand it no longer. So he took a cigar from his pocket and lighted it with the remark: "Sorry I haven't got another cigar." "Just what I should have said to you in five minutes more," replied the other, also taking out a cigar and lighting it, "if you hadn't got the start of me."

On a hungry march orders against foraging are apt to be liberally interpreted by both officers and men. An exchange recalls an instance, not unlike some that all veterans are fond of telling. While the 48th Georgia Regiment was on the march to Gettysburg, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and confiscated a couple of geese, and one of the drummers unheaded his drum and put the captured birds inside. Shortly afterwards the colonel came along, and noticing the silence of the drum, rode up to the drummer and said: "Why don't you beat that drum?" "Colonel," said the startled man, "I want to speak to you." The colonel drew close to him and said: "Well, what have you to say?" The drummer whispered, "Colonel, I've got a couple of geese in here." The colonel straightened up and said: "Well, if you are sick, you needn't play," and rode on. That night the colonel had roast goose for supper.

One of the handsomest publications of the season is that of the Christmas edition of THE TRAVELER. Without attempting to particularize, we feel warranted in saying that no prettier or more appropriate sketch ever appeared in a Western magazine than the one entitled "Christmas on the Pacific," which adorns the front page of this issue. *S. F. Voice of Labor.*

A credit to California is the Christmas number of THE TRAVELER, which appears with a superb cover in half-tone coloring, "Christmas on the Pacific." THE TRAVELER is by far the handsomest monthly publication in America, and the current number of twenty-four pages is, as usual, typographically perfect.—*S. F. Town Talk.*

The December TRAVELER is gay in color. Its title page illustration is a study in lithographic art and a credit to the publishers. The contents are up to the usual standard. *S. F. Call.*

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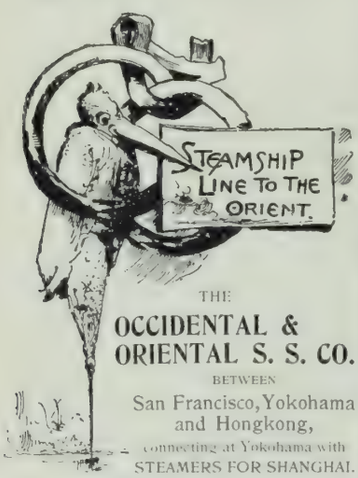

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SOME CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

MALDEN, Mass., Dec. 15, 1895.

THE TRAVELER: Enclosed please find remittance in payment for two subscriptions to THE TRAVELER. Would like the subscriptions to commence with the November number, and sent to the following addresses: M. M. Griswold (Foss's Studio), Florence Street, Malden, Mass.; Hugh A. Hopkins, 22 Bartlett Street, Malden, Mass. Though not a subscriber myself, I receive THE TRAVELER regularly every month from a friend residing in Santa Clara, Cal., and I think it the finest illustrated monthly in the country. On showing a copy to my friends here they were so pleased with its illustrations and general make-up that they immediately subscribed, and I herewith send you the amount of their subscriptions.

Yours very truly,
JESSE W. SARGENT.
252 Pleasant Street.

RED BLUFF, Cal., Dec. 9, 1895.

WM. V. BRYAN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I was reminded by seeing a stray copy of THE TRAVELER last night that my subscription has about expired. I want you to continue to send it to my sister, Harriet Norvell, 1004 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va., instead of to Island, Va., as before. THE TRAVELER is incomparable in its field. Enclosed find one dollar. Very truly yours,
R. M. NORVELL.

Among the guests at the Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara, for the winter, are the following well-known people: Edw. H. Williams, Philadelphia; Mr. John H. Louderman and wife, Mr. James H. Louderman and wife, St. Louis; Mrs. Senator Chandler, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Senator Hale, Chandler Hale, Washingion, D. C.; Wm. Norman Campbell, Chicago; Mrs. Duryea, Mr. P. H. Duryea, New York; Miss Everhart, Chicago; Mr. Oscar Wertheimer, Pittsburgh. Recently the Arlington has built a new ladies' billiard and pool table, which is quite an attraction to a large number of the guests. Dances are in order three times a week, with concerts every evening, so that altogether the guests at the Arlington are thoroughly enjoying life. The proprietors report that they have never before had so many rooms engaged during this season of the year.

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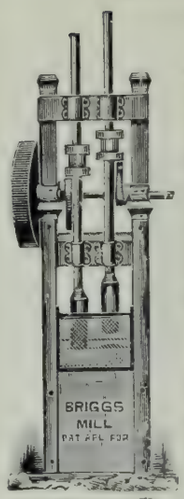

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The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

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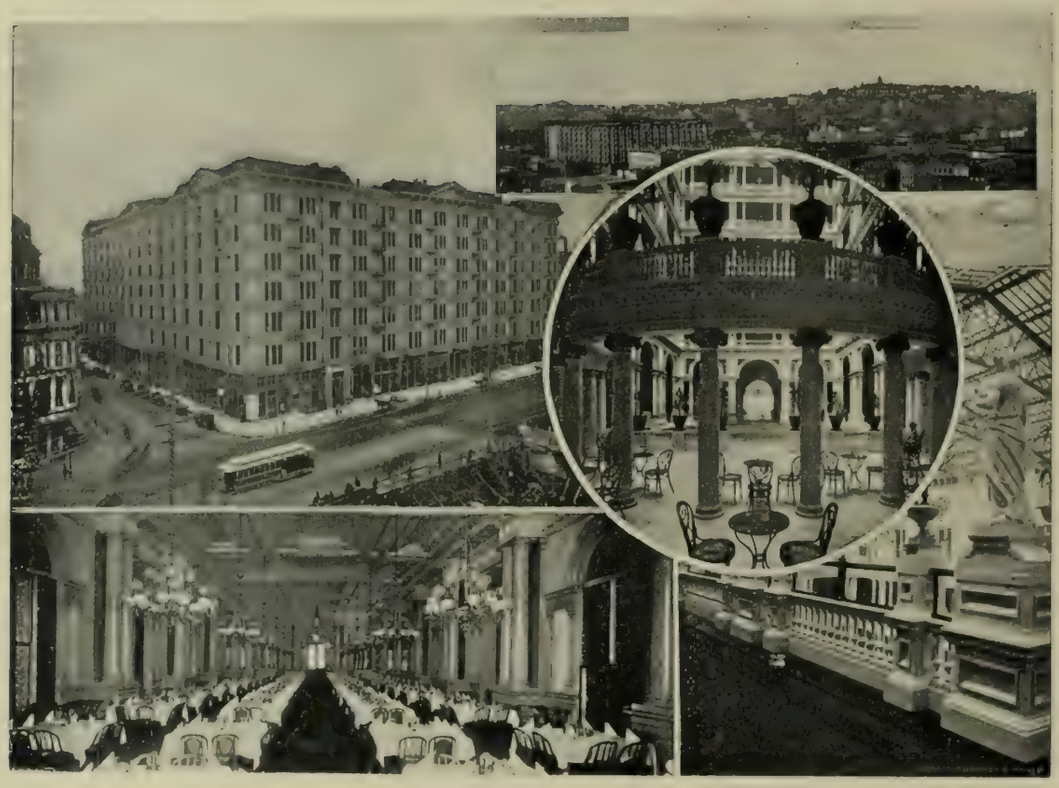

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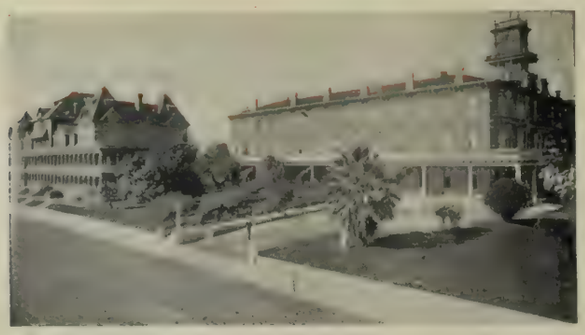

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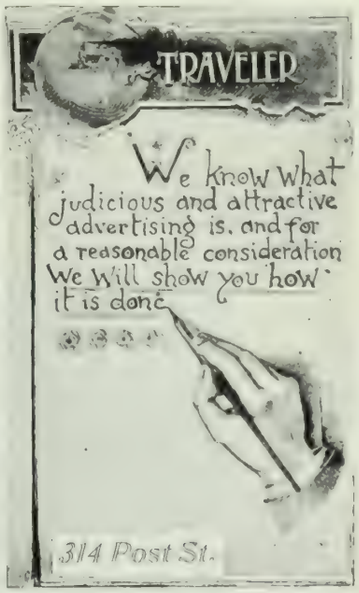

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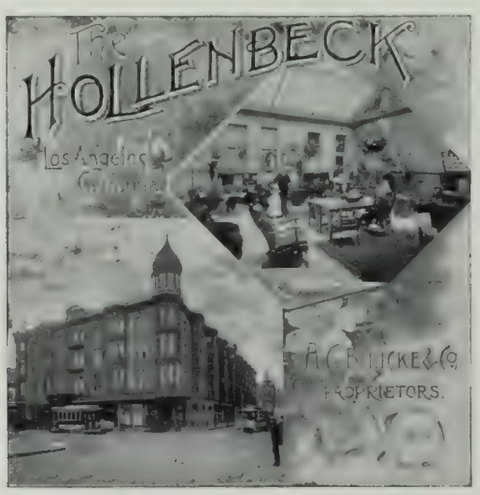

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VOLUME VII. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY, 1896. NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

C. P. DONNELL, LOS ANGELES, CAL., GENERAL AGENT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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OUR PRIZE OFFER.

THE attention of our readers is respectfully called to the announcement at the top of the opposite page, wherein we ask the opinions of those interested governing the conduct of THE TRAVELER. This notice appeared in our January issue, and is inserted once more because of the replies that have been received from many of our Eastern friends, and which arrived too late to give them a fair consideration in time to announce the decision in this issue. The contest will therefore remain open until February 17th, and all criticisms received up to and including that date will have equal chances with those already forwarded. We should be very glad, indeed, to have any of our readers favor us with their ideas on the subjects submitted, and, as stated in the announcment, do not hesitate to criticize us as severely as your judgment may deem just and fair.

FROM statistics recently gathered by the Internal Revenue Bureau, some interesting and striking facts are secured concerning the manufacture of beer. It is shown that there are about seventy thousand breweries in the world. Out of this number 30,000 are located in Germany; Great Britain follows with 18,000, and then the United States with 5,000. Comparing these figures with the respective populations of these three countries, we find that in Germany there is one brewery to every 1,666 persons; in Great Britain one to every 2,111; and in our own country one to every 13,000 persons; from which it will be seen that we are not such heavy beer drinkers by a large percentage as our brethren across the waters. Further, it is one of the peculiarities of the beer business that the production and the consumption of beer in each country are substantially the same. There is very little commerce in beer. Only one country, Germany, brews more beer than it consumes, and the exports are comparatively nominal. Only one country consumes more beer than it produces, and that is France.

A RECENT case in southern Illinois has brought up an interesting question in connection with the rights of passengers to choose their routes of traveling. It has long been a disputed question as to whether shippers possessed the right of direction as to the lines employed in transporting freight, but

OUTLIVED HIS USEFULNESS.

it has been commonly understood that a passenger, being able to move of his own volition, could go where he pleased. The case in question was brought by a passenger who purchased a ticket at Buffalo, via the Lake Shore and Big Four Roads, to St Louis, intending, however, to stop at East St. Louis, through which point the Big Four was accustomed to go in reaching St. Louis. At this particular time, however, that road had changed its route, crossing the river via the merchants bridge from Granite City, Illinois, a short distance north of East St. Louis, thereby compelling the passenger to recross the river to reach his home. Because of the delay thus occasioned, and the bridge toll he was compelled to pay, he obtained judgment for three hundred dollars. The case will be appealed, but it nevertheless presents an interesting controversy. The purchaser when buying his ticket stated that he wished a ticket to St. Louis via the Lake Shore and Big Four Roads. No contract was entered into to carry him via East St. Louis, although it is possible that the ticket handed him bore a coupon reading from Cleveland to that point. That, however, does nor constitute a contract, the coupons of a ticket being employed for purposes of accounting between the railroads, rather than the expression of any obligation of the railroad to the purchaser. It would seem to be hardly open to debate that a railroad company has the right to carry passengers to contracted destinations by such routes as may be most convenient to itself, provided such destination is reached without unnecessary delay. If a contract includes in its terms certain intermediate points, there would, of course, be no questions as to the obligations of the company, but in the absence of such terms it is scarcely possible that a higher court will confirm the finding of the jury in the case here referred to.

IT IS somewhat amusing, as well as disgusting, to watch the attitude of the daily press in the matter of a nauseating scandal involving the pastor of the First Congregational Church of this city. So much has been written about it, that it may seem almost tiresome to make reference to it further, but the disposition of these journals to publish anything and everything savoring of sensationalism, no matter how far from the truth it may be, is so reprehensible and absurd that it deserves at least a passing comment.

The old saying that "Sympathy is generally with the under dog in the fight," seems to have been reversed in this instance; and because of the misfortune of Dr. Brown in being unwittingly drawn into this diabolical plot, and because of his prominence and the character of his calling, almost every paper in the community is lending its aid to drag him down and pronounce judgment of guilty before the man has even had a trial. True, he may have been indiscreet. Who of us have not, in one way or another? But the world, unfortunately, is too prone to judge by appearances and too hasty in its condemnation.

We remember, some years ago, on returning home after midnight, we found the front door locked and bolted. Not believing it good judgment to announce the time of our arrival by a vigorous pull of the bell, we started to climb through the front window, and came near spending the night behind the bars for the indiscretion.

Suppose you were a married man and it happened that you were seen kissing your sister by some one not aware of the relationship, think how erroneously and perhaps harmfully you would be judged. You might even regret it had been your sister so long as you got the credit for embracing some one else.

But, seriously, we are too hasty in forming our opinions. "Believe nothing that you read and only one-half of what you see," is a good rule to follow.

TRUCKEE'S ICE CARNIVAL.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

AS the train pulls into the depot at Truckee every eye peers forth to see the wonderful ice palace that is drawing crowds to the town. There it stands in the plaza, big, white, and imposing. If one expected to see a structure composed of blocks of glittering ice piled up in minarets and towers, he would be disappointed, for this ice palace is as yet barren of any such ornamentation, but next winter will see it constructed on a scale of greater magnificence. The time from the inception of the idea to its consummation was too short to admit of such construction, but the building is absolutely safe and will remain in its present beautiful condition until some time in May, when the sun's rays will begin to dissolve the ice crystals and from a thing of beauty the palace will again become only a frame-work of pine.

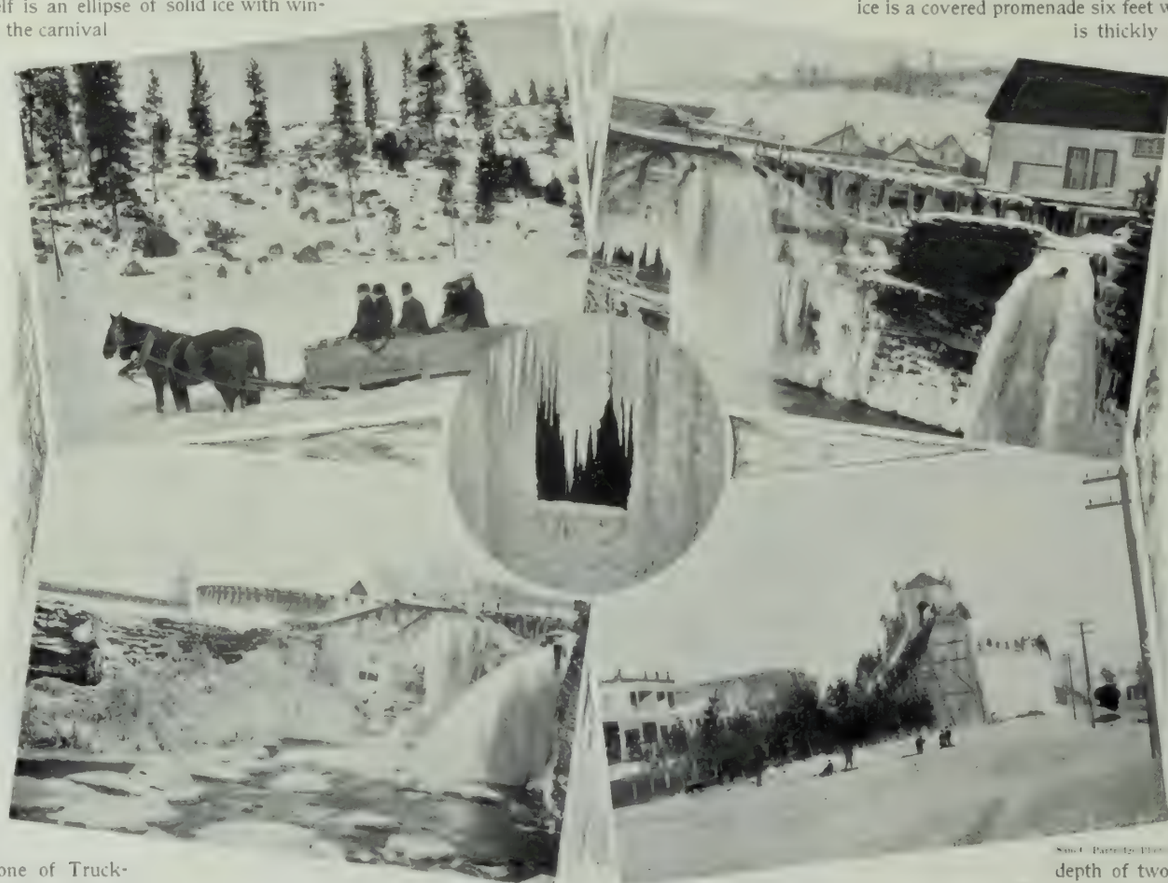
The palace itself is an ellipse of solid ice with windows screened by the carnival colors of red, white, and blue, over which nature has placed most wonderful draperies of icicles. A grand tower is the connecting link between the toboggan slide and the skating rink, which is in the interior of the palace.

Truckee has had snow and ice to spare ever since the first era of its existence, but beyond the export of the latter commodity the citizens of this bustling mountain town have never thought of making the surplus a means of attraction, and consequent revenue, until, to the fertile brain of Hon. Charles F. McGlashan, one of Truckee's most progressive and wide-awake residents, was suggested the idea of an ice palace. The suggestion was conceived in a somewhat remarkable way. For years the people of this locality have gazed, each succeeding winter, upon the magnificent spectacle of a series of gigantic icicles formed by the leakage from an immense flume that flows near the town and empties into the river at the mill. These icicles assume the most fantastic shapes, and are from fifteen to forty feet in length, and from fifteen to forty feet wide.

Inspired with the thought that one might mold the shape of an icicle almost as readily as a plastic material, Mr. McGlashan had a frame-work erected, two years ago, near his rocking-stone tower. This frame-work consisted simply of three upright scantlings which spread apart at the base and formed an apex at the top. He had these sprayed with a hose nightly from the top of his tower in order that the greatest amount of water would congeal at the base; the result of several successive sprayings was a magnificent ice tower seventy feet in height and forty feet in diameter at the base, which lasted all winter. The shape of this peculiar icicle was somewhat suggestive of a statue of the Goddess of Liberty, and the originator of the design considers it might have been modeled in perfect symmetry.

Enthused with the success of his idea, last September Mr. McGlashan broached the subject of an ice carnival to the citizens of the town with the result that a company was formed with a capital stock of $50,000, all of which was immediately subscribed by the business and working men of the place, and the project is now established as an annual winter attraction.

The plan of the building is unique. It is in the shape of a colosseum, is 250 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 40 feet in height. A frame-work of scantlings was first erected and this was covered with Number 20, two-inch mesh, wire netting. The roof, which is of boards, inclines from the outer edge toward the center, where the wall is only about nine feet high. This is in order to allow the snow to slide into the open space in the middle. It is then to be tunneled in order that convenient access may be had from one portion of the palace to another, and next winter an immense dance hall will be excavated in the center of it, with artistic pillars, statues, etc., shaped from the glittering snow.



FIVE PICTURESQUE AND INTERESTING SCENES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE TRUCKEE ICE CARNIVAL.

As soon as the frame was completed the work of freezing was begun. Sixty sets of hose were used in spraying the netting, the water being allowed to trickle down from the top, while it was sent upward from below in a cloud of spray which froze as soon as it touched the solid substance, whether it was the netting or its coating of ice.

The walls have a uniform thickness of four feet, and externally they are beautiful with fluted pillars and all manner of fantastic and artistic art decorations, which emit the prismatic radiance of an opal in the sun-light, and reveal clear emerald depths in the shadows, which make one shiver, though more from the weird appearance than an atmospheric chilliness, for one does not experience any special sensation of cold in this clear, rare air. An upright fringe of fir trees decorates the top of the palace, and these have also been sprayed, until the effect of the frozen trees, clad in a glittering coat of icicles, is magical. Over the walls boughs of the ice-clad trees project, making them still more beautiful.

The palace impresses one with the feeling that he has stepped into the region of the North Pole, and has arrived at the castle of the Ice King, but when he enters, he is positive that, instead of being the abode of His Majesty, it is the sure-enough home of Santa Claus, and that the oranges and lemons and apples he had left over at Christmas time have been used to ornament the entrance to his private apartments, for opposite the wide doors are artistic decorations composed of these fruits which have also been covered with an icy coating. The effect is unique; and then somebody tells you that some fruitgrowers down in Fresno and Kern Counties felt sorry because Truckee had nothing but ice, and snow, and lumber, and excursionists, to exhibit, and so sent them these magnificent specimens of what they raise down that way.

To enter the crystal palace one steps under the noble archway that leads through the tower; on one side of this the stairway to the toboggan rises, and directly opposite you may pass through the gate into the skating rink. This rink is a novel feature in itself. It is elliptical in shape, like the structure that encloses it; with an entire length of 730 feet, and a width of 20 feet. Separated from the skating floor by pillars of ice is a covered promenade six feet wide The ice floor is thickly covered with sawdust, so that one may walk upon it with ease and comfort.

The floor of the rink is as smooth and level as glass, and here pleasure reigns supreme, particularly during the electric-light-lit evening hours. The effect of the electric lights, shining through the translucent walls, may be better imagined than described, and the brush of the artist could do the scene far more justice than the pen of the scribe.

To produce the icy condition of the floor of the rink required some effort and about a week's labor, for the earth had first to be frozen to a depth of two or more feet, and then successive sprayings increased the thickness of the ice, being supplemented by what fell from the ceiling in the course of the copious spraying of the wire overhead. Every night from an inch to two inches of water is turned into the rink, and the next morning the ice is scraped smooth again with hand-scrapers, and is ready to receive the imprint of numerous "pigeon-wings," etc., to say nothing of other fantastic steps that are only practised in the period of learning to glide over the treacherous surface. The skates provided are the latest improved patterns, and were brought from the East purposely for the carnival. The ceiling of this unique rink has the effect of frozen lace from which myriads of icicles are pendant.

Imagine, ye attendants on the various flower shows that will hold sway in Southern California this spring, the scene that has brought new life and increased vitality to Truckee. While you are gazing on the many forms of beauty in the floral kingdom, inhaling sweet perfumes, and wishing that you had some of the choice roses, attendants upon another carnival, in a California town, are chasing each other around a natural ice rink on real ice skates, with a canopy of

icicles over their heads, and sleigh-bells on sleighs and cutters jingling merrily outside as they glide over real snow several feet deep, and the band plays on in both instances. Truly our State is one of many resources.

The visitor to the ice palace will be torn by conflicting desires. If he or she skates they will want to speed over the smooth ice, and if they don't know how they will feel an irresistible wish to learn; then the wild hilarity of the gay parties shooting down the toboggan slide will exert a powerful influence to draw them up the flight of steps that leads to the top of the tower. This tower is ninety feet high and quite artistic in design. It, too, is covered with the netting, and, therefore, on the outside, presents the appearance of being built entirely of ice.

The slide begins at the top of the tower and has an actual descent of three hundred and fifty feet, though the toboggan shoots fully a quarter of a mile before it comes to a stop. The steepest descent is a sixty per cent grade, at the beginning of the incline. The toboggans, twenty in number, were imported from Canada, and are constructed of thin slats of maple, firmly riveted; they are about six feet long, two feet wide, and weigh about thirty pounds each. A thin cushion rests on the slats, upon which the person or persons (for sometimes as many as five or six go down on one toboggan) seat themselves in any position that will take up the least room, the attendant gives the end a push, swings on behind, and over the thing goes, swishing down the slide at the rate of a hundred feet a second.

The first sensation, on the first ride, is one of such extreme surprise that everything, even time and the senses, seem obliterated; then ensues a feeling as if he had passed through a frightful experience and come forth unharmed; this gives way to a sensation of wild hilariousness and he utters involuntary shrieks and yells of delight. He can't help it, and, besides, what's the use of trying to be dignified while rushing through space on a toboggan.

Well, after one has been down three times he wants to go again and again, and, really, is willing to stop only when called to enter the sleigh for a ride to Donner Lake, if it is daylight, or the shutting off of the lights, if it is evening.

The slide is constructed of fir and is made stanch and strong. The sides are covered with the netting which has been treated to the icy bath, and splendid ice-clad trees ornament it at intervals. The double slide was frozen in the same manner as the floor of the rink, and is built in such a way that tobogganing on it is perfectly safe from every point of view. A walk extends from the ground to the top of the tower beside the slide, and it is up this that the attendant carries the toboggan for another slide.

The ice palace is interesting because of its novelty and the many attractions it possesses, but up on a rounded hill, overlooking the entire basin, stands an object that has puzzled scientists and attracted the attention of archelogists from all over the world. This is the rocking stone. It is a huge boulder which

ICE PALACE. Partridge Photo.

rests upon another and much larger rock in such a manner that a child can move it to and fro. The stone which forms the base is thirty feet high on the eastern side, and fifteen on the western, with a top that has been hewn off smoothly across the grain, forming a true circle twenty feet in diameter. The rocking stone is poised exactly in the center of this circle, and is estimated to weigh about sixteen tons. It is immovable, except when touched at a certain point, but when once set in motion can be made to rock very easily; a grinding noise is observable as it teeters back and forth upon its pivots. Many theories have been advanced regarding the origin of this stone. It has been declared by some scientists to be the result of erosions, either water or glacial; others aver that it is a relic of a lost people and probably formed one of their altars; still others think it was the work of prehistoric giants. Whichever theory is correct the fact remains that though the two stones are composed of granite they are of entirely different formation, proving that the smaller was never a portion of the larger.

Though the peculiarity of this stone has been known ever since the country was inhabited, it never attracted especial attention until Mr. McGlashan purchased the hill upon which it stands and began to investigate its origin. In proof that the stone has been in its present condition for fully thirty years the owner has affidavits to that effect from prominent and responsible men, among whom is Judge W. H. Hill, of Truckee, who says "that on the twentieth of June, 1870, the day on which his daughter Mary was five years old, he placed her upon the top of the stone and 'teetered' her." In 1868, James Scobie, who was a superintendent of construction for the Central Pacific Railroad, and who is now a wealthy citizen of San Francisco, took a force of ten men, with crow-bars, up on the rock for the purpose of prying the smaller rock from its resting-place; but they failed utterly in the endeavor.

When public interest was awakened by the investigations, people began to talk about the stone and to

LAZY NED AND PLAYMATES

try to chip off pieces from it for souvenirs. This the owner objected to and forthwith had plans for an Oriental temple drawn up, with the intention of enclosing it. In this tower, as it is now called, Mr. McGlashan has a magnificent collection of butterflies, numbering over twenty thousand; and coming from all parts of the world; he has also a cabinet of curios that would make a collector mad with envy. Here are Indian trinkets and utensils, specimens of ore and rocks, and relics of the ill-fated Donner Party. Among the latter are needles and pins that are almost entirely corroded, a baby's shoe, buttons, etc., etc. An incident relating to one of these relics will bear repeating, though I have never heard of its publication.

A metal case was found when the last excavations were made on the site of the cabins, and placed among the curios in the tower; shortly afterward a gentleman who was a survivor of the party, though but a child at the time of the tragedy, visited the tower, and incidentally mentioned a metal case in which his mother had kept oil of hemlock. The recently found case was handed to him, when he fully identified it, and, in handling it, his finger crushed through the corroded metal and instantly a strong odor of the oil filled the room, though the case had been lying in the earth for nearly fifty years.

These relics possess a fascinating interest for any one who has read or known of these people, and the bits of clothing or implements such as are used in ordinary life, bring one more closely to a knowledge of their reality and the terrible privations they must have undergone.

Another attraction offered by the Carnival Company is a sleigh ride to Donner Lake, with a stop *en route* at Marzen's ice pond, where the work of harvesting the ice crop is in progress on part of the pond, while merry

ROCKING STONE

skaters monopolize the balance of its extent. This pond was formed by damming Donner Creek at the very point where the cabins of the Donner Party stood, and where the bones of many of them still rest. The pond has an area of twenty-two acres, and a depth of twenty feet. From it rises the large cross that stands as a monument to the ill-fated people who perished here, though hardly more than half its height is visible.

The yield of this pond is twenty thousand tons, the capacity of the ice-house beside it. When the ice is from twelve to fourteen inches thick, and clear and pure throughout, it is ready to be cut. The surface is scraped clean and it is then marked into squares by means of a very simple machine in the form of an open square, the sides being sharp knives. It is drawn by a horse and driven back and forth and then across the pond, each trip making two parallel indentations.

The appearance of the clean, white surface thus marked is peculiar. The ice plow, which resembles a big saw with long, wide, jagged teeth, follows each line of indentation, as the horse that draws it is guided by the driver. This cuts into the ice to a depth of six or eight inches, and men with sharp pronged implements finish detaching the squares by prods of the fork, which experience has taught them to make just at the right place.

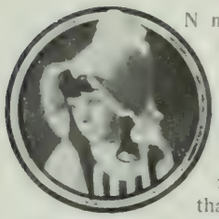
Other men catch the blocks with long-handled picks and push them along toward the elevator, up which they glide, sometimes at the rate of as high as eighty-two a minute, into the ice-house for storage. Each block weighs 250 pounds. The men who work at this business are the lumbermen of the summer, and the ice-picks are similar in appearance to the implements they use in handling lumber at the flumes.

It is but a short drive from here to Donner Lake, and the horses shake their heads, as if in enjoyment, as the bells jingle merrily and the sleigh glides easily over the snow. The ride is exhilarating, the sport more than delightful, and the effect is decidedly tonic.

There is snow everywhere. The mountains are white with it, the valleys are full of it, and the trees bear heavy burdens of it amid their branches; in the drifts it is ten and twelve feet deep, but on the level hardly more than three or four. As yet it is a mild winter. The Lake bursts on the sight suddenly, and as the sleigh passes the old road house at its foot, the ancient colored man who lives there alone, comes out to look for possible customers. The reflection of the mountains and their gaunt trees falls on the mirror of the ice that covers the water and makes a weirdly beautiful picture. It is all so quiet, so ghostly even in the bright sunlight, that one feels like urging the horses to fly still faster over the snow, that their bells may jingle more merrily, and thus break the unnatural stillness that pervades the frosty air.

A DISENTOMBED CITY.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



IN my way to Australia in 1884, I seized the chance offered by a sojourn at Naples to visit that marvelous survival of the ancient Roman civilization, Pompeii. This is distant seventeen miles by rail from Naples, and rather more than a mile from the waters of the famous bay. On the short trip I was pleased to observe, spread out on the shore to dry in the sun, large quantities of macaroni, a product associated in my mind, since the earliest years, with Italian *lazzaroni*.

Alighting at the railway station, we found ourselves scarcely three hundred yards from the entrance to the excavated city, and, taking tickets at the gate, we resigned ourselves to the care of a government guide. Pompeii is now under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, and the excavations are conducted under the supervision of Senator Fiorelli, to whom is due much of the credit for keeping the city in excellent order. Portions of the city are reserved for National excavations, but in other parts not so reserved private persons may purchase the right of making explorations, on condition that, if they intend to offer any of the objects discovered for sale, the Government shall have the first opportunity to purchase. Many of the rooms in the houses have about three feet of volcanic matter remaining upon their floors, and their doorways are blocked with heavy stones. The reason of this is that the valuable relics in the Pompeiian house are found on the floor, so that these rooms still have their treasures buried in the sub-stratum of volcanic dust. The right to continue the excavations is granted to distinguished persons as a compliment.

As the volcanic ash which covered the city fell lightly, it did not crush the bodies and other objects

TEMPLE OF ISIS.

enveloped by it. Consequently, all the perishable portions of the various buried objects disappeared, while metal and other imperishable materials remained intact. Almost exact molds of the forms of human beings and animals have been found in the ash; the molds have been filled with plaster of Paris, and the casts are preserved in the Museum near the entrance to the ruins. The gallery of the Museum contains casts of the body of a negro slave, and of others who lingered too long on the last fatal night. Skeletons of a fowl, a pig, and a rabbit are to be seen there, and the cast of a dog that, being tied to his kennel by a chain, was held a prisoner and perished in great agony. There is a large collection of rings, chains, bracelets, vases, door-hinges, pieces of armor and other metal articles. The small bronzes number nearly twenty thousand, but many of the most valuable of these came not from Pompeii, but from the sister-city, Herculaneum. There are also many domestic utensils which, being made of terra cotta, an almost indestructible material, have survived, though frequently in a broken condition, or perhaps otherwise blemished.

The city is surrounded by a high wall, and has eight gates, to which the main streets lead. One of the first things to strike the eye of the visitor is the Sea-Gate, the road leading down to which is so steep

THE BASILICA.

that it can hardly have been used by vehicles; nor are there any ruts, such as would have been worn in the pavement by wheels. It seems probable that the merchandise brought from ships to the numerous warehouses in this quarter of the city, was conveyed by mules. On the left of the Gate is a seat, over which are scribbled some lines to a woman named Attica; their coarseness indicate that she was a notorious character.

The streets are paved with irregular blocks of lava, and have sidewalks. In wet weather they must have been almost impassable, for the rain-water from the roofs of the houses after running inwards was collected and discharged by a pipe into the causeway. For the convenience of pedestrians, stepping-stones are placed at intervals. Most of the houses are one-storied, except that of Diomedes and some of those in the Lesser Forum. The streets run principally at right angles to each other, and thus divide the city into blocks after the modern fashion. The House of the Faun, with its adjacent guesthouse and large garden, occupies a whole block, and contained some of the most valuable artistic treasures found in the city. On many of the walls of the houses are inscriptions in red letters asking the electors to vote for such and such a man for office.

As with us nowadays, taverns generally stood at the corners of the streets, and were marked by signs similar to those of inns in England. Public fountains were common, and almost every house of any importance had a private one. Most of the statues and paintings have been removed to the Museum for preservation, though some houses have been roofed, and the articles preserved in the spots where they were found. The rooms were often very poorly lighted, and many of them had no windows at all; but the Pompeiians were not a home-loving people, and spent most of their time at the theater, the baths, or other public resorts. The houses are built in several styles of architecture. Some are of large blocks of stone fitted together without mortar; others have been covered with plaster so that various colored decorations might be placed upon them. The house of a man of means was built round a square or rectangular hall, called the *atrium*, open to the sky, though in sunny weather awnings could be drawn over it. This central hall was the most important part of a large house, and was fitted up very handsomely. Here the Roman noble or distinguished lawyer received his clients, who came every morning in crowds to call upon him, and to ask his advice in various matters. The men's bedrooms opened off the *atrium*, from which a narrow passage led into the *peristyle*, a colonnaded enclosure, generally having a garden in its center; round it were the bedrooms of the ladies of the house. The dining-room was generally situated in the *peristyle*, and conveniently near the kitchen. The janitor occupied a small room near the front door, and the household slaves slept upstairs. The floors were of mosaic, or of concrete sprinkled with little pieces of tile or marble.

Among the most curious relics of ancient Pompeiian life are the wall paintings, which, having been made while the plaster was still fresh, have shown a most remarkable durability. The landscapes are the least attractive, for the ancient Romans had not acquired any high degree of skill in this branch of art. They almost entirely lack perspective, and much resemble the designs that we find on Chinese plates and Japanese fans. Their decorative paintings, however, were very skilfully executed, showing great vivacity, naturalness, and freedom. The subjects chosen were chiefly heroic, mythological, or ideal. Many of the single figures represent dancing-girls in graceful pose and with flying drapery. Mosaic designs, either in colored marbles or in black on a white ground, were also very common.

The principal open space in the city was the Forum; this was paved with slabs of white stone, and vehicles were not permitted to encroach upon it. It was adorned by pedestals crowned with the busts or statues of men of mark; many of the statues were equestrian and of bronze. At its northern end stood the temple of Jove, with triumphal arches on either side of it. The Forum was originally what its name means, a market-place; but in later times the market

THE FORUM AND MT. VESUVIUS.

for buying and selling was relegated to other quarters, and the Forum was reserved exclusively for the election and appointment of municipal officers, the celebration of festivals and sacrifices, and the general transaction of public affairs, as the occasion required.

PERILS OF PIONEER LIFE IN IDAHO.

JANE SEYMOUR KLINK.

EVERY day for the last two weeks I have been searching for miners—California miners—old forty-niners, who could recount "hair-breadth 'scapes," and I could not find any—not one, who knew any stories. I possess quite a stock of information concerning "Long Toms," "grub-staking," "sluice-boxes," "rifles," "miners' inches," etc., which I would not part with for a great deal, but it is not very interesting.

Just when hope was at its lowest ebb, and a worn-out placer was never lower, I found a pioneer from Idaho who did know stories, and good stories, and to him I am indebted for whatever of interest there may be in these columns, and the best of it is, they are true; I will not tell the particularly gruesome one first, however.

In the southwestern corner of Idado, there is a little river, the Owyhee; northeast of it lies Silver City; northeast of that, Boise City, while southwest, over in Nevada, on the line of the railroad, is Winnemucca. I have no words to describe Winnemucca; I have seen it, but it was the terminal of a stage-line, which, connecting Boise City and Silver City, crossed the Owyhee River at a ferry which was kept in the early sixties by Mr. W. J. Hill, now of Salinas. It was an old-fashioned scow-ferry, pulled across by a cable, and on the higher bank of the river stood Mr. Hill's cabin, with outbuildings.

But underneath the cabin was a hidden stable—a snug, special stable, from the door of which one could strike a blind gulch, completely concealed by drooping willows, and steal away many hundred yards from the house without being discovered.

One night, Mr. Hill and the boy who lived with him were attacked by Indians, and they "stood them off" all night long. Finally, in the morning, when all seemed to be quiet, Mr. Hill ventured out, and found that all of his stock had been driven off by the Indians—that is, all that was above ground; for, down in the hidden stable was one horse, safe and sound, and, mounting him, he crossed the river and set off alone to recover his stock from the Indians if it were possible.

He had ridden about four miles, and was crossing a rocky mesa, when a rifle cracked and his horse fell dead. He quickly crouched behind it and waited for the Indians, who did not disappoint him. On they came, fifteen or twenty strong, eager for his scalp; he fired once and a yelling Piute fell. What did one brave, more or less, matter? the white man had fired his shot, now it was their turn, and still they came faster than ever. But the United States Government had not then provided the Piute with Henry rifles, and when, from behind the shelter of the fallen horse, shot after shot took deadly effect, the Indians that were left changed their tactics. The earth seemed suddenly to absorb them; a bush, a gray rock, a clump of chaparral, a comrade's body, a sandy hillock—each and all served as a hiding-place, and the scene became suddenly, strangely quiet. Weary with the strain of the long, sleepless night, still he could not close his eyes; the hot sun was pitiless, but he dared not seek shelter. With every sense alert, every nerve tense, he kept his watch. Was yonder clump of bushes nearer?—a shot, and bush and Indian fell together. One shoulder was wounded, another Piute was killed; the other shoulder was hurt, but two more braves went to the happy hunting-grounds—and still the unequal fight kept on. About the time the stage for Silver City, with its posse of guards, was to come, they left, and Mr. Hill, setting his teeth, walked back to the ferry, and when he arrived there, the blood from his wounds had trickled down, and filling his shoes, was oozing out over the tops. Firing his gun, the ferry signal, he was ferried over, and when the stage came into Silver City that evening, he sat in it, grim and stiff, with his arms bound to his sides, ready, after his fifty-two mile ride, to have his wounds dressed.

"Hello, Hill! I guess you're done up," said a friend.

"Not a bit of it—only some scratches," was his answer. I gloried in that man's pluck; he was as brave as the storied Boone.

But I will tell you my "gruesomest" story, and "lay my ghost." Perhaps the horror of it may not be so impressed upon you, after all, for it isn't a story very different from many others, except in detail, and lately, I fancy, its counterpart has been often repeated in Arizona by the Apaches. On this same Humboldt stage-line, only about six miles from Boise City, lay the Cox ranch. One day, Mr. and Mrs. Cox started in a lumber wagon for Boise City. The man was driving and the woman at his side held their baby on her knee; when, as they passed through a canyon, a rifle-shot rang out, and the husband fell over backward—dead.

The wife threw the baby in the bottom of the wagon, snatched the reins, and, lashing the horses, started on a race for life. The road was rough; the wagon was springless, and at each jolt the lifeless body would spring from the floor, only to fall again—high in the air, and then prone upon the blood-stained floor; but

HILL'S DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

she can not turn her head to look, for, holding her child with her foot, she must guide the galloping horses safely around each turn. She can not pause to weep, but with stern, set face, hears that heavy and recurring fall, whose jarring she dare not soften. On she speeds, until the shouts of teamsters beyond bring hope of safety.

But oh, the pathos, the terrible tragic pathos of it all—a life crushed, a home ruined, a hope blasted!

Ever and again comes the sound of those "hurrying hoof-beats," that falling thing, around them the dark canyon, behind them the relentless foe, and over all, the blue, blue sky, as if in mockery. Somehow or other, when I was Mrs. Daniel Boone, or Mrs. Simon Kenton, in all our adventures, he always came out all right. I had never taken into account the fact that Daniel might possibly be killed, and now my childish idyl is shattered.

In 1866 or 1867, there was a station on this road, forty-five miles from Silver City, called Doc. Inskip's. They had a stone wall eight feet high around the house and yard, but the gables of the building rose higher than the wall. The Piutes came one night, drove off what stock they could, amused themselves by firing through the gables of the house, and, wearying of that, made a barbecue of Doc. Inskip's steers, in full sight of the station. The people of the house, with grim pleasantry, kindled their fires next morning with splinters from the gables.

There was a camp of Chinamen down on the Owyhee, fifty of them, slaving and scraping to get back to China some day with much money. The Piutes killed forty-nine, and, being of a thrifty turn of mind, braided their queues into lariats. One Chinaman escaped to tell the tale, and the Chinamen's bones were collected and sent back to China by their friends. Oh, a mad dance of death they danced on that road! William Younger, the first driver killed, but, alas! not the last, was shot down from his box one day, in Reynolds Creek Canyon, between Silver City and Snake River. A passenger grabbed the lines, drove to a flat beyond, stopped, and the passengers took the horses. But there were not enough horses to go round, and the one passenger who was left, a little Jew, grabbed a horse's tail and hung on, until exhausted, and the Piutes wore his scalp.

But the big Indian fight was at Camp Defiance. There was a ranch twenty-five miles from Silver City an Catherine Creek, in Bruno Valley, near the Owyhee River, belonging to Ike Jennings. Ike came into Silver City one day, hot and angry, and told that his stock had been stolen. A band of thirty-five men started in pursuit of the Indians, and they found more than they wanted. They followed the trail fast and hard for sixty miles, until it entered a canyon. The foremost riders rode ahead to reconnoiter, the others remaining on the cliffs above, when the accidental discharge of a gun by one of the Indians hidden below told of the ambuscade; those above called warningly, and back the riders came, and rode pell-mell for the nearest water, for it was July.

After them came the Indians, but the whites reached the water first and threw up breastworks. Behind these works, for four days and nights, they fought the Indians. And such fighting! A watch that keeps every nerve on the keenest tension, every muscle constantly on the alert, for vigilance is the price of life.

On the fourth night, Jennings decided to send to Silver City, sixty miles away, for help. Their ammunition was running short; the hot July sun, the hot, sleepless nights, the terror of a surprise, and the fact that the Indians outnumbered them five to one, made it necessary to send for help, as they were not prepared for a siege. So two men, Jack McCaudliss and David Ricketts, who spoke Piute well, started for Silver City. They got away safely, and, riding all the next day, reached Silver City at two o'clock the following morning. The whistles of the mills blew loud and long, the signal when Indians were near, and men, women, and children crowded the streets of Silver City, and by one o'clock in the afternoon, one hundred and seventeen men were *en route* to Camp Defiance; but when they reached there, not an Indian remained. Jennings asked them what time they had started, and they compared their watches. He then said that twenty minutes after the relief party had started, three puffs of smoke went up from a neighboring mountain and the Piutes had fled. They left many braves scattered upon the ground, but the whites had lost but one man, Thos. Kayson, although many were wounded, and the strain of the four days' watch had been fearful.

General Crooks, the Indian fighter, understood their tactics very well. In the summer, like the storied ant, they laid up their winter stores—jerked beef, dried fish, and salted venison—as a preparation for winter raids. Then, when they were pursued, they would retreat to their fastnesses, dig up their cache of food, and, smoking the pipe of peace, exult in safety over the scalps they had taken. General Crooks hunted them so persistently through the whole summer that they had no opportunity for housekeeping cares, so when winter came on, their base of supplies being cut off, they surrendered and became, for the time being, children of the "Little White Father," at Washington.

AT MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

VIRGINIA DARE.

ABOUT ten miles from Nice and very little further from Mentone, on the famous Cornice Road which Napoleon cut from Nice into Italy along the rock-bordered Mediterranean, lie two of the most famous spots on the French Riviera, Monaco and Monte Carlo,—the former, though it was a stronghold of importance during the Middle Ages, owing its present fame to its mushroom neighbor. These towns and the adjacent territory—in all a little less than six square miles—form the principality of Monaco, belonging nominally to His Serene Highness, the Prince of Monaco, but in reality to a company whose legal title is the "*Societe des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco.*" The principality formerly included Roccabruna and Mentone, but in 1848 they revolted, owing to the excessive imposts necessary to maintain their feudal lord in princely style in Paris. The fortunes of the reigning family were thereby so impaired that it became necessary to "raise the wind," and in 1853 Prince Charles permitted the establishment of a company for gambling purposes, with privileges extending for thirty years. In 1860 M. Francois Blanc, the owner of the gaming tables at Homburg, purchased the concession, and when notified to quit Germany, in 1870, by the government, transferred his tables to Monte Carlo. The palmy days of the principality now commenced; it was no longer necessary to keep watch from the Dog's Head (Tete de Chien), the huge rock which dominates Monaco, to catch sight of every passing vessel on which to levy tribute: those who were to be fleeced now came of their own free will, and Monte Carlo became the Mecca towards which journeyed hundreds of thousands of pilgrims every year.

M. Blanc spent money royally; he had paid 1,700,000 francs ($340,000) for the concession, and he spent many more hundreds of thousands in adorning the place. Magnificent hotels, a new Casino, a gorgeous theater designed by the architect of the Opera House in Paris, were erected, and the whole surrounded by gardens rivaling those of "Gul in their bloom," which are terraced down to the sea, and guarded by marble balustrades surmounted by vases in the Italian style. Palms and rare tropical plants grow in artistic profusion; standing on the terrace in the rear of the Casino, the landscape is of such beauty that once seen it can never be forgotten. To the left, the purple Maritime Alps seem to melt into the deep blue of the Mediterranean, while to the right, straight across the small Bay of Hercules, towers the oval, battlemented rock, three hundred feet high, upon which are crowded the closely built houses and narrow streets of the Town of Monaco.

The gaming tables draw guests to this earthly paradise all the year, as in the summer they come

CASINO FRONT VIEW.

from more southern countries; the season par excellence commences November 15th and lasts until the end of April; during that time one of the finest bands in Europe plays for several hours twice a day, commencing at eleven o'clock in the forenoon; at the same hour the gaming also commences, and continues without intermission until eleven at night. The Casino is open to all, the only formality necessary being the presentation of a visiting card at a desk in the entrance hall, in return for which is given a large, pink, printed card of admission, signed by the "Commissaire Special" in writing. The building is magnificently decorated, marble, gilding, and paintings by noted artists being seen on every hand.

CASINO AND GARDENS.

There are three large halls devoted to the pursuit of the Blind Goddess; in each are long, oval tables covered with green cloth, in the center of which sit the croupiers or dealers. Two of the rooms are given up to roulette, while the great "Salle Mauresque" is devoted to the game of trente-et-quarante, otherwise known as rouge-et-noir. The two tables used for this game are marked with four diamond-shaped spots, two black and two red. The players back either color: the croupier deals out two rows of cards, one for black, one for red, and after placing the requisite number, counts the spots in each row, each face card being reckoned as a ten. The row coming nearer to thirty-one wins.

There are eight roulette tables; these have in the center a depression covered by a revolving disc with thirty-eight compartments, which are alternately black and red in color, and are numbered from one to thirty-six, and zero and double zero. The disc is set into motion by the croupier, thus starting a small ball which lands in one of the compartments when the whirling ceases. The player bets upon a color (black or red), upon a single number or a combination, or upon the figure's being even or odd. If he bets upon a single number and wins, it brings him thirty-five times the amount of his stake.

The tables are surrounded by a row of chairs in which are seated players; behind these stands another row, and often yet another, of onlookers. Those able to reach the tables bend over the shoulders of the seated players, depositing their money on the cloth. No bet is permitted of less than five francs, and six thousand francs is the extreme limit.

All ages are represented at the tables, even young girls being there, and the faces of the players are a study; yet more so are their hands, which often clutch the gold after the fashion which recalls those of the miser's in Quintin Matsys' famous picture. Before some of them are piles of coin which are added to or decreased with such rapidity that it is difficult for a novice to understand the features of the game.

In summer all of the tables are not in service, only one being used for trente-et-quarante, while the number of roulette tables is reduced to three.

The croupiers use tiny rakes with long handles; with these they push the money, gained or lost, over the green cloth, and their monotonous calls are almost the only sounds that are heard besides the clink of the gold, the game being watched with such intense interest, both by players and onlookers, that they fear in conversing to lose track of the lucky or unlucky numbers. The importance of this knowledge to the devotee of the *tapis vert*—or rather the importance which his fancy gives it—may be estimated from the fact that a little journal called *Le Monaco* is published, the columns of which are devoted almost exclusively to long lists of figures showing the numbers of the compartments in which the roulette balls have stopped during the week at Monaco and at Spa. It is a weekly journal, printed on fine paper in the best style; for this, to the uninitiated, apparently valueless information, its subscription price is $8.00 per year, while its advertisements are inserted at $1.00 per line, and its notices cost the neat sum of $6.00 for the same number of words, yet it finds such ample support as to justify these prices.

Gamblers are notoriously superstitious, and the frequenters of Monte Carlo are no exception to the rule; it is thought lucky to rut your stake upon the hump of a hunchback, and some of these unfortunates gain quite a decent livelihood by being conveniently near. To touch or possess any relic of a suicide is also thought to bring good luck, and any number brought conspicuously to notice is at once jotted down for use at the tables; numbers of rooms at hotels, of compartments in railway carriages, all play their part in this hazard of fortunes.

The tables are great levelers of rank, for the greed for gain does away with all the barriers which usually divide the great nobles of Europe from the plebeian masses; the "*Cercle des Etrangers*" does not ask who you are so you are decently clad and have money to spend, consequently you may be elbowed on one side by a duchess or a peer, while you are jostled on the other by a Parisian *cocotte* or a usurer. M. Blanc proved his far-sightedness in thus welcoming all comers, for, though he spent millions in order to make Monte Carlo one of the most attractive places in the world, he left a fortune of nearly $35,000,000 at his death in 1877, $100,000 of which was left to a church in Paris, that Masses might be said for the repose of his soul. In his lifetime the wits said that red (rouge) might lose, and black (noir) might lose, but that white (Blanc) would always win, and the result showed their perspicuity. His widow and four children were so well provided for that the two daughters married princes, Mlle. Louise Blanc becoming Princess Radziwill, and Mlle. Marie having wedded Prince Roland Bonaparte.

There was quite a little romance about the marriage between Mademoiselle Marie Blanc and Prince Roland,

MONACO

and that portion of the Monte Carlo millions was the means of relieving a branch of the Bonaparte family from the direst poverty. The Prince, being a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte, the first Napoleon's brother, was the descendant of two marriages, which the family refused to recognize, and, though he had obtained admission to the military school of St. Cye, and had graduated with high honors, he had to depend upon friends for subsistence while doing so. His sister Jeanne took lessons in engraving, and, through her work, became acquainted with Mademoiselle Blanc. Prince Roland was thus thrown with her, and the result was a love match between himself and the heiress, who settled millions on her mother-in-law and dowered Princess Jeanne munificently upon her marriage. Princess Roland herself did not long enjoy her millions, having died in 1882, a few years after marriage, leaving a little daughter.

Amongst the attractions provided for the visitor during the season are pigeon shootings, races at Nice, and the carnival; upon the stage of the theater appear the finest singers in Europe, and all the celebrities of the French stage are to be seen there. These attractions, with the music of the magnificent orchestra, draw thousands who care nothing for the gaming

tables, but nevertheless drop a greater or lesser number of francs at them, just to see how the game works, and often find out the truth of the French proverb, "Appetite comes in eating." The authorities show their knowledge of the importance of all these attractions by spending annually for amusements $150,000—sometimes more—besides $75,000 given in prizes for pigeon shooting, at the races, the carnival, and to charities. The last item seems somewhat out of place in this connection, but is thus docketed on their annual balance sheet.

This balance sheet is rather interesting, and contains some peculiar items. It is made out from March 31st of one year to the same date of the next. That for the year 1893-94 shows that the winnings from the tables amounted to $4,247,500, while the receipts from rent of hotels, etc., brought the amount up to $4,400,000; the expenses were $2,000,000. The most important item of this enormous expenditure was $400,000, for what is ironically termed "Publicity"; in plain English this means that $400,000 is paid to silence the "fourth estate," and suppress all publicity of events at the gaming tables except such as the management finds suitable. It is said that all the leading Paris papers are thus subsidized, the amounts paid ranging from $2000 to $15,000 per year. The neighboring city of Nice, however, gets the lion's share; there, blackmailing periodicals and pamphlets are continually springing up, the columns of which are filled with invective against the seductive tables, and horrible details of events resulting from the passion for play. The management promptly subsidizes the blackmailer, and henceforth its readers, if it finds any, are induced to believe that "everything is lovely" in the neighboring principality. In justice to the management it must be stated that the best authorities consider that everything is conducted with all fairness, although the chances are largely in favor of the tables.

CARLO.

The "Viaticum" is another curious item of the balance sheet; in the year mentioned it amounted to $40,000; a player who has lost all at the tables is given his railway fare home, but in order to get this he has to submit to the humiliation of being led up to the dealers and around the tables until he is thoroughly identified as a genuine loser. The bank also pays pensions to those who have lost their fortunes at the tables; one of these pensioners is now pointed out at Nice, who, in return for immense sums dropped at roulette, receives $8 per day from the management.

Both receipts and expenditures were less for the year 1894-95; many circumstances have lessened the number of pilgrims to the seductive tables in those two years, and the present management has shown a disposition to cut down the lavish expenditures inaugurated under the Blanc regime.

After M. Blanc's death the bank was managed for his family by a deputy, and a renewal of the concession for another thirty years was obtained when the old one expired in 1883, although for a while there was some talk of transferring the tables to the little republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees. A few years ago the ownership was changed, and the control is now in the hands of a syndicate of Parisian bankers, who are reducing these expenditures in every way.

In the year ending March, 1895, they had reduced expenses from $2,000,000 to $1,750,000, something having been taken from every item except the amounts paid to the Prince of Monaco, to the courts, for general expenditures, for attendants, croupiers, etc.,

MAIN GAMBLING HALL.

and for "secret service." Even the directors and other officials had to give up $25,000 of the sum usually paid to them; $5000 was taken from the clergy and schools, and the army—which is a sort of opera bouffe affair, whose principal duty seems to be to loll about the gateway of the princely palace—was cut down by twelve men. All these deductions are said to have been necessitated by the falling off in the number of players, and a corresponding decrease in receipts; there were no great "plungers" and no great fortunes lost during the past year.

The syndicate also shows its thriftiness in another item, since it annually lays up $200,000 against a rainy day, and purposes to do so until the expiration of the present concession, so that in case it should not be renewed the present stockholders could not be losers. The par value of the shares, originally $100, has so constantly increased that they have been quoted at $500, but very few of them get into the market, being considered too good an investment; they have recently dropped considerably in value. It is said that Prince Albert of Monaco was much opposed to the renewal of the concession which had been granted by his father, and his wife was equally opposed to it.

The prince belongs to the ancient and noble family of the Grimaldis, one of the members of which, when embassador from France to Rome, astonished the inhabitants of the Eternal City—which has in its day witnessed so many vagaries—by having the mule upon which he rode shod with golden shoes fastened simply by one nail, that they might be the more easily cast. He is somewhat noted as a scientist. His wife was a Mlle. Heine, a niece of the poet, and daughter of a former New Orleans banker; she was first married to the Duc de Richelieu before becoming Princess of Monaco. Her opposition to the bank, it is said, proceeds from the fact that she has social aspirations which can never be gratified so long as her husband's principality is controlled absolutely by the all-powerful bank. That corporation entirely supports the expenses of the government, including the cost of the police and army, the courts, the bishop and clergy, and the schools. The inhabitants of the principality pay the taxes, and it is believed that every man, woman and child would rise in revolt if the prince should come in conflict with the Casino management.

After serious consideration Prince Charles found that he dared not quarrel with his bread and butter, so the concession was renewed, the bank paying him $250,000 per year therefor, besides giving him five thousand shares of stock in the new corporation, which pay an enormous dividend. He is thus in no immediate danger of penury, and not forced to confine himself to the big barrack of a castle whose huge facade and square crenelated towers form a conspicuous feature of the town of Monaco.

The government of the principality, besides the yearly $200,000 which it receives from the Casino, adds to its income by issuing postage stamps, by duties upon foreign wines and other luxuries, and by payments received in return for the granting of certain monopolies. None of these last, however, bear upon the people as did those famous ones which occasioned the loss of the cities of Roccabruna and Mentone, as well as the adjacent country. The cause of the Maritime-Alpine declaration of independence was that the prince would permit no olives—one of the chief sources of revenue to the peasant—to be ground in any mills but his own, where higher prices were charged than those demanded at neighboring mills; he also claimed the right to furnish the people with bread baked by his own bakers. This was generally made from inferior wheat, so the inhabitants finally rose in their wrath.

The loss by the revolt was not only one of moment at the time, but is even more especially so in these days, when Mentone and the newly founded Cap Martin are two of the most fashionable resorts on the Riviera, Queen Victoria having more than once patronized the former of late years, thereby adding much to its prestige, while the latter is a favorite with the Empress of Austria (who is now there) and the Empress Eugenie.

Much has been written about the suicides resulting from losses at the gaming tables; the number of these in the last two years has been nine altogether. The most sensational one of them was that of the Inspector of Police from Nice who, having lost 12,000 francs belonging to the municipality, blew out his brains. One of the laws of the Casino, placarded upon its walls, forbids the admission to the tables of any official belonging to the Department of the Maritime Alps, consequently the Nice authorities demanded the restitution of the money, and obtained it.

Overshadowed though it is by its more notorious and flaunting neighbor, the quaint town of Monaco amply repays the visitor if he is fond of the picturesque. After a steep climb he finds himself on the broad, bare-looking *Place* upon which fronts the great irregular rectangle known as the prince's palace; its long expanse of front is broken by *loggie* in the Italian style, and in the open gateway stands a group of soldiers. Admission can be obtained on three days in the week. The great bed on a dais, on which the Duke of York died, is one of the show features.

The precipitous sides of the huge rock on which the town stands are bordered around its entire circumference by the most picturesque pleasure grounds, from which the views down into the little harbor, across the bay, and up to the ruined Roman town of Turbia, beyond the Dog's Head, are something to be remembered for a lifetime. Peaceful as it all now seems, in their day these shores have been frightfully ravaged by pirates, and there are persons yet living on them who know what it means to be chained night and day at the oars in pirate galleys, beneath the burning Mediterranean sun. Not very far from Mentone is shown a ruin said to be that of a convent, from which all the nuns were once abducted by these Infidels. The pious sisters, foreseeing danger, had placed an alarm bell in their tower, and besought the men of the near-by towns of Roccabruna and Mentone to come to their aid should the tocsin be sounded. Not content with having exacted their promise to do so, the anxiety of the timid sisters made them put the matter to the test by sounding a false alarm. Their neighbors proved to be men of their word, and came running in haste to the rescue, only to find that they had been imposed upon. The pirates really came one fine day later, and though the bell clanged forth to indicate the mortal terror of the sisterhood, no one came to their aid, and, unfortunately for them, they were all carried off to end their days in Turkish harems.

CERCLE DES ÉTRANGERS DE MONACO
N° 120
CARTE D'ADMISSION PERSONNELLE VALABLE POUR UN JOUR
22 MARS
MONACO ADMINISTRATION
L'Commissaire Spécial

TICKET OF ADMISSION.

SPORT FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

F. C. KELLOGG.

THE *Youth's Companion* of September 12th contains an interesting article by Mr. Andrew Lang, in which he says: "The American boy knows nothing, as a general rule, about salmon fly-fishing." And adds that our trout streams are mostly in the Rocky Mountains, and our salmon rivers remote and attended by mosquitoes; while he seems to think that our only game fish is the *mud cat* of the Mississippi.

As one who has for many years participated in, and immensely enjoyed American field and stream sports, I wish, in the interests of justice and fairness, to correct a wrong impression conveyed by these statements. Doubtless there are catfish in the Mississippi, but no one but small negro boys would for a moment consider it sport to catch them, when, in the same latitude, rare sport is afforded the expert angler in catching the gamey black bass (*Micropterus dolomieu*), and also the splendid silver perch (*Micropterus salmoides*), and the voracious pickerel (*Esox reticulatus*). The first two mentioned are considered by many the peers of either trout or salmon in fighting qualities, while the latter will tackle almost anything in motion, in, or upon the water, whether it be a white rag, or a young duck.

We have trout streams "galore" in America, where the "Salmo Fontinalis" acquaints the enthusiastic fly-fisherman with "the divine emotion electrically produced," a la Mr. Lang. This is the case with all the mountain waters flowing in a territory extending from the St. Lawrence on the North, to Virginia on the South. We have also royal trout fishing in almost all the streams entering Lake Superior. Then, independent of the remote Rocky Mountain supply conceded by Mr. Lang, all of the Pacific Slope streams abound in trout, and are full of salmon during the spawning season. When we consider that California alone contains more land than England, Scotland, and Wales combined, and that it is supplied from one end of it to the other, with trout brooks, fed by the eternal snows of the Sierras, and with glorious rivers teeming with salmon, we can afford to touch lightly upon the subject in relation to Oregon and Washington, where the best of our trout streams are found, and where, in the Columbia River, as many as two thousand salmon have been taken with one net haul.

But, while our trout, both from abundant supply and gamey qualities, afford sport enough to satisfy the most avaricious fly-fisherman, it must be conceded that the salmon do not always take the fly with as much avidity as we have been led to believe its European cousin is wont to do. This is probably owing to the extreme clearness of our streams, which, during the spawning season, for the most part consist of nothing but melted snow. In brackish water, however, they rise better, and should they at times scorn to notice a fly, very good sport can usually be had by whipping the streams with a small spoon.

Having just returned from Shasta County, where I enjoyed the most delightful of camping experiences, lasting during July and August, and having daily seen upon our table, trout, deliciously browned, grilse done to a turn, and salmon served in cream gravy, I can testify, from experience, that the fish are abundant enough "to keep any wolf from the door," and I know that the boys of our own party will bear me witness that the sport of catching them is royal. Sweet Brier Camp is but a night's ride from San Francisco, on the comfortable Pullman car of the Oregon overland train. There we were quite in touch with the outside world, although in a wild and grandly picturesque mountainous region, for we had three trains every day, a telegraph and express station, and the daily papers; and, as for the mosquitoes, which Mr. Lang says always attend our rivers, I can positively state that I have never seen a country so destitute of winged annoyances of any kind as is the wonderfully well-watered region of the Sierras. Our good-natured cook expressed it in this way: "I ain't been bothered by no flies, or fleas, or mosquitoes, and I haven't seen no venomous *insex*, except a few yellow jackets, and a rattlesnake." Our tents were pitched in a grove of grand conifers, while the yew tree (*Taxus baccata*) full of its red berries, mingled its glossy leaves with maples of many varieties, and rare flowering shrubs. A stone's throw away, the boiling, rushing Sacramento, fringed with beautiful saxafrage, flowed joyously along on its way to the sea. On the opposite side was a steep hill, covered from base to summit with glorious pine trees (*Pinus ponderosus*), Douglas spruce, and incense cedar. At its foot was a large pool full of salmon. In the evenings they disported themselves here in grand style, jumping many feet out of the water and coming down with a great splash. Professor ——, the enthusiastic fly-fisherman of the party, was so eager to cast among them, that on the first night of our arrival he could hardly wait to joint his rod. Disappearing down the river bank, he struck the rapids at the head of the pool. Some three or four minutes afterwards the camp was greeted with a shout "I've got him." We all rushed to the river, and there saw one of the most exciting tussles it was ever my good fortune to witness. The Professor was no novice in the art of playing with rod and line, else his tackle must have come to grief with the first mad rush of the noble king of fish.

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS—LITTLE "T. V." GETS A BITE.

An eight-ounce rod is hardly an even match against a twenty-five pound fish charged with about fifty volts of chain lightning, unless skill has it in hand. The fish continued to spin out the line until the screaming reel was nearly empty, despite the fact that the bending rod was all the time strained dangerously near the breaking point. The Professor then was heard to mutter something about his being a fool to cast into that pool with nothing heavier than a trout rod. However, as luck would have it, the salmon at that juncture changed his tactics and doubled, swimming directly towards the angler so rapidly that he could not begin to keep a taut line upon him, but fortunately, he proved to be fast hooked, and it gave the Professor a chance to reel in his slack line. Upon feeling the draught again, the salmon made another mad rush to the far side of the pool, fairly making the reel scream itself hoarse, and winding up with a great leap in the air. And what a glorious sight it was! His silvery sides glistening in the sun as he shook his head in impotent rage. Quick as thought the Professor lowered the tip of his rod so that the fish could not fall upon a taut line and break it. This performance was repeated again and again, our excitement increasing with each leap and mad rush, while the Professor seemed perfectly unconcerned, realizing that he was master of the situation, for it was already demonstrated that he had enough line to reach to the extreme limits of the pool. But now the fish resorted to another scheme more trying to light tackle. He sulked at the bottom of the river, and utterly refused to notice any strain that could safely be put upon the rod. Suddenly he would give a series of quick, short jerks, backwards and forwards. This is about the worst maneuver a fish can adopt. If there is any weak spot in the tackle he will very soon find it out. The Professor well knew this, so he requested one of the party to throw a stone in near Mr. Salmon, to try to induce him to run again. This proved successful, and the Professor was evidently immensely satisfied with himself, as he had a rare opportunity of showing to the whole camp, many of whom were ladies, how very scientifically he could play the wily monster. The smile on his countenance and his general air of confidence in final victory were quite noticeable. Had he not played the royal game successfully, already one hour and ten minutes, and would he not bring him to gaff in a few seconds more? 'Twould seem that the fish divined some such idea himself, for, rousing to an unusual pitch of energy, he suddenly leaped out of the water and succeeded in getting a violent snub on the line, when, as one of the ladies expressed it, "The Professor's leader, the bend in his rod, and the smile on his countenance all disappeared simultaneously." A wail of disappointment arose from the ladies, and visions of perfectly fresh salmon steaks vanished from the mental, as well as the gustatorial horizon of our entire party. However, we all agreed that the salmon had well earned his liberty, even if the caterer had dismissed the butcher, and we were compelled to eat bacon for dinner that evening. Next day the Professor successfully landed a twenty and one-half pound fish, with the same rod, after a fight of less than three-quarters of an hour. On many other occasions he gave evidence of his ability and skill in landing large fish with light tackle. One monster led him a merry dance of six hours before yielding to the pliable rod. The Professor was almost as much exhausted as the fish, and his dinner was brought to him on the bank, but he would not hand the reins of the finny steed to any one else. Mr. Salmon was finally safely landed, and tipped the scales at thirty pounds.

The trout that are caught in the ice-cold streams of California, are very active, gamey, firm in flesh, and delicious in the pan. As for their beauty, no other trout in the world compares with the gayly spotted "Dolly Varden," frequently caught in the McCloud, or the brilliantly hued "Rainbow" found in the Sacramento. They all take the fly with great avidity, excepting during the salmon spawning season, when they seem to care for nothing but roe. The writer has frequently caught trout on a "dropper" fly when it was dangling fully a foot above the water.

It was no uncommon thing for the boys of the camp to come back in the evening with from thirty to seventy speckled beauties. It was their custom to return to the streams all fish under six inches in length.

This is a specimen of the kind of angling an American boy enjoys. And I am convinced that he who is fortunate enough to live on the Pacific Slope has the advantage over all other boys in the world when his summer vacation arrives, and he wishes to spend it in the open air, fishing, hunting, tramping, and storing up health and strength for another year of hard study. Go where he may, into any of our numerous mountain regions, scenes of beauty which the pen is powerless to describe greet him through all his wanderings.

IN FOR THE WINTER.

LAURA YOUNG PINNEY.

FROM November to March, each year, there is moored in the quiet waters of that arm of the San Francisco bay known as the "Estuary," a long line of steamers, brigs, barks, and schooners. These are the San Francisco whaling fleet, "now in for the winter."

The principal whaling stations in the United States are New Bedford on the Atlantic Coast and San Francisco on the Pacific.

Statistics show that this enterprise is gradually declining, on account of scarcity of game. The monsters of the sea, like the wild buffalo of the plains, are surely passing away.

It has been said that the "rich supply of oil protecting its internal parts from cold, the wonderful apparatus of whalebone by which its food is provided for, have been fatal gifts which will eventually lead to the extinction of the whale."

Three kinds of whalebone whales are recognized—the Arctic Right, or Greenland, the Antarctic, or Black, and the Pacific. The Arctic Right is the most valuable. Its home is in polar seas, and from icy waters it never roams.

To this species also, belong the Bowheads of the Okhotsk Sea and Behring Straits.

When full grown this whale attains to from forty-five to fifty feet in length; while its head, which is principally mouth, exceeds one-third of the body in size.

This mouth cavity is increased by a highly arched upper jaw, for the better accommodation of the baleen, or whalebone blades, which number between three hundred and four hundred on each side the palate. These blades are the whalebone of commerce. They are triangular in form, with the base attached to the palate and the apex hanging downwards. At the inner edge of each larger blade are two or three smaller ones. These principal blades are larger and longer near the center of the palate, diminishing toward both front and back. They vary in lengths, from three to ten, and even twelve, feet; also in color, in different species. In some, the color is black, in others it is slate, horn, yellow and even a creamy white, while still others are variegated with stripes of different hues.

They are elastic in texture; the outer edge is hard and smooth, while the inner and the end is frayed out into soft, silky, and very tough hairs, some three or four inches long.

The peculiar arrangement of the mouth of the whale is the provision of an All-wise Creator, for the feeding of this "king of the seas," for "king" though he is, his diet is composed of the smallest of crustaceans. These he draws into his mouth in shoals, with great quantities of water, and the hair-fringed blades form a perfect sieve, which allows the water to pass out and retains the food substance to be swallowed.

Sperm whales go in schools, and, like the whalebone whale, its head comprises about one-third the length of its body.

Instead of whalebone it has from twenty to twenty-five hard, conical teeth on each side of its lower jaw, which is the ivory of commerce. The oil in the cavity above the skull, when refined, yields spermaceti, while the thick covering of blubber, which everywhere surrounds its body, furnishes our valuable sperm oil.

Ambergris is formed in the intestines of this species, and is found floating on the waters of the tropical and semi-tropical seas, which they inhabit.

Whalers are usually sailing vessels, though at the present time many have engines also, and thus are not dependent alone on the wind for locomotive power.

Each vessel is equipped with vats for oil, and with six or eight small boats; the latter are fashioned especially for the use of harpoon, harpoon guns and lines, to be used in the capture of the "big fish."

The San Francisco whaling fleet consists of some thirty or more vessels; of these, fifteen are now in port; the remainder will spend the winter at Herschel Island.

The "catch," as reported for this year, is as follows: 4147 barrels of oil, 104,595 pounds of bone, and 4415 pounds of ivory. This is the lightest "catch" since the year 1876.

About one year ago a factory was established in the City of San Francisco for the preparation of whalebone for use, which largely supplies the dress, corset, and whip trade of California.

The process of manufacturing whalebone is simple, yet requires a liberal amount of dexterity and skill.

The hairy edge of the bone is trimmed and it is placed in a vat of water to soak till it becomes pliable, which requires one week or more. It is then thoroughly cleansed and placed in a steam vat. The steaming process lasts an hour or two, and then the bone is ready for the cutter. First it is cut into strips the width of a dress bone. These strips are then replaced in the steam vats, and, when quite hot, are cut by machines into thin strips, which, after passing through a polishing process, are stamped and ready for market. The outside strips are from the shell of the bone and are the best. In one cut of an ordinary bone there is usually six strips of shell, and three of grain, as the inner part is called.

The grain is used for whips. In some places whalebone is used extensively for making brushes; in others it is dissolved into fibre, and woven in with silk to give it stiffness and gloss.

There is, perhaps, to-day no more genuinely co-operative enterprise in operation than whaling, for, from captain to the smallest "cabin-boy," each has for his salary a certain per cent of the season's "catch."

THE STORY OF THE CADDIS-WORM.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

On the rocks in the Sacramento River, at the foot of beautiful snow-crowned Mt. Shasta, live a host of curious little creatures, which are known as caddis or case worms. Their soft, white bodies are the favorite food of the greedy trout that inhabit the same mountain streams; so, in order to protect themselves from their enemies, they actually construct little tubes or cases about an inch or an inch and a half in length, fastening themselves securely to the interior by strong hooks on the end of the abdomen, and leaving only the little black head and six short legs exposed to view.

THE CADDIS WORM

When in search of the decaying animal matter upon which they subsist, they rattle briskly over the rocks, dragging their little houses after them, much after the fashion of the hermit-crab of the sea coast, retreating in backwards when alarmed.

These queer looking dwellings are composed of every sort of material found in the water, such as tiny bits of sticks, straws and grasses, bright-colored pebbles, or chips of minerals, or even the shells of small living pond-snails, or the gay wing-case of a beetle.

They are built on a regular plan, usually in a series of overlapping squares or triangles, the pieces being bitten off to the right size and cleverly fastened together with a sort of glutinous silk of the worm's own spinning, while the inside is neatly lined with a similar soft substance. The bristling points of the squares are intended to discourage hungry fishes from making a meal of the little architect; but, sad to relate, he is sometimes swallowed at a gulp, cozy little house and all.

Some varieties merely take up their residence in a hollow twig, startling the observer by sudden jerky movements, which give life to an apparently inanimate object; and others manufacture a smooth mosaic work of beautiful design and finish, or surround the opening with a circle of minute white pebbles.

One plucky little specimen—kept in a fresh water aquarium—on being gently deprived of his dainty house, set to work immediately and constructed a new residence out of some rainbow-colored straws, with which he was supplied.

By and by, something tells the little caddis-worm that it is time to take a long rest; so it anchors itself to the stem of some aquatic plant near the water's surface, spins a strong silk grating over the entrance of its case for the admission of water and the exclusion of its foes, and retires for a season from the world and its activities.

Then that same wonderful magic that causes the bud to swell into the blossom and the blossom to ripen into the perfect fruit, works a marvelous change in the tiny prisoner. And presently it bites through the grating with its jaws, crawls up the plant's stem out of reach of the water, splits the skin down its back, stretches itself, unfolds its downy wings, and flits off into the sunshine, no longer a grovelling worm in the river bottom, but a free-winged creature, living among the azalias and wild lilac on the river bank, in company with its cousins, the brilliant dragon-flies.

A PEN SKETCH.

In a charming brochure from the facile pen of Charles Warren Stoddard, entitled "A Trip to Hawaii," appears the following description of a scene which grows upon your vision as you approach the Harbor of Honolulu: "On the morning of the seventh day, an island rises like a small blue cloud out of the sea, then another, and yet another, and toward the last we make our way. Green with a verdure that never fades; brown with the bronze tints of lava-flows that have been cold for centuries; a beach of dazzling whiteness, fringed with groves of cocoa palms; the sea like a huge emerald, with sunshine reflected upon the coral bottom, and brilliantly tinted fish sporting about us;—it is thus that we approach Honolulu at noon on the seventh day. * * * Looking at Diamond Head from the sea, the volcanic shore promises nothing of the beauty that is harbored in the vernal vales beyond it; but, the moment our good ship rounds the point of the famous headland, the fairylike coast line is suddenly revealed.

"It is a transformation scene: the mountains turn gloriously green; valleys—vistas in Eden—dawn upon the eye in swift succession; the sea arises in long, voluptuous waves and fawns upon the reef, while within the surf the tranquil water is like a tideless river, where only the water lilies are lacking; but in their stead are troops of Hawaiian swimmers—veritable water nymphs—with a profusion of glossy locks floating about their shoulders like seaweed."

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKLEY FERGUSON

If the way of the transgressor be hard, what shall be said of the thorny path in which the hotel man travels?

The similarity of their fates is merely a matter of coincidence, for the transgressor richly deserves what he gets, while the hotel man is generally more sinned against than sinning. His life is spent in an endeavor to satisfy the pangs of hunger of the traveling public; and the dear public is extremely hard to please where its inner man is concerned.

A large proportion of people expect all the comforts of home to be combined with hotel conveniences. They demand polite attention to their many wants and insist that their little crop of idiosyncrasies shall be carefully nurtured. They insist upon promptness at all times, while they themselves disregard that virtue. In fact they constantly violate the Golden Rule and make the landlord's life a burden, all the while serenely indifferent to the fact that they are causing trouble.

And mine host must preserve an unruffled demeanor in the face of every annoyance—his popularity depends upon his temper. He must pacify the impatient and pour oil on troubled waters with a steady hand—his income depends upon their patronage. He must submit to more or less abuse with graciousness and then turn the other cheek, though he be in a state of mental profanity sufficient to jeopardize his soul. In fact, he must possess the tact of a diplomat, the dignity of a gentleman and the patience of Job.

But the hotel keeper is not alone in his trying capacity of caterer to the multitude. He has a warm sympathizer in the restaurant proprietor, and, whatever may be their temperaments and opinions, on this topic they can meet on equal ground, compare notes, and anathematize their common misfortunes. For the man who can come into contact with hundreds of people daily, and replenish their interiors to their universal delight, is yet to be discovered. He does not exist in the business.

The "chronic growler" is his evil genius, for his name is legion, he is irrepressible and provokingly long-lived. His edibles are either too hot or too cold, the rooms insufferably warm or unbearably chilly, and if he happens to be overcharged a dime he fancies there is a conspiracy on foot to rob him. Nothing ever suits his majesty the growler.

When all these discontented souls have winged their flight from terrestrial habitation, then, and not till then, will the long-suffering hotel man and his restaurant brother reap their reward of peace.

"I haven't anything to wear," she said,
"So if I do not come, you'll know the reason."
The statement fell from lips so sweetly red,
To doubt their utterance seemed almost treason.

Nothing to wear! I smiled. And yet, that night,
Within the ball-room, by each dazzling token
Of neck, and arms, and gleaming shoulders white,
I thought how truly had my lady spoken.

A young lady writes to an English paper to inquire the best method of curing the blushing habit. Now may heaven save us from this departure in the Anglomaniac line! If the girls across the pond are going to discard blushes as bad form, we may well take alarm, for fads travel as the crow flies. We can forgive our American maidens for almost any imported fancy, but this would be too much. Blushes, real, bona fide blushes, that creep to the cheek and lose themselves under tendril tresses; that slip to the forehead and hide in the curves of a pretty throat—what can be more charming, more alluring than to see them come and go? Yet, forsooth, a possessor of them wants to be "cured"! True, there is some disadvantage in the blush that proceeds from awkwardness or embarrassment, but its presence reveals sensitiveness, and sensitiveness means refinement. Girls, I beg of you to keep on blushing. Alas, that any of you have forgotten how! Blushes? May they be playing hide-and-seek in your cheeks when the locks that frame them are white with the snows of Time!

"Powellandeddystreettransfers!!!" cried the conductor with explosive unintelligibility. And then he frowned impatiently at the timid tourist from Milpitas, who ventured to ask him what he meant.

A person recently imprisoned here on a charge of blackmail says that for fifteen years her mind was a blank. There is nothing surprising in that. One frequently encounters people of irreproachable respectability whose minds have always been a blank.

A Pennsylvania woman, who has been married seven times, is authority for the statement that dark-haired men make the best husbands. She ought to know.

The quaint old custom is no more;
The postman does not go
With missives sweet from door to door.
For people now, you know,
Betray their love by other signs:
They're out of date, these valentines.

Quite out of date. Suns rise and set
And change quick follows change.
Who knows but even love may yet
Become both old and strange?
Pray, what will be this sad world's fate
When love itself is "out of date"?

A man's position in life is not always a clue to his mentality. One of the leading lights in theosophical circles here is a cable car conductor, who punches fares by day and wrestles with his occult philosophy by night, which is certainly convincing proof of his versatility. He is equally at home in the domain of plugged nickels and transfers, or in the exalted regions of thought that explanify the doctrine of re-incarnation. He commands my respect for earning an honorable living, and I can wish him nothing better than that his next time on earth may find him following a more congenial vocation.

San Francisco is entitled to astronomical distinction, for one of her citizens, Dockery by name, is a star of the milky way.

An elderly gentleman of my acquaintance, who has always considered it excessively dishonest to knowingly pass a piece of counterfeit coin, has changed his views. "Let me tell you why," said he to me the other day. "Somebody got the best of me with a dollar yesterday just before I started for the Oakland boat. The ticket-taker told me it was bogus, much to my disgust, for I have been 'taken in' so often that it has got to be an old story, the fault lying with my near-sightedness. For fear that I shall pass such coins again, I have been in the habit of tossing them into the bay on my way home. Dropping this last specimen of the counterfeiter's art into my pocket, I determined to send it to a watery grave as usual, and accordingly, when opposite Goat Island, relieved my conscience and my feelings by tossing the contents of that particular pocket overboard. When I reached home I was astonished to find that miserable dollar where I had put it. Again my nearsightedness had played me false, for instead of the counterfeit I had sent to the bottom of the bay a twenty-dollar gold-piece!"

If there be a moral to this tale I hope the reader will be able to find it.

The ablest woman historian now living is Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, a resident of San Francisco. She is a modest, retiring woman, whose work will live after her in the literature of the West. Among her books are "Atlantis Arisen," "The River of the West," "All Over Oregon and Washington," "History of the Early Indian Wars of Oregon," "The New Penelope and Other Stories and Poems," and six volumes of Bancroft's History.

Senator David B. Hill has electrified Washington society by declaring that the women should be unceremoniously hustled out of the Capitol City, and thus enable the men to perform the work that they were sent there to do. He maintains that social dissipation, the keeping of late hours, and the indulgence of fashionable frivolities, unfit a man for business and fritter away his time, which belongs to his country and not to woman, lovely woman. Therefore, would he ostracise this demoralizing siren. Senator Hill has been so impervious to the attractions of Washington belles, and has so persistently refused to propose to any one of them, that he has acquired the title of woman-hater. Notwithstanding his lack of gallantry, there are several grains of truth in what he says. Sensible men are always more or less bored with society's demands. Most of them would willingly escape the round of receptions and other social "functions" that life at the Capitol entail, but they do not all possess the amazing candor of their colleague, Senator Hill.

A sweet-faced little *War Cry* vender approached a young man with pale blue orbs and white eyelashes who was leaning against a lamp-post at the corner of Kearny and Sacramento Streets. "Are you a Christian?" she enquired kindly. "No, ma'am," was the reply, "I vas a Scandinavian."

Over in Merrie England they have to tack felt on the doors to keep the fog out. The instant an outer door is opened great chunks of fog fall in and block up the hallway. Lovely climate, that. Out in California, the most favored portion of earth's surface, we scold when the wind blows, and feel personally aggrieved when the thermometer strays a degree or two out of the way. We are a spoiled people.

There are a number of publishing houses in this country which maintain themselves by appealing to the vanity of writers. As a rule, writers who have a healthy respect for themselves and their profession (and if they have not this respect they should be deprived of their ink bottles) pay neither attention nor money to these firms, who send them from time to time circulars of which the following extract is a condensed copy:

"We have in preparation a volume of biographical sketches, accompanied by engravings and poetic or prose extracts, of authors. These will be published in the near future under an attractive title. We desire very much to enlist your co-operation in this enterprise, and would like to have your portrait, the expense of reproducing it in half-tone being only ten dollars. Special rates will be given per page for using your poems or prose; that is, we will charge you only a reasonable amount for the space used. Your name will be indexed, calling attention to your literary work in as many ways as possible. Kindly remit ten dollars and photograph," etc., etc.

By such step-ladders as these (ten dollars a rung) an author may mount to fame. The trouble is that fame of this sort is about as valuable as brass jewelry and as enduring as the gilt on a section of gingerbread. The writer who is worthy of being half-toned and biographied ought to be paid ten dollars for the privilege of using his or her photograph, besides suitable compensation for the "extracts" used. To remit money to a publisher is simply to buy so much advertising space, the only difference being that instead of advertising a coal yard or a grocery, the face of an individual is brought before the public. If writers are able to write what is worthy of notice, they will not need to pay publishers for "calling attention to their literary work."

Deep runs the current of a true devotion;
Ceaseless and strong it surges to and fro;
If on the surface then of life's great ocean,
Flotsam and jetsam pass you, let them go.

Tears for the faithless? Why should such things grieve you?
Tears for the dear remembered dead may flow—
Not for the living. Those who would deceive you
Do not deserve your sorrow. Let them go.

Blight at the rose's heart? Then may it perish.
Reach for the perfect bud that blooms below.
Rust on the treasures that you fondly cherish?
Flaws in your gems? What of it? Let them go.

Wide is the grave and deep when friends are parted;
Cover it from the sight; 'tis better so.
Cling to the brave, the good, the loyal-hearted;
Pity the frail, the false, and—let them go.

Lo, at your side there lingers to enfold you,
Friendship, the sweetest that the soul can know.
Fling to the winds the worthless ties that hold you.
Hail and farewell forever! Let them go!

Why is it that you encounter only at rare intervals the friend whom you long to see, while the personage for whom you have an especial aversion seems to materialize at every street corner?

There is every probability that the fifteen-year-old girl who recently committed suicide, because of disappointment in love, was a reader of trashy novels. The injury done to the minds of children by reading worthless books is deplorable. Silly novels have been the direct cause of many a young girl's bitterest experiences. Their influence is far more disastrous than that of the boy's dime novel, because the latter deals with heroics mainly, while the former abounds with sickly sentimentality and abominable gush. The boy's dime novel may enlarge his young cranium and inflate him with a desire to be a pirate on the high seas or a blood-thirsty slayer of Indian tribes. It may make of him an imaginary hero, whereas the trash perused by his sister is pretty apt to make of her an actual fool. Boys have frequently run away from home as a result of imbibing yellow-covered literature. Girls have also run away from home for the same reason. The prodigal son may return, but the world looks coldly upon prodigal daughters. The trashy novel has many sins to answer for, and the people who vitiate young intellects by writing them deserve to be punished.

The man who runs the elevator in the Washington Monument is justified in thinking that he holds one of the highest positions in the gift of the Government.

ITEMS.

France has paid a generous tribute to America. The cross of the Legion of Honor has been awarded to Walter McEwen, an American boy. In conferring upon the representative of another nation this high distinction, France has proven that she is loyal to the principles of art and that her schools are as free to acknowledge genius in aliens as in her own sons. Long live France!

The Illustrated Traveler. Mr. D. G. Waldron, representative of this finely illustrated paper, will make a stay of a few weeks in Honolulu, visiting the Volcano and the sugar plantations. New views and extensive write-ups will appear in the forthcoming issues. *The Traveler* is considered one of the neatest pictorials published, and has a large circulation all over the world. The next issue will contain a new view in colors of the Volcano, and other interests in Hawaiian matters.—*Daily Evening Star*, Honolulu, H. I., January 4, 1896.

Editor of "THE TRAVELER": Allow me to call your attention to an error in the last number of THE TRAVELER, in regard to the summer temperature of this place.

It is correctly stated that the climate of Santa Barbara is not cold in winter, nor unduly hot in summer, and it is probable that the statement, apparently in confirmation of it, that the average summer temperature is seventy-two degrees, will be accepted as such by most of your readers because they do not know that seventy-two degrees is not a low average summer temperature, being, in fact, almost exactly that of New York City.

But there are those who do know what the figures mean, and will judge of the climate by them. For the information of such, and to correct a possible misapprehension that I am authority for the above figures, I desire to state that I obtain, as a result of eleven years' observation, a mean temperature for the three summer months of 64.7 degrees.

HUGH D. VAIL.

Santa Barbara, January 23, 1896.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks's Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"I CAN SWIM!"—Coleridge's letters, just published, occasionally reveal the sage in a really humorous aspect—witness the following anecdote: "A party of us had been drinking wine together, and three or four freshmen were deplorably intoxicated. (I have too great a respect for delicacy to say 'drunk.') As we were returning homewards, two of them fell into the gutter or kennel. We ran to assist one of them, who very generously stuttered out, as he lay sprawling in the mud: 'N-n-n-n-o—n-n-n-o—save my fr-fr-fr-friend there; n-never mind me—I can swim.'"

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

It is not too much to say that THE TRAVELER of San Francisco is one of the handsomest journals published in this country. The January number appears with a photograph in colors as a frontispiece, giving a graphic picture of the Volcano of Kilauea at the Hawaiian Islands. Chief among the contents is an entertaining sketch on palmistry, with illustrations, by Jane Seymour Klink; Arthur Inkersley contributes a bright sketch giving an account of his experience at Oxford; W. V. Bryan has a two-page article on the luxuries of mountain railways; Santa Barbara, by H. Edwards, is quite a unique sketch, and Mrs. S. E. Marshall contributes an article on San Leandro Lake, giving an account of the great water supply system through a large part of Alameda County, including Oakland.—*S. F. Call.*

NEW GOLD.

THE CALIFORNIA COAST ROBIN

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Lillian H. Stacey.*]

The prince of coast singers is startling my ear—
He's vaulting out, whistling out, loudly and clear,
His wonderful jubilant, triumphant cheer.

I see his gold breast as he lights in the lane,
The satiny black of his head in the grain,
The flash of his wings overhead in the rain.

So weary am I of the showers in June
With summer's soft harmonies all out of tune
And the winds wailing out an old wintery rune.

He cares not—so busy, so restless is he
There, flipping the drops from his gay panoply,
With a double-quick step in the damp filaree.

Now he's gone to a place in the green alder-tree;
"Cavello, cavello," "sweet, sweeter," says he,
He translates no further his wild jubilee.

"Cavello, cavello," so seems he to say—
A rollicking, musical, clear roundelay,
Vaulted out in a daring, undalliant way.

He's flown now, down to a cliff by the shore,
The swells may boom loudly, the surf deeply roar,
He'll be jubilant over them—singing his score.

Faintly now, echoing up in the glen,
He's calling the warbler, the blue-bird, the wren,
To come to him, come to him, meet him again.

I like him, I like him, gay Prince of the West!
He calls up what gladness my heart ere possessed,
I ne'er shall grow old where he makes his dear nest.

In singing my heart so out of its ills,
He has sung the June sunshine back to the hills,
And summer her old golden promise fulfills.

Come hither, come hither, cowed, troubled of men,
Come follow my whistler into the glen,
Strike the plow to the hills and grow valiant again.

EUGENE FIELD.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Frank Deardorf.*]

For him no more they'll come and go—
"Pittypat and Tippytoe";
With their little pattering feet,
'Mong their playthings on the floor,
Making noise, or music sweet;
These will charm, nor vex, no more;
And to think he loved them so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

He would leave a heart-sought task
Just to grant what they might ask;
From a piece of buttered bread—
Or most any childish plea,
Like when little lisper said,
"Let me in—it's only me"—
To all the love his soul could show
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

With their "trademarks" in his breast,
Oh, how truly was he blest!
Childhood was the radiant arc,
Bridging o'er life's ruffled stream;
Shining where the way seemed dark,
Keeping bright each golden dream—
Such alone pure souls can know
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

In that heart true love was born;
Then like growing light of morn,
Or a never ending sea,
Grew that love he could not speak;
Welling there eternally,
Till its walls became too weak—
Doomed at last to overflow
For Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Round that unused fountain now
Songbirds carol in the bough;
Little hands shall smooth his bed,
Singing cradle hymns of rest;
Scatter flowers around his head—
Things like these he loved the best;
Earth give back an answering glow
Through Pittypat and Tippytoe!

THAT REMINDS ME.

HAY THERE!

It may be leap year, but, all the same, no young man is going to take chances by waiting for a girl to propose to him.

Canny Scot—Yours is a poor country.
Paddy—Well, we can afford to wear breeches, anyhow.

"I went to a fine dinner last night, where all the forks and knives and spoons were of silver."
"Let's see them."

"Oh, please, don't give yourself the trouble of showing me out."
"It's no trouble, I assure you—it's a pleasure."

Landlord—Why don't you pay your rent?
Smythe—I give it up.
Landlord—But you don't; that's why I complain.

A man by the name of Schwellingschmertemberg is very ill, and the physicians have changed their treatment of the patient several times. If they changed his name there would be some chance for him to recover.

A Chicago poet has written some very pretty, pathetic verse about the girl he loves who was "married yesterday." He need not despair. The girl who was married yesterday may be free to-morrow. While there is life there is always hope—in Chicago.

Jasper—Do you think Stead's book, "If Christ came to Chicago," will have any success?
Jumpuppe—No. The idea is too wildly improbable.

A young lady looking at a picture representing a pair of lovers in a boat, with the lover gently clasping the waist of his adored one, innocently remarked, "How natural!" and then blushed violently.

Hazel—Sandstone has asked me to lend him five pounds, and I don't know whether to do it or not. Would you?
Nutte (earnestly)—I would, old man. He invited me to dine with him this evening.

Old Friend—You are becoming round-shouldered—got a regular stoop. You don't ride a bicycle, do you?
Man of Family—No-o; but my boys ride bicycles, and I am paying for them on installments.

Four-year-old Edith has two little boy playmates, of whom she is very fond. They enjoy playing house together. Arthur always takes the part of papa, Edith the mamma, and little Chester the baby. Chester got tired of always being the baby, so told Edith one day that he wanted to be mamma, and she must be the baby. Edith decidedly objected to the proposed change, but her mother, overhearing the discussion, called her little girl and told her she must not be selfish, but should allow Chester to be the mamma sometimes. Edith replied: "Now, mamma, see here, if God lets me stay here and don't take me up to heaven, I'll grow up and sometime I'll be a real mamma, but Chester never will be a mamma if he lives a hundred years."

There is no shirt, however washed and mended,
That hath due buttons there;
There is no pat of butter—real or pretended—
Without its truant hair.

There is no babe that doesn't suck his finger,
And howl till all is blue;
No organ in the street that doesn't linger
A little longer Loo.

There is no vacant space, on which some blackguard
Sticks not his beastly bills;
There soon will be no field without a placard
Belauding soap or pills.

THE LEADING FINE CHAMPAGNE OF EUROPE.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S

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THE
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CABINET GREEN SEAL.

This favorite and well-known wine is admirably adapted for banquets and festive gatherings.

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Just A Step from the Depot, when you get off the train at LOS ANGELES, you will find

THE ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL,

It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates European plan, $1.00 per day upward; American plan: $2.50 per day upward. ***Darmody & Schaffer,*** Props.

VINTINE acts directly on the blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former, and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Its tonic effects are due solely to the action of the remedies composing it, and not to alcohol, as is the case in most tonics. At Brooks's Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price $1.00 at drug stores.

W. N. SWASEY, MERCHANT TAILOR
Best Workmanship, Latest Fashions, Perfect Fit.
Telephone South 769 [illegible] EDDY STREET

"OLD PANCAKE."

J. M. TRIMBLE.

TO-DAY I stood beside the grave of poor old "Pancake," the man who discovered the greatest silver mine on earth, and thought how strange are the vicissitudes of life. That poor, wretched piece of moldering clay, lying there alone and uncared for, was at one time the richest man on earth and yet didn't know it. This man, who made millionaires of half a dozen men and enriched scores of others, himself died a suicide and a beggar, scorned of mankind. It may not be generally known that Comstock is buried away up here in the north, yet it is so, for his grave is on the outskirts of this town, although without a mark or sign to tell whose dust lies moldering below. His life was an unusually eventful one. Thomas Page Comstock, after discovering the great silver lode which bears his name, drifted about among the numerous mining camps of Nevada for awhile, and then branched off north to Montana, among the Big Horn Mountains, where he believed more silver to be hid than the rest of the world contained.

It is said he went north in the interests of Nevada parties, but how true this is at least no one up in this part of the country knows. At any rate he was the leader of the famous Big Horn expedition that was sent out in the summer of 1870 in search of the mythical Lost Cabin lead, supposed to be somewhere among the Big Horn Range. The object of the expedition, discovery of mineral wealth, was not accomplished and the prospecting party reached Bozeman short of supplies and many of them without a cent of money. Comstock ranked with the latter class, although from careful inquiry I find he refused offers of assistance from citizens of Bozeman. Whether from disappointment at the result of the trip, worry over the plight of himself and party, or for some other cause, on the morning succeeding the day they camped on the little creek flowing near Bozeman, Comstock drove a pistol ball through his brain and died instantly. This occurred September 27, 1870. It was a sad ending of a very wretched and miserable man, for there is little doubt among people of Bozeman, who saw and knew him long ago in this town, that Thomas Page Comstock was of unsound mind when he committed the rash act of taking his own life. Comstock left a paper in his own handwriting, giving some interesting facts concerning himself. It was written and dated at Butte City in 1870, and runs as follows:

I had five claims—Ophir, Savage, Gould & Curry, Hale & Norcross, and Virginia. I got old Daddy Curry to come down, and put him in possession. I kept Norcross at work for a year on that mine. I owned the principal part of Gold Hill and leased it to Walsh & Woodruff. Now I will tell you how I sold those mines. I gave Sandy Bowers his claim—twenty feet on Gold Hill—and I gave Billy Knight his claim. To Joe Plato I also gave his claim. Poor Joe is dead, but the claim has made his widow very rich. I was working on the Ophir, and taking out a good deal of ore, but I did not know its value, for I was in a wilderness. I sent several tons of the ore by ox-teams through the mountains to California, and Judge Walsh was my agent and helped me. I took out a large gold and silver specimen weighing twelve pounds, and sent it in a box to Washington City. I instructed John Musser, a lawyer at Washoe, to send it. I don't know whether he did or not, but I wanted Congress and the President to see it, for it was the first gold and silver ore mixed ever found in the United States. I went on working, and Judge Walsh and Woodruff were there every day for two months trying to buy me out. I did not know what I had. My health was bad, so I finally sold out to them on these terms: I was to get $10,000—and did get it at last—and I was to receive one-eleventh of all that ever came out of my claim during my natural lifetime, and at my death it was to go to whoever I willed it to. I was also to receive $100 per month. That was the contract, and two men, Elder Bennet and Many Penrod, witnessed it. But my health was bad, and before I had the contract recorded, Woodruff & Walsh sold it out. Having taken no lien on the property, I never got a dollar from that day to this, except what was at first paid. I am the son of old Noah Comstock of Cleveland, Ohio, and my relatives live there. I was born in Canada, and am now 50 years old. I have a wife, but no children.

This interesting narrative ends here. If Comstock could have gone on relating his wonderful experiences, what curious and strange reading matter some of it would make. As it was, he died a poor and miserable sinner, with scarcely a friend to close his eyes; and yet his name will live in history long after kings and presidents are forgotten. If this man had only kept all he owned, your Goulds, Vanderbilts, and Astors of to-day would be mere pigmies in wealth compared to him. In thirteen years the Comstock yielded up no less than $220,000,000. The expense of running these mines was something quite startling. The consumption of wood for fuel and timbering in the different tunnels was simply enormous. When the mines were in full blast it required over 200 cars daily to convey timber over the Virginia and Truckee Railroad to supply them. From 1873 to 1880 over 1000 cords of wood were used daily, and prior to the closing down of the lower levels the daily consumption of fuel was over 400 cords. More than $40,000,000 has been spent so far in supplying fuel for the machinery alone, and it has cost as much to timber the shafts, inclines, drifts, etc., with fir, pine, hemlock, and tamarack.

The Comstock may have a revival but it can never equal our great Montana camp, which is, I believe, the best mining camp in the world to-day. Only a few years ago Butte was a straggling mining village; now it is a thriving prosperous city of nearly 20,000 people. There was but one Virginia City in Nevada, and but one Leadville in Colorado, but Montana to-day promises to produce several Buttes. It is ten years since active operations began in Butte, and that camp can at present only be said to be fairly opened.

A ROSE FROM SANTA ROSA. Helios Photo.

THE VAGARIES OF FORTUNE.

J. M. SCANLAND.

"There is more romance in life than there is life in romance," said Dumas, and he never lived in a western mining camp, where the fabled good luck of the escaped prisoner who became the Count of Monte Cristo, becomes a reality so frequently that it is often considered to be a miner's fiction. The stories of these poor men, who have suddenly become millionaires, read like fiction, but without any straining for effect; yet these stories are stranger than anything that the most powerful imagination could invent, and they are so simple and natural.

A mining prospector wandered over the State in search of hidden treasure, impelled by that force of nature which we call intuition. At last his hope failed him, and no longer having provisions for a journey, he rested, boarding with some acquaintances, on a credit. Finally he returned to Colorado Springs, and resumed work at his trade, house plumbing. Strange enough, he remained poor. Finally a tailor advanced him a "grub stake," a burro mule, two revolvers, and a month's supply of provisions; the entire outfit costing about fifty dollars. He thought there "ought to be good dirt" near the base of Pike's Peak, and prospected around, making several "locations" in what is now the Cripple Creek District. He met an acquaintance who furnished further necessary money, and they began to dig. The ore was hidden and by them hauled to the city at night, fearing that if the nature of the mine was discovered, it would be taken from them by professional "claim jumpers." Finally, when they had sold enough to enable them to hire men to defend it, they worked openly and put in machinery. The mine now produces $50,000 a month, is valued at $2,000,000, and the tailor, the plumber, and the blacksmith are millionaires, and may soon crystallize into leaders of society, and perhaps be elected to the United States Senate.

Another wonderful story is that of a carpenter of Colorado Springs. Becoming tired of mashing his thumb while driving nails, he got a "grub stake" on a credit, and himself and the burro started out. He "located" almost everything in sight. When he halted after the first day's march, and, having no experience in mining, he did not know whether he had struck gold or copper. He was recently offered $1,000 000 for one of his mines, but he refused, innocently saying that he would not know what to do with so much money, but preferred to keep the mine, and when he wanted money he would go and dig for it—that is, if he should want more than $100,000 a month, which his mines are now producing.

In the story of Monte Cristo, the prisoner who is put into a sack and thrown into the sea, under the supposition that he is dead, is made to cut open the sack, and, loaded with chains, swims an impossible distance to an island, where he enters a cave and finds vast treasures. Here is the impossible, in order to tell a romantic story. But, in the above cases, there is no straining for effect.

As a sequel: Two men have sunk about $100,000 in a mine about two hundred yards from one of these bonanzas, and no pay ore in sight. Unless they strike it, their mortgaged residences must soon be exchanged for those wooden huts of the more lucky ones.

1896

It is predicted, will see the bicycle craze unabated. There will be all kinds, styles and prices of wheels in the market. What will govern you in your selection?

You want a wheel that is strictly high-grade, that contains ***in its construction*** the price asked; one that will not break down on you, that never needs repairs and gives you satisfaction throughout. ***DON'T BUY A CHEAP WHEEL***—it is too expensive. Buy one that has made its reputation so that you can ask your friends about it.

Buy a wheel that is "built like a watch" in the strict sense of the phrase—that is the

STERLING BICYCLE

$100

STERLING CYCLE WORKS,
274 Wabash Avenue,
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CATALOGUE FREE.

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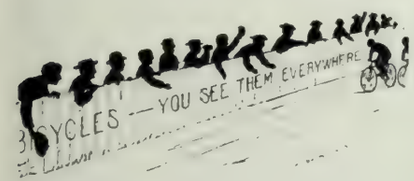
314 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
C. G. FIELD, Mgr. Sales Dept.



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of a good race is much more exciting, but not half so important as the finish of a good Bicycle. By FINISH, we mean general construction, durability and reputation.

BEAR THESE POINTS IN MIND

when you buy a Wheel, and remember that the

$100 **Columbia** **$100**

is the best known Wheel in the world. Why? Because there are more of them ridden than any other one make. Again, why? You can answer that as well as we can. Our retail store is at—

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Bystander (in horror, as the front door of a building in course of construction falls on passer-by)—Oh! isn't that awful! Ring for the fire department! Call an ambulance!

Charley Hardnut (the celebrated half-back, emerging from the debris)—Well! That'll just cost that contractor a new hat; that's what!

"If your husband illtreats you, you should heap coals of fire on his head," said the city missionary.

"Well, sorr," replied Mrs. Rafferty, "oi didn't do thot exactly, but oi did the nixt thing to it. Oi hit him on the head with the poker, but it didn't do a bit of good, sorr."

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Developing, Printing, Reloading and Repairing
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FIRST-CLASS ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
American and European Plans
Rates, including Steam Heat
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is the only first-class hotel in the city. It makes a specialty of *Tourist* and Family trade. The surroundings are cheerful, the construction home-like and the table a special feature. Come and spend a week with us and see for yourself. Our rates are only $2 a day and upwards, and we make liberal reductions by the week or month.

R. M. BRIARE, Proprietor.

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The best tailor, hatter or shoe dealer, who carries goods to conform to their ideas of elegance and neatness, and when they want fine Stationery, Billheads, Letterheads, Pamphlets, Printing of all kinds, or beautifully Bound Books, they should be as careful in the selection of the Printer or Bookbinder as they would in the dealer who makes their personal appearance. Therefore, go to

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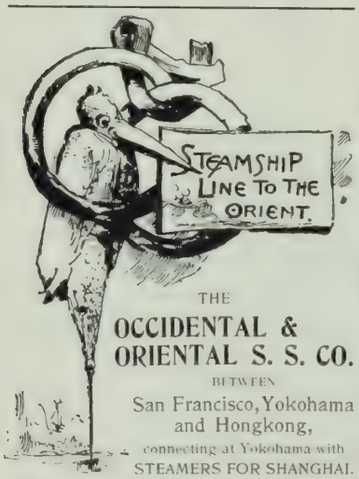
Telegrams: Caldover, London.



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BETWEEN
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STEAMERS FOR SHANGHAI.

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GAELIC.....Saturday, Feb. 15, 1896
DORIC..... .....Thursday, March 5, 1896
BELGIC (via Honolulu).Saturday, March 21, 1896
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Purchasers of such tickets may travel from San Francisco to Honolulu, or *vice versa*, upon an Oceanic S. S. Co. steamer, if desired.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at Company's office, 425 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

The beautiful city of Honolulu and its environs are a charm forever! Travelers never weary of describing these islands in the tropic sea.

Splendid steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company sail twice a month. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

Send ten cents in stamps for "Beautiful Hawaii," a pamphlet of exquisite photogravures, to J. D. Spreckels Bros. & Co., 114 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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"Through Storyland to Sunset Seas" is the title of one of the prettiest booklets that has been published for the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific Company. It is edited by Mr. H. S. Kneedler, associated with the literary department at New Orleans, contains a profusion of artistic illustrations along the line from New Orleans to Portland, and the descriptive matter is written in such an interesting and colloquial style that one reads it through with the most ardent avidity. The book contains 205 pages in all, but will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps enclosed to Passenger Department S. P. Co., New Orleans, La.

At any bookstore in Southern California fifty cents will purchase that handsomely illustrated brochure, the "Prolific Seven," designed to portray the advantages of the seven counties of Southern California. It contains over fifty handsome photo-engravings from all parts of the Sunny South as well as some excellent colored maps.

Those who intend visiting the South will find this pamphlet all they could wish in the way of information, and should not fail to send for a copy. Mail orders will be filled through Gridar & Dow, Los Angeles, Cal.

In a recent letter from Kentucky, Bill Nye says: "The first hotel ever built in Paducah was built of logs, and guests washed their faces in the kitchen, using soft soap and wiping their features dry on a communistic towel. The odor of fried pork dwelt most of the time amid the rafters of the roof, and the man who asked for a finger bowl got shot. This hotel was erected in 1831 regardless of cost, the ground alone on which it stood costing 12 dols. As it began to put on more airs in 1832, the Indians were not allowed to eat at the first table unless they came from Virginia. For breakfast the *menu* was tea or eggs. Lunch consisted of bear meat and rhubarb pie. Fresh rhubarb was sent in each week by a Louisville pharmacist. Now a beautiful hotel run by Colonel Reed is one of the ornaments of Paducah. Colonel Reed is a leading spirit in the city's onward march, having been Mayor several times, with his portrait in an annual 'writeup' of the city. He not only made us happy, but introduced us in Paducah society without hesitation."

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Under Baldwin Hotel. Prices, 50c., $1.00, and $1.50.
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Continuous high-class vaudeville.

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Seventeen years of consecutive opera. The most popular opera house in San Francisco

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No connection with any other establishment.
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SOLID STERLING SILVER Butter Dish, sent to any address, for the next 30 days only, on receipt of $1.00. This offer is limited, and is made for the sole purpose of advertising our extensive line of silverware. Every dish guaranteed solid sterling silver. An article of standard merit, and always beautiful and useful. **Sterling Silverware Co.,** 402 Hagan Building, ST. LOUIS, MO. Dealers will positively not be supplied.

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A rich, wholesome, ready-made dressing for lettuce, asparagus, tomatoes, salads, cold meats, etc. All first-class grocers sell it.
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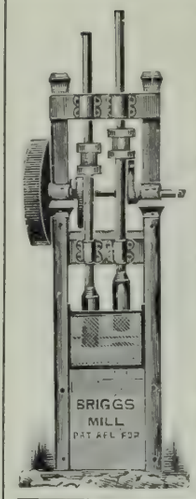

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Builders of all kinds of Saw Mill and Mining Machinery, Engines, Boilers and Water Wheels.

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The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

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Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work and teeth without plates a specialty.
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Hatch Pruning Saw, Price $3.00 each.
Saws and machine knives of every description on hand or made to order.

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Free on application, one of our superbly illustrated souvenirs of Pasadena.

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And if you have comfort and rooms that are fine,
Drives that are glorious, climate divine,
Wide spreading porches, nooks that are quainter,
And a meal for a princess whenever you dine,
You will never regret if you stop

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Is a modern strictly first-class hotel of 250 rooms. They are single and en suite, with baths attached, and are all lighted by gas and electricity, with heat throughout. The rates are from $1 a day upwards.

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A NAPA SODA LEMONADE IS LUSCIOUS.

Depot, 619 Howard St., SAN FRANCISCO.
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A sure preventive of CHOLERA.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS,

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A Comfortable Winter Resort at reasonable rates.

Easy of access. Altitude, 1,700 feet. Pure Mountain Water and Air. The Best Mineral Water and Baths on Earth.

Equable Climate—Free from all Choleric Germs.

The Best Place in California to spend the Winter

For full particulars call at city office, 316 Montgomery Street, or address, J. CRAIG, Manager.

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is the record every year in every room of the famous Windsor Hotel, Denver. It is the most popular hotel in the city. Service and cuisine second to none. Rates, $2.00 to $3.00 per day. **C. M. HILL, Manager.**

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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JOHN J. VALENTINE, President. HOMER S. KING, Manager
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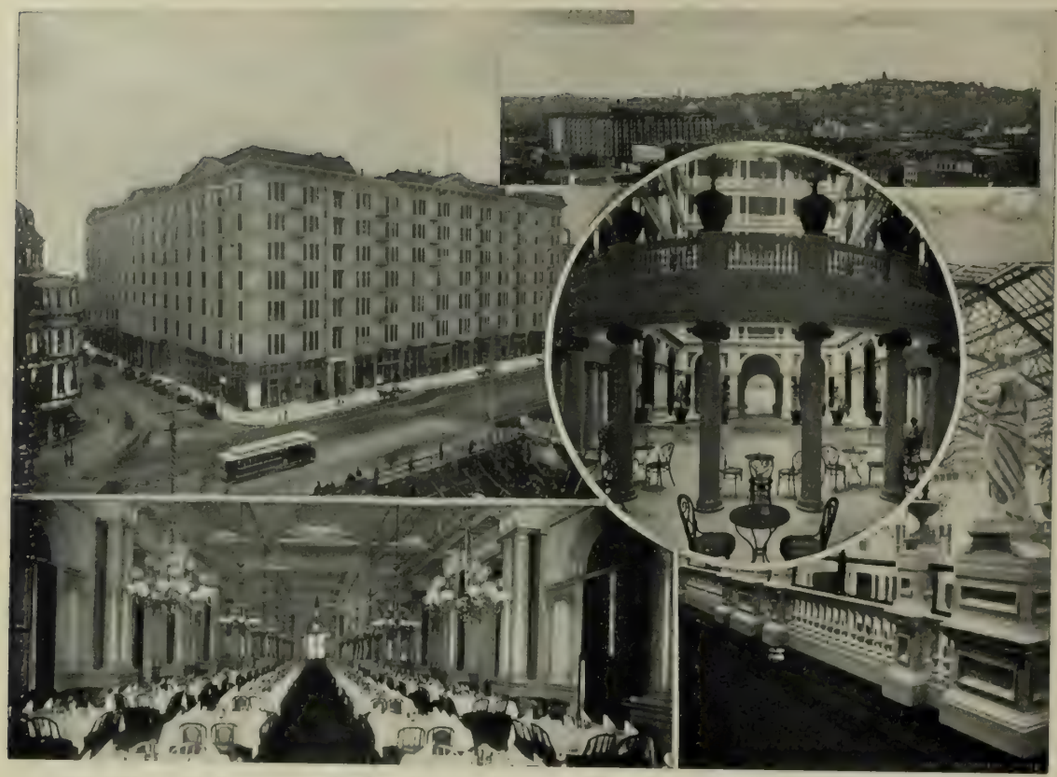
ADDRESS *JOHN PERCY LAWTON,*

REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT BROKER, SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

Reference: The First National Bank of Santa Barbara.



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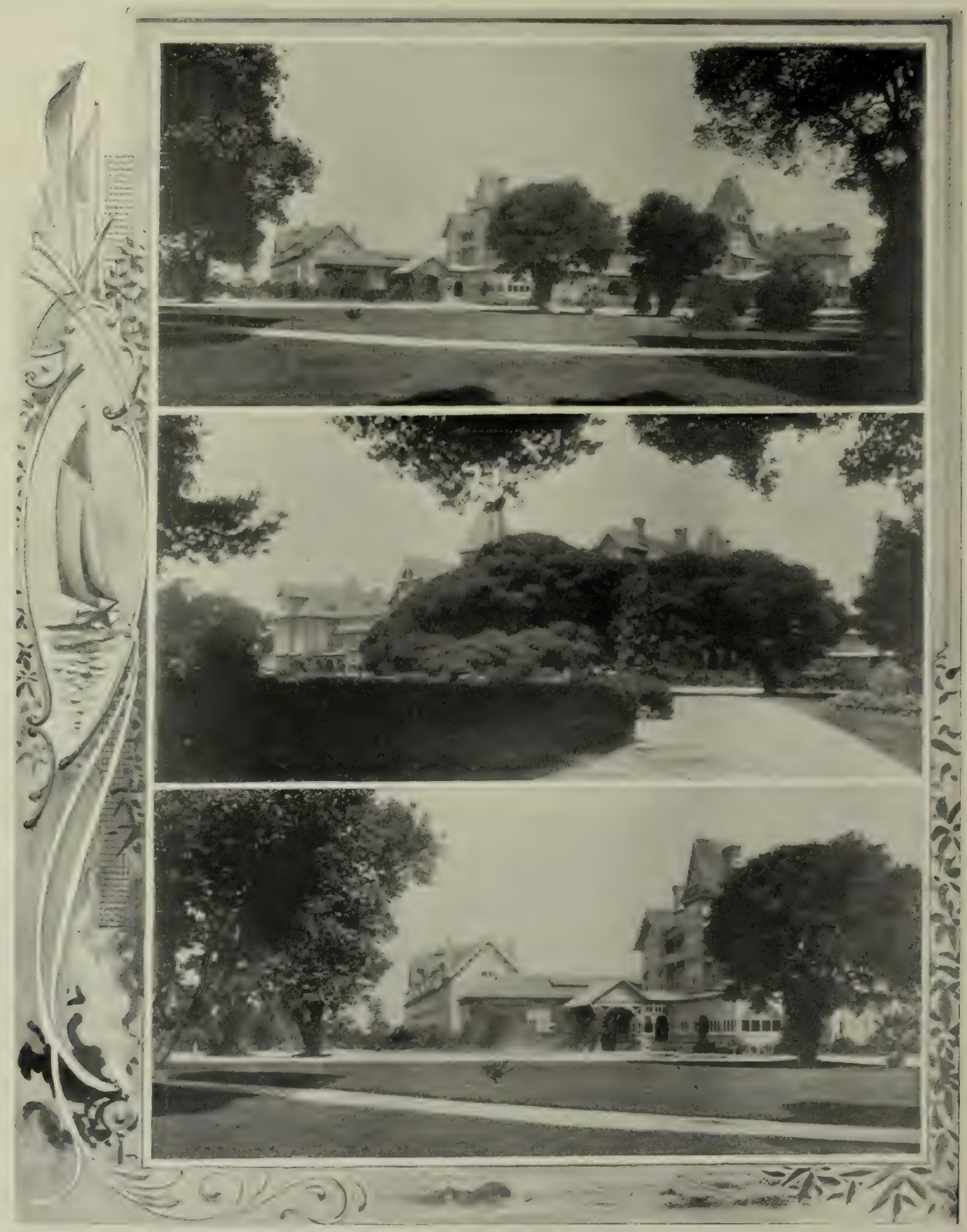
Broadway Wharf, OAKLAND,	Telephone 518
365 Sixth Street, OAKLAND,	Telephone 34
Twelfth and Market Streets, OAKLAND,	Telephone 823

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. *MARCH, 1896.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CARMEL BAY FROM CYPRESS POINT.



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NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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en route eastward from the Pacific Coast should not fail to stop off at Salt Lake City, Utah, for a few days and visit the points of interest in the Mormon City, and experience the delightful sensation of a swim in the warm and buoyant waters of the Great Salt Lake.

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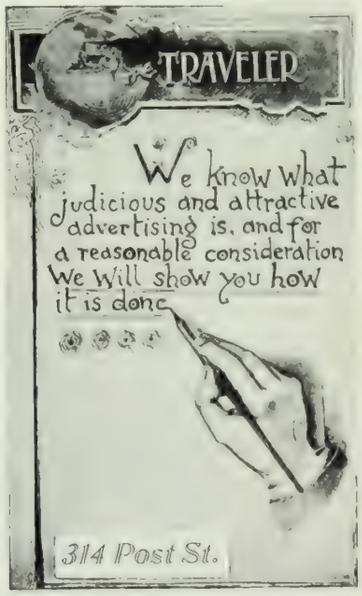

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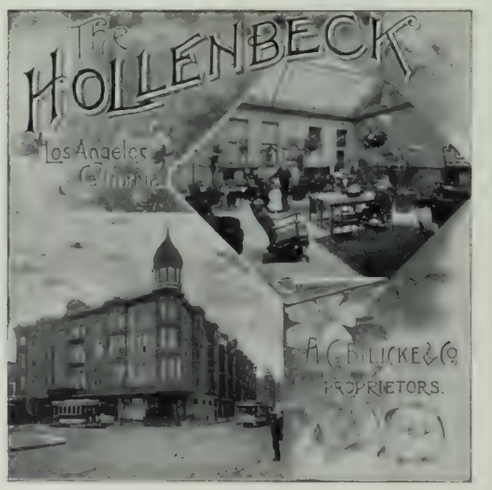

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VII. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1896. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

C. P. DONNELL, LOS ANGELES, CAL., GENERAL AGENT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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A NEW YORK concern, which gathers news and other interesting data for a syndicate of newspapers, has sent the following circular letter to the General Managers of railways in the United States:

NEW YORK, February 13, 1896.

We are preparing an article on the number 13, and we wish to get your testimony as to its supposed influence on human destiny. Has any specially evil fate attended employees numbered 13, locomotives numbered 13, the 13th day of the month, or any other person or thing distinguished by the number 13, as far as you have observed? Has any particular number been unlucky in your experience?

We do not expect to trespass upon your time for any extended search of records; but we hope you will give us such details as occur to your mind.

We have addressed these questions to several hundred persons who, like yourself, are in position to observe the fortunes of numbered bodies of men or objects similarly distinguished; and a summary of the results, interspersed with stories of notable occurrences, can hardly fail to be of interest.

Thanking you in advance for whatever reply may seem to be suitable, we are——

The outcome of this inquiry and the tabulation of results will, no doubt, be as interesting as it will be unreliable. They will receive scores of items regarding engine No. 13, trains with 13 cars, accidents on the 13th of the month, at tunnel No. 13, and the like, and how strikingly they will stand out *without comparison* with other numbers and dates. It is a self-evident fact that the greater the number of cars to a train the greater the liability to disaster. Trains of 13 will show a greater proportion of casualties than those of twelve, or a less number, than those of fourteen or fifteen. It will further be found by an extended and just comparison, that out of thirty accidents during the month, not more than one occurs on the 13th. And so on.

In this connection many will remember the "Thirteen Club," organized in New York City, some years ago, with the object of decrying the superstition regarding that number, by actual defiance of all its beliefs. There are 13 members of the club; the number of their street and room is 13; their meetings are held on that day of each month; and the entire club dine together at all of their banquets. Every member is still living, and no calamity has befallen any one of them. So we shall await with considerable interest the result of this unusual and unique inquiry.

A CRAG OF THE SIERRAS

MR. WILLIAM DALLIN, Vice-President of the Atlantic and Pacific Construction Company, has presented to Congress a bill to incorporate a company for the purpose of building an air-line railway from New York to San Francisco. This project is almost as old as experiments in aerial navigation, but the plan in question seems to have evolved some new and original features. Mr. Dallin has written a letter to President Cleveland, under date of February 10th, asking his concurrence in the proposition as presented. The idea is to build a double-track air-line road from coast to coast, to be "constructed in the best manner and of the best materials known to the art of railroad building," on which trains "will travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour, including stoppage, making the journey from New York to Chicago in thirteen hours, and from New York to San Francisco in forty-eight hours." The motive power will be steam or electricity.

It is estimated that the 2700 miles of road will cost $400,000,000. It is planned to have the United States Government have direct supervision of the enterprise, in consideration of which the Company asks the Government to indorse and guarantee interest on its three per cent bonds. Twelve million dollars would represent the annual interest, and, if the Government declines to father the scheme to this extent, the Company will accept its guarantee to the extent of $4,800,000, annually, as interest on the bonds of the first section from New York to Chicago.

"As the bill is eminently in the interest of the people," says Mr. Dallin to Mr. Cleveland, "we shall keep it before the country until the charter is granted. The building of the line is inevitable, and the President who signs the bill will preserve his memory to the end of time." While approaching the President with tact and gentility, there is a firmness and determination between the lines of his letter that intimates that if the concession is not freely given, the people will make him give it, sooner or later.

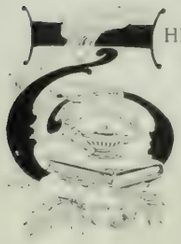
The proposition can hardly be called visionary, except so far as the possibility of raising the $400,000,000 is concerned, but this would, no doubt, be secured as readily as the sale of Government bonds, with the signature of Uncle Sam as guarantor.

OUR frontispiece this month affords a superb view of Carmel Bay, on the line of the famous Eighteen Mile Drive from Hotel del Monte. Nowhere on the Coast can one obtain more interesting and picturesque surf scenes than along the shores covered by this drive. Alternately the drive sweeps around some jutting headland, over the surf-beaten rocks, and again under the broad and gnarled cypress trees, whose cover tempers the fresh ocean breezes and renders the ocean vistas more and more delightful.

Down the shore the white surf line breaks against the crags of Point Lobos, forming a window of foam around the crescent bay, until its breaking swash is heard at one's feet. Should you ever visit this charming spot, do not fail to take this drive. It is almost the scenic epitome of a lifetime, and a never-forgotten delight.

THE agitation of good roads now brought prominently before the general public, should receive the hearty indorsement of every broad-minded citizen. The benefit thereof is far-reaching, and is by no means a movement for the benefit of the bicyclist only. In their existence the same principle is involved as in the construction of lines of railway. They afford better means of communication, and unquestionably contribute largely to the promotion of traffic and trade.

THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.



THERE appeared in the January number of THE TRAVELER one of our own announcements wherein we invited criticisms on the general conduct of the paper, as well as suggestions for its improvement. Realizing that, ordinarily, readers of a magazine do not care to take the trouble to ventilate their ideas for the benefit of the editor, unless some inducement is offered therefor, we stipulated a small recompense in the shape of prizes for the best criticisms, etc. They were not magnanimous nor profuse, but, in our judgment, just enough to create an interest in the competition, and to make the trouble worth while. It was more than gratifying to note, however, that almost all the responses received were free from any competitive character, and seemed to have been inspired almost wholly from a sincere personal interest in the journal itself. After the first announcement had been made, we were somewhat surprised at the large number of responses that came to us from the East, and in deference to these views we postponed a decision for one month later. Since the invitation was first extended we have received something less than one hundred and twenty replies from all parts of the country. The only criticism the editor has to make is that they are almost universally flattering, and it seems to be the opinion of many of our readers that we have already arrived at the stage of perfection, expressing surprise that we should lack such confidence in our own merits as to assume that criticism was possible. Good people, we are not perfect, speaking editorially, of course. Alas, far from it. Else we would not have solicited your advice. We have faults—grievous ones—but we have to be told them to correct them. On the old principle, "two heads are better than one," so are one hundred heads better than two. We have learned something from these kindly yet sensible responses, and while we cannot adopt them all at once, we believe that many suggestions have been offered, the adoption of which will be appreciated by the majority of our readers. We want to take you into our confidence—to look upon our patrons as sort of a family circle, and rest assured that although this particular contest is over, we are more than pleased at all times to consider the views of those interested, that may tend to the betterment of THE TRAVELER. We were conceited enough to believe (as all of our replies have mentioned) that typographically and artistically THE TRAVELER has not been surpassed, if equaled, anywhere in the world. It is distinctively a Californian production, and during the three years of its publication has done much toward the development of the Coast, inciting an interest and an irrepressible longing to visit the scenic beauties of the State, which have been so beautifully portrayed from time to time.

The following is a list of those who won the prizes for the best suggestions and criticisms, arranged in the order of their merit:

W. P. Pierson	Philadelphia, Pa.
Arthur Inkersley	San Francisco.
Chas. Bradford	New York, N. Y.
Wm. McK. Heath	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. P. Morgan	Roslyn, Wash.
Frank Deardorf	San Francisco, Cal.
Edith E. Chaves	Pasadena, Cal.
Miss Lucile Parse	Watsonville, Cal.
Doctor A. H Tickell	Nevada City, Cal.
Lillian H. Shuey	Lorin, Cal.
Miss M. E. Sperry	Salem, Or.
H. B. Hambly	San Francisco.

The following is the list of names of those who were considered as sending in the best list of ten subjects, arranged in the order of their merit:

Frank Deardorf	San Francisco, Cal.
Edith E. Chaves	Pasadena, Cal.
Estelle M. Spence	Pomona, Cal.
Jay Spence	Pomona, Cal.
E. K. Rountree	San Francisco, Cal.
Louis Hasshagen	San Francisco, Cal.
J. Dover Colemen	San Diego, Cal.
W. H. Davis	Spokane, Wash.
Anna C. Davis	St. Augustine, Fla.
J. W. Marion	Woodland, Cal.
Irving H. Hepburn	Helena, Mont.
Doctor C. A. Cating	Chicago, Ill.
B. F. Thomas	Milwaukee, Wis.
Maggie N. Waring	Salt Lake, Utah.
Geo. S. Shearer	Los Angeles, Cal.
Leonard Wright	Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Edna Pierson	Coronado Beach.
Erwin Monson	Detroit, Mich.
Eleanor Davis	Stockton, Cal.
Sophie M. Hamilton	Jackson, Miss.
Jeffrey W. Hodges	Kansas City, Mo.
Henry F. Dickerson	San Jose, Cal.

If space permitted, we would like to publish all the letters received, but we will have to confine ourselves to a few, while not necessarily competitive in nature or purpose yet seem indicative of the far-reaching popularity of THE TRAVELER before the invitation for criticisims was extended. Somebody away off in Kentucky is at least made happy by each visit of THE TRAVELER, as the following communication testifies:

BOWLING GREEN, KY., February 8, 1896.

For a long, *long* time I have wanted to write and tell you what I thought about your beautiful little TRAVELER, and having seen your request in the January and February numbers, I have decided to tell you, though I am not writing a criticism, therefore cannot compete for a prize. But I want to tell you what a delight it has been to me.

In the days, months, and years that I have been an invalid,

RUINS OF ANTIGUA.

and have been one of the "shut-ins," it has been a feast for my eyes, and a delight to my soul.

Through it I have lived my life again, as it were, in your grand and beautiful State—California. It has carried me back to many beautiful scenes and places dear to my heart. I have visited all the beautiful hotels; have gone from orange grove and roses to the sunny slopes of Mt. Lowe; I have in company with it traversed the beautiful San Gabriel Valley; have sailed to Santa Catalina Island; and, while spending the bitter winter days in my old Kentucky home, have reveled in the flower shows of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, and coasted on the toboggan at Truckee.

In fact, I think for the purpose it is devoted, it is all one can wish for. In no other paper can be seen so many lovely places and beautiful faces. The illustrations are beyond criticism, but Oliver Twist-like, we would like "some more." What has become of your dear old-fashioned woman whose broad smile used to greet us each month? There are so few of them now-a-days it does us good to see one. The descriptions are fine and very instructive, and I must say THE TRAVELER is one of the most delightful companions I have ever had, and as long as I continue here, I hope each month to be able to give it a welcome in old Kentucky, and to get a glimpse of beautiful Del Monte by the sea. Wishing you the greatest success, I am,

Truly yours,

MRS. S. J. NORVELL.

Here is another effusion, full of dash and humor:

LORIN, CAL., February 5, 1896.

It is almost impossible to take your prize offer seriously, because THE TRAVELER is, without doubt, the best journal of its kind published in the West; I might almost say "in the East," for it has all the charm of the *Youth's Companion*, and I like it better than some of those Eastern weekly papers, because it has no fashions and nonsense about and for women in it.

Then, too, your good sense in keeping a children's page out of it, is enough to make sensible readers love and adore you. Why stuff children full of trash? Don't they get enough of it in the kindergartens, and the new-style, so-called language work in the public schools? But a well-written article, such as "Sport for American Boys" is all right—it is full of fun for grown-up children.

Then you are true to our Coast—loyally true, and you make it so interesting that it is good reading anywhere.

Such an article as "Truckee Ice Carnival" is delightful.

Then, too, your illustrations are neat and clipper, and right to the point. I am getting tired of illustrations spread all over the page, dripping off the edges, turning into smoke at one corner, and saltwater at another.

I see you don't have pictures of actresses. Where were you born, Mr. Editor, that you don't think pictures of actresses necessary to the public good?

Letters from politicians are a good thing.

I haven't seen any rebuses and charades and prize solutions. Those things are good for weak eyes, because people never read them.

How is it that you never thought of "society news"? Mari Dacotah Smithni will have a party, and I not know it. I live near the great University, and I would like to be up to date in everything.

Now, seriously, I have been hoping to see some Western paper start a popular Natural History page. The "Caddis Worm" is a splendid example of such work. The West is full of delightful things in that line. The Academy of Sciences would open its cases with many helpful suggestions. Children of all ages like such things. But one page of THE TRAVELER, brightly conducted, would be sufficient.

It is maintained that people don't read book reviews, but I notice if one gets out a book, everybody that you want to conceal it from knows about it, from Alaska to Popocatapetl. Book reviews should be short, neat, and clear, but they should be there. They make a paper better known.

I will have to end as I began. THE TRAVELER is breezy and fresh and clear; it cheers my heart to read it. I can't help you any. I may have a point. So, if you wish, just "take my *best* and play it *alone*;" you can *do* it.

Truly yours,

LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

Now comes one of our next door neighbors, who evidently means all she says. She thinks the editor somewhat mercenarily inclined. Miss May—Mary, or Maggie, perhaps—how could you impugn such motives to our invitation? Don't you know that the editor is working for glory and reputation only—just like everybody else? If you would only come down here now and digest a little of our fine California climate, you would find that we almost live on it, and that we don't have to be actuated by the hope of reward. But here's what she says:

SALEM, OR., February 7, 1896.

Brilliant idea, that! Advice? Why, we have loads of it to dispose of. Of course, the editor doesn't know whether we like our eggs soft-boiled, hard, or scrambled, so he says in a loud, shrill voice: "Dear readers: Tell me what would tickle your literary palate, that I may spread a feast for you," and in a softly spoken aside adds: "and fill the editorial pockets with shekels."

When I receive THE TRAVELER I tear off the wrapper, straighten out the paper, and take a good look at the half-tone on the front page. It's good; it always is. Then I go through from front to back looking at each of the beautiful half-tones; next the half-tone ads. If I have nothing else to do, I then read under "That Reminds Me," and Lillian's page. After that I select the articles according to the interest awakened by the illustrations.

I would suggest Coast stories, say two in each number, with occasional ones in two or three parts.

A cleverly woven plot, laid amidst scenes with which we are familiar, is always alluring.

There is too much of the plain statement of fact about the paper, without enough sparkle and vigor. Not enough up-to-date crispness.

I don't mean knock out all the descriptions of interesting places in this jolly old globe, but don't give us so much "guide book" to places for which we do not care.

There are Indian legends, romances of the early miners, and of the old settlers, in fact, loads of good, solid material waiting for the clever romancer to weave his fancies among them, and delight the readers of THE TRAVELER.

Amongst the rest, MISS M. E. SPERRY.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THERE was a little boy who once said, in a composition on salt: "Salt is what makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on." But even if the said little boy had lived in California I don't suppose he would ever have given a thought as to where the seasoning he liked so well came from, yet salt gathering is one of the oldest industries in the State. For over forty years the vast stretches of marsh land on the east side of San Francisco Bay, in the vicinity of Mt. Eden and Alvarado, have been utilized in the collection of this substance, and in the early days of the State this district furnished almost the entire supply.

Passengers on the Southern Pacific Coast Railway see the first of the gleaming pyramids about San Lorenzo, and from thence on until beyond Newark, over eight miles, there is a perfect succession of these odd-looking white mounds, though the largest output is from the beds adjacent to Mt. Eden and Alvarado.

If one could look down on this part of the country from a height, he would see great squares full of water, looking for all the world like a vast checker-board, over which the checkers would have to be floated instead of moved. Beside these watery squares stand the strange looking windmills that are used to pump the water from one pond into another. The sight reminds one of pictures of Holland scenery, and makes one think what a victory Don Quixote would have if he could vanquish all these windmills, with their broad wings, which one feels an irresistible desire to call flappers.

Beyond this stretch of marshland with its reservoirs, and sloughs, its windmills, and myriads of salt piles, the bay gleams in the sunlight with low, misty, purplish hills on the other side.

To the west lie the fertile acres of the Santa Clara Valley, and the trees and homes and church spires of prosperous villages. It is a pleasing picture.

The plan of operation is similar in each place, except that in some instances a larger acreage is covered, so that a brief description of the process of gathering the deposits from the beds of one firm having an extensive plant will enable the reader to understand exactly how the seasoning, which is so necessary to the palates of the majority of mankind, is obtained.

A shallow reservoir, covering about sixty acres, is allowed to fill from the water of the Bay, which is conveyed to it by means of ditches from the sloughs. It is then pumped successively through a dozen or more reservoirs, each one smaller in size, as evaporation has decreased the quantity of water, while, of necessity, the percentage of salt is greater.

SALT WORKS. Marshall Photo.

No salt is gathered in winter, because the amount of fresh water which the rains would pour into the ponds would render proper evaporation impossible. During the spring the ponds are emptied successively and the bottoms thoroughly scraped with wooden scrapers, the refuse being gathered into heaps and then carefully removed. After this annual cleaning they are refilled for the season's work. Evaporation begins in May or June, according to the season.

A gallon of sea water contains about four ounces of solid matter; of this from fifteen to twenty per cent is chloride of calcium, and varying amounts of magnesia, glauber and Epsom salts, and other solid matter. The water is tested with a Baume Scale, to detect specific gravity, and the reservoirs, or ponds, are emptied accordingly.

The lime commences to settle first, and after this condition begins the reservoirs are called "pickle ponds," to designate the state of progress. When the lime has all settled to the bottom, and the salt registers twenty-five per cent, the water is run into the evaporating, or crystalizing, ponds, for the salt to settle, where it remains until twenty-nine per cent of density is reached; it is then run off into the bay, because if allowed to stand longer other solid matter would precipitate also and the purity of the salt be imperiled. When the ponds have been pumped dry, men, with flat squares of wood fastened to their feet by straps over the insteps, take wheelbarrows and clumsy wooden rakes, and go out into the glittering beds to rake the shining crystals into heaps; these small piles are then added to some one of the long pyramids scattered over the territory under—can I say cultivation? One pyramid alone, near Mt. Eden, contains twelve hundred tons.

Salt can be taken direct from the beds to the refinery (and, by the way, the mill belonging to the Oliver Brothers, of the Acme Salt Works, is the only one on the marsh, the refineries of the other companies being in San Francisco); but it entails longer exposure in the drying pans; it is easier worked after it has stood a long time, for the rains wash the brine out of it, and thus harden it, although it is estimated that about ten per cent of the salt is lost in this way.

These lands are peat lands, and very spongy; the waste earth from the excavations of ponds and reservoirs is used in filling in low lands, which, in time, will again be excavated. One noticeable peculiarity in the character of the soil is the fact that the salt piles sometimes settle a foot or more. Each pond is surrounded by a trench, called a seapage ditch, for the purpose of preventing the "fresh water" from seaping into the ponds; they are also used as draining ditches when the ponds are empty.

A peculiar feature of the water of the crystalizing ponds is its color, which is a deep red, and, as yet, I have heard of no satisfactory explanation of the strange hue.

Several months are usually required for "harvesting the crop," but if absolutely necessary, it can be done in sixty days. The process of refining is very simple. The crude salt is put into immense shallow pans, each holding about a ton and a half, and is there dried by the exhaust from the engine which operates the mill. About two and a half hours are necessary to dry it thoroughly. It is then ground and sacked for market. The salt in the piles forms the rock salt of commerce; the pan-dried salt, before it is ground, is the fish salt, or that which is used in preserving fish, etc.; the ground salt is put on the market for various purposes, such as dairy and table uses, according to its fineness. A number of vessels—sailing and steam—are used for the transportation of this commodity from this district alone.

There are many industries of this character, of which little is known, and there are comparatively few who are aware of the manner and process of securing this necessity to every-day life. Some time, when you have a day to spare, take your lunch along and spend the day at one of the great refineries. I promise you that you will find it intensely interesting. Bear in mind, however, that salt is not only obtained from the bays and oceans, for there are many enormous salt mines, where the article is secured, much after the manner of coal, iron, and other productions of the earth. There is quite an industry in this line at Great Salt Lake, and when it is known that about three buckets of this water will make one of salt, some idea may be had of the enormous deposits of that material in this well-known lake. This lake is so densely impregnated with salt and other solid matter, that bathers, when leaving the water, find their bodies encased in a veritable coating of salt.

LOADING SALT.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

The holiday and winter season at the Hotel Fairmount has been one of continual merry-making. The Fairmount Dancing Club and the Fairmount Whist Club keep the parlors ablaze with light nearly every evening. Mr. True, who is now the sole proprietor, has on several occasions cleared the dining-room to give the merry crowd more room, and it is his greatest delight to himself rush around clearing away tables and chairs and to watch his guests enjoy themselves. As a consequence, the Fairmount has been crowded all winter, and promises to remain so.

There is considerable activity at Highland Springs, Lake County, in the way of bringing in water for light and power purposes. They are also building a magnificent swimming tank, which, when completed, will be one of the largest and best in that section of the country. The first hop of the season was given on Tuesday, February 11th, and was a very pleasant affair. It is one of the places which is keeping pace with the times.

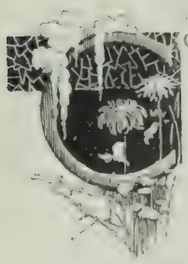
At Los Angeles the tide of eastern traffic is still unabated. The Hollenbeck Hotel seems to get the cream of the trade. Radical changes have been made throughout. The speed of the elevator has been increased, steam heat and new fittings have been extended about the house, and to-day it is undoubtedly the most popular and best patronized hotel in Los Angeles. The proprietors have always followed out the principle that it is necessary to spend money in order to make it, and the result proves that the general public appreciates their policy.

One of the most delightful hotels in New Orleans is the Hotel Grunewald, a modernly equipped hotel in every sense of the word. It is located on the principal street and has one of the best conducted cafes in the country.

We learn that the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, is enjoying a most prosperous season. It always does. There has been a noticeable increase of eastern tourists, and when they get to San Jose there is only one hotel at which to stop, so the Vendome receives it all. The indications point to a much larger influx than last year. The Vendome has spent many thousands of dollars in new improvements, both inside and out, and is prepared to take care of all the guests that go to it.

SOME MEXICAN TYPES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



COINCIDENTLY with the advance of what we term civilization, the typical manners, customs, and dress of the inhabitants of the various countries of the world tend to become extinct, and travel is thus liable to be robbed of some of its chief pleasures. But, fortunately for lovers of the picturesque and national, the tendency to imitate Europeans is much more marked among the well-to-do than among the poor. And the poor being so much more numerous than the rich, the outward aspect of a country, except in certain streets of the Capital, and the large cities, depends much more upon the dress and manners of the masses than upon those of the classes. This is true of Mexico, and of all the Spanish-American Republics. The sons of the rich families of Mexico, of Central and South America, are frequently educated in Europe, and bring back to their native countries clothes fashioned by the best European tailors, and grooms, saddles, and dogcarts of the most approved European style. The city tradesman, and clerk, too, dress in the manner usual among men of similar position in the United States or Europe.

But in Old Mexico, while there are many families of great wealth, and the people seen in the City of Mexico are daily growing more like those of Europe in external appearance—the great bulk of the population is very poor, and deeply conservative. The interest of

BITS OF MEXICO

Mexico to the traveler is thus due mainly to the poor, whose chief characteristics are poverty, politeness, and picturesqueness. Wherever the tourist goes in Mexico he encounters certain types, clearly marked by a traditional dress. It is proposed to notice a few of these here.

First in antiquity and numerousness comes the Indio, the indigenous inhabitant, and the direct descendant in features and habits of the Aztecs conquered by Cortes and his band of ruffianly adventurers. He wears short, white drawers of *manta*, or coarse cotton cloth, reaching barely to the knee, and a sort of frock of rough woolen cloth, fastened round the hips by a belt. On his head he wears, to shield his face from the sun, a broad-brimmed, conical *sombrero* of straw, and on his feet, if they are shod at all, are *guaraches*, or rude sandals. The woman wears a piece of woolen stuff wrapped twice round the body, but not closed by a seam: this is girded round the waist by a broad, colored sash, and extends to the feet. She usually has no shoes. The upper part of the body is covered by the *huipile*, a wide garment closed at the sides, extending to the knees, and having two armholes. The hair is tied up with ribbon, and either hangs down the back in two plaits, or is wound round the head in a thick roll. For ornaments large earrings and necklaces are worn. These are the laborers, the porters, and bearers of burdens. For in Mexico, as in all countries where there is a large poor population, much is done by men and women that is performed elsewhere by railroads and other means of transportation. In Mexico men and women are, for many purposes, the cheapest beasts of burden. The poor Indio sometimes travels thirty or forty miles to market with loads that fetch only a dollar or two after all.

The *peon* frequently wears a shirt, trousers, and jacket of *manta*, the conical straw *sombrero* and leather sandals. The high conical felt *sombrero*, embroidered with silver, is worn by the *ranchero*, or farmer, and by the *haciendado*, or owner of a mine, cotton plantation, or sugar estate. For some reason, that is hard to discover, the *peon* has a fashion of rolling one leg of his trousers up to the knee. This cotton costume is, of course, a decidedly cool one, and on the high tablelands of the Valley of Mexico, and other parts of the country, the evenings and mornings are quite chilly. For warmth the Mexican wears a *sarape*, or woolen blanket about two meters long by one wide. It is almost always fringed at the ends, and is of a gay color. If the body of it is plain gray or blue, it is edged with bright stripes. It is wrapped round the neck and upper part of the body, the surplus being thrown over the left shoulder. Often the *sarape* has a slit in the middle running parallel to its longer sides. The edges of the slit are embroidered with ornamental zigzag lines; the wearer puts his head through the slit, and the *sarape* then hangs in folds over the shoulders and body.

The woman of the *peon* class wears a skirt of printed calico, a cotton waist, and a *reboso*, or shawl, round the neck and shoulders. The *reboso* is generally blue, and has a knotted fringe. It is frequently used to cover the head. The two long plaits of hair are tied at the ends by a scrap of ribbon. When exposed to the hot sun the women wear the high straw *sombrero*, but usually their heads are bare or covered only by the *reboso*. The peasant women, coming in from the country to the market-towns, carry heavy burdens of charcoal, laths, baskets, pottery, fruit, crates of chickens, and merchandise of various kinds. Under these cumbrous loads they shuffle along at a rapid gait. In some places the women whom one sees in the market-places selling oranges, pottery, *tortillas*, maize, and other things, wear white chemises, elaborately embroidered.

The basket-seller, of whom a cut is given, is a familiar figure in the Mexican streets. He carries on his back a great pile of his own handiwork, completely hiding all but his legs when he is viewed from behind. He wears in this instance a pair of old, tattered cloth trousers over his trousers of *manta*.

Another cut shows a woman making *tortillas*, or maize cakes. These are the most characteristic article of Mexican food. To prepare them, maize is put, over night, into a mixture of lime and hot water, the proportion of lime being an important matter, if the *tortillas* are to turn out nicely. Next morning the grain is taken from the jar of limewater and placed on a *metate*, or small sloping stone table. It is reduced to a paste by rolling it with a stone roller. A small portion of the paste is then taken up between the palms of the hands, and is patted into a thin cake, which is baked lightly upon an earthenware pan, or on a sheet of metal over a charcoal fire. To strangers *tortillas* have rather a sour taste, and seem to be of a leathery texture, but no meal in Mexico is complete without them. American or European families, living in Mexico, usually buy the *tortillas* required at the meals of their Mexican house servants.

In every Mexican village or town there is a large fountain, whence is drawn the water used for domestic purposes. The tourist who wishes to see types cannot do better than seat himself near the public fountain, and observe the women and children who come to fetch water in earthenware jars, and incidentally to hear the local gossip.

Another noteworthy spot in a Mexican town is the *lavanderia*, or public washhouse. That at Vera Cruz, which I observed particularly, is built on two sides of a small turfed square. The washing-tanks, with marble bottoms sloping slightly down towards the washer, are set at a height convenient to a woman standing up; above the tanks is a roof of red adobe tiles, supported by square columns of brick, covered with tinted plaster. Water is furnished by a pump, and the cleansed clothes are spread out on the turf to dry.

Everywhere in Mexico there is something to please the eye of the intelligent traveler. What is most agree-

MEXICAN BASKET VENDER.

able to the person of sentiment is an air of simplicity and antiqueness contrasting strangely with telephones, electric lights, and other modern inventions that have penetrated even the country towns of Mexico.

A PERILOUS FLUME RIDE.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

H! ye people of eastern and northern climes, who find delight these winter days in coasting hills a few hundred feet long; and all ye, who thrill with ecstacy while shooting down a short toboggan slide, what would you say to a ride, a la toboggan, from start to finish, fifty long miles? What would you think of a journey, having all the risk, zest, and excitement of coasting, down a chute from arctic to semi-tropic regions—through snow-clad and ice-bound canyons, around precipitous rocky fastnesses, over rivers, and finally, through vineyards and orange groves and into gardens of roses?

The flumes that several big lumber companies have constructed in different places, all the way from Sanger, in Fresno County, California, to Salem, Oregon, are the toboggan chutes of this story. They have been built for conveying timber from the towering Sierras to the valleys below, where great mills cut the timber into lumber. All of these flumes are from 40 to 65 miles long; they are built upon trestles varying in height from 20 to 120 feet, according to the country over which they pass. The chute itself is V-shaped, and is usually about a yard deep; the lumber is floated through it on moving water supplied from mountain streams. The supporting structure is strong, and capable of bearing several hundred tons weight. The time consumed in a journey through the flumes from the source in the mountains to the mouth in the valleys is from two to three hours, depending on the force and quantity of the water flowing through the chute.

The lumber flumes, built in the San Joaquin Valley in the last few years, are unique in that they traverse as various an assortment of climatic zones as may be found in any part of the world, and one who is fortunate enough to travel one of these chutes at any season of the year—particularly in winter—will experience more varieties of climates in a few hours than multitudes of people do in years.

An invitation to make one of a party of three gentlemen, to ride down through a lumber flume located at the southern end of the great San Joaquin Valley, was, of course, accepted. The hour of starting was fixed at eight on a December morning, and the place was the company's headquarters among the pines at the mountain terminus of the flume. Accompanying the invitation was a request for the guests to make themselves at home at the lumber company's log house, and to spare nothing in the larder. Early on the evening previous to the flume ride, the three gentlemen arrived at the headquarters in the mountains, after seven hours of hard riding. The altitude at the upper end of the flume is between 7500 and 8000 feet. Winter was everywhere in evidence. Snow was so deep and hard that the lumbermen had been unable to work for several days; ice covered every water course in the mountains, and a cold, frosty wind that sent the mercury below zero descended from the uppermost peaks. The night was passed at the company's building, and with a rousing big breakfast, such as a high altitude and snapping cold weather demands, the three flume travelers were ready for their journey, full of anticipation of the remarkable treat in store for them.

The flume boat, in which the party was to be floated down the chute, was brought forth. It was a crude affair, eight feet long, V-shaped to conform to the trough, made of boards easily nailed together; the seats consisted of short boards adjusted between the sides of the craft. Two lumbermen held the boat while the little party of travelers stepped cautiously into it.

"Hold on tight, boys," "let her go," "good-by," "good-by," were shouted in rapid succession from the group of bystanders as the boat started down the flume. A thin coating of ice glazed the rough surface of the flume timbers for the first ten miles, so that the craft sped forward with unusual swiftness. Our hands clutched the sides of the boat, all our muscles were set hard and strong, every eye looked ahead with keenest intensity at the shallow stream of water rushing through the sinuous flume, and our brains were never more alive. Nothing like this experience had ever come into our lives before. There was an indescribable sense of rushing through the air, and yet the lurching of the boat and the jarring of the flume brought terrestrial sensations. It was unlike riding on the locomotive of a lightning express train, for there was not the thundering noise and the roll of iron wheels; and it was far different from riding after a crack trotting horse on a smooth race course, for we were poised in the air and unable to do a thing for safety. The boat gathered momentum each second. Trees, bowlders, and titantic masses of granite approached and darted past in quick succession. For several miles the travelers speed swiftly. Not a word is spoken. Indeed none could be spoken.

A DANGEROUS CURVE.

When the first twenty minutes of the ride down the flume were passed, the more thrilling and nerve-tingling sensations were over. We became accustomed to the novelty of the journey. The tongues of the travelers were loosened, and each tried to put into words the emotions that animated him. The party was now sailing through the trough in the lower part of the canyon. There was but little snow or ice there, and the air was not so cold. The boat moved along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. We were wet from the splashing water, and a thin coating of ice was on our great overcoats.

We are now on a forty-foot trestle, gliding past stupendous walls of rocks that tower some 300 feet above us. Now we are beneath overhanging live-oak trees that fringe the upper edge of the canyon; now we are carried over great thickets of manzanita partially covered by snow; now across a mountain stream foaming and dashing among thousands of huge bowlders at the bottom of the trestle, and then, as we are carried toward the mouth of the canyon, all snow is left behind, and the first evidence of spring-like vegetation comes in view. The flume runs under projecting cliffs, and the little party in the boat is borne through overhanging vines and a little forest of evergreen trees.

Suddenly the flume turns to the left, and several gorges 200 feet deep are crossed. The timbers that support the flume look very slender and insecure, and the giant walls of granite that stand straight up from the depths below add to the grandeur of the scene. But no sensation can last long in a journey such as this.

Another bend in the flume, and, skirting a spur of foothills, we are swiftly gliding out of the canyon. A vista of some thirty miles stretches before the eyes of the flume journeyers. The scene is only comparable to that which must have lain before the eyes of Moses on the occasion that he viewed the Promised Land.

Behind us are the mountains and canyons we have just left. At all other points of view, undulating foothills, immense sweeps of grazing and ranch-land—as smooth as a floor—are now brought to view.

The boat hurries on, following the sinuosity of the monster trough. We are so wrapt with gazing at the regal panorama that no words are spoken.

Later the orchards of the valley appear ahead, and in a few minutes more we are floated along, above the fruit growers' homes and over their orchards of pears, prunes, peaches, and oranges. Men are busy among rows of trees, and the golden tinge of ripening oranges among the dark, olive foliage of the orchards, adds another element of beauty to the scene. Later, raisin grape vineyards, that reach in every direction and cover an area of hundreds of acres, are passed through, and the travelers look down from an elevation of eighty feet upon a score or more of Chinamen (who appear like large-sized dolls) at work pruning the grape vines, and clearing up from a long season of labor.

Then comes a wide curve in the flume, and the boat sweeps gracefully around it. We gaze away to the west, where the trough of water appears like a straight slender ribbon of silver in the clear morning sunshine, a collection of large buildings and mammoth piles of lumber. This is the terminus of the flume, and the end of the journey. Seven miles more and the ride will be over. The trestle is now lower, and the boat floats within forty feet of the ground.

The flume is now almost level, and except for the impetus of the descent farther back there would be very little motion to the water at this point. Gradually the flow ceases, and the craft and its passengers move at a walking pace up to the docks of the lumber company's big mills. A workman seizes one side of the boat and holds it while we disembark. As each person in the party walks on his way from the lumber mill, he is sure to contrast the difference in the climate of a few hours before in the heart of the upper peaks of the Sierras with that in the valley, where men are at work in straw hats and their shirt sleeves and little boys and girls are running about barefooted.

But, my! haven't we had the most wonderful ride yet invented?

Who wouldn't go a long distance to experience such a journey and to witness such beautiful scenery?

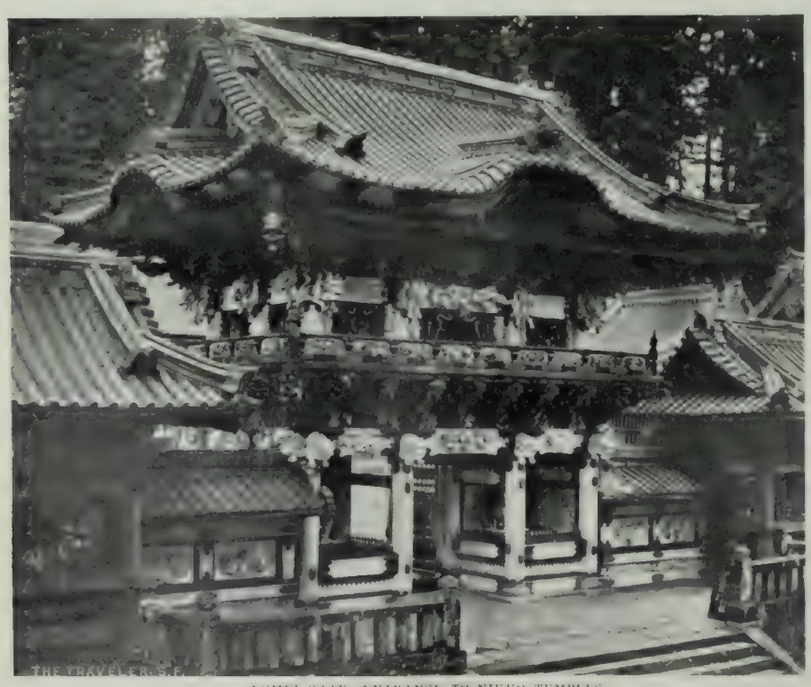
THE NIKKO TEMPLES.

WM. V. BRYAN.

FAR in the wildness of a mountain gorge, where little lakes abide in beauteous tranquility; where icy torrents bound swift through mighty trees and over rocky cliffs; and where all the grander attributes of nature pour forth in harmony, repose the tombs of the two greatest men Japan has ever seen. To fail to visit this spot would be like going to Buffalo without seeing Niagara or journeying through Egypt without visiting the Pyramids.

Two hundred and sixty-eight years ago, Hidetada, the second Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, conveyed to their last resting place the remains of his illustrious father, Iye-yasu, the representative of all that is great, all that is brave, all that is exalted. And what a burial was that! The whole Empire, from east to west, from north to south, was drained of its august dignataries and nobility. Hundreds of court nobles, captains, and daimios, and royalty with its glorious pageantry, came forth to do him reverence; and for three long days did two thousand priests hold services for the repose of his soul. Grand and imposing were these funeral rites, and shortly after Iye-yasu, by a decree of the Mikado, was enrolled among the deities with the posthumous title, "Great Incarnation of Holy Buddha." The other distinguished Shogun, Iye-mitsu, grandson of Iye-yasu, completed the Nikko temples which the latter had erected during his reign.

These temples are so magnificent, such wonderful works of art, and their surroundings so appropriately beautiful, that it is a common expression among the Japanese that one who has seen Nikko is fully entitled to use the word "ekko," which signifies "splendid." Nikko means "sunny splendor." It is the Westminster of Japan on a much grander scale, and for years the pen of art and poetry has transcribed its every part. The approach to the temples is strikingly picturesque. We cross the dashing waters of the Daiya Gawa near the Sacred Bridge, a handsome red-lacquered structure supported by four huge columns of granite. It is called "sacred," because none but the Mikado are allowed to cross it, and besides having large gates at either end, a squad of soldiers are constantly on the watch to preserve its inviolability.



YOMEI GATE—ENTRANCE TO NIKKO TEMPLES

After crossing the river we ascend for a short distance through a winding avenue of lovely cryptomeria trees, past miniature cascades, until we are brought into view of a large red-lacquered temple standing in the middle of a spacious enclosure. It is a very fine building, and had it been the finest of all I would not have been disappointed. To the right stands a pretty little pond swarming with sacred gold fish, and to the left a tall bronze memorial monument bearing an inscription in Japanese and surmounted with a cupola of brass.

Beyond, as we stroll slowly along, feasting upon each new wonder, are 118 bronze lanterns, standing six or seven feet high, inscribed with the holy title of Iye-yasu and the name of the donator, each of whom was a Daimio. Artistic bronze candelabra and the bell tower are passed successively, until we behold the great five-storied pagoda, 104 feet high. A large portion of it is red lacquered; brass bells are suspended from the corners of each roof, and in various sections the carving and gilding are beautiful, the most noticeable being the twelve signs of the zodiac, executed near the first story. Upon the top a bronze spiral rises some thirty feet.

Leaving the pagoda behind we approach the grand gateway at the entrance of the temples. A flight of stone steps is ascended and we pause to admire. The entire structure is Japanese in art and in design. It is supported on four smooth granite columns, above which are the carved busts of four tigers, admirably executed. The entire gateway is liberally decorated with exquisite fretwork and rich carvings tipped with gold and brass. The enclosure we are about to enter is surrounded by a high, lacquered balustrade, beautifully ornamented with carvings of arabesque design.

We pass through the gateway into a large pebbly court, in which we find three buildings, one of which contains the Buddhist scriptures, and the other two the treasures of the temple. To the left stands a superb stable, handsomely carved and gilded, occupied by two sacred Albino ponies, used only by the priests. To the right is a finely tiled roof, supported by four huge columns of pure granite, covering a large granite cistern containing holy water. This cistern is about six feet long and two feet wide, made from one solid block of stone, and it is so delicately adjusted that the water, continually supplied by a distant cascade, overflows each edge in exactly the same proportion, "giving one the impression," as some one has said, "that it is one solid piece of granite."

We leave this court and ascend a flight of stone steps, through a large gateway, into another more amazingly beautiful, containing the immense bell tower of bronze, with its deep-toned bell, a gorgeously decorated shrine, long row of elegant candelabra and granite lanterns.

The entrance to the next court is through a famous Yomei gate, a most marvelous piece of architecture in itself. A day's study of it would scarce be thrown away. Sixteen great pillars of white stone, each wrought in floral designs, support this structure. On either side sit two bronze lions glaring savagely at each other, each enclosed with brazen palings tipped with gold, while just above, at the lower portion of the splendid architrave, are eight fabulous kirin or dragons, sculptured from white stone. Just over the entrance two terrible monsters fight perpetually. Above the architrave, a magnificent balcony, carved in richly colored arabesques, most lavishly mounted with gold, runs around the entire edifice, and is supported by the heads of forty dragons, and just below are figures of Chinese sages and groups of children playing. The tiled roof is supported by the gilded heads of monsters.

FIVE-STORIED PAGODA.

To pass from court to court is not a gradual transition from the beautiful. It is a marvelous mutation. It is to pass from beauty to grandeur; grandeur to magnificence; magnificence to transcendent sublimity, until one's capacity of admiration is overwhelmed; his very senses are stunned; he becomes a passive being, and beholds but in speechless awe.

Beyond the Yomei gateway we find ourselves in the middle of another enclosure. To the left stands a superbly decorated building, sparkling with gold, and variegated colors, containing the sacred cars of the temples, and to the right another of like elegance is used for the Kagura, or sacred dance. As we passed by, a young female, dressed in brilliant, fantastic apparel, with a queer looking cap upon her head, a pretty fan in one hand and bells in the other, was moving back and forth upon a stage leading off the veranda, and enacting grotesque yet graceful postures. Dancing girls of this character are to be seen at most of the important pagean temples, where they are retained presumably for the entertainment of visitors.

Still we move on through the maze of stately magnificence. But one more court remains to be entered. A large exquisitely carved fence surrounds it on all sides, displaying beautiful specimens of golden pheasants, storks, ferns, and pretty grasses, and here and there are interspersed a blushing lotus and a modest peony in cups of fancy corollas. As felt the iniquitous Peri, who, debarred from Paradise so long was permitted to re-enter the sacred region, so did we as we moved through the final arch, crossed the clean, pebbly court mid the monumental bronze, tinkling wind-bells, and architectural grandeur, and ascended the granite stairway through gates of gold into a temple of dazzling and imperial splendor. We are in the middle of a large hall, forty-two feet long and twenty-seven feet wide, leading off of which are two spacious apartments for the use of royal personages. The floor itself is a costly and wondrous work of art. It is of pure deep black lacquer, as smooth and satiny as plate glass, and is so beautifully polished that one's image is reflected as in a mirror. Along the walls pillars plated with gold support the ceiling, and between them the spaces are handsomely ornamented with fantastic carvings and geometrical designs, intertwined with rich azaleas, while here and there is suspended a superb panel of highly polished wood, the exquisite tracery-work of which is astounding. The ceiling is gorgeous, being divided by long lacquer sleepers into numerous squares, each of which contains delicate relief work in gold and azure. The only holy embellishments within the temple are a circular steel mirror

upon a black lacquer stand, and a small strip of gilded paper or gohei, both symbols of the Shintoo faith. Beyond this temple stands the main chapel, handsomely lacquered upon its interior, and said to contain an ancient reliquary. It is inaccessible to visitors.

From these scenes of regal magnificence turn we to those of a more solemn nature. We are conducted across the pebbly court through a beautiful gateway, over which reposes the famous *nemuri no neko*, or sleeping cat, and find ourselves, as it were, once more in the deadness of the outer world. We ascend a long granite stairway, from the crevices of which the flight of years creeps forth in moss and green hepaticae. As one ascends these steps, of which there are nearly two hundred and fifty, he cannot help but notice the skill with which they were put together, the seasons of more than a quarter of a century leaving each stone firm and intact, though no cement was used in their construction. At the summit of this stairway we are brought face to face with the tomb of Japan's distinguished Emperor and soldier, Iye-yasu. It is a handsome bronze urn, covered with a metallic roofing and resting upon a pedestal of granite, the entire monument standing about fourteen feet high. The urn is of a rich brown bronze, exquisitely ornamented with relief work, and communicating with the interior is a small door, well secured by a heavy lock. We were informed that within were a number of sacred relics, and just below them the great Emperor's crumbling bones, encased in a small sarcophagus filled with vermilion. In front of the tomb, on either side, stand life-size brazen images of storks, resting on huge turtles' backs, and supporting in their bills prettily ornamented candelabra, while near them repose two fabulous monsters beneath a canopy of lotus leaves, posed on delicate stems — all of the same metal. The entire monument is enclosed within a paling some twenty feet square.

With the deepest reverence do the Japanese regard this holy place. As the name of Washington stirs up the nobler impulses of the true American; as the name of Nelson or of Alfred uproots the British pride, so does that of Iye-yasu strike the heartstrings of his country's sons, responding in patriot pride and veneration, and the homage that is to the dust seems scarce less than the honor and respect that was to the flesh. During certain seasons many devout people seek this gorgeous shrine and outpour upon it their feelings and their prayers. And what a shrine! What a place for worship! What stately and awful grandeur enshrouds this sepulcher! Tall cryptomeria trees, like guardians of the tomb, outstretch their airy tops, and, save for a dancing sunbeam here and there disporting mid the branches, and a network of blue sky, adds beauty to solemnity, and gloom to stern magnificence. There the very atmosphere seemed pregnant with a death-like humidity, strange and unnatural; rich green mosses and plants of creeping tendrils bestrewed the sacred sod; the weird sepulchral hoot of the crow occasionally resounded through the woods, and the distant roar of waterfalls and rushing rivulets rolled incessantly — each a royal requiem and all a funeral dirge. What scenes of mournful splendor! Fit resting place for kings of men!

Let us retrace our steps from the "abodes of death," and descend the stairway. We are led around the outskirts of the temples through a long open corridor between stone walls, and soon find ourselves at the entrance of another large group of temples, the burial place of Iye-mitsu. These are, however, in the possession of Buddhist priests, while the other group is in the hands of representatives of the new Shintoo faith.

On each side of the entrance stands a colossal wooden image of frightful mien and hideous features, made horrid with motley paint. These are called the *Nio*, and may be seen at most of the Buddhist temples. Coiled about their bodies are huge serpents, and upon each face is a fiendish leer giving them a terrible and satanic appearance. Upon the archway are the gods of Storm and Thunder, the latter represented as being in the midst of black clouds with thunderbolts in each hand.

These temples, though indescribably grand, are yet not so magnificent as those, the description of which has already been attempted, and therefore a glance at the main building will suffice. The exterior is handsomely carved and gilded, and surrounded with a narrow veranda, while on either side of the approach stand two bronze lanterns. We enter, and find ourselves in a spacious apartment, at the opposite end of which burn several wax tapers, shedding a "dim, religious light" over the sacred adornments. Seated upon two gilded lotus leaves are as many huge images of the same material, with an expression of tranquillity upon their features, and near them arranged in rows are several score of life-sized idols, appareled in grotesque garments of bright and variegated colors.

The tomb of the Iye-mitsu is approached in the same manner as that of his grandfather, up a long flight of stone steps, and through shady groves, and is but slightly different in its construction, save in the high moss-covered wall of stone that surrounds it, and a beautiful bronze gateway in the foreground.

The most remarkable feature of the Nikko temples is the perfect state of preservation in which they have been kept for nearly three hundred years. To look upon them, one would imagine they were built yesterday, so intact is each carved design; so fresh is the rich lacquer and delicate coloring; and so bright and untarnished the gold and other metallic embellishments. The carving is also very striking. "The cowshed is gilded as soon as the palace," for the most insignificant portions of the architecture are beautifully ornamented, and though there are hundreds and hundreds of rare designs, it would seem as though one man could scarcely carve one of them in half a year, so skilfully are they executed. They vary from about six inches to fourteen inches in depth. The general construction of the temples is purely Oriental, with their quaint, yet artistic decorations and their concave roofs covered with earthen tiles tipped with gold. Little brass wind-bells are suspended from the eaves, and tinkle sweetly when there is air enough to stir them.

CRYPTOMERIA BOULEVARD, SIXTY MILES LONG.

The bonzes, or priests, of these temples, are a very curious set. The majority of them are very juvenile in appearance, and some seem mere boys, while others appear to be as ancient as the shrines in which they worship. Invariably their heads are clean shaven. Though prayers and other devotional ceremonies are daily passed through, they seem to have a vast deal of spare time to smoke, chat and enjoy themselves.

But come! The sun fast sinks into the arms of twilight, and veils these sacred scenes in deeper gloom and solemnity. We move slowly and reverently across the court, as if our very tread might start to life the strange inanimate monsters roundabout, and are again in the land of the living. A variation of our return led us past a lovely waterfall. The path through the cedar forest, amid antique shrines and ancient ruins, was something impressive and romantic, and as the falls were brought to view it was a beautiful sight to behold that immense torrent tumbling over a precipitous cliff and strike with thundering accents upon the rocks below, as if in "hollow mockery of the tombs," which strewed the gorge. And, as we stood gazing in mute admiration upon the picture, involuntarily came into my mind: "Ah! if these trees could speak; if these waters could unravel their tale; if these shrines, these temples, these tombs, could unfold the palimsist that screens the mysteries of the past, what story of strange deeds, what mighty secrets of horror, untold suffering for religious belief or disbelief, would be enrolled upon the tablet of revelations!"

We moved on and reached our abode, and pondered over the scenes we had witnessed. The solemnity of the burial ground is sufficient to be impressive, but how much more so when so magnificent, so elaborate, so kingly a mausoleum reposes over the city of the dead. It must certainly be admitted that the Japanese are one of the most loyal and enthusiastic nations of the world in their respect for the religion they follow.

Many days have passed since we sojourned in this earthly paradise—Nikko, with its two hundred falls and gorgeous temples; and as one looks back, a multitude of strange fancies crowd in upon him—visions of undefinable splendor beyond the power of pen to portray; of golden shrines and temples; of grim and frightful dragons; of priests who pass with noiseless footsteps; and he hears the deep-toned bell toll mournfully like the lament of a lost soul in the pit of destruction.

THE SACRED BRIDGE

IN FAIR VERONA.

VIRGINIA DARE.

OUR way lay through Verona, and three of the party, being young and romantically inclined, were unanimous in their desire to see the city of Romeo and Juliet. The fourth, whose viade-mecum was Dickens's "Pictures from Italy," was inclined at first to dissent, but, finding upon investigation that the great novelist was not put out of conceit with the unfortunate lovers after visiting their haunts and surroundings, agreed that it might be the proper thing, under the circumstances, for us to follow his footsteps, which at once settled the question.

Veronese hotels have not the best of reputations, so, having gladly accepted a hint from our landlord in Venice, we went to a modest albergo on the river, where, after a jolting ride in an omnibus (think of an omnibus in the city of Juliet!) through the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and under an old Roman arch, we found rooms and a view which amply justified his commendations.

There was still daylight enough for a short tour of exploration, and as Juliet's home was too remote, we made our way to the famous Arena, said to be the most perfect specimen of an ancient amphitheater in existence; its forty-three rows of seats, formed of blocks of red, white, and yellow marble, each six by three feet, and put together without cement, stand as they stood sixteen hundred years ago, having been repaired at various periods. The subterranean cages for wild beasts, and cells for martyrs and gladiators, are all there, the only thing out of repair being the conduits by which the center was once flooded with water for naval spectacles. The coping wall back of the seats has fallen, except for a short space which threatens to furnish a small earthquake some fine day to the inhabitants of the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. The structure has a seating capacity for twenty thousand persons, and it is still used for public spectacles, its center showing where modern circuses have taken the place of the combats of gladiators and wild beasts

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER AS JULIET.

which amused the leisure and wiled away the ennui of the inhabitants of ancient Verona.

Fancy the sensations of the old Ostrogoths and Romans could they revisit the glimpses of the moon, and see the Wild West show and Buffalo Bill in their great Arena!

After an early breakfast we were off to the house of Juliet; it stands in a narrow little street, the Via Capello, through which an incongruous street-car runs, and it has a huge, open gateway, above which is carved the armorial hat of the Capulets. The house, long known as the *Osteria del Capello* (the Inn of the Hat), is built around three sides of a dirty, open court in which empty carts and wagons were standing; untidy garments were flapping out of the windows, and high up on a little balcony a slatternly girl with

ADIGE RIVER VERONA.

unkempt locks was hanging out clothes, stopping to look at the strangers as she did so. It would have required an imaginative Romeo to say to this Juliet, "Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand!" and any gallant who tried to climb that balcony would certainly break his neck. The house is still known as "*la casa di Giulietta*," the house of Juliet, and it bears a tablet with this inscription:

Queste furono le case
del Capuleti
Onde uscì la Giulietta
per cui
Tanto piansero i cuori gentili
E i poeti cantorono.

(These were the houses of the Capulets from whom issued Juliet—for whom gentle hearts have so much wept, and whom so many poets have sung.) The slatternly girl and the dirty court were decidedly disillusionizing. It was laughable to see the disgusted look of a young German student, our vis-a-vis at table in the albergo, whom we found there before us, and who had a decidedly sheepish air on being caught, as if it convicted him of romantic tendencies.

The famous lovers must have been less renowned in the seventeenth century than in our own, for that conscientious traveler, Mr. Evelyn, does not mention them.

Strange to say, few tourists take the trouble to hunt up the former palace of the Montagues, which is in the Via Arche; it has shared the fate of Juliet's home, becoming an inn of the lowest class, both families having long been extinct.

There is much else to see in Verona, and we saw it as conscientiously as Dickens did, and were as loath to leave it as he was. The city has a population of sixty thousand.

To an inhabitant of ancient Lutetia, it was probably nothing to overlook the plains where Caius Marius fought the Cimbri in that famous battle, when the women, "standing in mourning by their carriages, killed those that fled; some their husbands, some their brothers, others their fathers; . . . . last of all they killed themselves." But this was much to a wanderer from the New World. It was something also to stand beneath the ancient cypresses of the Giusti Gardens and remember that John Evelyn had stood there 250 years ago, and that he found the one at the entrance "the goodliest cypresse I fancy in Europe;" even in his day it was "a prodigious tree both for breadth and height, entirely cover'd and thick to the base," and he possibly discussed it later when hobnobbing with Mr. Pepys.

The Via Capello leads into the great Piazza delle Erbe, the former Roman forum, with its column surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark, to show its subjugation to the city of the lagoons. It is now a market-place, filled with carts and booths laden with produce and eatables, and surmounted by umbrellas. We ate al fresco at one of these which looked clean and respectable. The traveler in Italy has to swallow a goodly portion of his allotted peck of dirt, and we felt that ignorance in this case was bliss. We also purchased quaint little flat baskets, woven of straw, braided in fancy colors, which seemed almost the only things that are distinctively Veronese.

If there were nothing else in the city worth seeing it would be the famous monuments of the della Scala (Scaliger) family, erected in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They stand in the heart of the city about the little church of Santa Maria Antica, little over a stone's throw from the Palazzo dei Consiglio, or Town Hall, with its statues and busts of famous Veronese, ancient and modern. The monuments are as perfect as if built yesterday, and yet that of Can Signorio, who died in 1375, was erected in his lifetime, under his personal supervision. The knights bestride their steeds in coats of mail, with drawn swords or lance at rest, as they did in life. The sunlight brings a sort of sardonic smile to the face of Can Grande, as if he were thinking, like the poet Gay—

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it—

and there is a weird look in the eyes of his charger as he turns his head above the church door, and looks down at you through the cavernous eyes of his mailed harness.

The hand-made iron railings around the tombs, with their endless repetition of the ladder (scala) of the family, are so delicately wrought that they vibrate to the touch, yet still are perfect after the lapse of ages.

The fifty-odd churches of Verona have treasures in pictures and carvings too numerous to mention; that of St. Anastasia is noted for the beautiful monument at one side of its entrance, which marks the resting-place of the Count Castelbarco, who, in great part, paid

TOMB OF CAN SIGNORIO.

the cost of erecting the church. It also has a very curious holy water font which is known as "Il Gobbo" (the hunch-back); the hair and ragged clothing of this ingenious work of art are of gray marble, while the protruding knees, the feet, hands, and face are white. It was carved by the father of the famous Paul Veronese, and is much admired by all tourists visiting the St. Anastasia church.

Everywhere one comes in contact with relics of remote antiquity; the church of St. Zeno has an old tombstone which is shown as that of Pepin, and the castle of San Pietro is erected on the site of an older castle said to have belonged to Theodorie the Goth. But the most curious antiquity of all is the old Roman theater, which lies, partially excavated, fifty feet below the soil of surrounding houses, in an out-of-the-way part of the town. Its site had been entirely forgotten, it was covered with small houses, and a convent crowned the summit; one day some children playing on a slope felt the ground give way beneath their feet, and without a moment's warning went down into the earth. Their screams brought their mother, who also fell in her efforts to rescue them, but frightened neighbors came to her aid, digging them all out, and thus exposing a marble stairway which was part of the theater.

Juliet's supposed tomb is visited by all truly sentimental Veronese pilgrims; it lies in the out-of-the-way garden of a suppressed monastery, said to have been the burial-ground of the Capulets. It is a huge stone trough, which finds many doubting Thomases amongst those who happen to know that in the beginning of the century it was quite a fad with the traveled dandies of the day to have rings set with a piece of the so-called sarcophagus. Byron, who speaks of it as being of granite, wrote to Mr. Murray in 1817 that he had brought away some pieces for his daughter and his nieces; and the Empress Marie Louise, when duchess of Parma, had a set of bracelets and earrings made of it, as did many ladies of Verona, until the government put a stop to the destruction. A traveler who visited Verona in 1852, writes that at that time the sarcophagus was of red marble, one end of which was badly broken.

Whatever the truth, we did not regret going, but were grateful that the memory of the unfortunate lovers had lead to our stopping to see the city which "that prodigie of learning," old Julius Cæsar Scaliger, grandiloquently called "the eye of the world, the star of the Italian sky, and the flower of cities."

PHOTOGRAPHY IN RELIEF.

The modern newspaper fights shy of giving any portion of its space to a subject which may seem to benefit some particular individual unless it is paid for it, but when an invention, that is really worthy of mention, and interests the general public as well, is brought forth, there should be no scruples about telling it and crediting the inventor as well.

The latest discovery in the photographic art is the Bas-relief Photograph, now being produced by I. W. Taber, the well-known photographer, at 121 Post Street, in this city. This remarkable invention is an entirely original idea with Mr. F. A. Taber, who has experimented for a long time in perfecting his discovery, and after surmounting the many difficulties which he encountered, has finally achieved a most perfect success.

This production promises a revolution scarcely less in importance to that of taking pictures in color. It combines the principles of sculpture with those of photography, and its greatest value lies in its prominent physical points of accentuation in the subject, and all the accessories of art, finish, and coloring necessary to produce a reality and a revelation.

The rotundity of feature, curvature, and points of facial expression are brought out faithfully exact in life-like images. For this reason raised figures will supersede the old flat photograph of light and shade.

Mr. Taber's genius has added another laurel to the list of successful discoveries and enterprises of San Francisco, and the city is to be congratulated upon being the possessor of so profitable an artistic idea as this one is fast becoming.

This wonderful photograph has already become known in the East and in Europe, and plans are now in progress for the production of these pictures in London, Paris, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, where they will become the fad of the coming fashionable season, as their deserved popularity in these cities is already assured.

Patents have already been secured in the United States and Great Britain, and applications are pending in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and other European countries, all of which, it is believed, will be allowed in due time.

The process has been sufficiently applied to topography to establish the fact that it is as great a success in landscape as in portraiture. Taber has likewise become celebrated through the introduction of the iridium process on a flat surface, but by a combination of this art and the bas-relief, he has achieved a double distinction, and the photographic world has been correspondingly enriched thereby.

ANOTHER SAN FRANCISCO TYPE.

SOME LAW POINTS.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE.

There has been an attempt made in many of the States to bring about an abolishment by the Legislatures of "days of grace" on commercial paper. The effort meets generally with the indorsement of bankers and business men. The following States have abolished days of grace, California taking the initiative:

State and Date Act Passed.	Date of Taking Effect.
California, March 21, 1872	Jan. 1, 1873
Connecticut, April 2, 1895	July 1, [illegible]
Idaho	June 1, 1887
Illinois, June 4, 1895	July 1, 1895
Montana	July 1, [illegible]
New Jersey, February 12, 1895	July 1, [illegible]
New York, May 10, 1894	Jan. 1, [illegible]
Oregon, February, 1893	May, [illegible]
Pennsylvania, June 18, 1895	Jan. 1, 1896
Utah	1888
Vermont, November 4, 1892	Jan. 1, [illegible]
Wisconsin, April 5, 1893	April 5, 1894

This custom of days of grace dates almost from the origin of banking. It had its beginning, I am told, in a very queer incident. A Hebrew money-lender in Venice, in the fifteenth century, held the note of a Christian for a loan which fell due on Good Friday. The Christian refused to pay on that day, or until the following Monday, alleging the holy character of the day as an excuse. He was taken before a magistrate, who passed the matter on to the council, which decided the Christian in the right, and further passed an edict that any note falling due on a Friday could be lawfully paid as late as the following Monday without the maker of the note incurring the reproach of not discharging his debts at their proper time.

Considerable interest has been excited in legal circles by the action of a court in reference to a stenographer's refusal to disclose secrets of her employer when ordered so to do by the court. The controversy ended by the employer explaining matters, and allowing the perusal of the document previously refused by the stenographer, after which the Judge complimented the stenographer on her fidelity to the interests and instructions of her employer. A stenographer is a part of the mechanism of an office, and should no more be called to account than a pen or pencil held in the hand of a writer. If priests, doctors, and lawyers are privileged against being compelled to disclose secrets confided to them, the same certainly should be true of the stenographer.

A court in Lancaster, Pa., has decided that "bay" windows on the second floor front of residences are illegal, and must be removed. This will cause a wholesale tearing down of "bay" windows. The city council passed an ordinance in 1871 to prevent the erection of bulk or "bay" windows. The ordinance was never enforced, and hundreds of buildings since 1871 have been erected having these windows.

The amount of law-making in this country is simply appalling. It is one of the evils with which the American people allow themselves to be inflicted. Judges and practitioners are beginning to protest against the infliction. One remedy would be the less frequent meeting of the Legislatures, and the limiting of the sessions. The first volume of the Session Laws of 1895 of the State of New York covers over a thousand pages, containing 1042 separate laws. There are two more volumes to come, and this means that the last New York Legislature passed more than 3000 bills, and it will require 3000 octavo pages to print them. The Legislature was in session less than a hundred days, so that more than thirty bills were passed in each branch of the Legislature per day. Will any one dare to claim that these bills received sufficient consideration, especially in view of the fact that the average time for the session of each day is not over three hours? It has been figured out that each bill received on the average of six minutes of consideration, not counting the time required for taking the vote. Can anybody wonder that the people are losing their respect for both the laws and law-makers, and are clamoring for a change?

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNNETT FERGUSON

An exchange gravely informs us that it is dangerous to fill a kerosene lamp when it is burning. Furthermore, it avers that lamps should be kept clean. It is such pearls of wisdom as these, illuminating the printed page with their ingenuous purity, that make us realize our total and helpless dependence upon the daily press.

Broken and bent in the wild wind's clasp,
  Swaying and moaning, a giant tree
Trembled and fell in the fatal grasp
  Of the tempest that raged over land and sea,
And through the night hours, the drenching rain
Tapped like a ghost at my window pane.

Brightly the sun of the morning shone
  On flower beds crushed by the cruel gale;
In my desolate garden I sighed alone
  For bud and blossom and tendril frail;
When lo! at my feet in that storm-swept spot,
Nestled, unhurt, a forget-me-not.

Down in Santa Barbara a football club played a game, the proceeds of which were to go for free beds at a local hospital. The boys were so badly battered up at the close of the match that they filled all the beds themselves.

What an olla podrida of news the wires bring us! One learns that the Princess Maud makes puns, that ex-President Harrison will marry, and that the Duchess of Marlborough has twenty staircases in her new home.

Over the way where the lanterns are swaying,
  Quivering fireflies, to and fro,
Diamond-dewed by the fountain's spraying,
  Shadowy figures come and go.
Softly the sound of the violin's sobbing
  Steals through the garden's perfumed square,
Dreamily sad, while the waltz's throbbing
  Rises and falls on the still night air.

Close to my casement, around it and over,
  Climbing, caressing, a jasmine creeps;
Faintly afar breathes the sweet-scented clover;
  Down by the pond a fair lily bud sleeps;
Drowsy and warm in its nest, a brown swallow,
  Safe under cover of velvety leaves,
Hidden where never a footstep may follow,
  Stirs as the maple sighs over the eaves.

Over the way flows the waltz's slow measure;
  Borne by the current, the glittering throng
Drains to its dregs the frail goblet of pleasure
  High on a wave-crest of billowy song.
Rhythm and perfume and silvery laughter,
  Vows spoken—broken—a kiss lightly won
Ah me, what memories haunt the soul after
  The music is hushed and the dance is done!

The collecting of meerschaum pipes is the fad of a San Francisco girl. Already the velvet-lined case that holds these weed-scented treasures contains more than two dozen "beautifully colored" specimens given to her as souvenirs by admiring friends. What greater proof of devoted friendship could be had than this? A man would almost rather lose his reputation than his meerschaum. Indeed, the amount of solicitous pride and care bestowed upon this inanimate object of masculine regard passeth feminine understanding. Diverted into other channels, it would restore peace and happiness to many a loveless home.

In a recent issue an Eastern pictorial paper printed, over the caption of "Courage," the figure of a bloomered young woman standing statue-wise upon a pedestal, holding victoriously aloft, and by its tiny tail, a mouse. Even such a departure from feminine traditions as this may not be impossible in real life before the nineteenth century closes. Perhaps, too, a girl actually posed for that picture. But, if she did, that mouse was chloroformed first.

It would be difficult to make Paderewski believe that this country had ever wailed about hard times. The gifted Ignace has found it, instead, a veritable gold mine. But then, with such a name, such a mane, and such a brain, what cannot a man accomplish?

Oh, a desert wide is a lonely place;
  And so is the rim of a mountain's crest;
  The eerie poise of an eagle's nest;
Or rock in mid-ocean where never a face
Looks through the desolate, misty space;
  Or forest glade that no foot hath pressed.

  But the loneliest spot of all, I say,
  Is a bootblack stand on a rainy day.

An inspired rhymster poetizes on "cheeks kissed by the moon." It is safe to surmise that their owners, however, prefer such demonstrations at shorter range.

A Sunday School out in the Mission has an infant class, and at a recent gathering the toddlers were each to stand, face the rest of the assembled classes, and repeat a few words of Scripture. The smallest of them was a little fellow who, by the way, had a pet terrier at home named Watch. His Scriptural selection was "Watch and pray." But the poor child was taken with stage fright on this, his first public appearance. Facing the audience, he piped out, "Watch—watch—and—bark," then fell upon his teacher's neck and wept.

She went upon the stage, although
  She couldn't sing or act,
And every night from pit to dome
  The theater is packed.
Oh, no, she cannot act, and yet
  Success her effort crowns,
Because, you see, she's beautiful,
  And wears such stunning gowns.

While the silver question is still a vexed problem, and many differences of political opinion agitate our statesmen; while the country is perturbed over affairs of international significance, and there is a strong effort on the part of our citizens to grasp the real meaning of the Monroe Doctrine; while it would seem that our congressional and senatorial representatives are spending their valuable time in riotous living at the giddy Capital, nevertheless a matter of the gravest national importance has been feliciously adjusted—a matter, indeed, that has troubled the intellect of diplomats ever since American legations were elevated to embassy rank. This was the doubt as to the precedence, at Cabinet dinners and other official "functions," of foreign ambassadors and domestic statesmen. Secretary Olney's name will go down in history as that of the man who brought about the settlement of this social difficulty, the solving of this puzzle in etiquette. Precedence hereafter will be given to the ambassador.

This relieves the public mind of a serious strain. It was a fearful thing—especially to us who dwell afar from the haunts of such epicurean delights—not to know, when a Cabinet dinner was announced by Associated Press dispatch, which would get his soup first—the Vice-President, the Ambassador, or the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Let us be thankful that this great question has been settled amicably, so that the administration can see its way clear to the consideration of such minor details as foreign policies and the national debt.

He thinks he is the happiest of men;
  With joy his bosom thrills;
But oh, 'twill thrill quite differently when
  He foots her drygoods bills.

According to history, when leap-year was first recognized, St. Bridget met St. Patrick and offered him her heart and hand, which were declined. St. Bridget declaring that this was a violation of the laws of politeness, a compromise was agreed upon by which St. Patrick escaped the bonds of matrimony by giving her a kiss and a silken gown, which for centuries formed the penalty paid by a man who rejected a woman's proposal. If this custom obtained now-a-days, it would be a good way of replenishing one's wardrobe. But then there would always be the awful possibility that the man proposed to might accept.

No wonder Los Angeles is going ahead so rapidly. They have lots of newspaper enterprise down there. One of the leading dailies in that thriving southern city advertises that it prints marriage and birth notices free. In booming the matrimonial market of course it follows that homes will be built, tradesmen made happy, and the census-taker's responsibilities increased. There are more ways than one of building up a country.

There was a time, not long since, when
  The wardrobe of the gentler sex
Was quite a mystery to men—
  A thing to worship and perplex.

For, in a cloud of silk and lace,
  Like some fair goddess she would rise,
A charming nymph of airy grace
  To float before their dazzled eyes.

But now she dons their ties and shirts,
  And telephones to her costumers
To build for her, instead of skirts,
  A half-a-dozen pair of bloomers.

"Be anything but an actor," was the late Arthur Dacre's advice. Alas, so many of them *are* anything but actors.

"Is my hat on straight?" politely interrogated a voice in my ear, as I turned into Powell Street.

Now, this cry has reverberated throughout the ages. Doubtless it was the very last thing Eve said to Adam when they vacated the Garden of Eden. It is the one feeling that makes the feminine world kin, and bitter indeed must be the enmity between two women who will not——

"Is my hat on straight?" softly repeated the voice, and I turned obligingly to do looking-glass duty to——a large green parrot.

"Good morning, Polly," said I; "how are you feeling to-day?"

At this innocent inquiry my new acquaintance flew into a rage, tried to swallow the bars of her cage, ruffled her plumage until it resembled a feather duster in a north wind, and shrieked vindictively: "Shut up! Go away! Don't talk to me!" Evidently I had made a dreadful mistake.

A face appeared at the window. "Loretta," called some one, soothingly. The result was magical. "Pretty Loretta," crooned the parrot, swaying contentedly on her perch, "dear, good, pretty Loretta! Finest bird in town. Lor-ett-a." The vowel ended in a demi-semi quaver that would have done credit to a Tivoli chorus-girl.

"It makes her angry to be called Polly," explained the girl at the window, "and so I named her Loretta, after my canary that died. Sing 'Sweet Alice,' Loretta."

Forthwith the neighborhood resounded with "Ben Bolt." Shades of Trilby, how that bird did sing! From near and far an audience gathered, until I found myself in danger of impalement on the garden gate. "Come in," said the girl at the window, unhooking the cage, and I went.

Loretta is a bird whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. Her accomplishments are not entirely on the vocal order. She can whistle "Robin Adair" and "Get your Hair Cut" in a way that would turn a small boy green with sheer envy. Moreover, she is a bird with musical preferences, and will not learn an air that she does not fancy. We had coffee together, and became quite friendly, and I have reason to hope that my *faux pas* at the outset of our acquaintance is forgotten and forgiven.

"Don't step on the baby!" The warning startled me as I was making my way over a pile of debris on Ellis Street. I glanced at the cobbles, then into the gutter, but saw no jeopardized infant. A derisive laugh sounded above, where something big and green was rocking recklessly in the sunshine. For the second time that day I had been deceived by a parrot.

An hour later, on Bush Street, a "Good afternoon" was spoken at my side. The salutation was repeated twice, but I walked resolutely ahead, determined not to be "taken in" again. I have been trying ever since to explain matters. It is so very difficult to make a friend believe that you mistook her for a parrot.

In the days when North Beach, instead of the Park, attracted Sunday crowds, a wise, loquacious parrot used to swing and sun herself and entertain the multitude there. Probably no bird of her ilk in San Francisco ever enjoyed so extended an acquaintance. She disappeared about the time that North Beach went into innocuous desuetude. Perhaps, like many another old resident, she is living out her days in peaceful seclusion. Possibly she long since turned up her toes.

A very prim, religious "bachelor" lady in the Western Addition once thought she would add a parrot to her lonely menage. It is always well to know something of the previous career of those whom we admit to the family circle. Having been on a number of sea voyages, this polly's early education in choice, selected blasphemy was not neglected. In point of fact she could swear in several languages with a nicety of pronunciation to be heard to be appreciated. She was apt to give fullest play to her linguistic powers when hungry. The lonely spinster carried her companion home on a Saturday night. The calm of the ensuing Sabbath morning was broken in a way that chilled the very blood in the good lady's veins.

"Wake up there!" yelled the new boarder, as her mistress turned over for another nap. "Wake up! Why in —— don't you give me my breakfast? ——!——!!"

"Actually," said she to me afterward, "I had to send for a messenger to take that awful bird away."

In a gilded cage on Pacific Heights dwells a parrot in luxury that many a human being might envy. This bird sings and whistles wonderfully well, I am told, but she maintained an air of haughty, sullen reticence when I called, and positively declined to be interviewed for publication.

Parrots capable of the highest cultivation come from South America, and, when young, sell in the stores for ten dollars. That they are so long-lived—their limit being four-score of years, with proper care—is, perhaps, partly owing to their abstemiousness. A diet of bread, coffee, and corn is the culinary regime of these strange but companionable specimens of the feathered tribe.

ITEMS.

Alameda does not approve of England's new poet laureate. Queen Victoria should be informed of this.

Shakespeare is frequently credited with the quotation "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but its author was William Congreve, wit and dramatist of the seventeenth century. He makes one of his characters say, "I know a lady that talks so incessantly she won't give an echo fair play—it must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words." Congreve was a society pet, and Westminster Abbey is his resting place.

Stern father of the girl—I saw you kiss my daughter as I passed the parlor a while ago, and I want you to know I don't like it.
Young Man—You may not, but I do.

Where there's a will there's a way——out of it. Ask the lawyers.

It seems a little inconsistent that a firm which demands great rapidity of its stenographer during business hours, should insist that he pursue an exactly opposite course out of business hours.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Bessie—I've seen twenty summers.
Clara—And twenty winters, too.
Bessie—Mercy, no; I'm not so old as that.

"Have you any friend in this town?" asked the cashier at the bank.
"No," replied the stranger; "I am a football referee."

Mr. E. E. Bunce, California Land Agent, 1008 Broadway, Oakland, Cal., has a large list of choice city and country property for sale and exchange; Orange land from $10 to $25 per acre; colony tracts, timber tracts, and mining properties; also Eastern property for sale and exchange for California property. Terms can be arranged to suit purchaser. Send for catalogue.

"Come, dear, kiss my cheek, and make it up," she said, forgivingly.
"I'll kiss it," he answered, "but I don't think it wants any more making up."

After it is all over, how much we love the dentist who tells us that was the worst tooth he ever pulled.

IN MARBLE TIME.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Arthur Macdonald Dole.*]

"Bet a agate I kin beat
Any kid what's on the street
Playin' marbles—I'll be found
When the marble time comes round.

"After school, at noon, an' night,
Jest as long as it is light,
We all git to raisin' Cain,
'Hunchin' marbles in the lane.

"If I git the 'lag-line' first,
Then the fellers git it worst;
'Cause I 'muckle' everything:
Make my glass 'taw' 'skin the ring.'

"I kin always knock out 'thribs,'
Of them ring surrounded 'mibs';
Nigger Rastus can't beat 'dubs,'
Neither kin that kidney Stubbs.

"If I 'plunk' at Polo Ned,
Every time I 'kill him dead':
I kin 'fudge' or 'knuckle down,'
With the biggest kid in town.

"I kin play at 'vents' or 'fats,'
Holler 'smugs' at cheatin' Pats,
Kin 'lay up,' or 'dog the game'
When they's chance to do the same.

"Shorty Murphy plays for 'keeps.'
But I'd ruther, by a heaps,
Play for fun, though I'm the 'prime,'
The 'hot stuff nibs' of marble time."

NEW GOLD.

BIRDS OF SPRING.

Down by the brook in the tall meadow grass,
Patiently, day by day,
Sat a dear little brown bird over her nest,
Silent, for she said in her heart: "Lest
I wake my darlings, my loved ones, my best,
Too early by my lay."

"I must wait," she said, as she watched a bee
Soaring on gauzy wings;
"I must wait," when she heard the bobolink's glee;
"I must wait, for surely a bird like me
Must have joy before she sings.
And joy comes not in leaving my nest
And in flying away, but in doing my best."

Down by the brook in the tall meadow grass,
Helplessly, day by day,
Lie four little homely, shapeless things,
Waiting for feathers, and strength in their wings,
Knowing nothing save that which the mother bird sings
To her nestlings every day.

"Why don't you fly?" asked a bumble-bee,
As he came down from the sky,
When their wings were weak, though they were brown,
And feathers took the place of down—
"Why, birds, why don't you fly?"
But the birds chirped low in their mother-tongue,
"We must wait before we fly."

High up on the branches above the brook
Sang four birds, day by day:
"We waited, we waited, but now we will sing,
Now we will make the welkin ring
With our happy roundelay."
And the mother made melody with the rest—
"Oh, this is my joy! and this is the best!"

POSSESSION AND HOPE.

There are two little songsters well known in the land,
Their names are I-have and O-had-I:
I-have will come tamely and perch on your hand,
But O-had-I will mock you most sadly.

I-have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand O-had-I's that sit far and high,
On roots and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing on: "Be cheery! Be cheery!"
Oh, merrily then will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.

But let O-had-I but once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now laying, now panting, now creeping,
While far overhead, this sweet bird, at his will,
With his bright golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song
Will count his I-have a choice treasure,
And whenever a O-had-I comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

An actor, while playing in a small village, was representing the part of a persecuted guardian of an orphan heir. Of course, the pursuers are on his track, bent on killing him in order to secure the inheritance. For a long time he escapes; but at length he is seized and thrown into a room, the three doors of which are then locked and bolted. On recovering himself, he runs to one door and shakes it—"Locked!" He then runs to the second—"Locked!" He runs to the third, which opens readily at the first effort. The actor shut it again with a bang, and exclaimed in a tone of yet deeper despair—"Locked!" Thundering applause.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Frank Davey Photo.

A country paper makes the surprising and incredible statement that men are in business for trade.

"I'm afraid there's something the matter with Tommy."
"What makes you think so?"
"He sits in a corner all day long and doesn't say anything to anybody. Either he is going to be a great poet, or he is going to have the measles. I can't yet decide which it is."

The Irishman who went up in the hotel lift without knowing what it was did not easily get over his surprise. He tells the story in this way: "I went to the hotel, and says I, 'Is Mr. Smith in?' Says the man with the sojer cap, 'Will yer step in?' So I steps into the office, and all of a suddint he pulls the rope, and the walls of the building began rinnin' down to the cellar. 'Och, murther,' says I, 'what'll become of Bridget and the childer which was left below there?' Says he, 'Be aisy, sor, they'll be all right when yez come down.' 'Come down, is it?' says I, 'and it's no office, but a haythenish balloon that yez got me in.' And wid that the walls stood stock still, and he opened the door, and there I was with the roof just over my head, and, begorra, that's what saved me from going up to the hivins entoirely."

Employer (to new office boy)—Has the cashier told you what you have to do in the afternoon?
Youth—Yes, sir; I was to wake him up when I saw you coming.

Traveler—Were you troubled with *mal de mer* while you were crossing the ocean?
Old Lady—Really, I don't know. I was that dreadful seasick I couldn't think about anything else.

Assistant—Yes, sir—that's one of the best clocks we have in the shop. It goes eight days without winding.
Mr. Hayseed—Is that so? How long do you make out she'll go when you do wind her?

"The officer arrested you for being drunk," said the judge, severely; "very drunk indeed."
"Yes, your honor," replied the culprit; "but there were extenuating circumstances."
"What were they?"
"Why, your honor, you see, I was under the influence of liquor at the time."

Fond Parent—She's got a lot of music in her.
Sarcastic Neighbor—Yes. What a pity it's allowed to escape.

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NOWHERE.

A hurried glance at the above letters and one cannot tell which of two words is indicated.

There is no such uncertainty when you take a meal at our restaurant. In either event you will find that

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BICYCLING

Chief of Police Badenoch will introduce the bicycle in the Chicago police department. At least fifty wheels will be purchased by the department. The idea is to use the wheel where neither horse nor patrolman can meet the demand. It is the chief's intention to place in all of the stations, except those in the downtown district, two or three wheels upon which officers can respond to emergency and private calls in advance of the patrol wagons.

The wheel will also be found of service in places where the noise of an approaching patrol wagon gives the alarm in time for peace disturbers to make their escape. Then neither horse nor wagon can get over the ground or around corners and through dark alleys with the speed and quickness of an expert wheelman. Patrol sergeants will also be mounted on bicycles in the outlying districts where there is a large amount of territory to be covered. In these localities the machine can be used to the greatest advantage during at least ten months of the year.

THE LAW OF THE WHEEL.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS.

The anomalous character of the bicycle and its use, necessitates some slight variations in applying the law of carriages and vehicles to it, and it seems that the wheelman in riding the road partakes somewhat of the nature of a horseman, and to some extent reaps the benefits and disadvantages of the immemorial usages and customs applicable to him. For instance, it seems that there is no law requiring a horseman to turn to the right. The rule seems to be that a man on horseback should be governed rather by his notions of prudence, and should be required to consider somewhat the convenience of vehicles which he meets—depending upon their character. A horseman should yield the traveled track to a vehicle, particularly if it is heavily loaded, where he can do so without peril. The fact that bicycles and horses can pass along a track much narrower than that required for carriages, and that they also occupy much less space in length, are of weight in determining the duty of the wheelman or rider. So, too, is the fact that his control is more absolute than that of the driver of horses attached to carriages. A bicyclist, however, cannot be forced to ride his machine on dangerous ground, and the cardinal rule, subject to the above considerations, is: "Keep to the right."

In general terms, the law of the bicycle may be summed up in the following paragraphs:

All persons have a right to use a public highway in the ordinary manner in safety, and municipal corporations or cities are liable to bicyclists for injuries incurred by reason of defective roads, provided they are not guilty of contributory negligence. But a municipal corporation is not an insurer, and all that is required of it is that it shall use reasonable diligence to keep the highway in reasonably good condition for safe travel by the ordinary means, or vehicles in general. But the corporation is under no special obligation to wheelmen, and an obstruction or defect which will cause an injury to a wheel or its rider, will not sustain an action unless it is also sufficient to operate as a defect with relation to vehicles in general. Thus, a stone might be disastrous to a bicycle, and still have no effect upon a carriage, and in such case the wheelmen would probably have no action.

The driver or owner of a vehicle, who wilfully or negligently causes a collision or damages a bicycle while left standing by the street curb or roadside, would be liable for the injury; but it is the duty of a wheelman to avert collision if possible, and he cannot recover damages unless he himself was free from contributory negligence in permitting the collision or the injury complained of.

A person injured while committing an illegal act cannot recover therefor; so in States having Sunday laws, a wheelman riding on Sunday for business or pleasure cannot recover damages if injured.

When bicycles are going in the same direction the hindermost may pass the others on either side. But one riding on the left-hand side of the road probably assumes all risks, and is prima facie guilty of negligence.

Though in general a bicycle has no right upon the sidewalk, a pedestrian has a right to walk in the highway, and may cross the street where he pleases, but he is guilty of negligence which will prevent recovery of damages if he attempts to cross immediately in front of a moving vehicle, and for the purposes of such a case, the fact that the vehicle is on the left-hand side of the road is not alone evidence of negligence to charge the rider or driver.

If the bicyclist rides at an immoderate rate of speed on a highway or street, and while so doing injures a pedestrian, he may be liable either civilly or criminally; for his recklessness in riding at such a rate of speed will, in general, be held to supply the want of criminal intent. Thus, it has been held that where a bicyclist kills a human being while going at a dangerous rate of speed, he may be convicted of manslaughter. But, what is "an immoderate rate of speed?" is a question to be determined in view of all the circumstances of the case, as to time and place, for what might be a perfectly safe rate of speed upon a country road, might be murderous on a city street.

MRS. JOHN BRADBURY OF LOS ANGELES—FROM A LATE PHOTO BY TABER.

WOMAN AND THE BICYCLE.

HENRY J. GARRIGUES.

But how should women be dressed for bicycling? The usual long skirt is objectionable in every respect. It impedes the free movement of the legs, pumps air up against the abdomen, and is in great danger of being caught by projecting parts of their own machines or those of other riders, as well as by other obstructions found on the road. To avoid these inconveniences many women have shortened their skirts, and some have done away with them altogether, wearing so-called "bloomers," a wide, bifurcated garment extending from the waist to the knee. This garment, combined with a waist and leggings, forms a neat, practical dress for a woman rider. True, it is at present ridiculed, and even condemned by some as immodest. However, before men say anything against the decency of bloomers, they had better reform their own trousers, which are not much more decent than becoming; and since a bathing costume—allowing the lower limbs from the knees to the tips of the toes to be exposed in tight-fitting stockings—is admitted by every one as a proper costume for a woman to appear in on a beach frequented by hundreds of lookers-on of both sexes, it is hard to understand what objection there is in the name of modesty against a piece of wearing apparel that by its wide proportions entirely hides the outlines of the body.

From a medical standpoint bicycling is valuable both as a prophylactic and as a curative agent. Like other outdoor exercises it takes its votaries away from the vitiated air of closed rooms: but it has several advantages peculiarly its own. It is less expensive and safer than horseback riding. It has much more variety and interest than walking, except in localities that offer such steep ascents and descents that the bicycle cannot be used. It also allows the rider to see much more and to cover a much greater distance in the same time. It has the advantage over games that it can be indulged in for a longer time without causing fatigue or becoming tedious. It is highly exhilarating and promotes sociability, since it is both pleasanter and safer to ride in company than alone. In women it is apt to overcome the impulsiveness and whimsicality which render so many of them unhappy. It has also a beneficent effect on a purely physical condition peculiar to their sex.

It is calculated that a hundred thousand machines are in use in the City of New York alone, and a proportionately large number is used in other cities and in the country. Taking this widespread use of bicycles into consideration, the percentage of accidents is certainly a very small one, and the "wheel" in this respect compares favorably with horseback riding, driving, swimming, sailing, and skating.

In some cities, and in some parts of the country, physicians have adopted the wheel as a means of inexpensive, pleasant, healthful, and rapid locomotion. In a city like New York, with its poor cobble-stone pavements, this would hardly be feasible. The policemen have to some extent adopted the wheel, if for nothing else than for the power of overtaking erring bicyclists. Many stores have small delivery wagons built as tricycles. The Street Cleaning Department is mounting its inspectors on bicycles. Even for warfare the peaceable bicycle has been pressed into service, wheelmen being used to carry messages from one part of the territory occupied by a military force to another. Bicycling is, therefore, no longer a mere fashion that may fall into disuse and give way to a new one. It is a wholesome and inspiring exercise, and has proved of practical value as a means of rapid locomotion.—*From the January Forum.*

A cyclist, who had braved the wintry blast not wisely, but unmuffled, met a newly married friend and told him of the agony his molars caused him. "Ah," said the friend, "I, too, had the face ache recently. Caught cold in my jaw when out one evening awheel, but when I went home my wife petted and caressed me so much the face ache vanished. You take my tip." "I will; is your wife at home now?"

"There, there, my little man! What are you crying about?" "'Cause I'm having a heap of trouble; that's why I'm crying. I just bored a hole in my tire so I could blow it up, and now all the wind's coming right out again."

THIS MAN

THIS is our gentlemen's Road Wheel for '96. It weighs 22 pounds and is guaranteed for one year. We can't tell you all about it in an advertisement, but if you will write us, we will send you, FREE,

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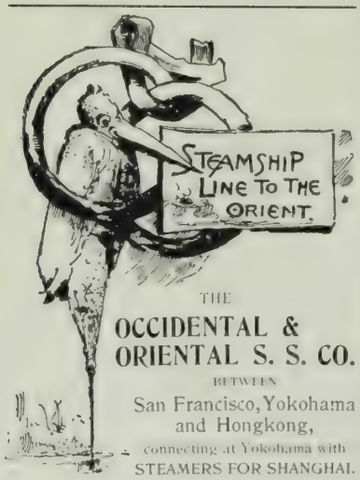

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BETWEEN
San Francisco, Yokohama and Hongkong,
connecting at Yokohama with
STEAMERS FOR SHANGHAI.

SAILING DATES:

DORIC.....Thursday, March 5, 1896
BELGIC (via Honolulu) Saturday, March 21, 1896
COPTIC.....Wednesday, April 8, 1896
GAELIC.....Saturday, April 25, 1896
DORIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 12, 1896
BELGIC.....Thursday, May 28, 1896

NOTE.—Purchasers of cabin passage tickets, single-trip or twelve-months round trip, from San Francisco to Yokohama, etc., or *vice versa*, may stop over en route at Honolulu, and resume journey by a succeeding O. & O. S. S. Co. steamer. On twelve-months round-trip tickets but one stop-over will be allowed, that is, on either the outward or the return journey, as passenger may elect.

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Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

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HERE AND THERE.

"I suppose," said Rivers, watching a loose steer as it darted round a corner and went splashing through a narrow, dirty street, "that's what you would call beef alley mud."

Inks—I am always embarrassed when I want to say the word v-a-s-e. I don't know whether to say "vaze," "vace," "vahz," or "vawze."

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Time was the dancer used her fan
Whene'er she wished to flirt:
Now, since the present rage began,
She does it with her skirt.

Mistress—If any one calls, Mary, say your master is not at home.

Servant—Excuse me, mum, but I know master is in, and I cannot tell a lie.

Mistress—But it wouldn't be a lie, Mary. This is not your master's home; the club is his home!

"Oh, Edith, there's that lovely escort you had last summer, the Count de Lusk, selling ribbons at the further counter!"

"So it is. Don't let's recognize him, dear. He will prefer to remain incognito."

"It's wonderful what a whisky State Kentucky is!"

"Yes?"

"I was traveling through there last week, and at one time our train was stopped for four hours because the engine couldn't take water."

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Powell Street, opposite Baldwin Hotel. Prices, 15., 25., 50c., 75c., and $1.00.
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March 9th to 15th, "The Wicklow Postman."
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March 3d, Anna Eva Fay.
March 9th to 15th, Ondricek and Materna.
March 16th to 22d, Tavary Opera Company.
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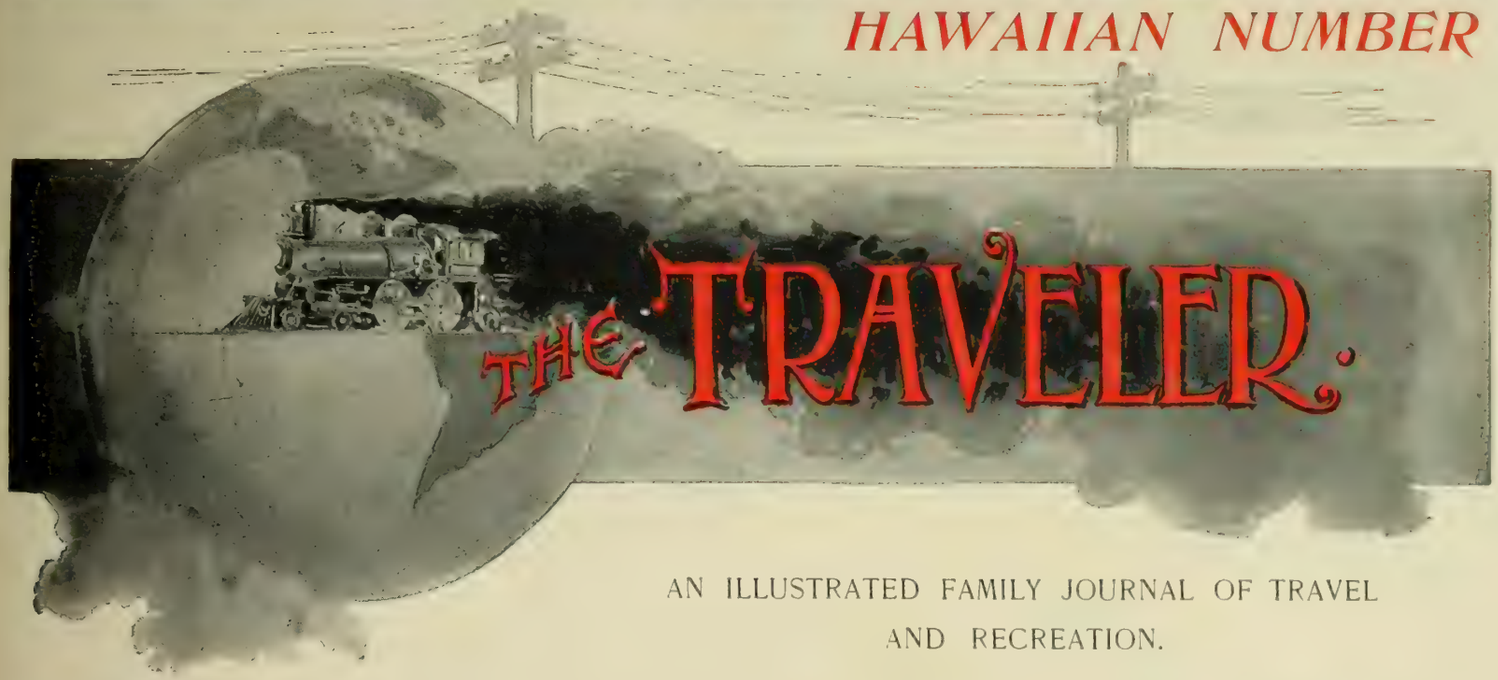

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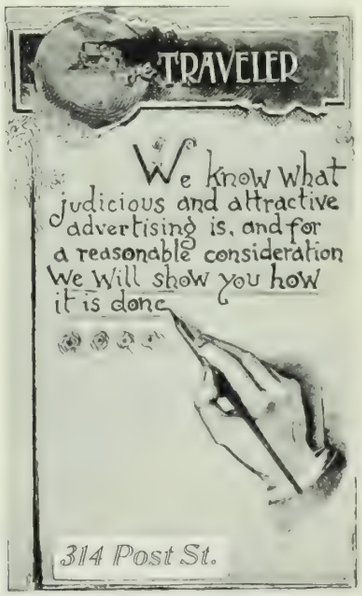

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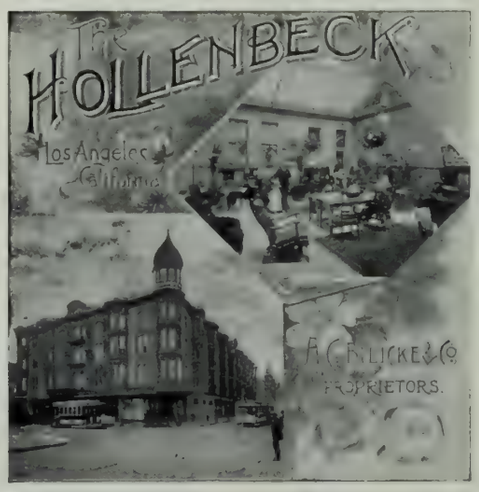

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VII. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL, 1896. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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ABOUT OURSELVES.

THE great increase of subscribers to THE TRAVELER during the past few months has been almost as phenomenal as it is gratifying, and is due to the fact that it is, without question, the handsomest periodical on the Coast, if not in the United States. Think over the different publications you have read, and see if you can recall any one whose illustrations and typographical appearance equal those of THE TRAVELER. We employ the best artists and writers in collecting choice and interesting views and new matter for publication. Our representative, whom we recently sent to the Hawaiian Islands, has just returned with a superb collection of views from the Paradise, some of which are reproduced in this issue. Over four hundred yearly subscribers have been added to our list from the Islands, and, together with those that have been coming in from all other parts of the world, we feel as though we were taking rank with some of our Eastern periodicals in general circulation.

Few realize the cost of publishing a high-class magazine. When it is known that the item of paper alone that is used throughout THE TRAVELER costs $125 for each five thousand copies; that every engraving in it averages 30 cents per square inch; that every colored frontispiece that has appeared in THE TRAVELER from time to time is rated at $1.50 per square inch, amounting to about seventy-five dollars for a single cut, to say nothing of the cost of running it through the press four times, some idea may be gained of the cost of production. The typesetting and printing, of course, form the largest item, and the uninitiated, perhaps, do not realize the extra time and skill required in "running around" irregular shaped cuts. These little freaks of the printer's art are more expensive than most people imagine. Plain typesetting is the general rule of most magazines, but when it comes to "rounding" a circular cut, it represents time, skill, and money. There is also to be taken into consideration the remuneration to artists and writers, as well as the small incidental expenses that, in the aggregate, form in themselves a large item.

It is this policy of sparing no expense for effective and artistic results that has placed THE TRAVELER where it is—the representative high-class journal of America. We have been seriously thinking for some time of making our subscription price $1.50 per year instead of $1.00, and it may be that we shall shortly adopt it. Ninety-five per cent of our readers are of the cultured and well-to-do class, and we feel as though they would as willingly remain with us at an advanced rate as they would for the small amount of $1.00. We feel this way, not because of an avaricious spirit, but because the rate of $1.00 a year is not profitable for the work of art we turn out each month. Now that our subscription list is so rapidly increasing, it seems to us that we should not be called upon to furnish the journal at a price that is not remunerative. THE TRAVELER, unlike many other periodicals, is never thrown into the waste-basket after it has been read. It is a work of art—a parlor ornament, and the various beautiful illustrations it has presented from time to time would form a veritable album for perpetual preservation. But this is only a thought of ours, and we want our readers to know how we feel about it. We are going ahead with rapid strides, but why shouldn't we ask a price proportionate to the expense?

LA FIESTA AND HOTELMEN.

FROM April 13th to the 26th Los Angeles and Southern California in general will be the gayest and liveliest section of the Union. The National Association of the Hotelmen's Mutual Benefit Association convenes at Los Angeles this year, and the most elaborate preparations have been made by their Californian kinsmen for their reception and entertainment. It is expected that nearly six hundred members from all over the United States will be on the special train due at Los Angeles on the evening of the 13th. They will be dined and wined in royal style from the summit of Echo Mountain to Coronado-by-the-sea, and no pains or expense will be spared by their brethren here to make their visit and impressions of California most memorable and pleasant. The great Fiesta de Los Angeles will be inaugurated one day before their departure for San Francisco. Judging from the announcements that have been made the coming Fiesta will far eclipse the previous displays, and should not be missed by any one who can possibly spare the time and money to witness it.

A "FLYING" SNAP-SHOT.

SOME NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

THE CALIFORNIA PITCHER-PLANT.

THE remarkable Darlingtonia, or California Pitcher-plant, is the only species of its genus, though it belongs to the same order as the Eastern *Sarracenias*, or "side-saddle flowers."

It is indigenous to cold, foggy localities in the northern part of the State, especially Mt. Shasta, and usually flourishes at an elevation of from 5000 to 7000 feet, though fine specimens have been discovered at an altitude of less than half the former number.

The radical evergreen leaves or pitchers, which measure from two to four feet in height, are said to be the elongated and enlarged petioles or leaf stalks, the true leaves being the curious mustache-like appendages over the mouth. As these are often highly colored and are furnished on the under surface with numerous honey-secreting glands, they are also the principal lure, though the flowers and the interior of the hood are provided with a similar intoxicating nectar.

CALIFORNIA PITCHER PLANT

Unlike most pitcher-plants, the opening of the trap is on the lower side immediately beneath the arched dome of the crest; so that the liquid, which partially fills the tube, must be either absorbed through its walls from rain or fog, or be secreted by the plant itself.

The crest, or hood, much resembles the elevated head of a huge snake, and is of such a lacy, transparent texture, that it produces the effect of a skylight, imprisoned flying insects beating vainly against it in hopes of escape, only to fall back stupefied upon the mass below.

The inner sides of the pitchers are covered with numerous short fine hairs, which point downward like the wires of a mouse-trap, and form a most insecure footing for the hapless victim that attempts to escape.

The insects ensnared are mainly winged varieties, such as flies, grasshoppers, bees, wasps, and all sorts of beetles; though ants, spiders, and even slugs, worms, snails, and large grubs frequently crawl up the broad green path that leads to certain destruction.

It was asserted by a reliable authority that a missing swarm of bees was found partly digested in some of these carnivorous pitchers, when their keeper went out into the meadows to cut the grain. In one of these deadly traps, the writer discovered the perfect skeleton of an enormous grasshopper and also a beautiful beetle of purest gold color, which fell to pieces on being removed with a twig. But what was more remarkable was the presence of three pine-needles, six inches in length, which were as firm and straight as though just fallen from the tree; though how they ever worked their way in will ever remain a mystery.

Birds sometimes split open the pitchers with their beaks, in order to feast upon their contents, and wily spiders have actually been known to spin their webs over the entrance to the tube, hoping, doubtless, to capture some of the unwary flies, which, sooner or later, were sure to be attracted by the honey of the adjacent flap.

The solitary, nodding flowers are of a dull orange in color, sometimes veined with crimson, and are borne on the extremities of naked stalks, from two to four feet in height, the blossom itself averaging only two inches in diameter.

The five petals and five sepals are of about an equal length, the former being cleft in a semi-circular fashion in the middle of the side edges for the admission of insects, which, after sipping the nectar and distributing the pollen, usually meet their fate in the voracious pitchers, and thus aid in nourishing the plant.

In June the flowers ripen into erect pods, an inch or more in depth, containing multitudes of tiny seeds and somewhat resembling the seed-vessels of the large garden poppy.

Experiments have been made in feeding the leaves with meat, either raw or cooked, and some specimens have actually been known to die of over-eating.

The California Indians formerly considered certain portions of the plants a panacea for smallpox, but their manner of use is a mystery to the uninitiated.

Though sometimes erroneously known as "orchids," they do not possess a single characteristic of that order of plants, unless it be that of growing in swamps, as do some species of the fragrant *Habenarias*.

THE STAR-FISH AND THE SEA-URCHIN.

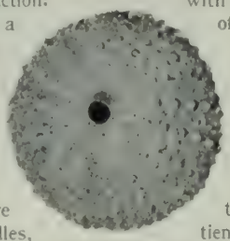
All strollers along our sea-beaches are familiar with the common star-fish or "five-finger," which is cast up by the waves on the sand, or is found alive clinging to the rocks at low-water mark. But not every one is acquainted with its wonderful structure and curious habits.

When the Chinese or Italian fishermen land their nets at sundown, any number of star-fish, sea-urchins, and other marine animals may usually be obtained for the asking; and if observed in a jar of sea-water, will afford a great source of amusement and instruction. When desired for cabinet collections, star-fish should be drowned in cold, fresh water, and nailed on a board to dry in the sun.

The upper, rough leathery surface serves as a shield for the softer under portions, which are composed of innumerable tiny tubes or tentacles, ending in small suckers, which enable the creature to glide over the rocks and to seize its prey. It fits itself to a nicety to every obstruction in its path; and, on approaching a narrow crack, simply folds back the side rays, and passes through without difficulty.

In the middle of the lower side is placed the voracious mouth, and at the extremity of each arm is a little red eye, which would escape the attention of one not understanding the formation of these creatures.

Innocent though star-fish appear, they are as harmful in oyster and mussel beds as army worms are in the grain-field, or wolves in the sheepfold. Clasping the unfortunate mollusk in a relentless grip, they proceed, with considerable rapidity, to corrode one of the valves of the tightly closed shell (probably by some acid secretion), and then invert their stomachs into the opening and literally "eat" the inhabitants "out of house and home." Another most annoying habit is that of stealing the bait off fishermen's hooks, and sometimes they are drawn up on the lines of patient anglers, who hoped to land a prize.


SEA-URCHIN.

In great disgust at these proceedings, the uninitiated usually tear or cut the pests to pieces and throw them back into the sea, thinking thus to put an end to their destructive existence; but a more foolish proceeding could not be imagined, as each severed ray becomes in time a perfect individual, thus increasing the possibility of their ravages from five to even twenty fold, as some star-fish possess that number of arms.

One variety of the Asterias, known as the "brittle star," has a singular trick of breaking its long, curling rays to pieces, when disturbed or captured. The five-pointed species sometimes elevates its body into a position resembling that of the foremost boy in a game of leap-frog; and during incubation, a period of over a week, the eggs are held in the bent arms.

The well-known sea-urchin, or Echinus, sometimes called the sea-hedgehog, is a near relative of the star-fish, belonging to the order of Radiates. It varies in size from the dimensions of a clover-burr to those of a large orange, and is usually brownish-gray or deep purple in color.

The thickly set, bristling spines, sometimes one thousand or two thousand in number, are fastened to the shell by a true ball-and-socket joint, and are as movable as the hand or arm. When the animal dies, they fall off by friction with the waves, leaving a globular skeleton, covered with knobs and points. By means of these spines the sea-urchin progresses slowly with a rolling gait; and is aided in climbing by the myriads of fine, thread-like suckers, which are protruded through the pin-holes on the shell and adhere firmly to the slippery rocks. Increase of size is attained by the addition of lime obtained from the sea-water and deposited around the edges of the little plates composing the hard outer covering.

These creatures are mainly vegetarians, rasping off sea-weeds and small marine plants by means of the five strong, sharp teeth arranged pyramid-fashion around the mouth. They are sometimes considered a table delicacy, being boiled like an egg, and the soft, vital parts eaten by the aid of a spoon or a piece of bread.

STAR-FISH.

Some sea-urchins take up their residence in round holes, which, in a mysterious manner, they dig in the hardest rocks, increasing the size of the cavity with their own growth.

A study of these and other curious denizens of the deep will give added zest to many a seaside stroll, and increase one's knowledge and interest in the wonderful works of Nature with which this world is stored.

THROUGH THE AZORES, OR WESTERN ISLANDS.

J. B. CUTTER, M. D.

ABOUT twenty-one hundred miles from the coast of America lies a group of islands, little known to the modern tourist.

At Flores, so named from its association with its wealth of flora, the principal attraction is its beautiful sloping green hillsides, divided into thrifty little farms by hedges of bamboo. Here life is divided into periods, marked only by the arrival and departure of the bi-monthly steamer, and it must be a dreary and dreamy existence.

Twelve hours' run to the eastward brought our good ship "Vega" in sight of the long ridge of conical hills, each with a depression at the top, and which is the first picture to greet the approaching traveler to the Island of Fayal. In the teeth of a gale we entered the Port of Horta, the semi-circular roadstead, exposed to the fury of the winds.

A dream of loveliness is the first impression of the little City of Horta, nestled in the embrazure of its protecting hills. Once on land the perspective is materialized, as one walks from the quay.

The little avenue up which we wended our way is a narrow thoroughfare paved with rounded cobbles, skirted by narrow sidewalks of smooth volcanic stone, and only wide enough for a single pedestrian. The houses are made of the same material, three or four stories in height, white or pink washed, and with red-tiled roofs. The windows extend to the floors, with narrow balconies without, and are often decorated with luxuriant vines and cages of tropical birds. In the street is a striking panorama: men passing with strange burdens, and water-carriers bearing earthern vessels suspended from either end of a yoke, which rests upon the shoulders, boys and girls with huge baskets of fruit and other merchandise poised upon the head, and women in that strange Azorean costume called a capote—a cloak, and great hood, which reminds one of an exaggerated Shaker bonnet, beneath which one may sometimes catch a glimpse of the softest olive complexion, and a mild, brown eye. The Azorean women are not beautiful, but they still retain some of the voluptuous charms of their ancestors. Little donkeys, heavily laden with bulky burdens, are a common sight, and add an interest to the picture. Thus passes by an endless caravan, its unique character being sometimes relieved by the passing of the gay trap of some nobleman. Many are the interests and attractions of this, the first city of our Azorean acquaintance, and many a magnificent view greets the eye, but of all the most sublime is that of Pico, the noble mountain which crowns the sister island. Not more than two miles to the southward it stands, rearing the eternally white apex of its perfect cone, 7613 feet above the sea.

Tinted by the golden rays of the rising sun, as I first saw it on the morning of December 18th, it stood like a guardian angel watching over the destinies of the pretty little City of Area Larga at its feet, whither our ship was bound. Upon all sides of its sloping base are verdant groves and fruitful vineyards, the competence of its simple and happy inhabitants. The Pico wine is much favored in the Azores, and its dairies are the main source of supply to the neighboring islands.

A little to the north and east is Graciosa, as its name imparts, chiefly noted for the extreme beauty of its aspect and scenery. There is little but our admiration for the diversity of its charms to detain us here.

We made a brief stop at the little Port of Vellas, and a short distance further on at Topo, where we were received by a band of music and fireworks in honor of the Governor, Doctor Neurouha, who was our guest and en route to Angra.

As we approach, one of the first things to catch the eye is a monument surmounting a neighboring hill-top, made from the stones of the quay upon which landed in 1832 Dom Pedro, on his expedition to Brazil.

Angra is also distinguished as having been the residence of Queen Maria da Gloria from 1830 to 1833, when her authority was established over all the islands.

In September previous to our visit, a hurricane had made a disastrous passage through the islands, leaving devastation everywhere.

We passed along the coast line some fifteen miles to the City of San Matthieus. Here long stretches of sea-wall of ponderous masonry were swept away, and acres of low-lying districts invaded by the floods.

As we passed, upon our return to Angra, the estates of many wealthy residents, I was impressed by a strange custom. Over the entrance gates of many of these fine places were placed the figureheads of ships that had been stranded upon the shores. One, a dashing African warrior, with shield and spear and massive headgear, stood poised in startling contrast to the fair features of a siren, which at one inauspicious time had guided the fate of an American or British bark.

Though not the largest, Angra is the most attractive of all Azorean cities, for its streets are broad, well paved, and clean, and there are many plazas and pleasant drives. Life in the country is charming, and one is impressed by the humble courtesy and hospitality of the peasants. They are devoted to their families and flocks, making occasional trips to town, driving their little donkeys or ox carts, which are a curious production of wicker sides and solid wooden wheels. They make a weird and almost musical noise as they proceed at a snail's pace, due to the squeak of the axles —"a music dear to the heart of the Azorean peasant."

ANGRA, THE CAPITAL

There was at one time a law which required the soaping of the axles before entering the city, but as the story goes, a revolution occurred as to the basis of taxation. Some bold aggressor demanded redress, and cried: "Down with the income tax!" "Give us tithes!"

"Tithes!" echoed the mob, "and liberty to squeak our carts through the streets!" The country roads in spring and summer, and even to some extent in winter, are almost a bower of flowers, vines and shrubs, and are often for miles lined with high stone walls from twelve to twenty feet, enclosing gardens in the highest state of cultivation. We left Angra with a sense of genuine regret, and nightfall found us headed to the southeast, after having loaded cattle and several hundred hogsheads of alcohol for Lisbon.

A night's sail upon a tranquil sea, and we were soon anchored in the little harbor of Delgada, formed only by its great jetty, one of the longest in the world, which has been under construction for thirty-five years, a large portion of the unfinished extremity being each winter destroyed by the sea.

After the reception of the usual flotilla the steamer was boarded by the port doctor, and customs officials, under whose august surveillance the vessel was immediately placed; we were rowed to shore and made our way to the Consulate. Having completed the important matter of exchange, equipped with a supply of Azorean coin, we set forth upon a tour of inspection.

There are many things of interest in Ponta Delgada and on the Island of San Miguel, but the center of attraction to the visitor is the strange region known as the Valley of the Furnas. This lies thirty miles toward the eastward, in the heart of the Island. A nephew of our host invited us to drive in a cabriolet, a strange vehicle peculiar to the Azores, drawn by three little English ponies, harnessed abreast, with a typical zila as coachman. Slowly we wound our way through lovely country roads, bordered with honeysuckle and jasmine, over pavements as hard and smooth as asphalt. The sides had copings of heavy masonry, and each ravine was bridged with stone. Visitors in winter are few and far between, and our carriage was followed by a crowd of dirty children begging, kissing their hands and crying, "Ah, senor, senor!" Like their cousins of Madrid and Lisbon, to beg they are not ashamed.

On we drove through fields and narrow village streets, forgetting quite that it was almost Christmas Eve, until at last we reached a quaint old town at the mountain's foot, and an even more antique inn. After dinner came high mass at the cathedral, a gorgeous celebration, then a night spent in the hard Azorean beds, and an early start on donkeyback for Pico Ferro, the steepest of these mountain peaks. At its base is the valley of Furnas, with boiling sulphur springs, seething lava beds, and geysers of rainbow hues. A brief visit to the beautiful estate of Grena, an attempt to fix one final view of the Furnas as a panorama, and our last day in the Azores came to an end.

Hot springs are numerous in many parts of the Islands, and vapor may be seen issuing from almost every crevice. But the most remarkable phenomena are the boiling fountains which rise chiefly from a valley called the Furnas, near the western extremity of the Island. The water ascends in columns to the height of about twelve feet, after which it dissolves in clouds of vapor. The ground in the immediate vicinity is entirely covered with sulphur. At a short distance is the Muddy Crater, the vortex of which is forty-five feet in diameter. Its contents are in a state of continual and violent ebulition, accompanied by a sound resembling that of a tempestuous ocean. Yet they never rise above its level, unless, occasionally, to throw a short distance a spray of the consistence of melted lead. There is almost always, however, a cold spring near the hot one. These springs have, for a considerable period, been largely used as a cure for rheumatism, scrofula, and similar maladies. Bath-rooms and like bathing conveniences have been erected at these points.

In spite of all we hear about South American hospitality, a lady from Brazil tells how they combine business with pleasure. She with an uncle went to dinner at the house of one of the wealthiest of the merchants there. Everything was lavish in the extreme, but on leaving, the merchant said, "If you have any washing, send it here." It appears that in all the wealthy households they take in washing as an employment to their large retinue of servants. "But imagine my surprise," said the lady, "at the end of a formal dinner party to be asked for my soiled linen."

AN ENGLISH SPA.

JAS. P. MORRISON.

THOUGH not so interesting, historically, as many other towns and cities in Great Britain, Bath possesses an unique prestige, as having been for more than a century the preferred resort, year after year, of health-seekers and the world of fashion—from 1703, when the virtues of its therapeutic waters were illustrated in the august person of Queen Anne, until the time not very remote from our own, when owing to the rise into favor of Cheltenham, Brighton, and other watering places in England, and the opening of new spas and health resorts on the continent, its prosperity began somewhat to decline. Its popularity has been, however, of late years, on the increase again. It is no easier to account for the freaks of fashion than for those of nature.

The beauty of Bath is an old story; indeed it is proverbial. Lord Macaulay described Bath as "that beautiful city which charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio"; Carlyle declared it to be "the prettiest town in all England"; and Walter Savage Landor averred, in his usual downright way, "that it was the only place worth living in, after Florence." The *London Globe*, as far back as the thirtieth of October, 1869, in an article discussing the attractions of English towns, said: "Bath is, with perhaps the exception of Edinburgh, the most beautiful city in the Kingdom."

Of the valley in which the city reposes the physical features are distinctly marked and impressive. Bath lies in the center of a vast amphitheater of hills that present the most varied outlines, and every variety of light, shade, and color. In some places bold eminences rise, and impend over the low lying fields and orchards; in others, a green and gradual ascent presents a widening prospect. Everywhere there is a happy blending of town and country. At the end of each street verdant slopes of rugged rocks meet the gaze. No matter where you stand, whether on Claverton Down, rising six hundred feet above the level of the sea; on the still loftier range of Lansdown, with Beckford's Tower; or on Beechen Cliff, or on Sham Castle—everywhere a lovely panorama is spread out before you. Being well protected on all sides by hills the climate is never severe, and is even genial and balmy in the colder months of the year.

The medicinal value of these healing springs even now would seem to be less extensively known than in the interests of humanity it deserves to be. Numbers of English people annually resort to the Continental spas for means of relief from some lingering disease, apparently ignorant of the fact that almost at their doors and in the city so accessible as Bath, there exist fountains of healing of equal or greater efficacy, and under conditions of far greater comfort and convenience.

Among the diseases to which the Bath waters are specially applicable are rheumatism, gout, various intestinal diseases, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous debility, eczema, and other skin diseases, bilious affections, dyspepsia, and catarrh.

The many buildings devoted to the baths form a conspicuous feature in the architecture and embellishment of the city. Not to enumerate them all, there is the King's Bath, adjoining the Grand Pump Room, about 60 feet in length and 40 feet wide, and containing over 50,000 gallons of water at a temperature of 117 degrees Fahrenheit; the Hot Baths, the spring supplying which has a temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and the tepid Swimming Bath for gentlemen only, 60 feet long and 25 feet wide, and containing more than 37,000 gallons of water.

There is also a swimming bath for the use of ladies and gentlemen alternately, an elegant structure 51 feet in length and 27 feet wide, and with a capacity of 35,000 gallons of water. In addition to these are the new Royal Baths, built in 1869 on the site of the old White Hart Hotel, and a large number of public and private baths with every requisite for the convenience and comfort of the bathers.

Then there is the Grand Pump Room, erected in 1796, which figures so much in the literature of that period, in the diaries and letters of Mrs. Thrale, Mme. D'Arblay, and in the novels of Jane Austen, situated in the Abbey yard, adjoining the King's Public and Private Baths, and which is the rendezvous now, as it was then, of the elite and gay society of Bath. It is a structure of the Corinthian order, 85 feet in length and 56 feet wide, in which there is a marble statue of Beau Nash, and where a select orchestra plays every day during the winter months.

There is a continuous stream of mineral water from the spring in the Pump Room, of about 8½ gallons a minute, at a temperature of 114 degrees Fahrenheit.

The whole town is built of Bath stone, which is soft and white when quarried and first used in building. It hardens with time, however, and gradually becomes dark, resembling, after a few years of exposure, the black buildings in London which were once gray. The inhabitants have a fancy for window gardens, and the bright flowers and green leaves about the windows form a pleasing contrast to their somber-colored surroundings. Bath stone and Bath brick are known all over England; also Bath chairs and Bath buns, which originated there.

Among the many objects of interest in Bath are the Abbey (1495–1616), the most perfect specimen of the later Gothic extant; the Literary and Scientific Institution (1824), with its museum of Roman and other remains, its library, herbarium, and unique scientific collections; Pulteney Street, a quarter of a mile in length, and pronounced the finest specimen of street architecture in Europe; the Royal Victoria Park, opened by the then Princess Victoria, in 1830, containing specimens of nearly every tree that grows in Great Britain; Widcombe Old Church (1502), with Manor House, by Inigo Jones, and the Roman Baths, which visitors should not omit to carefully inspect. In a very old house, with a new front, next to the Theater Royal, now a second-hand furniture shop, lived the celebrated Beau Nash.

A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY GUITARESS.

There are several good specimens of hotel architecture, the Grand Pump Room Hotel, for instance, near the old Abbey, and in which there are several mineral baths. The interior of the hotel, however, is not so "grand" as its name and its imposing exterior would lead you to expect.

A good class of English and also Americans of quiet and refined tastes favor the York House Hotel. It is an establishment of the first class, having a central and beautiful situation. Next door are the post and telegraph offices; in the immediate vicinity are the Royal Victoria Park, the theater, the Assembly Rooms, and the attractive Crescents of the city; the principal baths are within walking distance, and the railway stations are reached by cab in five minutes. The public rooms are handsomely fitted up, and the bedrooms are luxurious in size and very homelike. Meals are served at small tables and the tariff is moderate. It is essentially a house for the patronage of families. E. Ashcroft, who has a hotel in "Clifton" Bristol, is proprietor of the York House Hotel at Bath.

The Great Western Railway which takes you to Bath from Paddington Station in London (one hundred and seven miles) in four hours, is one of the important British roads. By the Great Western you go to Torquay and Plymouth, on the southwest coast, and to such interesting points as Warwick, Stratford-upon-Avon, the old town of Chester and beautiful Leamington. The road traverses a lovely part of the country. En route you get a glimpse of Windsor Castle and pass through Taplow and Maidenhead on the Thames, the road skirting the river for many miles, affording delightful views of the Thames—not a wide sheet of water, but very picturesque in this region.

Long before you approach Bath the Avon is sighted, and as you near the station the eye is greeted by the noble hills which surround the ancient city.

FEMININITY IN WOMEN'S DRESS.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

Most men are strongly of the opinion that a woman's first duty is to be pretty If this is so, it becomes interesting in these days, when the women have taken not only the hats, collars, neckties, and shirts of the men but are even making bold efforts to appropriate their trousers, to inquire wherein lies a woman's chief charm. Does it not consist in the very fact that she is a woman and not a man? That in physical form and temperament she differs from man? And does not this render it undesirable that women should part with their distinctively feminine apparel, and try to look as much like men as possible? Not that any good reason can be urged against the adoption by women of a garment, either Turkish trousers, bloomers, or knickerbockers, which will allow a free and unimpeded movement of the legs, and thereby aid women to attain that physical health and development which is, after all, a woman's chief charm in the eyes of men. In a dress worn for cycling or any other special purpose, fitness or unfitness for that purpose is the main consideration. In a woman's ordinary dress, prettiness, elegance, and, above all, femininity, are of the first importance. A curious fact, which has often been noticed, is that the civilized woman has developed an extraordinary dread of exposing her ankle, combined with a recklessness of display of the upper portion of her body. One result of this is that a premium is placed upon a display of the feminine ankle, so that a clever Parisienne can work more deadly execution with an inch or two of silk stocking and half a yard of lace than a beautiful woman with shining shoulders and rounded bosom bared in a Worth gown. The reason is that fashion and convention sanction the latter display, but frown on the former, thus placing a dangerous weapon in the hands of the unscrupulous coquette. Evidently there is nothing inherently improper or immodest about a woman's stocking or the lace edge of a woman's skirt; all depends on the woman wearing it. The amount of the female form which may, without loss of modesty or self-respect, be displayed, is so much a matter of convention that it is impossible to say where modesty ends and immodesty begins. It is the manner in which a dress is worn that is the really important thing. The ugliest, plainest costume worn by a bold woman becomes suggestive, while comparatively scanty raiment, if sanctioned by general custom, may be worn with perfect modesty. It is the woman in the clothes that makes the difference. Even where the appeal to sex is indelicate, it is evident that the attraction lies in the femininity of the wearer. The attractiveness of the low-necked dress lies in the fact that it is an essentially feminine garment, and displays a part of the form which is characteristically feminine. The feminine woman, be she good or bad, a *mondaine* or a *demi-mondaine*, will always be attractive to men, while the mannish woman parts with the source of her best and strongest influence. Judged by the standards applied to man, she is not a success, and as a woman she is a rank failure.

PICTURESQUE HAWAII.

D. G. WALDRON.

LEAVING San Francisco for the Hawaiian Islands on the splendid steamship "Australia," you make the voyage to Honolulu in about six days. Everything on board is first-class, equaling the same service on the "Cunarders" between New York and Liverpool. As early morning dawns on the day of arrival, while coming under the lee of Oahu, the tourist will be shown the beauties of Hawaii; the bald, rounded summit of Koko Head; the rugged, fire-burnt, weather-scarred outlines of the extinct volcano, Diamond Head; then the cocoanut palms bounded by the glistening surf-bound beach of Waikiki, and finally the entrance to Honolulu harbor. Your eyes feast upon the loveliness of the great city, with its picturesque tropical homes, its shipping, its laden piers, its business blocks, and its buzz of commerce.

What a sea of pleasant, joyous faces line the docks to greet us with the welcome "Aloha." We pass up the wharf through a throng of all nations, kindreds, and tongues, who assemble here twice a month to see "who comes." The native customs officer pleasingly chalks our gripsack at the gate, and a coupe, driven by a native Jehu, takes us to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

After putting me in a nice cottage, and being well dined, I felt "at home." The grounds upon which the hotel stands comprise an entire square of about four acres, fronting on Hotel Street. This large area affords ample room for a lawn and beautiful walks, which are laid out most artistically, with flowering plants and tropical trees. There are twelve pretty cottages within this charming enclosure, all under the hotel management. The hotel and cottages afford accommodations for two hundred guests. The basement of the hotel contains the finest billiard hall in the city.

The main entrance is on the ground floor, to the right of which are elegantly furnished parlors. A broad passageway leads from the main hall to the dining-room. The apartments open on to broad verandas, where a magnificent view of the Nuuanu Mountains may be seen through the wealth of tropical foliage that surrounds the balconies and ladens the air with perfume.

Band concerts are given upon the arrival and departure of all foreign steamers. The new band pavilion is picturesquely located on the front lawn of the hotel premises, and, lighted with colored electric lights, presents a veritable fairy scene.

The fare dispensed is the best the market affords, and is first-class in all respects. Hotel and cottages are supplied with pure water from an artesian well on the premises, and are furnished throughout with electric lights and electric bells. The clerk's office is furnished with the telephone, by which communication is had with residents and the leading business firms of the city.

After taking the desired rest, and visiting the picturesque and quaint surroundings of the city, having had a grand "luau" with the natives, and having viewed the dazzling panorama of "The Paradise of the Pacific," from the old Punchbowl Crater, it is in order to go to the Volcano, now, at this writing, in active operation. C. D. Chase, General Passenger Agent of the Kilauea Volcano House Company, courteously gives us all needed special information concerning the trip.

A round-trip ticket to the Volcano costs $50. This includes all expenses, allowing three days at the Volcano. The Secretary of Wilder's Steamship Company will do all in his power to instruct travelers as to their needs en route. Voyagers will remember that they travel on fine, well-equipped steamers, with electric lights, etc., the employees being most courteous. The Volcano House is a modern-built hotel, costing in the neighborhood of $55,000, and capable of accommodating seventy-five guests. Here, on the verge of a living volcano, one enjoys all the comforts of a home. The natural sulphur steam baths are one of the features of the place, and attract a great many people suffering from rheumatism, consumption, paralysis, nervous prostration, scrofula, and other skin diseases. All are speedily cured, the steam sulphur baths and the pure mountain air being the only necessary remedies.

1. Old Plantation. 2. Banana Plantation. 3. Kapiolani Park. 4. A Tropical Home. 5. Pineapple Plantation. 6. Coffee Plantation, Puna District. 7. Scene on Oahu Railway. 8. Cutting Sugar Cane. 9. Glimpse of Honolulu.

We left Honolulu Tuesday at ten A. M. on the steel steamship "Kinau," a most excellent sea boat, touching at the old historic port of Lahaina. We pass on "O'er the waters as smooth as glass" to Maalaea Bay. Continuing to Makena thousands of acres of sugar-cane fields are passed, extending from hilltop to shore. "I've come six thousand miles, and this view alone pays me," said a party from Montreal.

Continuing across the Hawaii channel we reach Kawaihae. This port lies in the center of the great grazing country of Hawaii. Thousands of cattle are seen feeding on the slopes above.

From Kawaihae we proceed to Mahukona, a railroad port; heretofore the stops made have been too short for tourists to land, but here one can go ashore. Mahukona (the mist that rises from the sea) is near the birthplace of Kamehameha, and it was from this port that he sailed forth on the expeditions which made him King of all the islands of the group. Leaving Mahukona we soon pass the grazing country, coming to endless fields of sugar-cane. Beyond, the cliffs of Pololu rear their heads 3000 feet above the sea; endless waterfalls leap from their summits to the sea beneath. Passing these cliffs, so rugged and difficult of access that their summits have never been reached, we again come to the cane fields of Hamakua and Hilo, a continuous view of sixty miles. First, high cliffs, against which the ever-restless waves dash; just above, the black rocks, and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical growth. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever-changing beauty to the scene. From the brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp but not unpleasing contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane. The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more beautiful than any of the far-famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The Hilo Hotel was filled to overflowing; accordingly I found pleasant quarters in a handsomely furnished cottage at the lovely tropical home of C. E. Richardson, Esq., who, by the way, is one of nature's noblemen, an American by birth, and a resident of Hawaii for forty years. Hilo and its surroundings has a population of 6000. Its sugar industry is great, the output of last year being valued at $1,050,542, while its coffee industry is fast improving, with the assurance of its bringing the highest price in the San Francisco market.

Hilo is destined to become a great commercial mart; it has a harbor well sheltered from wind and storm where vessels can lie in safety. It needs a large wharf for freighting, and I learn that one will be completed in the near future. Claus Spreckels, with his fabulous wealth—the man who has done so much to build up the great industries of these islands, and who has given employment to thousands of men here, as well as in our Pacific States, is pursuing his usual progressive policy; he has erected several large business blocks. Hilo is a business mart. It has large stores, library, benevolent societies, a court and Government house with ample grounds, embowered in tropical trees, a bright newspaper (the Hilo *Tribune*), good schools, and churches of all denominations.

The city is lighted by electricity, the power used in generating being taken from the beautiful Rainbow Falls located near the city limits. It has two large sugar mills running night and day, the cane being brought in by railroads from the numerous plantations. It has iron and carriage works, soda factories, large lumber yards, drug and book stores, a photograph gallery, and one of the largest livery stables in the islands. These stables are owned by the jolly, indefatigable Jack Wilson, who employs sixty men and two hundred horses, mules, donkeys, etc., carrying freight, mails, and tourists to the Volcano House.

Boarding one of his well-equipped six-horse coaches at eight A. M., we ride over the finest lava road in the world—perhaps the only one in existence—making a gradual ascent of 4000 feet above the sea level of Hilo Bay, through boundless fields of sugar cane, coffee plantations, magnificent tropical jungles of palm and fern trees for a distance of thirty-one miles. A good lunch is had at noon at Mountain View House. Changing horses we proceed on, catching here and there a view of the "old blow holes" of extinct craters. The "Yankee Jehu" cracks his whip as we glide over the

molten beds. He "toots" the welcome stage-horn, and our eyes are fixed in wonder as we view the rising steam and smoke coming from the hundreds of hot blow-holes encircling the Volcano House for miles around.

We received a hearty welcome at the Volcano House, where we are well entertained with a good supper, a good room, and a soft, clean bed.

On the next day we leave the Volcano House for the crater of the living volcano at five P. M. Horses are available for those not caring to walk.

Once on the floor of Kilauea, interest is quickened. One can pick out old and later flows, mounds, hillocks, gulches, and chasms, in every form and variety. One soon begins to feel the heat. This comes not alone from the crater, but also from the gnarled, twisted, somber lava beneath our feet, and a haze, like the fumes of a hot summer air, wave and float from many quarters about the pit.

Lanterns are carried, and Albert, the trusty guide, carries a lunch and a big canteen of water.

As we approach the Lake of Fire, sounds are heard as if some immense iron works were near at hand: first, a heavy jar, then a puffing and hissing, combined with a steady, dull, heavy roar. The lava beneath our feet trembles more and more, evidently from the continuous falling of heavy bodies. As yet we have seen nothing, but as we mount a slight rise, a chasm filled with mighty fires appears at our feet.

Ours was a gay party of young people, and our progress over the lava had been a noisy one, but a sudden silence fell over all as the crater in its awful sublimity appeared before us. Below was one immense expanse of writhing, seething, boiling red and white hot lava. At frequent intervals a huge mass of liquid fire would raise itself, apparently without effort, some ten or fifteen feet above the surface of the lake, falling with a crash, causing the whole crater to tremble; again a fountain of white hot lava would rise with a hiss, similar to that of an immense rocket.

One can well understand that the natives believed that the Lake of Fire was inhabited by spirits. The constant motion and the erratic and unexpected movements of the fire are totally different from anything seen elsewhere, and it resembles nothing so much as an immense throng—the constant change in color, and of light and shade, makes the comparison yet more vivid. No description of this work of nature can be extravagant; no tongue or pen can rightly portray its awe-inspiring sublimity. In every detail it is superlatively distinct.

After working thus for perhaps twenty minutes, all motion suddenly ceased, and the lake in its sudden cooling was covered by a heavy black crust. A gleam of fire now and again appeared, to be suddenly extinguished. After thus lying dormant for perhaps twenty minutes, the surface of the lake was lighted up by breaks in the crust of black lava. Through some unexplained reason the whole surface sinks, and the lake appears as if an entirely different kind of lava had issued forth. It foments and boils and seethes, and creeps and jumbles and tumbles until one would think that all the imps of Satan were appearing in nature's grand ballet; and as if fittingly to close the scene there are a series of explosions and collisions, fountains and shocks, to make the grand finale. Then again the lake cools and darkens as if some immense black curtain had been drawn across its surface preparatory to the next scene. Thus it continues hour after hour, day after day.

To see the crater once is not to see it for all time—each minute it is varied; and even the guide who frequently visits it ten times daily, finds it as great a novelty, and he views it with as eager an interest, as the tourist who looks upon it for the first time.

A longer pause than usual brings us to ourselves; our interest had been so intense that we had lost conception of time, and we were surprised to find that we had remained five hours at the crater's brink.

Upon returning we found a second dinner waiting for us, which the keen mountain air made very acceptable. Those who were tired found comfort in the steam sulphur baths, while the rest of us took solace before the open fire in the quaint parlor of the old house.

It is a mistake to look upon the Volcano House as a place of temporary sojourn. Through its location the fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone are raised here to perfection. Beef, poultry, eggs, mutton, butter, and milk of the finest quality are supplied from a mountain ranch near by. Many berries, unknown in other parts of the world, are here found in abundance. Visitors find here pure air and a quiet which fills them with a feeling of peace, both with themselves and the world at large. Business cares are forgotten, and the many walks and drives give ample exercise for the body and mind.

A word about the sugar and coffee industry. Sugar-cane grows in the Hawaiian Islands to perfection. Spreckelsville Plantation, the largest in the islands, yielded alone one season 15,000 tons of sugar. The output from all the islands for the year ending December, 1895, was 294,784,819 pounds, valued at $7,975,590, and all of this immense product was consumed in the United States.

Coffee culture is comparatively a new industry. It is only since a remedy for the blight has been discovered that it has yielded sufficient returns to make its cultivation a commercial success. The oldest plantation was only begun five years ago. Notwithstanding the many blunders incidental to a new industry, it has paid dividends on the total cost of the investment of one hundred and twenty per cent. A second plantation, now four years old, will pay with its first crop not only the original cost of the investment, but a considerable bonus. In general, sure returns of not less than twenty-five per cent can be looked for on every fairly well-conducted coffee plantation within the Hawaiian Islands, estimating that coffee be sold in San Francisco at fifteen cents per pound. A considerable difference in price of coffee is due to the locality. The products from the districts of Hilo, Puna, Olaa, and Hamakua have brought twenty-two cents per pound during the past year, and with improved manufacturing processes this price will be increased several cents per pound. The districts before named possess every requisite for the successful cultivation of coffee, and the heaviest crops per acre are produced there; all are readily reached by water communication. The Hawaiian Government has lately enacted a law by which lands in new portions of these districts will be sold in tracts not to exceed one hundred acres each to one individual at a nominal sum, and as fast as lands are taken up the Government is pledged to build roads to them. This will throw open to purchasers every facility for their immediate cultivation.

Coffee is one of the few agricultural products that improves through keeping. The world's area, where it can be grown successfully, is so limited that there is no danger from overproduction. The pioneer, of small means, must make up his mind to withstand three years of moderate privation and self-denial. Every available dollar should be devoted to the purchase of land and the putting in of the crop. After that time the returns are so large that a life of comfort, if not of luxury, can be looked forward to.

The climate of the coffee belt is perfect, the temperature ranging from sixty to ninety degrees Fahrenheit throughout the year.

The Wilder Steamship Company have ports of call at frequent intervals throughout the coffee districts, and offer to the cultivator of coffee special inducements, with a view of encouraging settlement.

Those desiring to take up land, and to have it cultivated until it comes in bearing, can do so at reasonable terms.

Tourists should not forget to take a day's outing over the Oaha Railway, thirty-three miles to Waianae from Honolulu, passing the rice fields, sugar-cane fields of the great Ewa Plantation, and the renowned Pearl City, the site selected by Admirals Irwin and Walker for the great naval station for the United States. For beautiful home sites, balmy, invigorating climate, and a wide range of indescribable scenery, this location has superior attractions for all those who appreciate so great a variety of advantages.

The City of Honolulu is long and narrow, being about three miles long on the seaside and about half a mile wide, and extending nearly two miles into Nuuanu Valley on the land side, with an average width of about half a mile. The houses are rarely occupied by more than a single family, and in general the yards about each dwelling are ample. The private residences are attractive and are every year being constructed more in accordance with the privileges of the climate. The lanai, or veranda, is the distinctive feature in Honolulu house construction. It is being gradually evolved into a novel room of three sides, broad and airy, and open on one side, with a protecting screen that can be lowered as required. An afternoon tea on a lanai, open toward one's garden, with orchids and choice ferns, and a delicious breeze for inspiration, is one of the treats of tropical life.

Waikiki, the favorite "outing" of Honolulu, with its fringed sentinels of cocoa palm, offers its attractions of sea beach and delightful temperature of water for bathing, free from danger by its guarding reef, at times a picture of grandeur with its playfully angry surf. Tramcars convey passengers quarter-hourly to or from the city; or by carriage, the beauties of a drive, after a refreshing salt bath, can be had through and around Kapiolani Park, where every variety of the tropical tree and shrub can be seen. A beach road extends along to the foot of Diamond Head.

1. A Glimpse of Hilo. 2. Volcano Kilauea and Lava Beds. 3. Volcano Hou 7. Volcano Stables, Hilo. 8. Hilo Hotel.

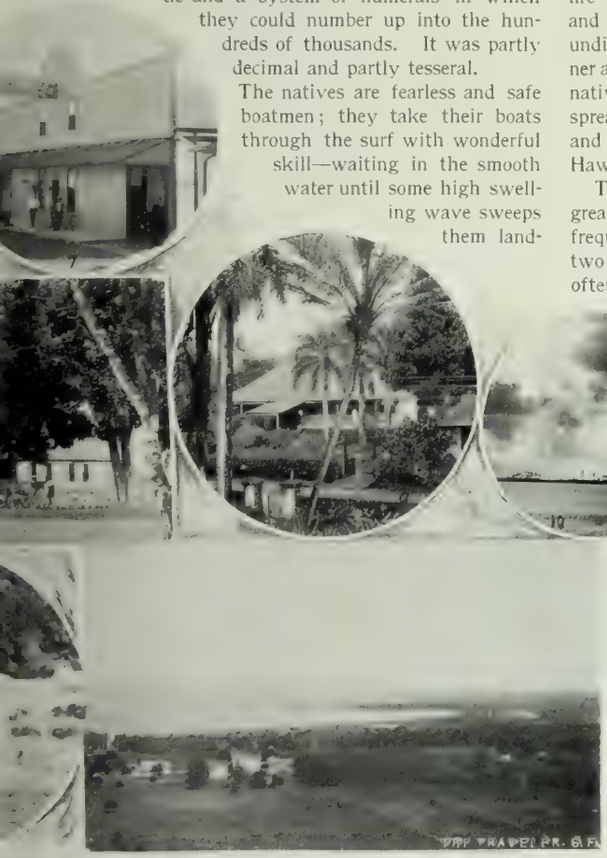
In the opposite direction from Honolulu, the trains of the Oahu Railway and Land Company connect Honolulu with Pearl River Lochs, by two or more trains daily, whereby the recently established Ewa Plantation at Honouliuli, and the new town of Pearl City at Manana, and its peninsular attractions have been made possible. Excursion trains to Remond Grove and points beyond to Waianae, at frequent intervals, afford an excellent opportunity for tourists and others for the study of the interesting features of two leading industries; viz., sugar and rice. At no other point throughout the islands can these two be seen so advantageously working, as it were, side by side.

Then to watch the surf off Diamond Head after a southern storm is a revelation of the ocean's power. Standing on the site of a heathen temple, where once sacrifices were offered to the gods of the storms and waves, you watch the great billows as they come rolling in, dashing against the rocks beneath with tremendous force, throwing clouds of spray fifty feet in the air, that turn into showers of molten gold in the sunshine. Above the incessant roar of the waves ring

the shouts of the native bathers, diving and swimming through the great billows. The more violent the surf, the greater the joy and excitement. Sometimes canoes with long outriggers, each with its single occupant, come racing in over the breakers guided with wonderful skill. At Diamond Head, perhaps, there is a better opportunity of seeing the ancient sports of the Hawaiians than at any other place on the island.

The primitive Hawaiians were very bold and skillful navigators. There can be no question that they frequently visited in their little canoes the Society Islands and Tahiti, south of the equator and 2400 miles distant from Hawaii. How they could cross such vast wastes of ocean seems at first mysterious; but they had a knowledge of astronomy such as we sometimes marvel at in the old Egyptians and Chaldeans. They knew the planets, and had names for the brighter stars. They also had a good calendar. Their year was three hundred and sixty-five days long, and began when the Pleiades rose at sunset. They had twelve months, of which eleven had thirty days each, and the twelfth thirty-five days. They had also a primitive arithmetic and a system of numerals in which they could number up into the hundreds of thousands. It was partly decimal and partly tesseral.

The natives are fearless and safe boatmen; they take their boats through the surf with wonderful skill—waiting in the smooth water until some high swelling wave sweeps them landward at railroad speed, always nearly engulfed by the high crest of the foaming breaker, but always just escaping and safely landing their heavily loaded whale boats, that in the hands of ordinary boatmen would be dashed into thousands of pieces.



he Waiakea, Hawaii. 5. Hawaiian Bathers 6. Lava Road to Volcano.
al Residence. 10. Moonlight, Hilo Bay.

A large portion of the Hawaiian Islands, now under cultivation, was comparatively valueless until foreign enterprise and capital reclaimed it. Lands were worthless for Hawaiian farming, and would have remained an unproductive area had it not been for foreign capital and energy and grit. Thus the largest plantation at Spreckelsville, the two remarkable plantations at Ewa and Makaweli, to say nothing of others, show what American enterprise can accomplish in the face of grave difficulties.

The Arum esculentum, or taro plant, with its broad, lily-like leaves floating on the water, is a part of all Hawaiian landscapes. The Kanaka's farming consists in the cultivation of this plant alone; other things may grow if they will, but to the taro nearly all of his labor is devoted. Great skill is displayed in irrigating and preparing the soil. The beds are made of rich, soft mud, each bed being enclosed in a wall of earth impervious to water. The plant is propagated by setting out the tops of the ripe root; water is then let in upon them, and retained until the planting of the next crop. It is said that forty square feet of taro will supply food for an ordinary-sized family for a year. The root can be eaten in many ways; boiled, baked, or fried is equally good, and the young leaves when boiled make a very good substitute for spinache. It is said, with much truth, that every one, particularly the natives, who eat the taro (poi) are never troubled with indigestion. In fact, many have been completely cured of this *ugly disease* by the use of the taro flour being lately introduced from Honolulu.

Every great occasion to the Hawaiian is celebrated by a luau or feast. This feast is elaborate and requires long preparation. The variety of dishes provided are numerous—roast pig, ti root, raw and cooked fish of many kinds, sea mosses, live shrimps, sweet potatoes, mixtures of cocoanut, fruits, and always plenty of poi, that most delectable of all foods for the natives. The method of cooking the luau is peculiar. The different meats and fish are wrapped in taro or ti leaves, placed in a pile of stones, which have been made red hot in a fire built in a pit. The pile is then buried in grass and earth, water is thrown on, and the whole is left undisturbed for many hours. Meats cooked in this manner are exceedingly tender, and foreigners as well as the natives enjoy the flavor acquired. Grass mats are spread upon the ground and gaily decorated in ferns and flowers. Forks and spoons are never seen, the Hawaiians using their fingers with great dexterity.

The beautiful and gigantic banana plant grows in great luxuriance in the Hawaiian Islands. Its leaves frequently measure eight to twelve feet in length and two feet across. The fruit grows in great clusters, often one hundred pounds' weight in a single cluster. It is calculated that upon a given surface of ground one hundred times as much weight of fruit is produced as that of wheat. The banana is, however, not so extensively relied upon as a food in the Hawaiian Islands as in other tropical countries. Its use by women was restricted years ago, under certain religious and superstitious regulations, a violation of which was made punishable by severe penalties, even to that of the death sentence.

Probably there is no better place in the world to see the night-blooming cereus in all its glorious beauty than Honolulu. Just at the entrance to the Manoa Valley stands Oahu College. The stone wall which surrounds the college grounds is covered with a luxuriant growth of this cactus. At the seasons of its blossoming thousands of flowers open in a single night. Going to this wall at the verge of the evening, the visitor can watch flower after flower quiver open, making the air heavy with its delicious fragrance. Soon the whole hedge is covered, gleaming white in the silvery rays of the moonlight, a scene of indescribable beauty, only to be conceived by those who have beheld it. The flowers often measure twelve inches in diameter, averaging much larger than the usual hot-house specimens; it is said that upon this wall from eight thousand to ten thousand of them have been seen open at one time.

George W. Vanderbilt's chateau at Asheville, North Carolina, is situated in one of the choice spots of America. The estate, which extends from the Blue Ridge to the Alleghany Mountains, covers an area of more than a hundred and twenty square miles, and is a broad plateau three thousand feet above sea level, splendidly wooded, and diversified with valleys, lakes, and rivers. The scenery is most beautiful. From his library windows, Mr. Vanderbilt commands a view of five snow-capped peaks and half a dozen streams. The eastern, northern, and southern approaches form a splendid and admirably cultivated garden, while the western portion has been left in its original wild state. There are facilities of the most modern stamp for all sorts of outdoor sports, from bowling and tennis to fox-hunting, quail-shooting, fishing, and boating.

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL OPTICS.

THE GREAT REFLECTOR AT ECHO MOUNTAIN.

A few feet below the steps of Echo Mountain Hotel is located the great reflector, containing the electric search-light. This light is estimated to be of three-million candle-power; it was the largest at the World's Fair in Chicago, and is to-day the most powerful artificial light in the world.

The apparatus is an illustration on a gigantic scale of the workings of the human eye, with its great lens, shaped like a lentil, double convex, thick at the center and thin at the edge.

The disk is over fifty inches in diameter, wonderfully bright and clear, without flaw or blemish. It is larger by far than any of the object-glasses of the telescopes of greatest fame.

Such a lens, if made out of one piece of glass, would be worth a fortune, if it were possible to cast such a large piece of glass without flaws, and anneal it, and possible to grind that one piece of glass accurately to its required shape.

As you approach the lens from the steps above, you see a wonderful colored picture standing in mid-air in front of the instrument. It is a giant picture of the surrounding country, with all the soft and perfect colorings of the small reflections, you observe, upside down, on the ground glass of a photographic camera. But what a size! nearly fifty inches in diameter.

As you go nearer yet, you suddenly observe a great change; you still see the landscape in colors and your own picture small and inverted, and, side by side with it, another picture of your own person, very large, erect, in motion. And if you go still nearer, then the first picture altogether vanishes, and only your own reflection remains in sight, upright.

If that great source of light were not placed between that mirror and lens, its rays would simply stream out in all directions into space, and they would lose their power within a short distance.

The lens and the mirror, each separately, and both jointly, have the power to gather all the stray beams of that mighty light, and send them in a bundle, all united, all traveling parallel, wherever that bundle of rays is directed to by the operator, lighting up, in rapid succession, every locality you may desire to illuminate within fifty miles from that wonderful lens and arc.

The instrument is of great weight, but, by means of one screw, you can turn it in a horizontal circle or plane, and, with another, you can direct it up or down to any angle. This gives it a universal motion, the same as a ball-and-socket joint would. One instantaneous turn of the screw will deviate the illuminating beam fifty miles from one locality to another, singling each out from the darkness, the most brilliant illustration possible of the marvelous speed at which light travels.

There is not another place in the world where you will find an opportunity to see optical effects so magnificently illustrated, and on so large a scale, as on Mount Lowe by the great search-light reflector.

Madeline Kilpatrick, the clever trick rider, is a small, delicate blonde, but her slight figure is rather muscular, and there is nothing she is afraid of. Speaking of wheeling, she commends the pursuit for women, advises them to wear bloomers, but attributes all dangerous ailments to bad positions. She says:

"In the first place, every woman should learn to adjust her wheel to suit her, and then, instead of sitting perfectly straight so that her backbone rests on the saddle, she should bend very slightly forward so as to take the weight from the backbone, and she should also learn to support her weight in part on the pedals and handle bars. She can stand more jar and weight on her feet and arms than she can on her backbone. Now, when I advise you to bend a little forward, I do not mean that you shall hump over like a scorcher, but, with shoulders erect, assume an easy, graceful attitude. If a woman sat up all afternoon in a carriage as straight as a ramrod, with her weight thrown entirely on her backbone, she would be completely worn out.'

THE SAD LIFE OF ADELE HUGO.

BARBARA MOSS.

IT WAS while sojourning in Paris in the summer of 1892, that I became interested anew in the family of Victor Hugo. The philanthropic eccentricities of his son, and the romantic sorrows of his favorite daughter were related to me by an American student of literature and art in the French capital, with more particularity than had ever before been my fortune to hear. I will endeavor to give the narrative as told to me.

* * * * * * * * *

One day, during the stormy times that followed the fall of the empire of Napoleon III., the son of Hugo, passing along the narrow Rue La Fontaine in his voiture, saw a gendarme brutally beating a poor old laborer. He reined up to the curb, and demanded to know the cause of such an outrage.

"Who are you, to interfere?" taunted the officer.

"A son of Victor Hugo, and as great a lover of justice as he," was the reply.

The officer strutted on with no further word. The humble offender, in answer to Hugo's questions, said he had saluted a friend with the loyal citizen's cry, "Vive la Republique." The gendarme behind and near him was a Bonapartist, who kept concealed his treasonable sentiments in order to retain his place on the Republican force, and had taken this chance of a coward to vent his pent-up spite.

M. Hugo took the blood-besmeared, shabby old fellow to his own home, where he was given the attention his condition required. He also reported the gendarme, and had him arrested.

* * * * * * * * *

And poor Adele. When the *coup d'etat* of "Napoleon the Little" (title given by Victor Hugo) took place in Paris in December, 1851, the poet's burning words for the preservation of the Republic, and the prevention of the Empire, caused his exile from the land of his nativity—the France that he regarded with an almost idolatrous love. He took his family to Belgium, and established them as comfortably there as his circumstances would allow.

In Brussels at this time resided a wealthy and somewhat distinguished English family, named Pinsen. Neighbors in nearness of residence, an intimacy, that ripened into infatuation, sprang up between Lieutenant Pinsen, an officer in the English army, and the beautiful Adele.

Dark-eyed, dark-haired, brilliant, graceful, accomplished, and of passionate temperament, she threw all the fire and fervor of her nature into this first supreme attachment.

The Pinsen family objected to the engagement. Victor Hugo's name was not yet carven in its high place on the scroll of the immortals. The family were not possessed of wealth, and were exiled for disloyalty.

The Pinsens were English—British—simon-pure, and true to their traditions. The young couple scorned their interference. Hugo, pere, was enraged when he heard the true condition of affairs, but his entreaties to his daughter, to summon her pride and remember her filial duty, fell on deaf ears.

A form of secret marriage was accomplished, and, shortly after, Lieutenant Pinsen departed to join his regiment in England, promising very soon to return for his beautiful bride, when the secret union should at once be supplemented by a public ceremony in London. Directly his regiment was ordered to move, and Adele received a hurried message, asking her to hasten to London, that she might accompany him to Halifax.

Victor Hugo said Lieutenant Pinsen should come to Brussels to marry his daughter; she should not go to him. Mlle. Adele defied them all, and declared she would go. Unable to change her determination, her mother decided to accompany her to London.

Arrived there, they found that the Sixteenth Regiment had already taken passage for Halifax, and while Adele was tearing her heart out in vehement sorrow and denunciation, the bowed and mortified Madame Hugo sought vainly for any information concerning the recreant lover, or any word of explanation or advice he might have left for them.

Stricken, crushed, the deserted girl and her sympathizing mother returned to Brussels. The father was furious. He loved his daughter beyond common expression, and that she would not forswear her unworthy lover and promise to forget him, exasperated him beyond measure.

Adele became calm, grew pale and silent, and indifferent to everything that transpired around her, and all efforts to arouse her interest or enthusiasm were futile.

One evening she was missed from her accustomed places. Suicide was first thought, but it was soon known that she had taken passage on an Atlantic steamer bound for New York, from whence she proceeded direct to Halifax. It has been said, so scant were her means for this voyage, she sailed from Europe in the steerage, and so continued until the ship's officers discovered the lady of gentle birth and breeding, and, to spare her threatened illness, placed her under the care of the stewardess.

This has been denied and reiterated, but it doesn't matter. She was courageous and determined enough to do it, and the long journey was an expensive one.

Arrived in Halifax, she took lodgings under an assumed name, and made haste to seek out her erstwhile devoted lover.

Alas! he only censured her for her obstinate imprudence, and shared none of her dreamed-of rapture at the unexpected and romantic meeting, and showed no appreciation of her frenzied devotion.

She changed her place of abode to be near him, and dogged his movements persistently. She succeeded in maintaining the secret of her identity, being known only as "the eccentric and mysterious Miss Lewly," until one day a French servant saw lying on a table in her room a letter addressed, "Visconte Victor Hugo, Guernsey, England." (The family had been obliged to remove from Brussels, and had settled in this quiet place, in the most beautiful of the Channel Islands.)

The maid was intelligent enough to report her discovery understandingly. Confession followed, and all being told, she was known about the house as Madame Pinsen, wife of Lieutenant Pinsen of the British garrison, and daughter of the great Victor Hugo.

She kept her quarters more closely than ever after this expose, but Halifax papers told how she was seen to take long walks in solitary places with her faithless lieutenant.

The romance of so distinguished a person in their midst, and the unhappy notoriety that followed its frequent mention in the public prints, along with her lover's increasing coldness and cruelty, so preyed upon her excitable nature, her behavior grew more and more morbid and unnatural, and the few who knew her intimately began to whisper of insanity.

Mrs. Saunders, the kind woman with whom Adele lived during most of her stay in Halifax (according to the *Herald* of that city), wrote to Victor Hugo of his daughter and her needs. M. Hugo replied, thanking her for her kindly interest in the unhappy girl, bade her see that Adele was comfortable, and that the bills be sent to him. This was done, and receipts for these bills were found among the poet's papers after his death.

At length, to crown her crown of sorrows, there came rumor to the deserted one that Lieutenant Pinsen was to wed with a rich and handsome lady of a neighboring town in the Province.

Mlle. Hugo was not so lost to herself in her insanity that she did not at once put her wits to work to have the truth concerning herself and Lieutenant Pinsen reach the ears of the new fiancee, and in a form that she could but listen. The high-minded lady dismissed him forthwith, and bade him think no more of her. Adele never saw her, but received her thanks through a messenger for saving her from a deplorable fate.

From Halifax the broken-hearted, half-crazed woman followed the Sixteenth Regiment to Barbadoes, where she took no measures to conceal her identity or the story of her fruitless wandering. Before her departure, however, she counseled with a Halifax lawyer, who pitied and befriended her, as to a suit for breach of promise, but was discouraged, from the fact of the clandestine marriage, which, unacknowledged, under other circumstances would be brought into such a suit.

In Barbadoes her situation became pitiful in the extreme. She was finally adjudged insane, and returned, under escort, to Europe, passive until she reached England, where she became violent, and was placed in a private asylum for detention and treatment. Later, she was removed to a home for incurables in Paris. Fierce and melancholy by turns, she talked little, and shunned observation.

* * * * * * * * *

The narrator of this sad, half-told story believed she died in 1889 or 1890, but I was told later by one who should know, as he was a sanitary officer for public institutions, that she had been seen within the year riding with her brother on the boulevards of the city, so closely veiled she was recognized only by those who knew the burning dark eyes and abundant gray hair.

* * * * * * * * *

It was with this story haunting me that I went next day with my American-Franco friend to search out the memorial mansion on Avenue Victor Hugo, only to find it dismantled, and the family all "gone away."

This the concierge shouted at us from an open window of a chamber, and we had to content ourselves with gazing at the tablet whereon was inscribed: "In this hotel died Victor Hugo, May 22, 1885."

Walking farther out the avenue we came upon the memorial chapel and annex, being builded in "Place Victor Hugo."

From thence a cab carried us to the Pantheon, where reposes the dust of the illustrious exile—the incomparable patriot, poet, and magic weaver of tales that break the heart, fascinate the senses, and enlighten the understanding.

A recital of the gloom and glory of the funeral by the garrulous guide—"the whole city was in black," he said, "and every child, even, carried a funeral wreath"—was of minor interest to me. I could not banish from my thoughts the sad story of poor Adele, the brilliant woman whose life was wrecked by her own devotion, and the faithlessness of an unworthy and cruel lover.

In wandering about the outskirts of the City of Mexico, or other towns, one is constantly coming across women washing garments in running streams. They beat the clothes upon flat stones, and use plenty of soap. Near Chapultepec, the suburban residence of President Diaz, and again near Coatepec, a village in the State of Vera Cruz, I photographed women washing clothes in streams, in which they stood with their skirts tucked up to their knees. Often, too, one may see a woman washing her long hair in the clear water.

Concerning the *tortillas* which the majority of Mexican women are daily occupied in making, an observant British traveler has this to say: "Until the Mexicans turn from *tortillas* to grinding their corn and making bread, the drudgery of manufacturing *tortillas* will prevent their women from rising in the social scale, and keep them in their present overworked and degraded condition. The daily recurring task occupies so much of their time that they keep neither themselves nor their houses clean, and are unable to attend to their children. Clearly the watchword of the advocates of women's education in Mexico must be, 'Down with the *tortilla!*'"

The Windsor, though not the newest of Denver hotels, still holds first place in the hearts of her citizens, and is not only favored with the lion's share of transient business, but also secures every banquet of importance given in the city; this prerogative, however, being necessitated by the fact that, by the peculiar construction and arrangement of its culinary departments, the Windsor is the only hotel in the city capable of successfully coping with large gatherings. Prospective visitors to Denver would do well to request a copy of the new descriptive booklet just issued by the Windsor, entitled "The Evolution of the Modern Hotel."

James Whitcomb Riley has retired from the lecture platform. He gives as his reasons, continually recurring stage fright and a strong aversion to travel. Familiarity with strange audiences and frequency of public appearance did not relieve his nervous tremors.

A SUMMER OUTING ON THE OHIO.

VIRGINIA DARE.

DURING the piping days of summer the resident of cities along the Ohio, who cannot get away for a long outing, turns with delight to the river, and, leaving business cares behind, takes a few days off on its waters, certain that he will be cooled by balmy breezes, and feel the need of a blanket. To the more adventurously inclined, who can afford to feel that "time was made for slaves," the trip has an attractive element of uncertainty about it, as from June to January the waters are generally falling; as the boats draw at least three and a half feet, and occasional soundings show but four feet of water, there are possibilities of being landed high and dry on a sand-bar, thus making the trip a sort of *Reise in das Blanc*—a journey into the unknown.

"If an accident happens," says an old river man on one of these trips, "just turn over in your berth, and go to sleep, for even with a big hole in the bottom there is no chance to wet your feet."

This is amply demonstrated in passing the wreck of a big steamer, which, starting out with a gay excursion party, came to grief at the end of a pier leading to a small town; she presented a melancholy spectacle, with chimneys toppled over, one side of her bow half buried in the water, while her stern rose high out of it.

The beautiful dark-green surface of the river is as placid as that of an inland lake, which its curves and windings make it closely resemble, and the receding waters leave a broad, sandy beach, filled with fossil shells, on each side, above which tower tree-clad cliffs to a height of several hundred feet in many places. Occasional handsome houses are seen peeping from the foliage, in the neighborhood of the cities more particularly, but in general the signs of life are confined to plain farm-houses, to numerous skiffs and fishing boats, and to the omnipresent house or "shanty-boat," as it is more generally called. These last have little in common with the house-boat chronicled by Mr. Tom Black: they rather resemble large, rectangular boxes, built on floating platforms, and are said to cost anywhere from ten dollars to two hundred dollars, but few cost anything like this last sum. The best are gaily painted, and rejoice in fantastic names; some have lace curtains at the square holes which serve as windows, showing the usual "woman in the case," and vines and plants growing in profusion in boxes, while others are pulled up on shore among the trees, and show all the signs of family life.

In the vicinity of the towns, another craft looms up, which strikes a new comer with its novelty; this is the "horse-power boat"—a comical-looking affair, as broad as it is long. A horse on an inclined treadmill furnishes the motive power for turning two uncovered wheels on each side, which forcibly recall the toy wheels that small boys in the country manufacture with a penknife; the single deck, open at each end, is wide enough to admit carriages and wagons, and the whole is used as a ferry-boat.

At intervals along the banks, the underbrush is cleared up, the trunks of the trees are whitewashed, and there are one or more tents; music and gay laughter, feminine as well as masculine, float across the water, and show that though the sea may be remote a substitute has been found for seaside pleasures.

All these signs of peaceful life make it difficult to realize that a hundred years ago this region was a vast wilderness, so noted for its Indian atrocities that the space between the mouths of the two Miami rivers was known as the Miami Slaughter House. The extinct buffalo still roamed in large numbers on both sides of the river, and Louisville and Cincinnati were scarcely begun. The site of the latter city was bartered in 1781 for a pony, and even in 1803 deerskins were a legal tender, at the rate of forty cents a pound.

Amongst the working crews of river boats an important member is frequently a sheep. Our vessel carried a quiet and well-behaved specimen on the front of its lower deck; it lay down amid the coils of rope near the capstan, and chewed its cud as contentedly amongst the roustabouts as if its foot was on its native heath: being led ashore whenever sheep were to be taken aboard, it took the initiatory steps in a game of "follow my leader." It was still somewhat new to the business, and was held in leading strings on shore, but many have been known which were allowed full liberty on land as well as on the lower deck. They learn to understand the signals, and are always first to jump off, browsing contentedly if there are no duties to perform; but let the bell tap for leaving, then wo betide the unlucky wight who stands in the way! The sheep stands not on the order of his going, but makes a bee-line for the gangway, overturning any one who obstructs the path. Hogs are also used in the same way; they are taught to submit to being dropped into the pens on the landing, where other swine are waiting to be taken aboard, and when the pen is opened they make straight for the boat, and are followed by the other animals.

The Ohio has some beautiful islands, each of which has a history. Of these, Blennerhasset's Island, in the upper part of the river, is one of the most renowned. There the partner in Aaron Burr's wild scheme of a western empire built and furnished a home, surrounded by grounds laid off with taste. Both shrubbery and building were greatly injured by the visit of the militia, who came in December, 1806, to arrest the owner for treason, and in 1812 the house was completely destroyed by fire; since then the Island has returned to its original wilderness, except where cultivated.

OHIO RIVER, NEAR CINCINNATI.

There is a story connected with another island which shows the fertility of Yankee ideas. It is that of a man who proposed to make a fortune by raising cats for their skins. He stocked the island well, employing a man to attend to feeding them, but by some unforeseen conjunction of circumstances provisions became scarce, and the cats, after destroying every other living creature, turned their attentions to their attendant. Their voice was all for war, and the terror-stricken man had to flee to his hut for his life; they besieged every crevice, at the same time waging a battle amongst themselves, which threatened to rival that of the famous Kilkenny felines. An expedition for the man's rescue was fitted out from the mainland, but every cat had to be exterminated before it could be accomplished.

River men from St. Louis have always striven to belittle the Ohio River boats, running to the rival city of Cincinnati, by calling them "Rag Town" boats, and no trip can be made on the river without seeing evidences of one of the Queen City's most thriving industries. Amongst the other queer craft overhauled on the journey is a high-decked barge, wholly covered with an immense pile of bones at one end, and old shoes at the other; they are the jetsam and flotsam of the stream, collected from its shores, and the bones go to the phosphate-mill, which fills the air with perfumes—not those of Araby—on the approach to the hilled city. The barge is pushed ahead by a puffing little tug, which gallantly shows the way over a shallow channel to the big steamer in her rear, her officers measuring the depth with a pole as she goes, and calling it out in neighborly fashion to her big follower.

Besides the odors of the fertilizing factories, the neighborhood of Cincinnati is heralded by sundry others, which bid fair to rival the numerous stenches which Coleridge found in Cologne. Yet the city itself is, as Dickens found it in 1842, "beautiful, cheerful, thriving, animated"; its library of 190,000 volumes, housed in a building which, with its lot, cost largely over $300,000, its park and museum, its art school, and the artistic Rookwood pottery, all show what it has done for its citizens.

Strange to say, Dickens's description of an Ohio River steamer of that day might have been written yesterday, so true is it in every particular. Those who think his American Notes overdrawn, should sit down to what he characterized as "the spreads" which pass muster as dinner; the meal still richly deserves the caustic criticism in which he compares it to a collation of funeral baked meats.

There is, however, one noticeable improvement since Dickens's day—there are no gloomy passengers, "beside whom undertakers on duty would be sprightly." The tourist of to-day is so far from melancholy that he is even capable of taking as a joke the experience of a party of excursionists whose boat struck a "snag," or floating tree; having a barge in tow for emergencies, they were put ashore, and, after a walk of three miles along the sands, were transferred in a skiff to a town on the opposite shore, arriving at midnight. Only at low water, however, are Ohio River accidents so harmless; the winter rains and snows bring floods which change the peaceful stream into a raging torrent, from forty to sixty feet deep; accidents then—fortunately rare—mean loss of life, or suffering to be remembered for a lifetime.

Both at Louisville and at Cincinnati the river is crossed by several iron bridges, the cost of which has been up into the millions. The prosperity of the country is further shown by the docks for boat-building, and evidences of many other industries visible at numerous points between the two cities.

It is said that General Harrison, since he resumed the practise of law, has made fees amounting to nearly $200,000. He has earned, outside of the $1000 each for sixteen lectures at Leland Stanford, Jr., University, a fee of $25,000 in the City of Indianapolis *vs.* The Street Railroad Company; a fee of $25,000 in the McKeen-Ives case; a fee of $19,000 in the Morrison will case. Can it be possible that the ex-President desires a second term in the White House?

One has to be pretty careful now-a-days in the way he writes his duns on postal cards. The postoffice regulations are rather strict. Anything threatening, or scurrilous, or abusive, will subject the offender to severe penalties. An eminent attorney at Rockford, Ill., was taken to Chicago recently by a Deputy United States Marshal for a hearing on a charge of having written an offensive postal card to a young man connected with a Chicago bank, dunning him for an old account. It is not likely that he will soon repeat the offense.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKLEY FERGUSON

Boston is going to have a horse show. The event will take place this month, and the bean-fed metropolis is perfecting vast arrangements accordingly, for Boston intends to make New York wilt with chagrin in this, her first effort in the horse-show line. It takes Boston some time to wake up to a question of this kind, but she falls into line, spectacles and all, sooner or later. It is a bit difficult to imagine Bostonese of the Browning variety floating around a tan-bark arena to the music of flying hoofs, but then we probably err in fancying that there is no such thing as a resident of the Hub divorcing himself long enough from the thraldom of bookish pursuits to discuss a horse's good points. It goes without saying that Boston will garb herself most decorously at the show. New York, you know, doesn't always do quite as she should in such matters, but Boston—dear me! Did Boston ever do anything that wasn't real nice and proper?

Babies born on the 29th of February are cheated out of a great many birthday cakes.

The only objection that one has to the lotions for removing freckles is that they are apt to remove the complexion at the same time.

Nobody but the late Sultan of Turkey ever thought of such a thing as using the bicycle for an instrument of torture. Whenever any of the ladies of his harem had the misfortune to offend him, he would compel them to mount the machines and ride around a marked track in the palace gardens. Of course the poor things tumbled off repeatedly, whereupon the abominable Sultan indulged in paroxysms of mirth. When each had "bitten the dust" a dozen times, her punishment was completed—for that occasion. Never mind. Perhaps the Sultan is doing penance for his sins in some non-terrestrial purgatory.

One of the latest novelties is a phonographic time-keeper that calls the hours instead of striking them. It is doubtful, however, if anything of modern invention can more effectively arouse one from roseate slumbers in the chilly dawn than the barbaric, cruel, ear-splitting, merciless b-b-b-rrrrrrrrrr!!! of a six-bit alarm clock three feet from your pillowed head.

The women of Denmark are ahead of any other women on the face of the earth in one particular. They recently announced the opening of a woman's theater for the present season. All the plays are to be written by women dramatists. Every character—male included—will be taken by women, while the orchestra, soloists, chorus, conductor, and even the "supers" will be feminine. Denmark appears to have a new woman era all by itself.

A lecturer recently talked to empty seats on "How to be Dutiful." "How to be Beautiful" would have packed the house.

Experiments with the X ray have been wonderfully successful, but it must be borne in mind that it has not yet been tried on a Chinatown odor.

The other day a young man from London arrived in a Northern city, and, wishing to let his friends in the South know of his safe arrival, he went to the postoffice (not the chief one), and inquired if he could send a telegram direct from the office, and how long it would take. The young lady was inclined to be snubbish, and cut short his inquiries with, "I am not paid to answer silly questions." Her face blanched wonderfully, however, when she found herself compelled to wire the following message: "Arrived safe. Girls here ugly and bad-tempered."

"Colonel, what do you think of that theory that it is so injurious to drink water while eating?"

"I don't see, sah, why it should not be as injurious then, sah, as at any other time, sah."

Two travelers set forth one day
  To journey out of town,
And while one sang a roundelay,
  The other wore a frown.

One praised the beauty of the hills,
  The green and fragrant sod;
To him the music of the rills
  Seemed messages from God.

The other one, with gloom oppressed,
  Saw nothing that was fair;
His comrade, seeking for the best,
  Found sunshine everywhere.

And lo, the people welcomed him,
  And fain would hold him fast;
But shrank from his companion grim,
  And shunned him as he passed.

One carried joy and one distress,
  Whichever way they went;
The name of one was Cheerfulness;
  The other, Discontent.

No matter what we do up this way, those Los Angeles papers criticize us. The *Express* says that we have tried to economize on the cathode rays by taking them from the sun. Dear, dear! Can't we have any fun at all?

Will the Sunday papers never have done with exploiting American girls who have married titles? It is bad enough to know it. We don't want to be continually reminded of it. From Uncle Sam's runaway children we have parted more in sorrow than in anger. And may heaven have mercy on their American souls!

After all, Fresno isn't such a wicked place as it has been trying to make us believe. They raised $4000 down there the other day to pay off a church debt.

A London physician advises hair-cutting for headaches. Now, what earthly good is a prescription like that to a bald-headed man?

A down-town merchant told me the following story on himself:

"I have been so bothered lately with appeals from the mendicant fraternity that I determined to turn the proverbial 'deaf' ear to all of them, preferring to keep my change for my own use, rather than provide beer money for the loafing population that is afflicted with perennial thirst. Well, the other night—long after midnight it was—I was waiting at the corner of Clay and Montgomery for a homeward-bound car, when a tattered specimen of the familiar type approached me with the customary plea for a dime. 'Here goes my resolution into effect,' said I to myself. 'Can't do it,' I answered aloud, canceling all previous good deeds in the philanthropic line by telling a big, big fib, 'can't do it—haven't a nickel to get home on,' I added with guilty desperation, for if I had to prevaricate at all, why not tell a good one while I was about it? My ragged, unkempt visitant looked me over pityingly. 'Here,' he said, sympathetically, diving into the place where a pocket might once have been, 'here—I know how it is to be broke myself,' and before I could realize what had happened he had shuffled off after thrusting a nickel into my hand. At that moment along came my car. It was the last one that night, and I couldn't miss it by chasing my would-be benefactor. So I rode home, feeling meaner than ever before in my life to think that my car-fare had been paid by as disreputable a looking vagrant as ever fell into the clutches of the police."

If Eve could only have worn bloomers and gone a-biking, her mind would have been so taken up, that the chances are she never would have thought of meddling with that horrid little apple.

Odd that during the first sixty years of a woman's life she should be averse to revealing her age, and after that gets prouder of it the older she grows.

Pomona burglars wear silk hats and toothpick shoes. Plunderers in this locality are not so vain. The San Francisco knight of the jimmy is only particular about the size of his sack.

A number of Eastern firms advertise, "Five hundred places to dispose of manuscripts," but the waste basket still continues to hold its own.

Peanut sandwiches are said to be in high favor with fashionable Washington society, and are usually accompanied, at midnight, by a Welsh rarebit, or they appear at afternoon teas with salads. The peanuts go through a complicated process of preparation, and are moistened with sherry or mayonnaise. Is it not a wonder that with such deadly obstacles as this in the path of legislative progress, we have any government at all?

When earth is clothed in a vesture of flowers,
  And robins carol their sweetest song,
We should hold the brightness for coming hours
  When days are dreary and nights are long.
There is little to cheer us and much to chill;
I thought so once, and I think so still.

The poisons of envy and hate and malice,
  O'erbrimming, are held to our lips each day;
But those who drink from the bitter chalice
  Are dwarfed and stunted and warped alway.
We should quaff at the springs of sweet good-will;
I thought so once, and I think so still.

A worthier shrine for our love arises
  Whenever an idol trails the dust.
And all the dearer some friend we prize is
  Because of the one who betrayed our trust.
A solace awaits us for every ill;
I thought so once, and I think so still.

If it be true, as stated, that one of the Russian torpedo boats is named Vzryv, then it is easy to believe that the only way to pronounce it properly is to take an ounce of snuff and stand on your head.

It is very humiliating to discover that you are of the earth earthy; to find that an acquaintance, whom you know cannot dot her i's and cross her t's and whom you are positive eats pie with a knife, is capable of emotion that you cannot feel. For while my neighbor to the right at a Paderewski recital wore a look of seraphic beatification; while my neighbor to the left heaved ecstatic sighs and murmured inarticulate expressions of joy as each number was concluded, I could only gaze in respectful wonder at the piano pyrotechnics; crushed with a sense of my utter unworth, chagrined to find that I was indeed soulless. For I had heard Paderewski and had failed to thrill.

An actress nowadays must be able to take flying leaps from supposedly burning buildings without landing on her nose; vault to and from the saddle with the ease of a circus rider; climb stage trees without tipping them over; sing, dance, faint, and go up in stage balloons. Incidentally, she should know how to act.

I thought I saw two shadows on the wall—
  Strange how the fancies run!
I even thought I saw a figure tall,
And just beside it one with waist-line small.

What tricks the eyes do play! I let mine fall
For one brief instant. Shadows on the wall?
  Nay. There was only one.

It is surprising how much more cheerfully the girls regard Lent since the bicycle came into use.

That good, estimable, and noticeably humane publication, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is authority for the statement that the only way to make good terrapin stew is to drop the live terrapin into a pot of boiling water, naively adding that, while it may seem cruel, it is really the best way to kill it. Perhaps; but it must be remembered that the testimony of the terrapin on this point has never been taken.

Demure her blushes come and go;
  Her eyes upon the ground are bent;
She must not look your way, you know—
  'Tis Lent.

The days to you seem dull and slow;
  Some sacrifice she must invent,
And this is why she treats you so—
  'Tis Lent.

But, oh, when Easter lilies blow,
  She wears a look of sweet content,
And breathes the love she dared not show
  In Lent.

After a temporary cessation of popularity the V-shaped evening bodice has come into fashion again. The dressmakers call them "V's," but the physicians allude to them with professional contempt as "pneumonia waists."

"Who weeps with you when you are sad, and laughs with you when you are glad, and swears with you when you are mad? The editor. Who has to be both kind and wise, and never (hardly ever) lies, and when he does, creates surprise? The editor. Who owns a heart as well as cheek, is possessed of a spirit proud but meek, and lives on 40 cents a week? The editor."—*Hilarious Exchange.*

"Who rarely what he says recants, but wears a liver pad in his pants, when mad subscribers kick and prance? The editor. Who bears in patient, gentle way the man who 'just drops in' to say, 'Your paper's doggoned poor to-day'? The editor. Who loves the chap who will not calk, but comes at ten o'clock to talk, and stays till four, and will not walk? The editor. Who, when he gets to heaven, will look on men delinquent on his book, and smile when they're by Peter 'shook'? The editor."—*A. J. W. in Fresno Republican.*

Who wears a corrugated smile, a coat that's sadly out of style, and trudges with the rank and file? The editor. Who knows that, try as best he may, he cannot make his paper pay without the scandal of the day? The editor. Who is it scrawls with smudgy ink the thoughts that he has tried to think, and drives compositors to drink? The editor? Who hopes to some day reach a spot—he really doesn't mind how hot—where "copy," paste, and pens are not? The editor.

ITEMS.

"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you ware to meetin' last Sunday?"

"How do you know I hab a watch?"

"Bekaus I see de chain hang out of de pocket in front."

"Go 'way, nigger! S'pose you see a halter round my neck, you think dat is a horse inside ob me!"

We learn that the Arcade Depot Hotel at Los Angeles has been doing an excellent business this season. It is one of the neatest little hotels in the city, and its location, within a stone's throw of the main depot, is quite an advantage to securing a large percentage of the traveling element.

Joaquin Miller's poem, "49," which was set to music by a Californian lady, Leila France, is becoming well known. It is a typical song of California. The music was played at the Dedication Exercises at the Native Sons' Building, February 9th by Casassa's Band.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

The Wave, in the issue of March 21st, says: "Quite the handsomest publication we have, typographically, is *The Traveler*, and the March issue is up to the standard of its predecessors. Curious as it may seem, *The Traveler* is the only effort at an illustrated paper we have in San Francisco. It attains some very excellent effects, and it is remarkable its success does not induce rivalry. Among the features of the March number are: 'Mexican Types,' 'A Story of a Perilous Flume Ride,' and 'Nikko Temples,' contributed by the editor and beautifully illustrated.

LA FIESTA FLOWER PARADE.

The most striking feature of the Fiesta celebration at Los Angeles, especially for Eastern people, is the flower parade. This event comes near the close of the great festival, Saturday afternoon, April 25th, when the crowd is greatest, and the enthusiasm is at its height.

The practise of decorating vehicles of all sorts with flowers is an ancient one, and has been the principal feature of the famous celebrations at Nice and other European winter resorts for the better part of a century.

To Santa Barbara belongs the honor of first establishing this custom in Southern California; and the flower festival parades of that city were great and notable events for their first beginnings. The Santa Barbara Festival precedes La Fiesta de Los Angeles this year one week, and there are thousands of tourists, as well as residents of Southern California, who are planning to attend both celebrations, and will be able to compare the one feature that both have in common, viz., the flower parade.

The premiums offered in the Fiesta flower parade aggregate nearly $1500. For example, in some classes they run as follows: Floats—First premium, $100; second, $60; third, $25. Six-in-hands—First premium, $75; second, $50; third, $20. Four-in-hands—First premium, $60; second, $40; third, $15.

A considerable amount of quiet rivalry exists among the owners of fine equipages in Los Angeles to work out the finest designs and secure the honor as well as the reward of a first prize.

There is also a lively but good-natured spirit of emulation between the people of Los Angeles and those of Santa Barbara as to which shall offer their visitors the finest and most artistic entertainment. The flower parades of this year are likely to be the grandest and most memorable ever shown in the history of Southern California.

NEW GOLD.

AFTER THE WINTER RAIN.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Ina D. Coolbrith.*]

After the winter rain,
Sing, robin! sing, swallow!
Grasses are in the lane,
Buds and flowers will follow.

Woods shall ring, blithe and gay,
With bird-trill and twitter,
Though the skies weep to-day,
And the winds are bitter.

Though deep call unto deep
As calls the thunder,
And white the billows leap
The tempest under;

Softly the waves shall come
Up the long, bright beaches,
With dainty flowers of foam
And tenderest speeches.

After the wintry pain,
And the long, long sorrow,
Sing, heart! for thee again
Joy comes with the morrow.

FLYIN' KITES.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Arthur Macdonald Dole.*]

"We've jest had the greatest fun,
As is under all the sun;
Me an' Hal 'n Ted 'n Bill,
Over on old Simpson's hill,
Flyin' kites.

"We wuz busy yesterday,
Pastin', stickin', whittlin' 'way,
Cuttin' paper, rags 'n strings;
Cuz yer need a stack o' things,
Flyin' kites.

"Hal he worked with little Ted—
Their whole kite 'n tail wuz red;
Bill's wuz bloo, 'n mine wuz white,
And we made a dandy sight,
Flyin' kites.

"Fer to-day the wind wuz free,
Oh, it blew jest orful. Gee!
I lost off my bestest hat,
But I never minded that,
Flyin' kites.

"Makes a feller hang on tight
To his twine: yer see a kite
Jerks as hard as mack'rel do—
Seems like yer is fishin' too—
Flyin' kites.

"It's such sport to watch 'em sail,
Floatin' 'round with wigglin' tail;
Divin', noddin', 'way up far
In the bloo sky, when we are
Flyin' kites.

"I don't savey how it's so—
But I heard pa say it, though—
That in every livin' place
Everybody's in a race,
Flyin' kites.

"But if you should ever see
Ted an' Hal 'n Bill 'n me
Havin' fun a-kitin': why,
Betcher life, yer'd want to try
Flyin' kites."

CHICAGO LIMITED. VIA SANTA FE ROUTE.

A new train throughout began October 29th. Pullman's finest sleeping-cars, vestibule reclining-chair cars and dining-cars. Los Angeles to Chicago, via Kansas City, without change. Annex cars on sharp connection for Denver and St. Louis. Twenty-seven hours quicker than the quickest competing train. The Santa Fe has been put in fine physical condition and is now the best transcontinental railway. Ticket office, No. 644 Market St., Chronicle Building., San Francisco.

During a mission lately held, printed notices were given to the factory men each day. One notice ran thus: "Come in your working clothes, and bring others." Fortunately the printer saw the humor of the situation in time to prevent a wag arriving with a change of apparel in a Gladstone bag, and so a scene was prevented.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Frank Davey Photo

"Tell me, guide, why so few people ascend that magnificent mountain."

"Because no one has ever fallen off it."

Mistress—How came you to let this fire out?

New Girl (innocently)—I suppose you forgot to tell me to put any coal on, ma'am.

O'Hoolihan (bathing)—Och, Laverty, here comes some ladies!

Laverty—Ther divil! O'Hoolihan, rin up on ther bank, and war-r-rn thim aff!

"Isn't it funny, papa?" exclaimed a small boy, who had been in the kitchen watching the cook preparing the turkey.

"What's funny?"

"Why, when they dress a turkey they always take off his clothes."

"I wish I hed money enough ter make ev'ry poor child in London happy ter-morrer," remarked Ginger Jim on Christmas Eve.

"Wot would yer do?" inquired his pal.

"Put it inter Gover'munt stocks, an' live on de interest," replied the philanthropic Ginger Jim.

"Papa." (She knelt beside the dejected figure, and fondly kissed the drooping head.) "Papa, can I not keep the wolf from the door with my singing?"

He was without hope, although he smiled.

"My child," he sighed, "your singing would keep almost anything from the door, but the wolf is pretty nervy, you know."

He—I never smoke a cigarette without thinking what a fool I am.

She—I didn't know before that there was any virtue in cigarettes at all.

Agitated Young Bridegroom (immediately after the ceremony)—Serena, shall—shall I—shall we—shall we kiss?

Self-possessed Bride (it being her third experience)—It is my usual custom, William.

"Perhaps if I were to boil it down," suggested the space writer.

"Wouldn't do any good," says the obdurate editor. "Take a gallon of water and boil it down to a pint, and it would still be nothing but water."

She had a voice like a siren and when she sang: "'Mid play sure, sand pal aces, though heam a Rome, Be it averse oh wum bull there, snow play sly comb——" and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room. Pathetic, was it not?

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THE ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL,

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PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAWAII.

Sanford Ballard Dole was born in Honolulu of American parents, in 1844, and received his primary education at Kauai, until he had more than attained his majority. Young Dole, having chosen the law as his profession, had employed himself in various capacities in order to acquire the necessary means to prosecute his studies. At the age of twenty-two he went to Williams's College in Massachusetts. He applied himself closely, and after the end of a twelve-month was admitted to practise in the courts of Suffolk County, Mass. Soon after this he returned to his native islands, and was admitted to the bar of the Hawaiian Islands until 1887, when he was appointed to the Supreme Bench.

SANFORD BALLARD DOLE

In 1884, he first became a member of the legislature. Mr. Dole was in favor of reform, but he would not participate in extreme measures. He was contemplating leaving the Islands for a much-needed rest when he was tendered a position on the Supreme Bench.

The President has not confined himself exclusively to law and politics, for he has contributed considerably to literature. Among several articles from his pen, one appearing in Johnson's New American Cyclopedia on the Hawaiian Islands is remarkable for its brevity and perspicuity, the subject being handled with exceptional ability.

President Dole was married in 1873 to Miss Anna P. Cate of Massachusetts and enjoys a quiet, happy life at his pretty residence on Emma Street.

OUR HAWAIIAN REPRESENTATIVE.

One of the most popular and best-known men in San Francisco is Honorable Charles T. Wilder, who in 1893 was appointed Consul to represent the Hawaiian Government in this city. Mr. Wilder is a man of superior education, and affable and courteous in his dealings. He has much reserve force, is a ready conversationalist, and well posted on the leading questions of the day.

HONORABLE CHARLES T. WILDER.

Mr. Wilder is a son of W. C. Wilder, one of the prominent residents of the Islands. The Consul-General is a native of Geneva, Kane County, Ill. He left there with his parents for Hawaii in 1869. His boyhood days were spent on the Islands, where he was educated. When he reached manhood he became identified with the Wilder Steamship Company of Honolulu. He is a graduate of the celebrated Miami University of Ohio, also of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. His natural talents attracted the attention of his superiors, and he became an important man in the extensive business of Wilder & Co. Being broad-minded, full of sagacity, and imbued with good qualities, he was elected by the Provisional Government as Consul-General. His success and assiduous devotion to the duties of his position aroused a feeling of admiration everywhere.

TO THE KILAUEA VOLCANO.

GEORGE MANSON.

To the Hawaiian Islands unquestionably belongs the fame of revealing to human vision and human understanding the most wonderful natural phenomenon in existence—a lake of real burning, boiling, seething, hissing, molten lava. This sublime and awful spectacle has no parallel among earthly scenes, and few depart from the islands without having witnessed it.

The route of the Inter-Island Steamship Company from Honolulu to the volcano presents an opportunity to view the splendid scenery of the coast of Hawaii in the daytime, together with time to visit the historic residence and place of death of the Great Kamehameha, and the monument of Captain Cook.

Leaving Honolulu by the fine steamship "W. G. Hall," the tourist will find every comfort and convenience on board. The steamer invariably leaves Honolulu on Tuesdays and Fridays alternately, at ten A. M., giving the passengers fine views of rugged island scenery while running along the coasts of Molokai and Lanai. About five in the evening the anchor is dropped in the Bay of Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, the former seat of government and the old port where hundreds of whaling ships used to congregate. Here a stay of an hour or so is made, and every facility is offered passengers to go ashore, the ship's surf boats being at their service at this and every other landing on the route.

At six o'clock in the morning the Island of Hawaii is sighted, from which point there is nothing but smooth water to the end of the trip. For five or six hours the vessel skirts the Kona coast, with its magnificent scenery and mountain peaks within plain view. About seven o'clock Kailua is reached, and a stay of three or four hours gives the tourist abundance of time to view the royal residences. On this spot is an elegant hotel, where the traveler may obtain an excellent breakfast or lunch.

Half an hour's more steaming brings the vessel to Keauhou, where a stay of only a few minutes is made.

Everywhere along the Kona coast the Hawaiian is seen in his native simplicity. His grass huts abound along the shores, and he comes out to meet the steamer in his frail canoes, laden with fruit, fish, and the products of his handiwork, in the shape of mats, fans, etc. Hundreds of these canoes are seen on this coast, where one will be found in Honolulu, and the ease, skill, and speed with which they propel these frail crafts over the heavy surf is marvelous.

At the next landing place, Kealakekua Bay, every one will want to get off and take a look at the monument erected to the great navigator, Captain Cook, who discovered the Islands, and was killed on the exact spot where the monument now stands, two hundred feet from the landing.

On the way to the next stopping place, Hookena, the great stone temples of King Keawe are passed in plain view from the steamer's deck. Hookena is a growing village, and near it is the coffee plantation owned by J. F. Morgan and F. B. McStocker, two of Honolulu's prominent citizens.

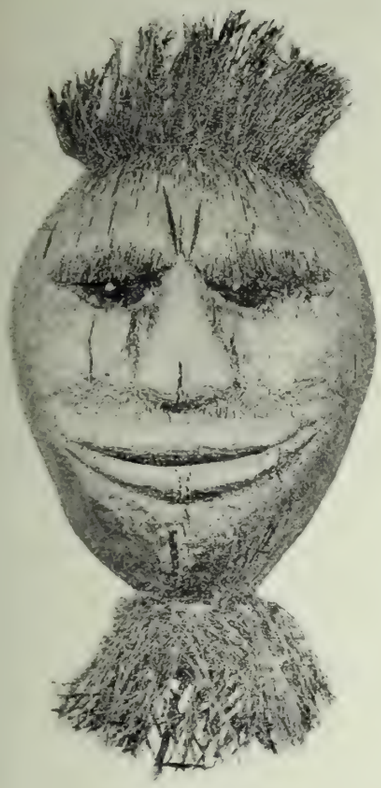
At Punaluu is situated a comfortable country hotel, in which the tourist is housed for the night. In the morning passengers take the railroad through the cane fields to Pahala, a distance of seven miles, and from thence to the Volcano House the trip is made through picturesque and romantic scenery by comfortable coaches. At the Halfway House a stop is made for lunch.

So far, the trip from Honolulu has been a constant succession of delightful changes, but the tourist has yet to witness the grandest sight of all, the great volcano itself. The Volcano House is a handsome two-story hotel, with every late improvement for convenience and comfort. The natural sulphur baths connected with the hotel are unequaled in the world for their curative properties. Careful and experienced guides conduct the tourist to the crater, either on horseback or on foot as he may prefer, and telephonic communication can be had with Hilo and all parts of the island.

The Inter-Island Steamship Company is now building a splendid new steamer of about 750 tons expressly for this route, in order to accommodate its constantly increasing business. Steerage passengers will be entirely separated from the others, and will be located on the main quarter-deck. The new vessel will be fitted with electricity throughout, and will be provided with a powerful search-light for use at night. The new vessel will be put on the route about the end of the year, and will be by far the handsomest of the island steamers.

The Island of Hawaii is the largest of the group, and upon its rugged breast stand the two frowning lavatic upheavals, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, respectively 13,805 and 13,710 feet elevation. From the side of the latter bursts the fervid fires of the famous Kilauea, where the titanic forces of volcanic activity are still at work. Oahu, the seat of the capital, though third in size, is the most populous, and has an area slightly less than 600 square miles. The topography of all the islands is mountainous and the soil volcanic. Gentle trade winds that blow in the same direction nine months in the year, together with frequent rains, insure a deliciously pure atmosphere, free from dust and oppressive heat. Vegetation wears perennial green. Palms, ferns, forests, and tropical jungles; enchanting groves in the embrace of beautiful valleys; banana, pineapple, and cocoanut plantations; and plains and mountain sides wearing the rich raiment of tropical verdure—is the dreamy poem of this mid-Pacific gem.

Bernhardt has always been a seeker after new sensations. On one occasion, while visiting Havana, she determined to take part in a bull fight. Every one gathered in the Plaza del Toros to see the actress kill the bull. She was pale and composed until the bull appeared. It was an immense fellow, and kept pawing the ground. "Keep behind me," said the matador, as two horses fell, gored and mortally wounded. Sara had a cape, which she threw to one side and which was speedily ripped up by the bull, but she retained her sword. Presently the bull charged; then Bernhardt clung to the matador's coat-tails, jumping from side to side, and trembling all over. "Take me away—Oh, Mon Dieu, take me away!" she shrieked. It was some time before the matador could comply, and the bull charged again and again, on one occasion grazing the actress's skirts. At last she was lifted over the barrier, and fell limp as a rag on the other side.



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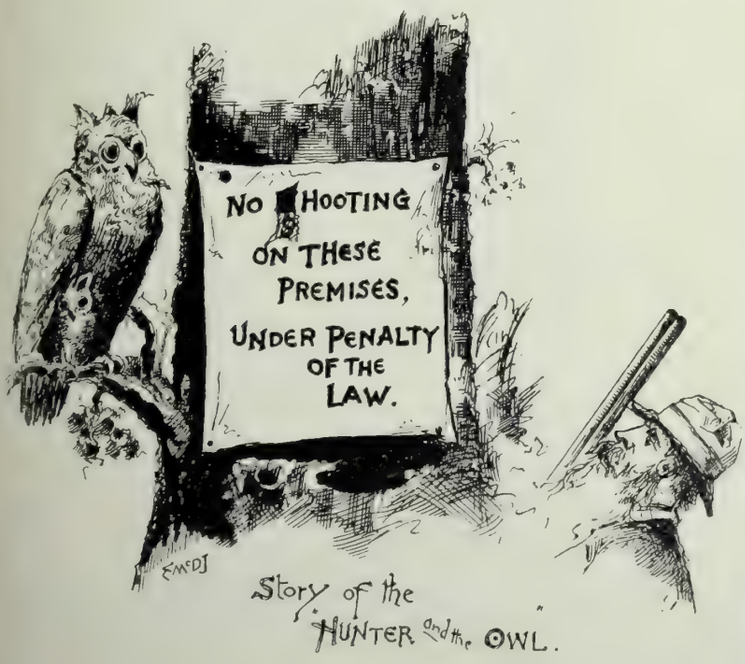

Hunter. "No doubt this advice is intended for you."
Owl. "It is intended, I think, for you too-hoo."
Hunter. "It says, NO HOOTING allowed hereabout."
Owl. "But stop, don't you see there is one letter out?"
Hunter. "Quite clearly to me, this is but a device."
Owl. "It's easier to give, than to take good advice."

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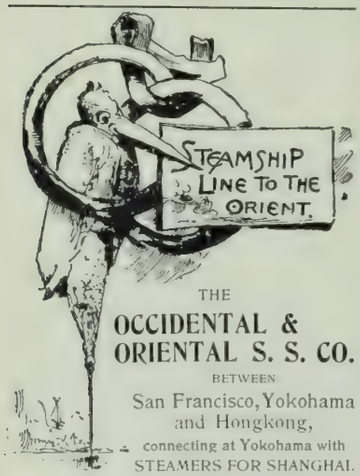

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BELGIC .....Thursday, May 28, 1896
COPTIC .....Monday, June 15, 1896
GAELIC (via Honolulu) .. Thursday, July 2, 1896

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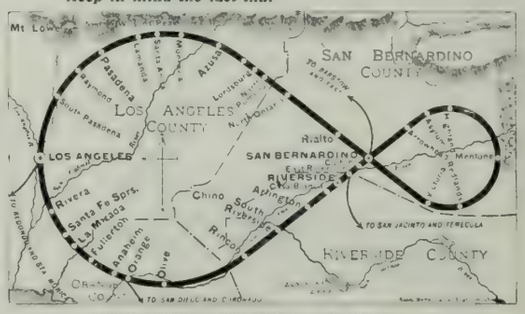

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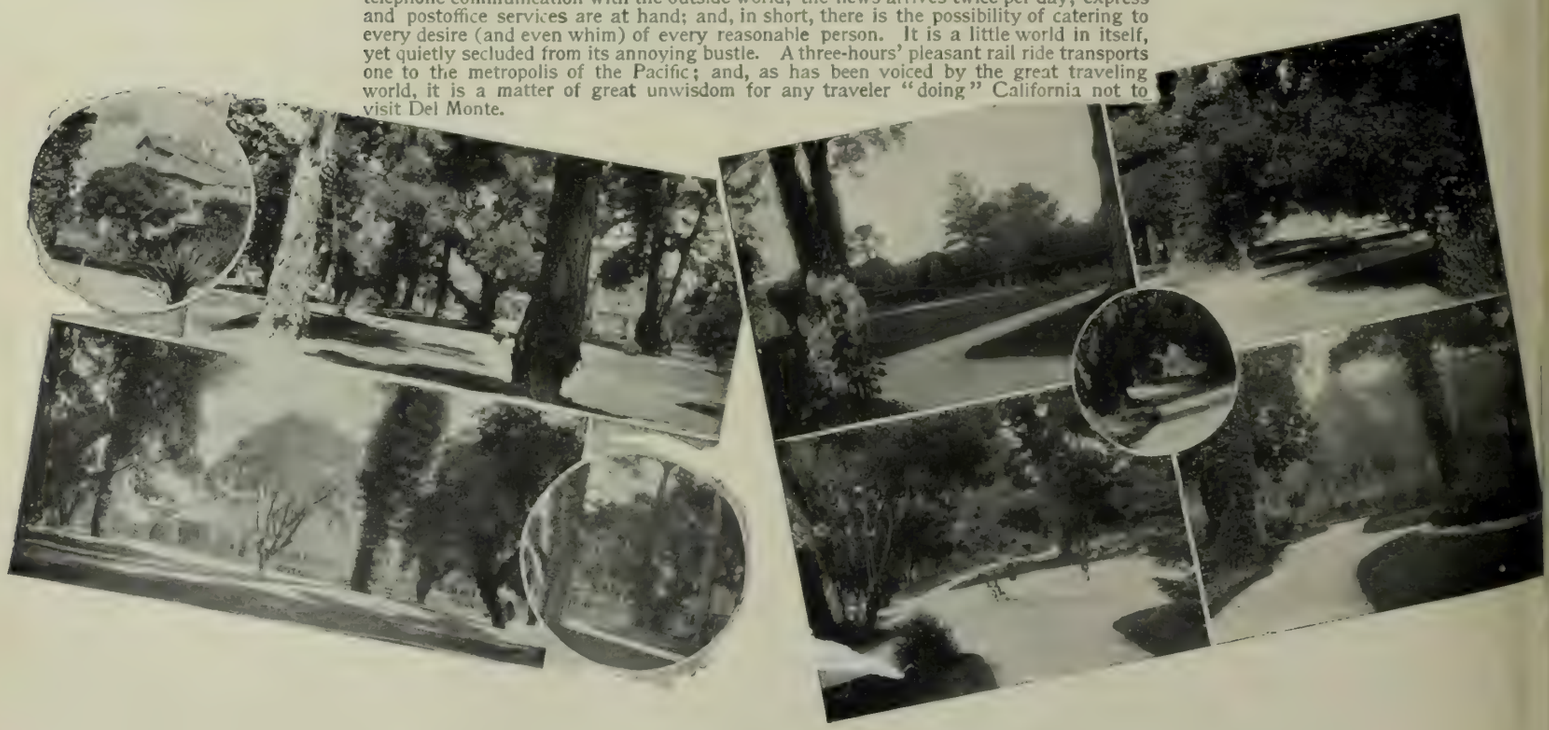

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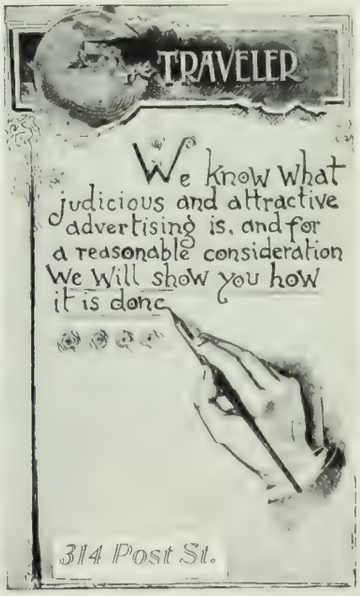

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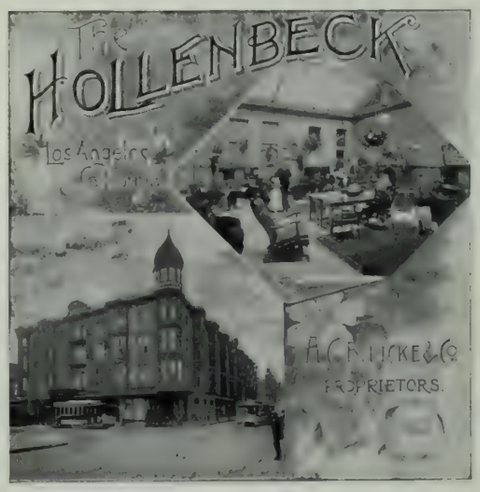

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THE TRAVELER.

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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YOUR SUMMER OUTING.

THE month of April has given us more than our usual share of rain, and statistics will indicate that as far as quantity is concerned, we have received our full quota for the winter. We may reasonably expect, therefore, that for the rest of the season we shall experience the weeks of fine weather for which California is noted, and beginning with the early part of May arrangements will be made for the customary migration to the country resorts.

Now, let us say a word in this connection. Most people do not know just where they want to go. They have general ideas on the subject, such as the seaside, the mountains, or some mineral springs, but they are undecided what place will suit their requirements as to price, distance, surroundings, amusements, etc. It is for just this object that the TRAVELER'S BUREAU was started. Let us tell you briefly what it is, and what its objects are. We have in our office the pamphlets and other printed matter of all the principal resorts on the coast. They are usually published with views, and give full information concerning the hotel rates, the distance and time from San Francisco, and other data that is of interest to the intending traveler. Some resorts do not publish pamphlets, but we have facilities at the BUREAU to give you the information you seek about any resort. We can tell you just where it is, how to reach it, how long it takes, what it costs to get there, and what the terms are at the particular place. Further than that, we have quite a collection of framed photographs hanging upon the walls of our office which gives an excellent idea of the character and surroundings of the well-known resorts and springs.

As we have often said before, our readers are welcome to call upon us at any time, and we will give them all the information they require about any resort in the country. We do not charge one cent for this service. It is one of the privileges that goes with THE TRAVELER. So if you are in doubt about where to go, or if you want information or printed matter about any particular place or places, just drop into the office, or write to us, and, in either case, you will find that it will be cheerfully forthcoming.

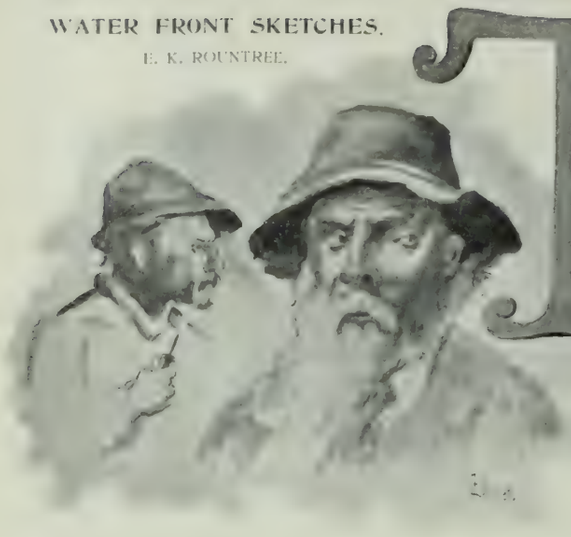
SOMEBODY'S DARLING

IN THE neighborhood of Nismes, France, a curious phenomenon has been noted in the mountain of Puy du Gouffre. The enormous mass, about 10,000,000 cubic yards, began to slide out of its position a few weeks ago, disturbing the local mines, railways, and other objects which came in its way. The cause of this unusual and extraordinary phenomenon is not yet known, although the damage in consequence is in evidence on all sides. Water pipes have been broken, and it was seriously feared that an inundation of the mines in the immediate vicinity would result.

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, Mr. Andree's prospectus for his expedition to the North Pole in a balloon seems to be reasonable and definite. He proposes to leave Gothenburg on June 7th in the Virgo, bound for Spitzbergen. He will be liberally supplied with provisions, a balloon house, and all the necessary paraphernalia for the construction and equipment of a balloon. At Spitzbergen the balloon will be inflated, and Mr. Andree, in company with Doctor Ekholm and Mr. Strinberg, expects to be ready to start on his aerial voyage about the end of June. The balloon will carry four months' provisions in a concentrated form, and an electric cooking and heating apparatus. Mr. Andree, who is Chief Engineer of the Swedish Bureau, has been experimenting in aerial navigation, and he now finds that he is enabled, by means of a sail and a rope which drags over the ground, to steer within two points of the compass on either side of the wind. His plans do not seem altogether feasible at first inspection, but he himself is confident of success, and his enthusiasm has proved to be infectious. Most of the culinary supplies have been contributed by the merchants, and many Norwegians and Swedes have made generous donations to the cost of the balloon. The King of Sweden has given $9000, and Mr. Alfred Nobel $17,500. Thus far every expedition to the North Pole has been made by steam or sailing vessel, and has proved a failure in every instance. This is the first occasion where so elaborate preparations have been made for the excursion by means of the balloon, and if theory counts for anything, we may expect some interesting results from the trip. At the same time science will profit materially from this novel experiment whether successful or not, as no doubt interesting conditions will arise governing the action of extreme cold upon artificial gas confined in the balloon. We may even hear of such a thing as solidified atmosphere that we have read about in fiction on arctic voyages, where human voices have been frozen and unheard until thawed out by warmth

WATER FRONT SKETCHES.

E. K. ROUNTREE.



TO ONE strolling on the water front on a warm, sunny morning, an excellent field for the study of human nature is presented. The weary tramp, the unemployed laborer, the wharf urchin and the mere curiosity seeker are all to be found here strolling from one wharf to another, and appearing in their picturesque idleness to ridicule the busy hum of commerce. Individually they are fully as interesting as they are collectively. Here, also, the petty merchant with his basket of fruit or peanuts on sale sits patiently waiting for the stray nickels that are dropped occasionally into his weather-stained palm.

Ships are being loaded and unloaded, noisy little donkey-engines rattle and shriek at their labors in hoisting miscellaneous cargoes from wharf to ship and from ship to wharf. A huge tub has been lowered into the hold of this vessel from Australia, and is now reappearing filled with half a ton of coal. It starts upward and circles away from the vessel until suspended directly over a large chute on the wharf, then with an odd klush! empties a black tongue of coal and descends back again into the hold for a second half ton.

Tin-plate, scrap-iron, salt, and lumber are piled in different heaps on this wharf we approach; but the loading and unloading of vessels is no doubt an old story to most people, so let us hunt up and learn something more about the odd characters we see about us.

Our old friend Weary sits at his ease close by, leaning against a mooring pile. With a bored expression on his heavy features he languidly watches these toilers by the sea through his half-closed eyes. Weary is one of the characters of the water front; no one knows his name, but "Weary" is very appropriate. He lives by doing odd jobs for the truckmen and saloonkeepers in the vicinity, helping to unload trucks during a rush, or sweeping out the saloon of a morning for his beer and free lunch. On a fine morning he wanders from wharf to wharf

A POLITICAL DISCUSSION

until tired, and finally, sitting or lying down in the sun, he lazily watches the surrounding activity. On our approach we greet him with a "Good morning, Weary." "Mornin'," he replies, without lifting his head; and the tone of voice implies that he is not in a communicative mood. "What's new on the wharf?" "Oh, nothin', just the same as yesterday," he answers.

He can tell a good story, can old Weary, when you find him in a retrospective mood, but his rheumatism troubles him this morning, and there is no use stirring him up now. Nobody knows where he dropped from, but as far back as the oldest tugboat captain remembers he has been here, content to live his lazy existence from day to day.

Antone sits close by on the same wharf where poor old Joe was always to be found calmly waiting for some one to buy his peanuts. Often have we tried to guess Joe's age by counting the prominent wrinkles on his brown, cheerful face; they reminded us of the rings seen best in the sawed section near the heart of an old oak. Poor Joe! he died of injuries caused by a runaway team.

Antone is a comparatively new comer, but is fully as picturesque as his former rival. At our greeting he pours forth a volley of exclamations. His arch enemy, the small boy, has been annoying him again. "Catcher de mon and buyer de peanutor; no seller de peanutor no catcher de mon," he repeats, excitedly. The gamins of the water front have stolen a few bags of his little stock in trade, and he is lamenting the loss, wildly exclaiming and gesticulating as only the men of his race can. A dime soon restores him to his accustomed good humor, and as he thanks us his red lips are pushed back from his fine teeth in a satisfied grin of pleasure.

And now we come to the passenger wharf or ferry. Newsboys and newsmen are shouting, running, and hobbling around with, "Morning papers! Full account of

A CHARACTERISTIC WATER-FRONT SCENE.

the wreck of the 'Blairmore'!" Columns of interesting reading matter could be written about these dispensers of news. Nearly all are happy, persistent, wide-awake American boys, often bravely supporting a family. Some few are pathetic cripples, on whose faces the tired, drawn look of mental suffering seems ever present. Why don't more of you eager, rushing men of business pause and remember you have a heart, and even in the midst of your hurry from this boat try and make them look happy occasionally. Buy a paper oftener; be friendly, and give them a smile or a kindly word with the nickel you extend in payment, and their faces will light up with pleasure.

Leaving the black wave of humanity that is now streaming up town from the Oakland boat, we come to a wharf on which thousands and thousands of feet of lumber and many bundles of shingles are piled up. Step softly, and let us watch this sleeping tramp curled up on a shingle pile. His features are as calm and composed as those of a child. He looks for all the world as if he might be dreaming of a tramp's paradise, where work, watch-dogs, and the makers of the deadly mince pies are unknown.

One o'clock found us hungry but well satisfied with our morning stroll, and we ate at a clean, neat restaurant just off East Street.

A CHAPTER ON BASKETRY.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

CALIFORNIAN Indians excel in the making of baskets. Not only is their weaving remarkable for its fineness and closeness, but in the shaping and decorating of the baskets they show superior taste. The coarsely woven baskets made by the Indians of New Mexico, Arizona, and Alaska, and the coarser splint weaving of their copper-hued kin beyond the Rockies, compare with the California basketry about as a chromo would compare with a pastel.

The Tulare basket is now the best article on the market; but before basket collecting became the rage you could "pay your money and take your choice." It would be difficult to tell how the craze started. Doubtless the faddist, looking about for more worlds to conquer, chanced on the Indian basket. Be that as it may, the curio dealer, with great foresight, straightway laid in a goodly stock of "coros." Thus it is that whereas a few years ago one could secure a beautiful basket from the weaver for a trifling sum, one must now pay the dealer all the way from $10 to $200 for a good specimen.

Really fine baskets are no longer woven, since the old squaws, who learned from their grandmothers, are fast dying off, and the squaws of the younger generation have not been taught the art.

The weaving of baskets antedated the making of pottery; indeed, it may be said that the latter industry was mothered by the former. The simple needs of her primitive existence led the Indian woman to look about for materials wherewith to fashion household utensils. She found them, ready to her hand—the tough, fibrous roots of plants, the twigs of the willows that grew along the arroyos, the pliant reeds and grasses that bordered the river banks; and these she twisted into forms of beauty and utility. Later came the idea of using the plastic clay. Then arose the question, "How to shape it?"

First, a rough basket was woven of the desired form. Over it was plastered a thick coat of clay, and when this was dried the basket frame inside was burned out. The Indians of Arizona and New Mexico are, as we know, the pottery makers of the West; but the California Indians kept on making baskets until the advent of the white man's cheap tin, when they speedily discovered that basket weaving was very arduous labor. But while the young squaws are not willing to learn the art of weaving, since any old, battered tin will answer their purpose as well as a basket, the making of which involved months of labor, still they are very proud of the fine work their grandmothers did, and can scarcely be induced to part with a basket for any consideration. To the anxious inquiry, "Coros?" a vigorous shake of the head is invariably given; but it is worth while to be persistent if, by so doing, one can secure a really fine specimen of an Indian hand-woven basket.

It is interesting to note to what uses the baskets were put. The large basket, shown in illustration, was used as a grainery, and some idea of its size may be given by stating that three people, full-grown, can hide in its depths. Conical-shaped baskets were carried on the back; in them the squaw gathered her store of nuts and seeds. In the flat baskets dough was mixed, and in the deep, bowl-shaped baskets water was heated for the cooking of food by dropping in hot stones. Water was carried in baskets shaped like jugs, pitched on the outside. A basket similar in shape, but larger, and with a larger opening, was filled with acorn meal and set in running water, that the "tannin" in the meal might be washed out.

A very shallow basket, wide at one end and tapering to a width easily spanned by the hand, was their grain sifter; to separate the chaff from the grain, the basket was held in a strong current of air and vigorously shaken. An article shaped like a tennis racket was used to beat the seed-bearing bushes; a large basket, placed underneath, caught the seed as it fell. The bottle-neck baskets, most beautifully shaped, and much sought after nowadays by collectors, were sometimes put to queer uses. Meeting an old Indian in the fields with one of these baskets, the mouth of which was closely covered with his hand, the question was asked, "What are you carrying so carefully?" For answer, the man lifted his hand for an instant, showing the contents to be—grasshoppers! When it is remembered that these Indians will eat anything, from a mud-hen to a rattlesnake, with equal relish, this little incident explains itself.

Large baskets, one placed over the other, did duty as a wardrobe, although it must have been used but seldom, as it would seem that nothing could be spared from the already scant toilet of the dusky dame.

As for the "trinket" baskets, too small to be of any earthly use, yet wonderfully decorated with feathers and wampum, they are legion, and show that the Indian woman, like her pale sister, takes kindly to "fancy work." It is said that every weaver marks her basket in some peculiar way, and that she would know it was her own if she saw it among a thousand.

The patterns, filled in with grasses dyed a rich brown or red, are varied. The "lightning" design is largely employed, as are also the "rattlesnake" and "arrow" designs. The figures of men and animals are not infrequently seen on baskets.

It is truly wonderful to note how, with only the aid of a bone needle or an awl, the Indian woman evolves from a handful of reeds and grasses a basket so closely woven that it will hold water.

The decorated baskets—those having beads and feathers or bright worsted interwoven with the fibres—come from the northern tribes. Very little of this decorating is done by the Indians in the southern part of the State, and the reason for it probably lies in the fact that the southern climate, being so much warmer, breeds that arch enemy to feathers and worsted, the moth, in great numbers.

HATS WORN BY INDIAN WOMEN.

Indians are, and have always been, inveterate gamblers. The California Indians played a dice game called "Ha" long before the gold discoveries of '49. Following is a history of the game, and an explanation of the manner in which it is played: The game "Ha" is played by men and women, two, three, or four together. The dice are shaken in the hands and thrown into a wide, flat basket, the player throwing until he makes a blank throw, when another takes the dice. When all the players have stood their turn, the one who has scored the most takes the stakes. The dice are walnut shells, halved and filled with tar, into which six pieces of their money (wampum) is pressed.

BOTTLE AND DOUGH BASKETS.

The origin of the game is an open question. Whether the Indians learned it of the white men (sailors who penetrated the interior of California for furs, hides, and tallow) or whether they taught it to the white men, as there was a similar game called "props" played by white men of the Atlantic Coast even before the great migration to California in 1849.

There is quite a history connected with the plaque-shaped basket (Tulare) shown in illustration. It is a gaming board belonging to the well-known Jewett collection, and was secured at great personal risk by the interpreter who was commissioned to beg, buy, or steal it. Watching his opportunity, he approached the gamblers cautiously, and biding his time, waited until the Indians were in a state of semi-intoxication before attempting to bargain with them. He at length succeeded in getting the basket, whereupon they turned on him and insisted that he gamble with them, hoping thereby to regain the basket. He eluded them, escaping into a cactus thicket, where he hid all night, finally making off with the board and dice in triumph, much to the chagrin of the Indians.

To those contemplating the making of a collection, I would say: buy *good* baskets. The coarse weaves, those made for "the trade," are always to be easily obtained. But the fine baskets, the sole expression of the Indian woman's sternly repressed love of the beautiful, are not to be picked up every day, and will never be cheaper than they are at the present time.

THE FAIR SEX IN EGYPT.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

AT AN early age the girls of Egypt reach maturity, and from fourteen to eighteen are generally of a very pleasing appearance: they are well formed, and, though plump, rarely become so fat as to be ungainly. But as soon as they have attained their full growth, their gracefully rounded figures commence to become flat, and their beauty fades rapidly. Their complexions vary according to the part of the country to which they belong. In the north of Egypt those women who have not worked in the open air and sun have clear complexions and soft skins of a yellowish hue; those who have been much exposed to the sun have darker and coarser complexions. The people of middle Egypt are darker than those of northern, and as we get further south and into hotter regions, the complexions grow swarthier.

The faces of the women are usually oval, and their eyes dark, large, and almond-shaped, with a most agreeable expression. The great natural beauty of the eyes is still further enhanced by the custom of concealing all the lower part of the face by a veil. Among women of the middle and higher classes it is common to blacken the edge of the eyelids, both above and below the eye, with kohl. Kohl is the fine black powder deposited by the smoke of burnt aromatic resin or almond shells. It is put on with a small metal, wooden, or ivory instrument, which is wetted with rosewater, dipped into the powder, and drawn along the inner edges of the eyelids. This method of beautifying the eyes is a very ancient one, as is seen by the sculptures and paintings in temples and sepulchres.

The hair of Egyptian women is of a deep and glossy black color, and, though it is sometimes coarse, it is never woolly. Their hands and feet are almost always well shaped, and it is a common practise to stain the nails of the fingers and toes with a paste made of water and the powdered leaves of the henna tree. Sometimes the henna is applied as far as the first joints of fingers and toes, or in stripes across the foot; also the insides of the hands and the soles of the feet are stained with the pigment. It imparts an orange color to the nails, and has the effect of increasing the delicacy of the flesh tints of the hands and feet. A single application lasts for two or three weeks. Women of the lower classes often have the chin, the back of the hands, and other parts of the body, ornamented with tattoo marks. It is worthy of remark that most Egyptian women have an upright carriage and a graceful gait, attributable in the case of the peasants to their habit of carrying heavy water jars upon the head.

A SIESTA.

The dress of the women of the better class is handsome. They wear a very full-sleeved shirt, reaching not quite to the knees, of linen, cotton, or of mixed cotton and silk in stripes. Under the shirt and tied round the waist is worn a pair of very wide trousers of colored striped silk or cotton, or of plain or worked muslin. Their ends are drawn up and fastened with strings just below the knee, and are long enough to hang down nearly to the feet. Over these two intimate garments comes a long, tight-fitting vest, buttoning down the front and reaching to the ground, upon which it trails for a few inches. Sometimes a short vest, reaching only a little below the waist, takes the place of the long one. The waist is encircled by a girdle, and over the vest is worn a sort of robe of cloth, velvet, or silk, embroidered with colored silk or gold, and reaching to the ground. Instead of this last garment an embroidered jacket of cloth or velvet is often worn. Most women wear no stockings, but house shoes of yellow or red morocco, over which a lady, on going into the street, puts slippers of morocco or wooden clogs.

BEAUTY UNRIVALED.

The hair hangs down the back in plaits, ornamented with little trinkets of gold. That men may not gaze upon her charms, a lady, on leaving her own apartments, hides nearly all her face with a long strip of muslin, reaching from the bridge of the nose almost to the feet. It is fastened by a band which passes round the head. An Egyptian woman must keep the top and back of her head, and most of her face, concealed from the view of men, but a display of the bosom or leg is not regarded as specially improper or indelicate. Women do, however, display their faces when they think that it may be supposed to have been done unintentionally, and poor women who have to work and to appear much in the streets find that they cannot live up to the custom of constantly veiling the face.

When a lady goes out of the house she puts on over her indoor costume a large, loose gown of pink or violet silk with wide sleeves, and then completely envelops herself in a voluminous robe of black silk, if she is married, or of white if she is unmarried. It is a decidedly inconvenient costume for walking, and effectually hides all that is attractive in the lady's dress or figure, leaving only the eyes exposed, which appear more charming from the concealment of the other features. The dress of poor women is, of course, much less elaborate than this; their veils, too, are much shorter and generally black.

The women of the higher and middle classes have a set of apartments allotted to them, and into these apartments, called "the harem," the master of the house, and a few near relatives, are the only males permitted to enter. The term "harem," or the prohibited, is also applied to the women of a household, and includes the wife or wives, the white female servants, some of whom are generally concubines, and the cooks and waiting-maids, who are usually black.

Most men have only one wife, and, to avoid domestic quarrels, take no concubines; while others, unable or unwilling to sustain the expense of a wife, keep an Abyssinian girl. The favorite has a black girl, who cooks, and waits upon her, and keeps the rooms of the harem in order. Contrary to the idea commonly entertained, the wives are not kept prisoners in the harem, but are generally free to go out and pay visits and to receive female visitors in their own apartments. On such occasions nearly the whole day is spent in eating confections, drinking sherberts and coffee, smoking, gossiping, and displaying their clothes and jewelry. If the master of the house desires to see his wife on some matter of business while she is entertaining visitors, he must give notice of his desire to enter the harem, so that the ladies may have time to adjust their veils or to retire to another room. Being of a naturally gay disposition, and in no fear of any sudden intrusion of the master, the women indulge in story-telling and fun of various kinds.

Egyptian ladies are seldom skilled in music, dancing, or other accomplishments. Accordingly, it is not an uncommon practise to introduce professional female singers into the harem, but it would be considered indecorous to engage public dancing women, who show themselves in the streets with unveiled faces. Yet, on wedding-days, birthdays, and other days of rejoicing, dancing-girls often perform in front of the house or in the court, so that they may be seen by the women from their apartments.

When one man has two or more wives, the one to whom he was first married is usually the higher in rank, and the more highly esteemed. Most well-to-do men, if they have more than one wife, have a separate house or set of apartments for each one. It is, of course, natural to suppose that, when two women are married to one man, and share his affections and attentions, they often quarrel violently. If the first wife should fail to bear children, and the second or a concubine should have offspring, the first wife frequently loses her privileges, the mother becoming the favored one, and receiving the respect and attention of the other members of the harem and of visitors. The wives usually do not get their meals with the master of the household, but they must wait upon him at his dinner or supper, or when he is taking his coffee and smoking his pipe in the harem. They try to fascinate and please their husbands by all the coquetries of their sex. Ladies of good social position are not much seen in public, for when they wish to make purchases, they do not usually visit the shops or bazaars, but have what they desire ordered and sent to their homes.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

D. G. WALDRON.

ONE of the largest Counties in Northern California is Humboldt, containing 2,297,600 acres of land. Its length from north to south is 110 miles, while its average width is 42 miles. Its mountain region as well as its valleys contain heavy growth of timber land, amounting to 937,000 acres, while its cultivated land area has nearly 500,000 acres; its grazing land, 600,000 acres; its mineral lands, 125,000 acres. The timber lands are usually classified as follows: the madrone, laurel, oak, pine, and redwood, the latter being the most prominent. Competent experts have estimated that the redwood forests of the county covered 538,000 acres. Of this about 40,500 acres of timber have been cut and manufactured into lumber, leaving 497,500 acres of virgin redwood forest.

PARTIAL VIEW OF EUREKA.

The most extensive lumber trade in Humboldt County is successfully carried on by the John Vance Mill and Lumber Company, making the largest shipments to Australia and other foreign countries, probably 75 per cent of the vast lumber trade. They own 10,000 acres of the choicest redwood belts in Humboldt County, some of their best forests averaging 250,000 feet to the acre. To give the reader a faint idea of the magnitude of their vast enterprise, we present on this page their new lumber mills at Samoa, opposite Eureka, also a scene at one of their stations on their new line—the Eureka and Klamath River Railroad—the most important undertaking that has been projected in Humboldt County. It solves the difficulties of the very imperfect means of travel and traffic between Eureka and Arcata as at present existing, will shorten the time about one-half, and in all probability reduce the rates. But far more than this: its projected line northward, up Lindsay Creek, through the Little River country, Maple Creek, crossing the Redwood Creek and up Prairie Creek, will make available to active operation about 100,000 acres of timber lands; in fact would be the only available means of conveyance for this vast district, besides opening many thousands of acres of fine tillable lands now practically closed to cultivation and productive uses by reason of their environments and isolation. Whenever Humboldt gets direct eastern connection, the line of this Klamath road, and the vast body of timber, will be studded with shingle mills, and other wood manufacturing establishments of both hard and soft wood. This is the choice line for a coast road, when the grouping of resources, direction of route, and straight line are considered, and much of the way between the Klamath and Little Rivers, it covers the only practicable route for a trunk coast line railroad, so much needed for the output of Humboldt County's industries.

FERNDALE, HOME OF HUMBOLDT'S DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Eureka, the county seat of Humboldt County, has 9000 population. It has electric lights, excellent water system, street railways, most excellent hotels, and extensive merchandising stores. The city is the outlet of an extensive and resourceful district and is destined to become a large and flourishing seaport. It is already wealthy, and has never been unprosperous. Its only great need at present is railroad connection with the rest of the State. It has two daily and four weekly newspapers, an extensive Chamber of Commerce, an elegant courthouse, one of the finest opera houses in the State, a well-equipped free library, furniture factories, two ship yards, where several vessels are built each year, machine shops and foundries, boiler works, tanneries, five banks, ten churches, a score or more of benevolent and aid societies, efficient commercial organizations, gas works, and many private buildings that would be a credit to the largest city on the coast. Eureka is said to be the largest city within the United States unprovided with railroad facilities connecting it with Eastern and Southern cities. The need of railroad connection is seriously felt, not only as a convenience to the present population in communication and travel, but as a means of development and to facilitate the marketing of products. Railroad connection would greatly stimulate the ocean commerce of Humboldt Bay, by giving an outlet to distribute freights brought from foreign countries, and contributing products from the rich inland districts for exportation.

LANDING ON EUREKA AND KLAMATH R. R.

The Eel River and Eureka Railroad has thirty miles of track, a bay terminus, a rich tributary valley region, and three branch roads. This road is already doing one of the heaviest local traffics done on the Pacific Coast. It passes through Fortuna, one of the finest growing villages in Humboldt, and within a few miles of the prosperous town of Ferndale, having the largest output in the dairy interest in the State. Its land terminus is at the gateway of the rich Van Duzen Valley, up which it could be extended twenty-five miles without extraordinary expense, and, no doubt, would, in case of outside connection, not only because of the traffic it would gain, but to make its road more complete and indispensable as a feeder to the trunk line. Not only has it a profitable lumber trade, secured by long contracts, but the agricultural freights are large, as it traverses the most fertile valley in Northern California.

At Alton the Pacific Lumber Company's road joins the Eel River and Eureka road, adding its fifteen miles of track to this system. This road commands the entrance to upper Eel River Valley, with its wealth of timber and its wonderful possibilities for agriculture and fruit growing.

The Arcata and Mad River Railroad, running fifteen miles from Arcata to North Fork (Korbel's), passes through a farming country to the extensive lumber districts at its terminus. It has a large traffic, and commands the upper valley of Mad River.

JOHN VANCE LUMBER MILL, EUREKA.

TEHIPITE VALLEY.

THEODORE S. SOLOMONS.

THERE has been written page upon page about the Yosemite Valley, and thousands from every land have made pilgrimage thither, until the impression became well-nigh universal that this remarkable gorge was an exceptional creation, the like of which was not to be found elsewhere on the face of the globe. Indeed, had it not been for an article by John Muir in one of the most widely read periodicals in America, this impression would have prevailed to the present day—at least outside of California; for, thanks to our local writers, Hetch-Hetchy and the King's River Canyon are known to most Californians, though for the most part only by name. The Yosemite Valley is not an exceptional creation. The same forces to which it owes its origin have been at work elsewhere in the range. But none of these other valleys are quite equal to Yosemite; so that if the latter is not exceptional in kind it is in quality, and as the years go on it must still attract a much greater number of visitors than any of the lesser Yosemites of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

In the opinion of the writer, who has been fortunate enough to see all these Yosemites, the next finest valley is Tehipite, the canyon of the Middle Fork of the King's River. Aside from the page or two devoted to the locality in Mr. Muir's article in the *Century*, no description, so far as I know, has ever appeared in any periodical of general circulation descriptive of this splendid gorge. Yet, Tehipite is by no means unknown to the residents of Fresno and Visalia. A small number visits it yearly from these towns. Its real fame, however, is yet to come. Like the King's River Canyon, it awaits the building of a wagon road and the erection of a hotel before the hardship-dreading public will go to see it. Meantime, this is all the better for the lover of pure wildness, and also for the sportsman.

Tehipite has the highest walls, the finest dome—though this, of course, is fairly a matter of individual opinion—the greatest number of high falls, and, in some respects, the most remarkable rock sculpture of any Yosemite in the range. The vegetation of its rugged floor is remarkably luxuriant, and a beautiful lawn occupies its center. Bear trails are all around, and the finest trout may be caught in great abundance in the river. Such, in brief, is Tehipite. The name, by the way, is an Indian one, and like the word Yosemite—the two are evidently of similar derivation—should be pronounced as if spelt Te-hip'i-tee.

The Valley is usually approached from Big Pine Ridge, but a rather roundabout trail also leads to it from the King's River Canyon, on the South Fork. The road to Big Pine Ridge leads east from Fresno along the section lines of the dusty plain to Clovis, a station on the Pollasky road, and the terminus of the flume of a new lumber company, and then continues its zigzag to the foothills, which in summer are hotter than the plains. After a forty-five-mile ride from Fresno the old Toll-house will be reached, at the base of Big Pine Ridge. Winding up the long hill above the Toll-house, the first mountain water is encountered; the pungent fragrance of the pines creeps into the nostrils, and on the summit their lovely green and the cool of their shade amply repay the labor of the ascent. A few miles beyond the last little settlement Ockenden's is reached, where the Dinkey road turns off to the right and winds through a still more beautiful forest to Dinkey, 12 miles from Ockenden's. This is the oldest mountain settlement in Fresno County. It was once the principal sheep range in the vicinity. A fine grove of Big Trees is nestled in the forest near Dinkey, not far from the little settlement and just south of the Tehipite trail. The trail will be pointed out by any of the sheepmen or miners, and as it is a much traveled trail no trouble will be found in following it. Like all these Sierra paths, it is crooked and has many ups and downs, like our lives; but try to make a better and you will find that there is method in its apparent madness. Several large streams will be crossed, the largest of these being the North Fork of the King's River (25 miles from Ockenden's), which in places flows between walls that remind one strikingly of Yosemite. Finally, Crown Valley, or Collins's Meadow, is reached (36 miles from Ockenden's), a great, open, rolling, grassy hollow, esteemed one of the best sheep pastures in the mountains. From this point on the main trail is called the Tunemah trail, and the Tehipite trail continues to the right down Crown Creek, which flows into Tehipite. The traveler will ride through groves of fir and tamarack, catching an occasional glimpse of the deep canyon of the Middle Fork, until suddenly he reins in his horse at the edge of the chasm, and Tehipite lies beneath.

SUNSHINE FALLS.

THRONE OF JOVE. SILVER SPRAY FALLS.

Opposite is the east wall of the Valley, reaching up 7000 feet to the summits of El Monarco and the Throne of Jove, and on the right, a little way down the canyon, to the Watch Towers, 5500 feet. Lateral gorges divide this great wall into a number of slanting ridges, naked and sharp, and in the flutings between torrents shoot down into the Valley from snow banks that until late summer lie in sheltered places on the heights. These streams are small, but their immense fall—nearly a mile and a half—and the abruptness of the lower third of their descent, give them a peculiarly awe-inspiring appearance. Their rapidity of fall is such that they become a nebulous mist before reaching the bottom. The walls of Tehipite, with some exceptions, are nearly perpendicular in their lower parts, and slope back gradually to the summits. The exceptions are wall faces practically perpendicular from base to crest.

The object that immediately attracts the attention and holds it fascinated is a great dome that rises boldly from the western side of the Valley and just across the entering canyon of Crown Creek. Its position—the apex of the angle between this canyon and the larger canyon of the river itself—suggests its origin. The mighty streams of old first sheered away its sides, and then the ice that came later polished the granite and added the last masterful touches to a piece of sculpture of surpassing grandeur. Not the last, though, to be sure; for, during the ages that have elapsed since the glacial epoch, frost and torrent have been busy cracking off huge blocks which now lay piled in talus heaps at the base of this imposing monument, a striking reminder of the power of nature. Tehipite Dome is at once the El Capitan and the Half Dome of Tehipite Valley. It surpasses the former in height and vies with the latter in the symmetry of its form and the dominance of its summit. From the top of the trail, where we left the traveler, its magnificent contour is lost, for its summit will be seen to be lower than the forest ridge back of it. Not to mar his pleasure, therefore, let us conduct the visitor down the fine trail that winds a distance of 3000 feet through the trees and brush and occasional palm plants and cactus of the hillside of Hesperides, to the open, gravel flat at the bottom, where he may camp near the river, turn out his animals to graze, and enjoy the Dome at his leisure.

From all sides this rock is a visual magnet. Such is its colossal size that, like a celestial body, when you walk to the right or left, it moves also; when you retreat it follows you, and when you walk toward it, it retreats. The color of the granite is a creamy buff, like that of El Capitan, and the chiseling of the front, the rents and gashes, the stripings made by the early spring torrents, are also the same. It is impossible to realize the great height of this rock—more difficult than to realize the proportions of El Capitan and the other monuments of Yosemite—though why I am sure I do not know. John Muir guessed its height to be 2500 feet, and on the morning that my companion and myself made its ascent, a visitor in the valley—an old mountaineer—told me he would give me a dollar for every foot it measured over 2000, if I would promise him a cent for every foot it measured under that height. These were our readings: Altitude of valley floor, 4020 feet; altitude of summit of Dome, 7570 feet; height of Dome, 3550 feet. Mr. Lil A. Winchell of Fresno, (to whom I am indebted for most of the altitudes mentioned in this article, as also for other information that I had not time to obtain during my visit to the Valley,) states that the results of a number of observations indicate a height of 5330 feet above the river, and that this is also the measurement obtained by an engineer who visited this Valley some years ago.

To speak of climbing Tehipite Dome seems almost ridiculous, but, as already stated, the fact is the forest ridge behind runs right down to its summit, the low position of the observer in the valley rendering this ridge quite invisible. We placed a Sierra Club register can on the Dome, or rather Mr. Bonner did, but it is a mere matter of luck that the cylinder does not now lie some thousands of feet below, a battered and unrecognizable mass of tin.

The ascent was an all day labor. First we tramped up the 3000 feet of trail, and a crystal stream beguiling us after our hot climb, we knocked off for our nooning. At two, strapping on our knapsacks again, we walked away from the Valley and down toward the Canyon of Crown Creek, which lay between us and the Dome. Sheer granite walls met us at every point, forcing us at least two miles back from the Valley, where we finally got down to the Creek, forded it at the risk of being swept over a waterfall, and then began a 2000-foot ascent eastward toward the Dome. When we reached the ridge back of it, we found we were separated from the summit by a spine of weather-stained and lichened granite—a kind of hog's back, perilously narrow, one side sloping off abyssmally to Crown Creek Canyon, the other inclining even more abruptly toward Tehipite.

TEHIPITE DOME

While my friend Bonner was maneuvering on this little wall that ran out to the Dome, and telling me it was not very inviting, I ran along at the base of it, first on the Crown Creek side, then on the Valley side. On both I found that we might pass along to beyond the difficult place on the backbone, but to do this we must walk on smooth granite of such a slope that any little jar, any contact with a smooth part of the sole of our shoes, might cause us to fall or slide. If a twenty or thirty foot precipice lay below, neither of us would have thought twice about trying it, and doubtless we would not have slipped—nor, indeed, in all probability, would we have done so in the present case. But with four or five thousand feet of nether air on one side and two or three thousand on the other, a man who values his life does not willingly trust to the integration of rock crystals and the integrity of sole leather. Nothing ever illustrated to us so forcibly the mind's mechanical appreciation of odds—we tried the backbone instead! One of us had to assist the other, and Bonner being ahead I boosted him, and he climbed up to a point from which the summit of the Dome was easy prey. I had the register can.

"Come," said Bonner, "you'll have to toss it."

"Can you catch it?" I asked.

"Depends somewhat on where you throw it," he responded, pointedly.

We were separated by a slab of granite twenty feet long, set at an angle of about thirty-five degrees. As Bonner dared not move, I must throw the can within reach of his arm. I decided to try to throw it so that it would strike the slab a foot or two in front of him, when I reckoned it would roll toward him a moment, pause a briefer interval, and then start rolling away. I swayed the little cylinder once or twice, while Bonner stared at me with eyes as big as saucers, and then gave the toss. It landed a trifle short—I had been afraid of overthrowing—struck the rock, and was just beginning to tumble sidewise toward the precipice when Bonner's bony fingers pinioned it, and he drew it in with a deep sigh of satisfaction. Only one name was found on the summit, and that was unreadable. It was eight o'clock when we camped in a clump of fir, within 500 yards of the register can. We slept for 12 hours.

The Dome forms a kind of flying buttress that projects into the canyon to within half a mile of El Commandante, the colossal promontory of the opposite wall. Below is the Valley proper, yet above, on the eastern side of the canyon, extending a distance of three or four miles, is found the finest rock sculpture, not only of this region, but, some will maintain, of the whole Sierra. Mr. Winchell, who for years has been an enthusiast on the subject of Tehipite, has bestowed excellent names upon the principal features of the Valley. On the west side, Centinela del Sur, on the south, Hesperides in the center, and Tehipite Dome on the north are the principal rocks. On the eastern side there are first the Watchtowers, 5500 feet, then El Monarca, 7000 feet, opposite the trail; The Throne of Jove, a seven-pointed mass of rock, 7000 feet; Pluto's Portal, a wonderful cleft in the granite, into which a waterfall descends; the Gorge of Despair, an avalanche-smoothed rift that runs back into the mountain at the foot of the Throne; St. Michael's Spear, an upright shaft of granite, 6000 feet; The Mosque of Omar, 7000 feet, a grand double pile of rock that seems to belong to the sky, the Titan's playground—a perfect Saturnalia of confused avalanche gorges, ridges, clefts, and summits; The Temple of the Gods, an ampitheater at the base of the upper series of falls of an entering stream, and finally, The President, 5000 feet. El Commandante is the name of the mass of rock on which the lesser features are—the Titan's Playground, St. Michael's Spear, and the Mosque of Omar. Sunshine Falls are opposite, and a couple of miles above the President. The stream is a large one, and the Falls and cascades are something like a thousand feet in height.

The principal fall of Tehipite Valley, however, is that of Crown Creek, named Silver Spray Fall, or, as Mr. Muir called it, Tehipite Fall. The volume of water is about equal to that of Yosemite Creek. Near the base of Silver Spray Fall is a great cavern in the granite, said to be the occasional habitation of bears. One of the attractions of the Valley for these furry denizens, no doubt, is the big thimbleberry patch that covers several acres in a shady grove.

Tehipite Valley is considerably larger than Hetch-Hetchy, though there is less level floor space. The walls are steep and usually nearly bare for about six miles up and down on either side, but the Valley proper is formed by the recess cut by Crown Creek. The area of the space thus enclosed is about two square miles. The river swims lazily through, in one place dividing into three streams. The trout bite excellently and are of good size. An average fisherman can catch ten pounds in a couple of hours. A protracted sojourn in Tehipite is not desirable, as the feed on the trail side is scarce, but any time after July the river may be forded, and the stock turned loose in a good-sized meadow of rich grass.

It will probably be many years before a wagon road will be built into Tehipite Valley. The spaciousness of the larger canyon of the South Fork, and its easier accessibility, will secure for it the lion's share of attention for some time to come. Just how a road could be built into the Middle Fork Canyon, moreover, would be apt to puzzle an engineer, on account of the uniform steepness of the walls. Eventually, capital will be called on to solve the problem.

The roundabout way to reach Tehipite, spoken of, is a fine trip. From the King's River Canyon a trail leads up Copper Creek, called the Granite Basin trail from the basin-like valley at its head. Crossing the divide, Dougherty Creek leads down to the Upper Middle Fork Canyon, distant 20 miles from the South Fork Canyon. Here splendid scenery abounds, and many visitors from Fresno come thither each summer. Tehipite may be reached either by traveling down the canyon, about sixteen miles (it will seem like 160), or by taking the Tu-ne-mah trail to Crown Valley and then switching on to the Tehipite trail. The latter entails an initial climb Tu-ne-mah Mountain, straight up for 4900 feet, and several subsequent ups and downs, making in all about 20,000 feet of ascent and descent before the bottom of Tehipite is reached. The canyon route, however, is worse still. It was our method of approach, and I wish to remark that I do not hanker after a repetition of the journey—at least on the eastern side of the river. The canyon is choked with talus, which is overgrown with the most dreadful brush it was ever my misfortune to encounter. The Tuolumne Canyon is a bicycle track by comparison.

TEHIPITE VALLEY—FROM THE TRAIL.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE OSTRICH.

JOHN A. MORRIS.

EASTERN invalids must admit that California is a great place for great things, and if there are any with one foot in the grave and the other wanting to get in, any one-lunger beyond the eastern edge of the Alleghany Mountains wanting to move his freight and dump the remaining part of his poor tired body in an Elysium of Arcadian summeriness, let Southern California be his goal. And if there be any man among them who wants to engage in a lucrative and profitable business he would be wise to invest in an ostrich farm in Southern California.

Ten or twelve years ago, seventy birds were imported here from Africa's foreign shores to become inhabitants of this bland and fertile region. They didn't come for their health exactly, or because Africa was too hot for them, but because they were brought here for commercial purposes. From this seventy have sprung some six hundred or seven hundred of these beautiful birds. They yield fifty dollars' worth of undressed feathers, and I don't know how many dollars' worth of dressed. It costs three cents a day to feed them. One young fellow with an experimental turn of mind, finding this out, attempted to feed one on a green three-cent postage stamp. But that ostrich wasn't as green as he looked. He stamped the sense out of that young fellow's body and the cents out of his pocket; and with a deep groan of anguish, the young man expired while a sweet smile stood on his red lips.

The ostrich is neither a ballet dancer, a terpsichorean artist, nor a calamity howler, but he is a high and mighty kicker just the same. Neither Llewellyn nor Altgeld nor Tillman are in it with him; while as for highness he can beat some of our variety actresses, who have kicked themselves into fame and name and shekels, all to pieces. His versatility passes astonishment! He has even been known to try to sing, but though he might make a success on the variety stage, his voice would not charm a keen and critical musical audience, but would decidedly displease their refined and fastidious taste. As a singer-machine the ostrich is not a success. His "bromming" is a distinctly new departure in the anatomy of sound.

OSTRICH CHICKS.

The eggs are hatched by the incubative process, though only about eighty per cent manage to survive the operation. The chicks are sun-loving little fellows, and several hours after coming out of their incubator-prison run around like walkers practising for a ten days' walking match. Several days thereafter they start in on a crusade after grub and dissect for their stomach's oft-repeated satisfaction tender vegetative sprouts. It is about this time that the young and lovely dude with puberulent lips should keep away from them, for they would eagerly relieve him of his beautifully-growing sprouts; and perhaps before they were through with their vegetative excursion after precious food, our poor unfortunate dude would be subdued (sub-dude).

There's no love lost between ostriches, the parents having a mania for infanticide or ostrichicide, I don't know which you'd call it. For nine months therefore the chicks must be kept away from the unlovely and loveless parents. Still ostriches have good traits. They're not always as black as they are painted. The best of their traits is in their feathers. To these you can pin your faith with the certainty of a monetary reward, for even the pinfeathers are worth considerable. Some kinds of feathers sell for one hundred dollars a pound. Ostrich feathers are used for several things. They are worn as plumes in hats, for various utilitarian and decorative purposes. I have even known a man to be tarred and feathered, by a mad and howling mob, with ostrich feathers. Some of the pinfeathers were pinned to his *corporis corpori* with a firmer pinning than confiding faith could do. When feathers are thus attached to a man's personality they stick more closely than a brother of the blood.

Until three months old, the chicks can be bought for twenty-five dollars; and I have known of cases where a juvenile ostrich has been exchanged for two bright golden eagles. But when maturity comes in all its rich transcendent gravity, several hundred dollars is the price, for it is a saying, as true as it is good, that you can't catch an old bird with a few dollars; for they increase in value as they increase in years.

The birds are vegetarian in the strictest sense and never drink whisky or wine or stay out late at nights. They like alfalfa but they have been known to eat old hats, old shoes, old clothes, and other ancient habiliments of wo. They have, on extreme cases of provocative hunger, been known to interest themselves in the flesh of a Celestial being. They have pulled a man's leg with a big bill more vigorously than ever dunning creditor dared to do. Their legs and bodies would fit them for the ballet, and their walk is a combination one, combining as it does the walk of a dude with that of a girl whose shoes are tight. The average life of these birds is thirty years.

It seems to me that it is not necessary to outlaw prize-fighting, to send it out of fashion, or relegate it to the rear of our desires. Let him who wants to be Champion of the Terra Firma of Pugilisticia put up his props, go in and win, conquer an ostrich in the prize-ring while the bright hosannas sing "All hail! The Conquering Hero Comes!" If he wins, the championship will be his. But when he gets through, if he is not dead, he'll wish he was. I doubt if even Corbett could stand up before one of their blows.

I saw an ostrich fight a few months ago down at Coronado City, Cal., and it was about fifteen circuses rolled into one. There were no referees and no time-keepers. Nor did any one attempt to part the birds as is sometimes done in human fights, for the peacemaker would have had the life kicked out of him and would have made his peace in some other world than this.

Two ponderous birds, named Ostrich Jim and Colonel, began fighting over their mess—a division of the cabbage leaves which the keeper had thrown to the hungry birds. There was no arbitration nor no arbiter; there was no bellicose message nor no war manifesto; no commission appointed to consider the matter of a just division; no, nothing but just fight from the word go.

They fought like ostriches young and well!
They piled the ground with feathers fair

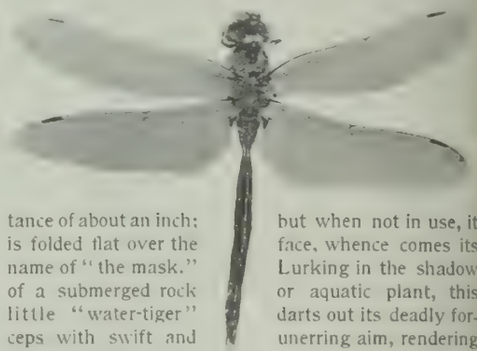
worth ten dollars apiece or so, but they cared naught for that. They were bloodthirsty and literally tried to kick each other off the face of the earth. The fight, however, was a draw, and both combatants retired to rest with lost plumes, weakened bodies, and less blood. Both had broken wings and both probably desired to recuperate before the pugilistic fever should again cause them to resume hostilities.

THE LIFE OF A DRAGON-FLY.

BERTHA T. HERRICK.

The iridescent dragon-fly, or "darning-needle," haunting the vicinity of lakes and water-courses, is the largest and most beautiful of the winged insects.

The larva somewhat resembles the perfect insect, having six strong legs, and two prominent eyes; but it is wholly destitute of wings, and the body is dull gray, shorter and flattened. What corresponds to the lower lip is furnished with a curious jointed instrument, terminating in a pair of powerful pincers, by means of which it seizes its prey and conveys it to its voracious mouth. This is capable of being extended to the distance of about an inch; but when not in use, it is folded flat over the face, whence comes its name of "the mask." Lurking in the shadow of a submerged rock or aquatic plant, this little "water-tiger" darts out its deadly forceps with swift and unerring aim, rendering escape on the part of the unfortunate victim almost an impossibility. Its food consists of the larvæ and pupæ of gnats and mosquitoes, water-beetles in all their stages, polywogs, and fresh-water crustaceans. When hard pressed, they are not averse to feeding upon their own kind; and are sometimes eaten themselves by ducks or fish, while their eggs are greedily devoured by frogs.



They breathe the air in the water by means of gills, like those of their finny neighbors; and, when not engaged in running over the creek bed, or lying in wait for the unwary, propel themselves through the current by forcibly ejecting the water which has been exhausted of its supply of oxygen, through a three-parted tube, or siphon, the motion giving them a forward impetus.

In these primary stages the creature lives for nearly a year, when a mysterious instinct tells the pupa that it is time to leave its dark, muddy haunts for the sunshine and freedom of the river banks.

So, slowly and heavily it crawls up the stem of some reed or water-plant, until several feet above the surface of the stream, when it takes a firm grip on the branch or leaf with the strong hooks on the ends of the feet, and remains for a moment or two motionless.

When the sun and air have dried the soft, moist case, it cracks down the back of the thorax, and the full-fledged fly appears to view. Gradually it crawls and wriggles out of its worn-out garments; but not yet is it ready to enter upon the delights of its new existence, for the wings are damp and crumpled, the great eyes are dull, and the body is short and thick. Little by little, however, the brilliant, gauzy wings are expanded, the compound eyes glow with the reflection of their thousands of facets, and the body assumes its slender, graceful shape.

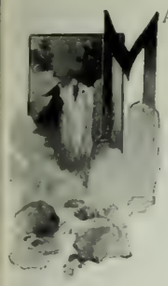
Several hours are consumed in this operation, then off skims the new-born insect like a bit of flying rainbow; so swiftly that one can scarcely see the rise and fall of its glittering wings.

Its whole life is now spent in the pursuit of prey; for, like the larva or pupa, it is carniverous and greedy in its habits, though the friend, rather than the foe, of man. While on the wing, it consumes immense numbers of flies and butterflies, but more especially gnats and mosquitoes, for which reason it is sometimes known as the "mosquito-hawk."

It chews its food with a sideways motion, by means of jaws or mandibles. Its rapacity seems to know no bounds. One specimen, temporarily kept captive for scientific study, was said to devour no less than forty houseflies in a period of two hours; and it is also asserted that these sharks of the air will even eat parts of their own bodies, if placed within their reach, the act being performed with considerable relish and no apparent inconvenience or unpleasant consequences.

THE GREAT RABBIT DRIVE.

HU MAXWELL.



MANY parts of California, especially Fresno and adjoining counties, have rabbit drives as a sport and it has come to be a fixed feature of the early spring pastimes in the San Joaquin Valley. There have been 177 recorded drives in the State, and the total number of rabbits killed is placed at 372,195. In many of these drives there were only estimates of the killed; but after a bounty was offered for the ears there were nearly always persons willing to collect the spoils for the one cent for each pair of ears. By this means it became possible to arrive at the number destroyed with much greater accuracy than could be done when only estimates were made. But even then the number of pairs of ears always fell below the actual number of rabbits killed, because hundreds, sometimes thousands, of dead were carried away from each drive by those who took part, and the bounty seekers never despoiled the full number killed.

When counts began to be made it was discovered that estimates were nearly always too low. For instance, at the drive twelve miles south of Fresno, on February 13, 1892, the highest estimates did not place the number of dead above 10,000, yet the actual count showed 14,000. Again, at the drive which took place March 12, 1892, twelve miles south of Fresno, in which members of the G. A. R. took part—a reunion of the veterans of this State being in session in Fresno—the enthusiasts with highest estimates placed the number of killed at 20,000, and the actual count showed that number, and it is believed 5000 were carried away and not included in the count.

The greatest number of drives have taken place in Tulare County, but the total number of rabbits killed is to the credit of Fresno County, where the largest drives have been held, where the total number of rabbits destroyed has not fallen below 120,000 in eight years. Kern County comes next, with a record of 105,000, and Tulare has almost the same number to its credit. These figures are based on the Government report on the jack-rabbit, issued in 1896. In the absence of anything more accurate or authentic the figures may be taken as approximately correct.

The largest drive ever held in this State, as well as the best managed and the most exciting, was that which took place near the small town of McMullin, fifteen miles southwest of Fresno, March 21, 1896, under the commandership of Honorable W. F. Rowell.

AFTER THE DRIVE.

In preparing for a drive, a corral covering an acre or more is prepared. The fence enclosing it is too high to be jumped by the rabbits. A gate is provided which can be closed when the rabbits are inside. From each side of the gate a fence is built a considerable distance, the two fences forming an acute angle with the gate to the corral in the apex. In the large drive above mentioned, these wing fences were each four miles long. The Supervisors of Fresno County bought the fence to be used for rabbit drives anywhere in the county. A committee was appointed to take charge of the fence and to be responsible for its safe keeping. Under orders from the committee it is moved from place to place as different communities desire to hold drives. If two or more neighborhoods want the fence at the same time, the committee decides which shall have it first, and from that decision there is no appealing. Preparations for the great drive of March 21st were commenced two weeks in advance, and was thoroughly advertised. When the day came no fewer than ten thousand men, women, and children attended. Arrangements were made for those who were to take part in the drive to assemble at different points, thereby facilitating the formation of the line which was to sweep the open plains lying between the colonies and vineyards lying south and west of Fresno and the West Side Railroad. The country was the rendezvous of rabbits in countless thousands. From there they made inroads upon the vineyards and gardens of the colonists, and the extermination of the pests became a matter of necessity.

SMALL SECTION OF SLAUGHTER.

Before daybreak on March 21st, the people were out with guns and dogs, beating rabbits out of the vineyards and driving them into the open country where they could be picked up in the general drive. By nine o'clock the forces were in position and the formation of the line began. On the north it rested near the station of Collis, and on the south near Caruthers, and between the two points it extended in a huge crescent. From horn to horn of the crescent, in a straight line, the distance was twelve miles; but the length of the line formed by the ten thousand people who took part was twenty-four miles, following the curve of the crescent. No dogs or guns were allowed. The line was made up of footmen, horsemen, carriages, and several hundred bicyclists who operated in the more open country and drove the rabbits rapidly before them when the general orders were passed along the line to advance. Commander-in-Chief Rowell, who accompanied the south wing resting on Caruthers, gave the order to move forward, and the marshals repeated the order from division to division, and in a few minutes the twenty-four mile crescent was advancing. All moved toward the common center—the corral into which the rabbits were to be driven.

The corral was about eight miles distant from the most remote part of the crescent. Although the country, for the most part, was open, yet to a person in the middle of the line both ends were below the horizon and out of sight. The array was imposing, and the discipline was astonishing. Of the whole ten thousand persons engaged, there was only one instance where insubordination was shown; that person was immediately driven from the ranks, and was not permitted to enter again. The excitement began with the first advance. The plains swarmed with rabbits, and they started up from every weed and bounded nimbly away. Every minute others were added to the number, and within an hour the plain was covered with rabbits. They had no difficulty thus far in keeping out of the way. They had fifty square miles of open country over which they could gallop without coming in contact with their pursuers. But every minute lessened the area, as well as increased the number of rabbits. As the line gradually contracted and closed in from the north, south, and east, the excitement grew; but no deviation was made from the steady advance.

When within a mile of the corral the slaughter began. By that time the line had closed in till it was two or three deep, and the rabbits were thoroughly alarmed; they seemed to foresee the fate in store for them, and made frantic efforts to break away. Every man and boy carried a club. The horsemen and bicyclists dismounted and advanced on foot. Carriages kept in the rear of the line. The hour for the final slaughter was at hand.

When within less than half a mile of the corral, the rabbits, as if with one accord, made their last desperate rush for liberty. They came by tens of thousands right into the line. The men dropped on their knees and wielded their clubs. In some parts of the field dead rabbits lay in heaps where they had been clubbed to death while vainly trying to break through the line. The dust that filled the air hid nearly everything from view. But the line advanced, clubbing rabbits as it went. Many of the rabbits died from exhaustion and fright; the largest and strongest were the last to succumb. From fifteen thousand to twenty thousand were killed outside the corral, while probably ten thousand entered it and were killed there. Several coyotes were caught in the round-up and perished with the rabbits, and one which entered the corral was trampled to death by rabbits in their desperate rush round and round the enclosure in their last frantic efforts to escape. Estimates by those most competent to make them placed the number at 30,000, and all agreed that it was the most successful drive ever held in this country.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKLEE FERGUSON

There dwells a handsome infant of five tender years in this town who is a veritable "terror." He is as bright as a native son can be, in fact, his cleverness is positively astounding, and he is an only child. I'm sure that two like him would turn his pretty young mother's blonde hair gray. She is in almost constant trepidation as to what he will do or say next, but he seems quite unconscious of the consternation he creates. Recently, during his mother's absence down town, he took advantage of the servant girl's after-dinner siesta to convey the family silver, china, and edibles to the basement, where he managed, no one knows how, to spread the largest cloth in the house upon a long table that the carpenter had been using. There is no estimating the number of trips those little fat legs of his must have made in order to accomplish all this. Going to the nearest bakery and fruit stand, where they were in the habit of trading, and where he was frequently sent on errands, he ordered a plentiful supply of cakes, candy, and oranges, then went on a tour of the neighborhood to invite the children thereabouts to his "party." They came—in droves. When his mother, reaching home, followed mysterious sounds of revelry to the lower regions and appeared upon the scene, her enterprising son, who had attended other children's parties and knew how to play host in proper style, arose from his seat at the head of the table, and with the gravest dignity said, "Will you be seated?" His complacency and mastery of the situation were something to be seen to be appreciated.

He has been firmly impressed with the theological idea that heaven is above, and the regions of his Satanic Majesty beneath, the earth. His grandmother once found him plying his little garden shovel energetically in the flower bed, where he had already dug a large hole. "Howard, what in the world are you doing?" she called out. "Digging my way to the devil!" was the laconic reply. One evening he asked if the earth were truly only a big round ball. "Yes," his mother answered. Master Howard looked up thoughtfully, his chubby fists thrust into the pockets of his knickerbockers. "My!" exclaimed he, "I should think God would have lots of fun bouncing it!"

She does not sing, nor manufacture rhymes,
Nor lecture, preach, nor has she learning vast;
Nor is she that strange creature of the times,
A woman with a past.

Her life has been devoid of incident,
And if you asked about her pedigree
I doubt if she would quite know what you meant;
Nor beautiful is she.

And yet the whole world knows her face and name;
While genius toils, unrecognized and sad,
She scales the dizzy heights of earthly fame
On a nerve tonic "ad."

An astonishing story comes from France, to the effect that a ten-year-old prodigy appeared recently in a Paris concert as a pianist, composer, and improvisor, the program consisting entirely of her own works, and comprising no less than fifteen numbers, nine for piano, two for cello, two for violin, and two for vocal rendition, one of the latter being an air from an opera. Her improvisation is said to have amazed her hearers. She was given five notes—A, A flat, G, B, and C—which she treated with the most wonderful skill and expression. Is it possible that the world will see this child grow up to outshine Paderewski, who, after gathering up a quarter of a million dollars in this country, says that this is positively his farewell tour? It is constantly being said of women that they have never achieved anything in music—have never made themselves famous as composers. Perhaps it rests with the little French wonder to vindicate the assertion that women are only imitators and followers in the footsteps of musical man.

Now is the time the funny man gives his machine a twirl to grind another batch of jokes about the summer girl; the lack of men and how she lures the wretches to propose; for this is all the stock in trade the poor old funster knows. He also knows that though he grinds until the season's o'er, he can't think of a single thing that's not been said before.

Perhaps a man never feels quite so much like taking a woman out and drowning her as he does when she selfishly, wilfully, heedlessly wears headgear to the theater that obstructs his view of a play that he has paid as much money as she has to see. It is strange that women should persist in a habit that menaces public comfort and tramples upon public rights to such an extent that legislation should seem the only road to peace. And it is a disgrace that the law should have been invoked to enforce that which ordinary courtesy on the part of women would have rendered unnecessary. It is said that Mrs. Fosdick was the power behind the throne in passing the anti-high theater hat bill in Ohio. Men will probably rise up and call her husband blessed; but if suffrage ever prevails in Ohio, I would not like to stake anything on Mr. Fosdick's chances of reelection.

In an entertaining contribution an Eastern correspondent tells how women authors work, and the romantic halo, which naturally attaches itself, in the average reader's mind, to the personality of the feminine novelist, takes on extra glory while perusing the article.

One learns that Mrs. Katrina Trask seats herself upon the railing of a balcony in her Saratoga home, where she can behold the peaks of the Adirondacks as they overhang Lake Champlain, and have the benefit of other scenic accessories to stimulate inspiration.

When Amelie Rives takes up her pen, it is the signal for suspended animation on the part of those around her. She retires to an apartment alone, where her burning thoughts are transmitted to paper—presumably of the asbestos variety. The hallways are hushed, and no person in the house speaks above a whisper. As even so ethereal a personage as Amelie must subsist by the plebeian but necessary method of eating, an African servant with velvet-shod feet is permitted at intervals to approach her. This hibernating process goes on until the completion of the story, when it is tried on the assembled and adoring family.

Miss Winnie Davis plans her story lying upon a couch with her gaze focused on the point of her pen. Marguerite of Italy and Carmen Sylvia of Roumania dictate their ideas while pacing a terrace.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward seeks her boudoir when the spirit moves her to attack a writing-pad. If a caller comes, a maid enters silently, stands still and looks at her mistress. Should genius be active, Mrs. Ward does not look up, and the maid noiselessly makes her exit.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger transfers her thoughts to paper in a white and gold reception-room, on a white enameled ledge, surmounted by an electric arch. All this sort of thing fills the mind of the ordinary newspaper woman with wondering awe. Unlike the sybaritic environments of the author, the views which meet her own gaze from day to day are not entrancing. Between hustling for news and getting "copy" in on schedule time, she is too intent upon her work to be conscious of the dusty desk, the stubby pencil, the littered floor, and the occasional onslaughts of the printer's devil. For the newspaper woman is too busy to be literary.

The modern maid cares not to be
A clinging, vine-like, helpless one
Who deems it quite unsafe were she
To venture out at set of sun.

No longer shy, demure and prim
She sits, with scarce a word to say,
But, brave of heart and lithe of limb
She goes her unmolested way.

A truce to churn and spinning wheel!
Instead of piecing patches small
She mounts a shining steed of steel,
Or joins a game of basket ball.

She sings and dances, swims and rides,
And wears abbreviated skirts,
Plays golf and tennis; and besides
(You scarce can blame her) sometimes flirts.

There's mischief in her roguish smile
And wisdom in her laughing eyes,
And if she thinks it worth her while
She'll tease you with her coquetries.

Her waist is somewhat larger than
Her grandma's, pictured on the shelf,
And yet somehow you long to span
Its trim circumference yourself.

Clear-eyed, courageous, and refined,
With her no obstacles appall.
The weaknesses of womankind
Seem to have left her, one and all.

No, not quite all, for, as of old,
Her screams resound throughout the house
If she but chances to behold
The very smallest kind of mouse.

The modern maiden whom we know
Combines in a composite way
The virtues of the long ago
With all the sweet charms of to-day!

No wonder an African proofreader never lives to a good old age. Who could survive such descriptions as a fight between the Unabelinijji and Amaswazlizzi?

A London paper is authority for the statement that Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, whose lines, printed and otherwise, seem to have fallen in rather hard places, receives as compensation for his poetical services a sum amounting to three hundred and sixty dollars yearly. With such royal remuneration as this, Mr. Austin ought to feel that he can look in haughty disdain upon his carping critics.

A bill has just been passed giving a pension of forty dollars a month to a private citizen who was wounded while passing before the rifle range at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. It sometimes pays to get in the way.

"They say!" The Scriptures, the dictionary, the encyclopedia, Shakespeare himself, could not hold their own in a quotation contest with this authority. "They say!" and lo, a reputation is destroyed, the good deeds of a lifetime are obliterated in the public memory.

It is a matter of truth, undeniable and deplorable, that no one can escape calumny. For all that we know to the contrary it is a plant that has thrived throughout the ages, and which time itself seems powerless to destroy. Insidious and deadly of purpose, a bitter foe, it always manages to escape a face to face combat. Its incentive may be envy, jealousy, revenge, or the innate meanness sometimes expressively termed "pure cussedness."

Gossip is a form of calumny homeopathic in its mildness, and seldom really hurtful. It is the cruel, vindictive shaft of slander that most deeply wounds its victim, and no breastplate of moral integrity is proof against its poisonous darts. It was my good fortune to know a woman to whom scandal was so repugnant that she would permit no evil of any one to be spoken in her presence. Her life was as an open book—an example of Christianity. Yet, in the course of time, a lie, glaring in its atrocity, was associated with her name, and coming to her knowledge, as such things always do, so grieved her that it shadowed her otherwise happy life as long as she lived. There could have been no motive in this case but that of malicious mischief.

The scandal-monger we have ever with us, and doubtless the objectionable presence will be in our midst when the last trumpet sounds. Should there be a survival of the unfittest, the fancy can picture no situation so forlorn as that of two talebearers who have plied their unholy trade vigorously, alive upon this earth when chaos comes and the remainder of their kind have been swept away. Would they, Marius-like, sit amid the ruins and weep? No; they would speedily suicide.

"They say!" It were impossible to estimate the heartaches caused by this inkless publication, which indisputably has the "largest circulation" in the world. This origin of spicy news is a tree of so-called knowledge accessible to all who crave its fruit; a fountain that never runs dry. And the partakers thereof, who sin yet escape punishment, why are they permitted to enjoy unmerited freedom? Perhaps they are a necessary evil. Without them life would be too Arcadian. Indeed, the millennium would be at hand.

We cannot fully appreciate the gymnastic and emotional possibilities of vegetables and cereals, nor what antics they are capable of in their raw and marketable state, until we read, verbatim et literatim, a day's market report. It is then that these humble objects assume vagaries of which the consumer never dreamed. It is instructive reading, too. One is pleased to find that oats are "steady," whereas one had the erroneous impression that they were wild. "Butter strong"—surely that is not exactly a recommendation to purchasers. Further on it is revealed that hay, straw, and mill-feed are firm, cheese and potatoes dull, eggs weak, pork quiet, apples fluctuating, onions rising, beans lively, oranges falling, wheat climbing, lemons dropping, tomatoes easy, and corn tumbling. All of which is convincing evidence of the hitherto unsuspected power of edible things.

He begged her for a smile—
One little fleeting look—
And waited patiently the while.
He begged her for one little smile;
And then her head he took
And gently, firmly, with his hand
He jammed it to an iron stand.

He begged her for a smile—
And then he grabbed her chin
And jerked it ceilingward, the while
He still insisted on that smile;
Then drove her hairpins in.
He was not crazy; bless you, no.
Photographers all act just so.

People like new wrinkles in pretty much everything except faces.

Nobody knows why the reformer generally goes away from home to begin work.

OLD GOLD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[So many readers have requested the publication of the following, that we give it below. It appeared in the edition of the London *Punch* for April 22, 1865. *Punch* had, during the war, published many cartoons derogatory to Lincoln and laudatory of the South. In the cartoon which accompanied this poem Britannia was represented as laying a wreath upon the bier of the murdered President. On the opposite page was the poem, from the pen of the brilliant editor, Tom Taylor.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
  You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
  His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
  His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
  Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
  Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
  Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
  The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
  Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
  To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
  This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
  Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true:
  How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows,

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
  How in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
  Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
  Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
  Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
  That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
  Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
  That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
  His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
  The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbear's the boatman's toil,
  The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear;
  Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
  If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up a destined work to do,
  And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
  And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
  And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
  And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
  Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
  Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
  Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
  To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
  Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high:
  Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
  By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore:
  But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
  Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven:
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
  With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT.

Judge not too harshly, oh, my friend!
  Of him, your fellow man,
But draw the veil of charity
  About him if you can.
He once was called an honest man
  Before sore trial vexed—
He stepped from out the narrow path—
  It may be your turn next.

Fainting on the great highway
  A suffering soul doth lie;
Go stanch his wound and quench his thirst,
  Nor pass him idly by.
God will not brook the swift excuse,
  The thoughtless, vain pretext;
A fellow mortal bites the dust—
  It may be your turn next.

You heard, one day, a single word
  Against a person's name:
Oh, bear it not from door to door,
  To further hurt his fame!
If you're the man you claim to be,
  Remember then the text,
To "speak no evil," true or false—
  It may be your turn next.

The world is bad enough, we own,
  And it may need more light:
Yet, with fraternal love to all,
  May we help the cause of right.
Lift up the sinful and the weak,
  The soul by care perplexed,
Well knowing that to drink the gall
  It may be your turn next.

Exchange.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

There is but one thing to be regretted in connection with the Los Angeles fiesta, and that is that the coronation robe of the fair queen was made in Paris. Perhaps it was impossible to build it elsewhere nearer home on such a magnificent scale, but would it not have been more fitting the occasion that the robe in which one of California's most beautiful women stood to receive the homage of thousands, because she represented our native-born flowers, were the product of at least American if not Californian hands? Surely in all the length and breadth of our land we ought to be able to provide raiment fine enough even for a floral fiesta queen.

THAT REMINDS ME.

[The following epitaph is to be found upon a slab in Old Copp's Hill Burying Ground, Boston:]

"Stop here, my friend, and cast an eye,
  As you are now, so once was I,
  As I am now, so you will be—
  Prepare for death, and follow me."

A young man added in chalk:

"To follow you I'm not content,
  Unless I know which way you went."

Son (enthusiastically)—Yes, father, I have fully made up my mind to adopt music as a career. I feel it is the only one in which my soul can find its full expansion.

Father (indignantly)—Very well, sir: if you will persist in your evil courses, instead of following your father in an honest hardware business, let me tell you that, when you have reached the height of your ambition, you needn't come playing before my door expecting to get any coppers."

The beggar had a sign up, "Deaf and Dumb," and the passing philanthropist stopped in front of him. "I'd like to give this man something," he said to his companion, "but how am I to know he is deaf and dumb?" "Read the sign, sir," whispered the beggar, cautiously.

A young man had been talking to a bored editor for quite a quarter of an hour, and at last observed: "There are some things in this world that go without saying." "Yes," said the editor, "and there are still more persons in the world who say a good deal without going."

Mrs. Wickwire sat up and shook her sleeping husband's shoulder vigorously.

"What is it?" he mumbled.

"I want you to snore either in soprano, bass, alto, or tenor, and confine yourself to one tone. You keep switching from one to another so rapidly that I can't sleep."

The seven broad galleries opening into the rotunda of the Brown Palace at Denver afford a pretty spectacle at night, all brilliantly lighted, and each with its little group of chatting friends, promenading couples, or isolated "lookers on at Vienna." It seems to remove that sense of cheerlessness and loneliness too common in hotels.

Another Schlatter has been discovered in British Columbia. He is said to effect wonderful cures by the laying on of hands. The latter is not by any means an uncommon method. Parents have been employing it from time immemorial upon the anatomies of their unruly offspring, but the difference lies in the fact that they rarely succeed thereby in effecting any but temporary cures.

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

California Optical Co.
Scientific Manufacturing Opticians—
Strictly Reliable

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DEFECTIVE VISION is the cause of about 75 per cent of all headaches, nervousness and dizziness, which some often attribute to ill health. Properly fitted glasses, in such cases, will give immediate relief.

Just A Step from the Depot, when you get off the train at LOS ANGELES, you will find

THE ARCADE DEPOT HOTEL,

It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward. American plan, $3.00 per day upward. *Darmody & Schaffer*, Props.

NOWHERE.

A hurried glance at the above letters and one cannot tell which of two words is indicated.

There is no such uncertainty when you take a meal at our restaurant. In either event you will find that

NO WHERE

can such a delicious repast be gotten as we have

NOW HERE.

SWAIN BROS., 213 Sutter St.
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Apple Products

Fortuna, Humboldt Co., California.

Sparkling Champagne Cider.
Apple Butter.
Condensed Cider.
Sweet Apple Pickles.
Apple Jelly.
Pure Cider Vinegar.

MOVED. We have moved the agency for our Homeopathic Medicines and Supplies to

119 Powell Street.

And have appointed MR. WM. A. BROOKS General Agent for the Pacific Coast.

BOERECKE & TAFEL.

The Pioneer Homeopathic Pharmacy.
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A Complete Illustrated Guide

"THE TRAVELER," 314 Post Street, S. F.

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Developing, Printing, Reloading and Repairing.
WM. O. BACON,
Opp. Mechanics' Institute, 18 POST STREET, S. F.

Ripans Tabules: at druggists.

Artistic advertising is the road to success. THE TRAVELER does this kind of high grade work, and the character of it is shown herein. Ask us for estimates of any kind.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

It is only natural that we should severely condemn wives for running away from their husbands, but sometimes, when we see the pictures of the deserted spouses in the newspapers, we do not feel quite so strongly prejudiced as we did.

OUR OWN HOUSEHOLD.

EDITED BY INA C. TOMPKINS.

IT IS become quite the fashion to decry the "Woman's Page" in the newspaper. At a recent meeting of the New York Sorosis some of the members declared they never read it. And what wonder—with the caricatures that disfigure it, and the silly stuff that gets printed in it? This means, of course, the "Eastern" papers, and the tiresome syndicate matter.

Nearly everybody writes for print, except the busy home-keeper—she who could tell the reading public many things it ought to know, and which it can never learn any other way; she who, herself, gains rest, knowledge, and inspiration by conference meetings, asking and answering questions, and talking over the many subjects of general interest to women.

Then give attention, ye home-keepers of California and of the whole broad country wherever THE TRAVELER wings its far flight! The prettiest publication on the Pacific Coast has opened the door for us, and we are invited to enter and enjoy the Editor's hospitality. A pleasant "suite of rooms" is set apart, which we may make our very own, furnish according to our liking, and there discuss all questions of interest and importance to home, family, and social life. We may exchange experiences, and thus profit by the mistakes, discoveries, and successes of one another.

As the home, in the all-comprehensive sense of the term, is the chief factor in civilization—indeed, the foundation on which everything in life worth living for is builded—a monthly conference of those who uphold its dignity and purity, and guide it to its highest possibilities, is of greater consequence than political conventions, scientific congresses, and theological symposiums.

Then walk in, mothers, sisters, daughters, fathers, and sons, without further ceremony. The field of thought and action, with the home its center, was never so wide and expanding as it is to-day. And yet the sanctity and sweetness of the "heart's head-quarters" is the same, and therefrom radiates the genial warmth of good cheer, kindled by love and guided by intelligence. It cannot be denied that the more of this atmosphere that gets out into the world in these days of striving and unrest, the better it will be for the people that are in it, and the more happiness will surely follow.

Without its heartsome, healthful influence, woman becomes a wreck, and man lapses into semi-barbarism. Bachelor girls and club men may boast of their approach to it, but they are as far from its genuineness as Alcatraz is from Governor's Island. The home where we tell bed-time stories to little children, and where sons and daughters welcome their young companions, and the halls and parlors ring with merriment: the home which possibly has room only for John and Mary and the children, and they have to "make down a pallet," as the Texans say, if any one comes to stay all night; the home on the broad, handsome avenue, and the lonely cabin on the prairie—we want—we need them all.

We believe in the fin de siecle woman as the consummate flower of centuries of civilization, and we know that on the swiftest "wheel" she may chance to ride, she will never get beyond the circle of this saving influence. It is the very fibre of her nature, which will fall asunder only with her final breath.

With these reminders "nailed on the door," the meetings of Our Own Household may become—if the members so will it—the most important and enjoyable part of the mission of THE TRAVELER.

THE FIRST CALLER.

When this department was determined upon, we sent out a few of our carrier pigeons to known friends and patrons, and so are able to present some correspondence in this, our initial meeting. Oddly enough, the first person to cross the newly dedicated threshold is a man—and he brings in poetry! when we asked, explicitly, for prose—a few notes on "bachelor housekeeping" (he is a bachelor). He must have been prying around in his sister's apartments when he found the Easter Hat and his inspiration. It goes, this time, because his verses are not bad, as to rhyme and rhythm, and do show keen observation and an appreciation of the grotesque (the ultra-fashionable spring hat *is* a grotesque thing, and aims to be), but he is warned not to do it again.

WELL KNOWN IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. Dietz Photo.

HER EASTER HAT.

It is weird and wavy, and, oh, the things
That are piled upon it—wings and wings:
The bangs on the brim are a sight to see,
However 'twas done is a mystery!
A soft braid woven with beads sown in,
That might be silver, or gold, or tin;
They shine like dew in the moonlit grass,
Or crystals under the midnight gas.
There are Persian ribbons, fine and wide,
And every loop has a stiff, inside;
There are blades of green, and films of lace,
And violets bunched about the face;
And gauze and jet, for a dash of black,
Set in like the sails of a fishing smack;
With feathers here and flowers there,
And 'Lisbeth says the thing is sweet,
And her woman friends the words repeat;
And the man that hears it wants to—dare
To speak his mind—of all dear things
That a woman wears, or a poet sings,
Since the world was made, or since the fall,
The Easter Hat is the dearest of all.

Portland, Oregon. COUSIN BEN.

WANTS TO BE A CHARTER MEMBER.

And you say we are to have a "Household" in the pages of the beautiful TRAVELER? And we are all invited in with our questions, and answers, and puzzles, and advice? A little bird flitted in and told me this, and I was so rejoiced I could hardly wipe the china without breaking the handles off the cups. It is a happy thought, and I drop everything to get in among the first, be a charter member, as it were. I am so full of questions, downright, honest, necessary questions, that they are fairly running out the corners of my mouth, but I will only jot down a few of the many.

I want some of the mathematical and calculating sisters to tell me if it is better economy to make over old dresses (especially if you must hire some one to help you) than it is to give them away, and buy new ones, and do with fewer ones.

I have just accomplished the wonderful feat of making two old dresses into one new one, and it has taken me ten precious days—all the odd time I could spare from household duties; and now the result isn't a thing of beauty, and will never be a joy for fifteen consecutive minutes. Of course this query is for people of ordinary means, those who need to "make the most" of everything. Rich folk needn't try to answer.

I want to be told, by one who knows, how to make the best salad, of any kind, that can be quickly done, when a friend drops in for luncheon, for instance.

And I want to know if the antithetical term for "bachelor girl" is "old maid boy." I hope my questions will all be answered right away.

MRS. DOROTHY DWIGHT.

San Francisco.

A WORD OF GOOD CHEER.

Greeting to the Household and its Hostess: I have been thinking about "Women and Responsibility," and want to talk it over with you.

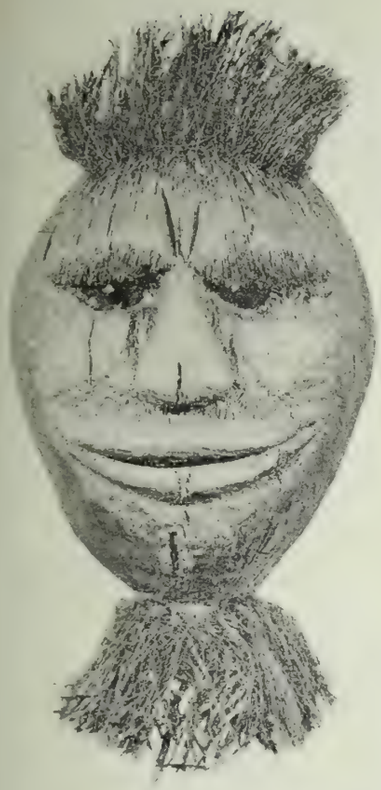
To those women who, by force of necessity, enter the lists of the world, the greatest bugbear of life, the fiercest foe to peace, the surest hastener of age, the most certain snapper up of vital forces is—Responsibility. Forced upon unwilling shoulders, it ends almost invariably by crushing its victim. She who accepts it cheerfully, as so many brave women do, finds that however courageous she may feel herself to be, however stanch, undaunted, and bound to endure—the burden, instead of lessening with the years, grows in weight and size in exact ratio to the awakening of the mental and physical forces in her own nature.

She who must, perforce, carry the load of responsibility, should cultivate a certain elasticity of the spirit which comes in obedience to the exertion of the will. She should study to forget cares entirely, at intervals, by indulging in amusements of a light and pleasing nature.

It is by so doing that she helps the human vessel to right itself, and, while riding the crystal waters of an untroubled sea, allows Time, the skipper, to mend the splintered masts and broken spars; to splice the strained nerves, and bail out what bitter thoughts may have been shipped.

Worry will never help a woman to bear the responsibilities of life. It will take from her strength and add to her burden. Let us put the tired hand in the hand of Hope and catch the light from her starry eyes. We must help ourselves, and every struggle gives us strength. "Blessed be Drudgery," wrote one; it is the only sure foundation for strong building. To grumble is to cast a shadow; to take our tasks into willing hands is to garner sunshine for others.

Dayton, Ohio. EVA BEST.



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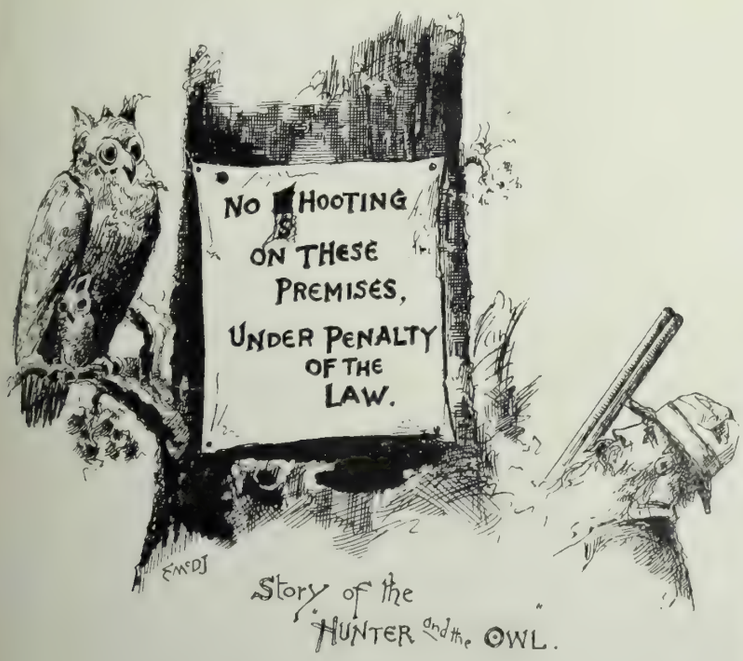

Hunter. "No doubt this advice is intended for you."
Owl. "It is intended, I think, for you too-hoo."
Hunter. "It says, NO HOOTING allowed hereabout."
Owl. "But stop, don't you see there is one letter out?"
Hunter. "Quite clearly to me, this is but a device."
Owl. "It's easier to give, than to take good advice."

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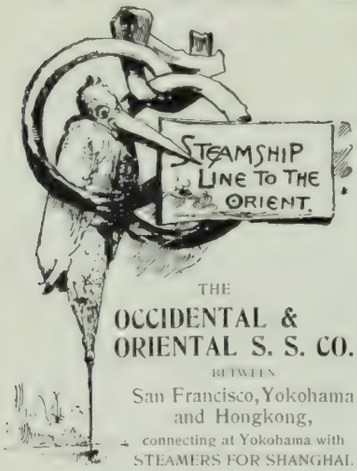

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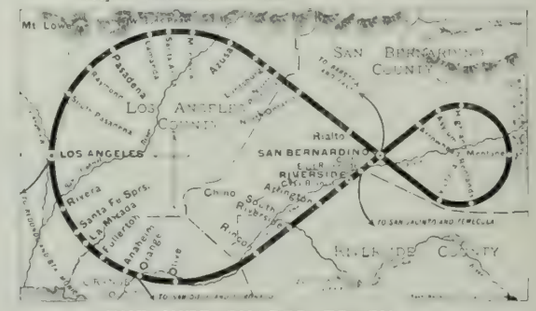

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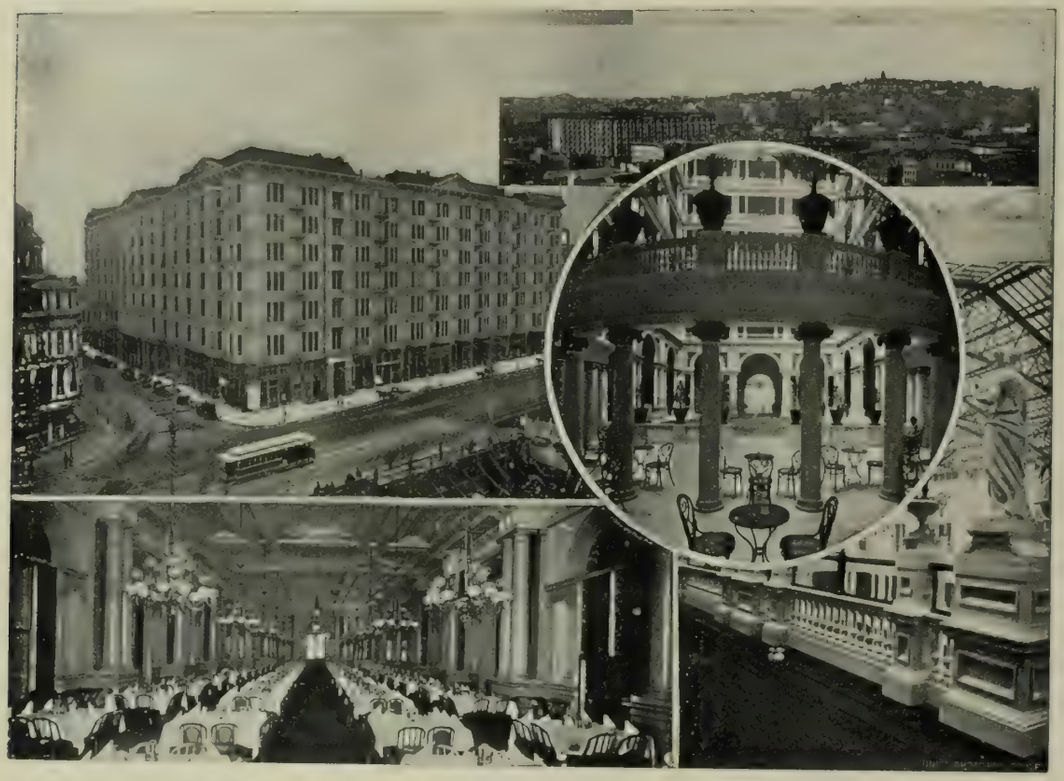

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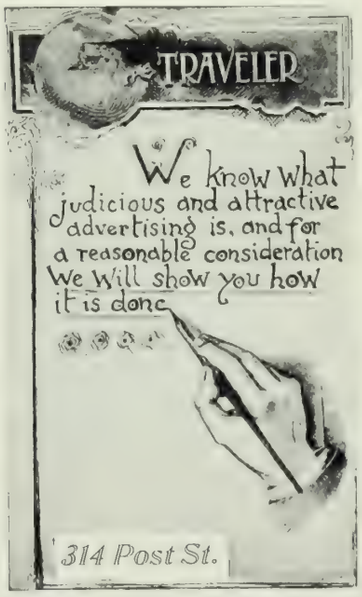

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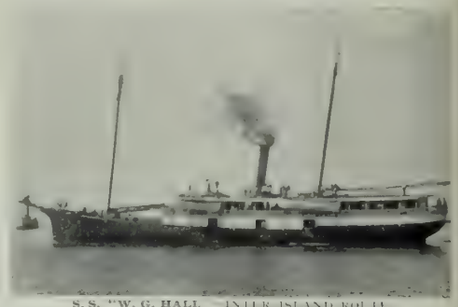

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VII. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE, 1896. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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FROM a recent issue of *The Railway Age*, an old-established and recognized journal devoted exclusively to railway topics, we have clipped the following editorial comment:

Bicycle men and women in Chicago are denouncing a very proper city ordinance which prohibits them from running at night without lighted lamps, claiming that the law is not valid because it does not apply to vehicles of every description. Then with what consistency can wheelmen demand a law which requires railways to carry their vehicles free, and "does not apply to vehicles of every description"? The fact is, the various "leagues" of bicyclists are becoming very impudent in their demands for special privileges and immunities. They demand that property-owners build roads for their convenience, insist that railways shall transport their delicate machines without charge, and pay for them if accidentally damaged, run people down on highways and crossings for the pleasure of "scorching," and constantly violate law and jeopardize the public by speeding their noiseless vehicles at night without lights. There is growing need of legislation to regulate these dangerous uncommon carriers.

There is reason in all things, but in the uncalled-for and unnecessary scathing of the bicycling fraternity in this article we feel that *The Age* has widely departed from the spirit and policy of good sound sense to revile one of the greatest industries of the present age, the development of which has done more for the betterment of good roads throughout the country than any other industry in the world.

The attitude of this very influential journal, read almost exclusively by railway men, at once stamps it as partisan in its views, and it cannot lend an independent voice to the support of any enterprise at all at variance with the business of the great railway systems from which it obtains its sustenance.

No one of common sense will deny the justice of an ordinance requiring lanterns on bicycles at night. It is eminently proper and necessary to avoid accidents; but our criticism of the article is the unwarranted attack on the so-called impudence, arrogance, and aggressiveness of the riders of the wheel who ask for the betterment of our roads and the transportation of their vehicles "for their convenience." Of course it is for their convenience. They don't "demand" them, as *The Age* puts it. They have sufficient influence and energy, however, to procure better streets and roadways, and it is indisputable that the greater real benefit arising from the improvements so secured accrues to the very large majority of those who do not know the enjoyment of the bicycle.

INDEPENDENCE. Taber photo.

As far as the transportation of wheels by railway companies is concerned, we can see no good reason why exception should be taken thereto. They weigh from 20 to 40 pounds each, take little room, are easily handled, and come very far below the maximum of 150 pounds of bulky baggage which is allowed on each full ticket. The comments of our worthy contemporary seem irrelevant, inconsistent, and unwarranted by the facts.

TRUTHFUL CIRCULATION.

THE *American Newspaper Directory*, published in New York, is the officially recognized compendium of information concerning every class and character of papers in the United States. It is acknowledged to be absolutely accurate in the matter of circulation ratings, and a guaranteed rating of any newspaper or periodical appearing in its columns is considered by advertisers as thoroughly reliable. Most of the information they obtain is, of course, secured from the publishers, but the requirements of detail, sworn statements, etc., are so rigorous that when they are complied with the *Directory* backs the accuracy of its information by a reward of $100 for proof of error. The publisher of THE TRAVELER is, therefore, gratified to learn that the following announcement appears in the *American Newspaper Directory* for 1896:

In all the States of the Far West and the Pacific Slope, consisting of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah, the largest circulation credited to any publication devoted to transportation and traveling is accorded to *The Traveler*, a monthly, published at San Francisco, Cal., and the publishers of the *American Newspaper Directory* will guarantee the accuracy of the circulation rating accorded to this paper by a reward of $100, payable to the first person who successfully assails it.

This broad and sweeping report, inserted *without charge*, and written by the compilers themselves, is significant because it is arrived at by a *comparison* of the sworn statement of THE TRAVELER with that of its local contemporaries, many of whom *claim* a much larger circulation than THE TRAVELER, but when it comes down to the bare truth, THE TRAVELER is given the position as above quoted.

A CURIOUS law case is reported from Milan. A young lady sued a young man—a perfect stranger—for having kissed her, suddenly and without warning, in the open street. When the case was brought up in court and the usual preliminaries had been gone through with, the fair witness was called to the stand to give her evidence against the accused, but the judge was so struck with her beauty that he instantly acquitted the accused on the ground "that so much loveliness and charm had doubtless proved an irresistible temptation." Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the trial was that, instead of being annoyed at losing her case, the plaintiff was delighted with the verdict, and uttered a friendly farewell to the judge as she left the court beaming with smiles, whilst the accused was heartily applauded as he retired in triumph with his friends.

CALIFORNIA MINES PAST AND PRESENT.

JANE SEYMOUR KLINK.

LATELY I have been prospecting, not "grub-staking" up near Buzzard's Roost, for instance, nor locating near Keswick, Shasta County, clad in orthodox miner's garb, as illustrated by the James Lick statue, but in old diggings of 1848—the diggings at Coloma, El Dorado County, where gold was discovered in January of that year by James W. Marshall. The time-table of the Southern Pacific Railroad says: "Take the 8:30 A. M. train to Sacramento, via Benicia or Niles, then a branch road, via Shingle Springs, Mud Springs, etc., to Placerville; the next day a stage to Kelsey, Marshall's Home, and a ride from there of five miles to Coloma." That, however, is in 1896—I did not go that way. I went down to a little, straggling, tired sort of wharf, somewhere near the present site of the Occidental Hotel, and took a little river steamer, one of those busy, bustling, fussy stern-wheelers, whose noisy propeller offers a continual apology for its slow progress to Sacramento—Sacramento with neither a Capitol, levees nor population to speak of.

The next day I took a steady ox-team to Mormon Island on the American River, from there traveled to Coloma, and later on I went with Marshall to Kelsey, five miles farther north. Marshall was not a miner; he was a millwright, and I have seen a queer drawing by him giving the positions of the men, and telling what each one was doing when he discovered the nugget. Over the head of each man waves a wordy banner, giving the dialogue that took place when the "find" was announced. Planks cut for mortising, timbers guiltless of perspective, trees impossibly placed, rude figures of the miners, make up the curious old drawing, but it is interesting, as it was Marshall's attempt, however rude, to portray the discovery of that nugget which brought California's prosperity.

Marshall's cabin at Kelsey, where he lived from 1872 to 1885 a poverty-stricken old man, dependent for the last nine years of his life upon the charity of his neighbors, comes into view, and also his shop, where evidences of his fondness for inventions may still be seen, although mementoes have been taken and carried to nearly every parlor of the Native Sons in the State. The irony of fate is shown in the fact that the State pays a man $50 per month for taking care of a monument which has been erected to his memory at Coloma, while he died alone and poor. But there are other places—Shasta, with its little houses clinging like ruined birds' nests to the sides of the canyon; Horsetown, with its own block of stone pavement and its deep well, where, they say, lie many hundreds of ounces of gold; that deserted town south of Webber Lake, whose name I cannot recall, but the vivid recollection of whose grassy streets, empty homes, and tenantless houses, rises like a panorama before my eyes; and Kelsey, with its few pathetic, straggling houses—all tell of past prosperity, all sing in quavering accents of

"The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."

But what about the days of '96? Is the mining for gold in California entirely a thing of the past? We do not hear so much of it as we used to; there is not so much of a "boom," but there is a steady growth, which in the last few years has received a great impulse, and capital is being invested, slowly but surely, with full certainty of good returns. At Kelsey, where in 1872 Marshall located and patented the Gray Eagle and the Big Sandy mines, which both paid well, and were then comparatively let alone, a company from St. Louis is now working. They have purchased the Big Sandy and worked it down to the 100 ft. level, it paying so well, even with the machinery limited as it was, that they have just let the contract to sink the shaft 1000 feet deeper, and bought new machinery, new pumping plant, jack-head pump, capable of taking out water and sinking to 1000 feet; and, by the way, there is a greater depth of information about mines than I have ever before been aware of. They blast for this shaft with dynamite, and it is to be a double compartment shaft, fifteen feet by seven and a half, and will look like two elevators placed side by side. This Big Sandy has also a 10-stamp mill. Did you ever see a stamp mill? It sounds very big, but after all it is very simple. There is an oblong box of cast iron or mortar, fifty-four inches long, eighteen inches wide and four feet deep, containing two batteries of five stamps each, and each stamp weighing about 1000 pounds. Over these batteries is a camshaft which rotates, and the cams or curved arms catch the tappet on the stem of each stamp and lift it a certain height, when, rotating, they unhook and the stamp falls by its own weight. The shoe or lower part of the stamp is of steel, and the dies in the bottom of the mortar are also of steel, and the quartz is crushed between them, one stamp crushing two and a half to three tons in twenty-four hours. The ore enters at the back, and after being crushed is splashed through a screen of forty squares to the inch on an apron covered with quicksilver, which retains the gold. But this is all outside the mine. Don't you want to go down? It is not an easy thing to do, because there have been many accidents, and there is always danger, but we will put on the invisible cap which imagination always provides and go in with the miners. The shaft usually follows the trend of the ledge, and where they find a vein of ore they follow it out laterally—this is called a level. We stop at the hundred-foot level, and the lights but faintly illuminate a large chamber, far back among the shadows of which we see men at work with pick and hammer and gad. But we want to go deeper, and again we descend until finally we come to where they are drilling for a blast. Holes about one and one-eighth inches in diameter are drilled in the rock by hand, one man turning the steel drill while the other strikes it with a hammer. The powdered rock is washed away by continually throwing a little water into the hole while the drill is being worked.

THE CAGE.

THE 170-FOOT LEVEL.

These holes vary from one to three feet in depth, acording to the character of the rock. They are then charged with from one to three sticks of dynamite—nice, innocent-looking things they are, and the guide tells us a funny story of a miner who possessed a dog which had such a talent for being in the way that not the hint but a kick was necessary to show him his place. That dog ate some sticks of dynamite, and Jenkins, the miner, didn't ever dare to kick him again. This dynamite is ignited by a dynamite cap on the end of a fuse, a spark causes the cap to explode, and this in turn, by the jar, explodes the dynamite.

But some one asks—"Do you work all the time?" And the mining superintendent—he knows all about the mine, and the Idaho in particular—said, "Yes"; and then we listened while he told us that the men worked in eight-hour shifts, and each shift was in charge of a foreman, over whom was a mining superintendent, who in turn reported to the general superintendent, who had charge of both mine and mill. It was less expensive to work all the time than to let the fires go out and then set everything going again. We then remembered having received a letter from a mining acquaintance in Cripple Creek, relative to miners' wages, and we asked what were the wages paid. "Two dollars and a half a day," he replied, "but in some places where the miners' associations are strong they keep up the pay to four dollars per day, as in the Comstock." "How much does the rock pay per ton?" I inquired, feeling that that was the proper thing to ask, after I had gotten well out of the cage and was daring to breathe freely. "Different prices," was his reply, and so I made out a sort of sliding scale between $20 a ton and $500 a ton, and mentally adjusted the mines thereto. Mountain Mine, recently equipped, is paying well, Redding alone receiving $10,000 a month from there in trade.

PROSPECTING.

SUMMER OUTINGS.

W. V. B.

AS we go to press we leave behind us the remembrance of really the first indication of summer weather. We have been waiting for it for weeks, but only within the past week have our hopes been realized, and with its advent appears the summer girl and the young man with colored shirt, tan shoes, and straw hat. Don't you know, there is something fascinating about hot weather. With us it is always in midsummer when the humdrum of business has materially ceased. A time for merry-making, for the abandonment of worldly cares. We have been through the social duties of the winter. Perhaps we have averaged from two to three nights a week when we have retired about 1 A. M., and the most delicate of the votaries of society and pleasure are stimulated by nothing else than the fever of excitement. What a blessing it is that we have the sanction of the Four Hundred to a summer outing, and that their devotion to their secular duties allows us an interregnum for the Queen of Gaiety during Lent. It is indeed considerate. The latter intermission is of course from purely religious motives; the former emanates from the trite maxim "Variety is the spice of life." However, they both serve their purpose to a certain extent. During Lent it is uncommon to see the announcement of a large gathering of any kind, but the inordinate desire for pleasure is gratified in other directions, which, perhaps, are quite as enjoyable as the dance and reception, mostly from the fact that they form a diversion.

When it comes to a sojourn in the country, how many people know just where they want to go? Of course if it is a matter of relieving and curing any particular ailment it is by no means difficult to ascertain what section of the State, or what character of mineral springs will benefit them most. But as a rule, most people go to the seaside or the springs or the mountains with a general idea of taking a good rest. They have nothing particular the matter with them, but they think it a good plan to indulge in waters that are pronounced good for certain disabilities.

Speaking of springs and mountain resorts, let me say a word just here. What is the use of going to a place which has all mineral springs and no amusements; and what is the use of going to a resort which has all amusements and no springs or climate? You can get them both if you look around a little. There are lots of places in California where the owners have had sufficient sense to provide entertainments in connection with the inducements offered for the use of their mineral waters. For example, let me site you a few places in different parts of the State. They comprise all different kinds of climate, location, altitude, character of amusements and recreation, and should afford a choice selection. In doing so please bear in mind that the mention of these places is not paid for: it is not an advertisement but for your own benefit only.

Take Highland Springs for instance, which is about seven hours' ride from San Francisco. Located in the mountains of Lake County, completely landlocked, it is one of the most enjoyable and picturesque resorts in the State. Some thirty odd springs of different analyses are in constant use here, and guests are permitted the free use of mineral baths. If you want to have a real good time, you will not regret a visit to Highland.

There are many other beautiful resorts on the line of or reached by the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway, more familiarly known as the "Donohue Route." It taps nearly all the spas of Sonoma, Lake, and Mendocino counties, which are well known as containing some of the finest mineral springs in the world.

IN THE REDWOODS, SONOMA COUNTY.

To the south of us there are many charming nooks Where can you find a more delightful climate than that at San Jose in the summer season? Its convenience of access to San Francisco is likewise an inducement to many a business man, and the well-known Hotel Vendome is liberally sought for that reason. The beautiful grounds are somewhat tropical in appearance, and the table is beyond criticism. Many a ride can be taken from San Jose to Santa Clara, New Almaden, Mount Hamilton, and the Lick Observatory, etc.

In this same section there is the Congress Springs at Saratoga. It has recently come under new management, and some twenty thousand dollars have been recently spent in improvements on the place. Mountain Home, a quiet retreat in the mountains of Santa Clara County, is another resort that should not be lost sight of. Many people do not care for the excitement incident to the larger places. Here is a modest little villa where all variety of amusements may be had, all kinds of sports at hand, good living, comfort and enjoyment in the full sense of the word.

It would be an unfortunate omission in speaking of the resorts south of San Francisco to leave out the famous Paraiso Springs of Monterey County. There are probably no springs in the State of California that are better known than Paraiso. Situated only six miles from Soledad Station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, it occupies an eminence above the valley of one thousand feet. It is completely landlocked, and free from both winds and fogs. If you want to go to the springs for a rollicking, exciting time, don't go to Paraiso. It isn't that kind of a place. There are lots of people there—jolly people, too, and they have their numerous amusements in a thoroughly enjoyable and sensible manner. It isn't a case of staying up every night till one o'clock to dance the last waltz with the prettiest girl on the floor. The Four Hundred do not hold sway here, but they come and enjoy themselves. The baths at Paraiso are delightful. Both the soda and sulphur plunges are as fine as any in the world. This year a large swimming tank has been built, affording an additional diversion.

Now, in conclusion, I wish to add again that THE TRAVELER'S Bureau is established for the convenience of our readers. It furnishes absolutely free, either at the counter or by mail, information about any hotel or resort in the State. We have here all the pamphlets of the different resorts, and you are welcome to them if you will take the trouble to call at the office, No. 314 Post Street, opposite Union Square.

FROM INDIA TO KASHMIR.

DOUGLAS ARCHIBALD.

WHAT a world of sentiment centers round the magic word Kashmir! Once the favorite theme of the poet, immortalized by Moore in Lalla Rookh, now the summer retreat of the Indian official and sportsman, the home of the ibex, the markhor and the varagingh; formerly the beloved retreat of the great Mogul Emperors Akbar, Jehan, and Aurungzebe, and their favorite queens, now a retreat for the lucky minority of Anglo-Indians who can afford to escape thither from the deadly heat and miasma of the Indian plains 5000 feet below. It teems with flowers and fruit, and under its shady chenar trees and over its innumerable canals and lakes it offers matchless opportunities for a picnic life of infinite variety and fascinating charm.

Arrived at Rawalpindi, the great military center of Northwest India, situated on a plateau 1700 feet above sea-level, the traveler finally bids adieu to the iron horse and places himself and his gripsack in a two-wheeled hill cart euphoniously called *tonga*.

From a hygienic point of view the tonga is an admirable invention. Either by accident or design, one of the two ponies harnessed thereto invariably trots while the other gallops. The result is a series of violent oscillations about the medial axis, now together and again disjointed, which results in a thorough shaking up of every organ of the traveler's body, extending even to the most torpid of livers.

Five hours of this accomplishes more than pounds of podophyllin, and, coupled with the bracing air as he

THE HILL TONGA.

ascends to 7000 feet, rouses an unwonted appetite on arrival.

Few persons besides Anglo-Indians can realize all that is meant by that little rise from the hot plains of India, in May, to the cool air of Murree. There are many worse places in the world than Pindi, as it is usually called, but the change in a few hours from Pindi, in May, with the thermometer at a mean of 90 degrees, to Murree, with only 67, is alone worth all the jolting, and gives the traveler a foretaste of the temperate climate he is about to enjoy in Kashmir, amidst scenery unsurpassed by that of Switzerland, and in a country still unspotted by the vulgarian globe-trotter or besmirched by the manufacturing fiend.

On one side it faces the arid Puujab plains, while on the other we gaze down the valley of the Jhelum 5000 feet below, up to the frowning portals of the Kashmir paradise, which open out between the snow-fringed wall of the Pir Paujal and Kanj Nag guardian ranges.

Imprisoned on all sides by snowy walls 13,000 feet high, untraversed except by one or two passes of 11,000 feet elevation, one line alone of moderate elevation and easy access leads into this wonderful valley—the long and narrow defile through which the River Jhelum winds its way to meet and join the mighty Indus.

No sea-girt island is more isolated from neighboring lands than this continental oasis, and it is this very geographical isolation which has impressed such stereotyped characteristics upon its peculiar inhabitants. Starting from Murree for Kashmir is quite an undertaking, apart from the length of the journey, since there are no hotels, and no accommodation of any sort, besides tents, is procurable in Kashmir, except in the season at Gulmarg, the summer residence of the British resident and the Grinagar elite. Consequently an entire tabernacular outfit and all the hundred and one necessaries of tent life, including pots and pans, have to be carried in. These are usually sent in from Rawalpindi on bullock carts or camels a fortnight ahead of the passengers, since, though the distance to Baramulla, at the entrance to the Kashmir Valley, is only 150 miles, these delightfully leisurely modes of transport only accomplish about ten miles a day on an average, the bullock cart frequently spending a whole day in unloading to cross a stream whose bridge has been torn away by a freshet, while the camel, not infrequently, tumbles over the side of the road, which necessitates the bed of the river being dredged to recover the lost property.

AN AWKWARD CORNER.

After fixing the remaining personal effects, chiefly along the sides of our tonga, as is shown in the picture, we leave Murree and dash down the Kashmir road, which at first descends steadily along the steep sides of the Jhelum Valley from 7000 to only 2000 feet above sea-level. The views along this part of the road are very grand, as we whirl round sharp corners and gaze down thousands of feet into the abyss, at the bottom of which the rock-tossed Jhelum thunders, so far off that we cannot as yet hear the music which will soon be our constant companion day and night. After thirty miles we reach Kohala, where, at a comfortable rest-house, we are again reminded of our geographical position and level by the punkahs in the rooms, and the long chairs in the veranda, and we unconsciously find ourselves converting the 3000 feet of altitude to be climbed up again before we reach the Kashmir Valley, into degrees of temperature to be subtracted from the somewhat tropical warmth into which we have suddenly plunged.

A fine bridge which has here been constructed across the Jhelum marks the boundary between the British and the Kashmir territories—a bridge, probably unique in the world in possessing two toll gates, one on the British side, where the sum of one rupee is demanded for the British section of the road, and the other, on the Kashmir side, where two rupees and a half is extorted to keep up the road for which the Maharaja is held responsible. The Maharaja probably does his best to literally *keep up* the road, but the heavy rains and the difficult nature of the country often let it down in sections of half a mile or so, or a bridge collapses, at which the travelers have to get out and walk across a plank while the ponies are taken out and the tonga dragged through the stream by coolies. These incidents have to be borne philosophically. Impatience is of no avail. The hill coolie's modicum of brain disappears altogether under a torrent of abuse, and only a willing collaboration and employment of quiet direction on the part of the traveler will be of any assistance and tend to abbreviate the ordeal.

Occasionally a corner will be met where instead of blasting away the side of the rock it has been found more economical to build the road out from the face on a bracket of wooden beams like a veranda. Rather nasty when viewed from beneath, but in reality quite as safe, if not safer, than many other parts of the road where, owing to the soaking in of rain water, the entire embankment is in danger of slipping bodily into the river below.

The road, it must be remembered, is quite new, having only been opened about five years, and since it, perforce, follows a river defile for over one hundred miles through a country exposed to the full force of the summer monsoon, its engineering in the first place and its subsequent preservation have both been carried out in the face of extraordinary obstacles. Before its construction the route via the Jhelum Valley was merely a mule track, the only alternatives being the very rough track over the Pir Paujal, 11,000 feet elevation, and the private route from Jammu, forbidden to all Europeans and every one unconnected with the Maharaja's private circle. When, therefore, one is tempted to exclaim against the worries of the way, it is well to consider what difficulties had to be encountered aforetime, and be grateful that in the present year of grace it is possible not only to drive but even to cycle into Srinagar, provided one takes chances as to a third of the road being under repair. Proceeding from Kohala, the road for the most part follows every wind of the river, and the hills on either side grow grander and steeper, but still clothed with every variety of greenery nearly to their tops. Good rest-houses are passed at Dolai, Domail, Ghari, Uri and Rampur, at all of which the traveler can obtain as good accommodation and refreshment as at any first-class dak bungalow in India, or country inn in Europe. At Uri, which is rather more than half way, a fine large bungalow has been built in the center of a plateau, where one can obtain excellent rooms, good wine and even pate de foie gras. The scenery round Uri is magnificent, and comprises peeps at the snowy tops of the Pir Paujal range, on the other side of which lies the famous valley. From here on the road ascends, the air gets more bracing, and the valley widens out into beautiful grassy meads surrounded by fir-clad slopes

BARAMULLA BOATMEN.

like those of Switzerland, while the sparkling streams flowing down the side gullies keep everything marvelously green and fresh. The wonder now begins to grow, and subsequent revelations carry one back to the fairy tale of Alladin and the wonderful lamp.

HOW TO WRITE UP A SOCIETY BALL.

GERALD GIBSON.

IT is surprising that the New York daily papers that report society events do not display more enterprise. True, the names of the ladies who attend balls are given, and their clothes, at least their outside garments, are described with considerable minuteness, but why stop there? After the average reader has received that much information, he naturally yearns for more. After being told what a lady puts on the outside, many readers would like to know what she puts inside. Why not publish what each lady ate for supper, how much of it she ate, and how it agreed with her? If we should ever be called upon to report a society ball, we will instruct our society reporter to do it in the following style, which we commend to the metropolitan daily press:

Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin wore a handsome costume of pearl-white satin and wool. The dress was made dancing length, with bouffant sash drapery. She got away with two plates of chicken soup, and gracefully threw herself outside of three or four pounds of boiled redsnapper a la Hollondaise, which she moistened copiously with a pint of Haut Sauterne. Miss Longcoffin is a good feeder. She did good work about the vegetables. Her favorite legumes are pommes de terre and boiled cabbage. Esmeralda knows what is good when she smells it, and then she makes wholesale investments.

Miss Birdie McGinnis wore light blue satin, the sides of the dress being panels of blue brocade. The train was long and square, and bunches of mermet and nephetos roses were in her hair and corsage. On the inside she was lined with canned termatesses, pie with sauce Italienne, clams, beer, galeaux assortis, and other bric-a-brac. Miss Birdie bites off a good deal, but never more than she can chew. Her powers of digestion are calculated to excite the envy of an ostrich.

Mrs. Colonel Percy Yerger was regally clad in black velvet. The dress was a princesse, with round court train. The corsage was square, and she wore a necklace of diamonds and turquoises, with a large pendant solitaire. At head and shoulders were bunches of ostrich feathers, silvered, and clusters of diamonds fastened the bows of velvet ribbon on the shoulder. She created much devastation among the asperges au beurre and pickles, having previously hidden away under her corsage five petits pates a la Parisienne. She got stalled on her third plate of sauerkraut. Mrs. Yerger didn't do justice to herself on this occasion. She was unwell, but subsequently rallied and toyed with the charlotte russe, but evidently she had lost her grip.

Mrs. Judge Peterby wore a dress of pale pink China silk, diamond necklace and bracelets, with a Marie Antoinette collar, and trimmed with pink mermet roses and clusters of ostrich plumes. She went home before the entertainment was half over. Mrs. Peterby would never indulge in mixed pickles to excess. They contain copper and are unhealthy at this season of the year.

Mrs. Schaumburg wore pale pink striped satin over a skirt of white tulle, draped and held in place by clusters of roses. Across the breast was hung a chain of magnificent diamonds, and solitaires glistened in her ears and hair. She excited considerable comment by the rapidity and ease with which she stowed away slabs of cold ham. Rebecca made it hot for the cold ham.

Some captious critics may contend that this style of reporting leans just a little toward vulgarity. They are right. That is the direction in which the daily press is inclined to lean, and in reporting not only what clothes ladies wear, but also what they eat, we claim a scoop on the society editor of the New York daily papers. We strive to excel.

FIRED AT 10:30.

CHARLES REED.

They engaged a new porter at the Lahr House last night. He was an active young man, with Hibernian type of countenance, and large, horny hands, about the size of hams. Everybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging, and so rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him.

On last Tuesday Mr. J. B. Johnson, the vice-president of the Omaha Chilled Plow Works, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified and polished gentleman, and extremely particular about his room and service. That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about 9 o'clock; others place it as late as 10:30. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Who the devil are you?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Oi am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig, and leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson; "crazy man killing me!"

"Shut up, ye dhirty spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust of his trousers and propelling him rapidly out of the room. "It's none of the loikes of ye that's wanted in a dacent house."

"But, my good man!" gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake. Let me explain!"

"Niver a word, ye hoodlum!" replied Thomas, as he rushed him toward the stairs; "we're on to ye! The house has had ye spotted!"

The next instant the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one spluttering and kicking, and the other grim and determined, shoot down the staircase, plunge through the lobby and disappear into the outer darkness. In a few moments Thomas returned, panting and rolling down his sleeves.

"What in the name of heaven were you doing?" asked Mr. Weekly, the proprietor, when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak.

"I was firing that dhirty blackguard, Johnson," replied Thomas.

"Firing him! Hold me, somebody! Who put such an infernal idea into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas, with an injured air, holding the slate before the proprietor's eyes.

"By-the-great-horn-spoon!" gasped Mr. Weekly, and swooned away.

This was what he read:

"No. 40; fire at 10:30."

MRS. FRANCES B. EDGERTON. *Lion photo.*

A beautiful and accomplished society woman, and the exponent of Delsarte and physical culture in San Francisco. She is a graduate of both the Boston and Philadelphia schools of oratory, has enjoyed the advantage of a residence abroad and extensive travel. She is an enthusiast on the subject of physical culture and an authority on good social form.

HOW IT IS DONE.

ANON.

Did you ever listen to a young couple working up to that point of affectionate intimacy at which they call one another by their Christian names?

"It has been a lovely party, hasn't it, Miss Jackson?"

"Lovely, Mr. Wilkins."

"I have known you a long time, Miss Jackson."

"And I have known you quite a while."

"I've often heard my sister speak of you."

"And my brother is always talking about you."

"Is he? I hear so much about you that I feel quite at home with you."

"It's a lovely night, isn't it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Beautiful. I think Edith's such a pretty name."

"Do you? I don't like it."

"Edith."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing; I was merely repeating the name."

"I don't like all men's names. I like some. I like Philip, and Ferdinand, and——"

"What do you think of George?"

"That's your name. George."

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, nothing; I was only repeating the name."

"What a lovely night it is, isn't it, Miss Edith?"

"Oh, there, George Wilkins, what did you let me slip on that cobble for?"

"'Pon my word, I didn't, Miss Edith."

"Well, we are home, or I am, Mr. George."

"I am very sorry."

"So am I. I'm much obliged for your escort; I've had such a lovely time."

"And so have I."

"Good night, Mr. Wilkins."

"Good night, Miss Jackson."

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night—Edith."

"Good night—George."

The late Alexander Dumas wrote: "Love at twenty is an inspiration, at thirty a habit, at forty a piece of politeness, at fifty a recollection, at sixty an insult." An earlier author classed it: "At twenty love is a passion, at forty an art, and at sixty a vice."

SHIPS OF THE SEA.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

MORE potent histories have never been written, no fantasies imagined that are more weird, no tragedies enacted more terrible, and no sadder stories shaped by human lives than those which go down in the sea in ships, or which are torn shred from shred or link from link as the old hulks are stripped of their rigging when their days of service and usefulness are past.

The practical person who wanders over these relics of other days thinks, perhaps, of the money they made for their owners, or the loss they represent in their present condition; the imaginative person regards them as decaying monuments to a glorious "Has Been," and sees something pathetic in their decadence; he looks with a feeling of awe at the massive timbers; views the great frames with regret that their usefulness is over; and gazes with a little curiosity at the faded and frayed specimens of humanity who have found a shelter on the hulks, if there still remains a possibility of shelter; and, if not, he peers through gaping holes in the rotting bottoms at the mud and ooze which cause a shudder at the thought of a misstep.

In the Oakland estuary are a number of these old vessels, some of them hardly more than fragmentary

AWAITING THEIR FATE.

shapes, their previous condition being entirely a matter of conjecture, as there remains nothing but the broken shell to give a hint of what they might once have been. Even the names have been effectually obliterated by the elements, and queries put to the masters of the shipyards, and old water-front hangers-on, alike, men who have kept pace with the changes of twenty years and more in these parts, receive the same unsatisfactory response delivered with the same negative shake of the head.

"I dunno wat she might 'ave been: she's been like that, only not so bad, mebbe, ever since I've knowed her," is what the old tars say. And that is all. A veritable haunting ghost of the past. A slowly rotting hulk that was once freighted with human beings bearing their quota of joy and sorrow, indifference, satisfaction or defiance; lives bowed down, perhaps, by cares, souls warped by crimes, or happy hearts crushed by tragedies. Poor Jack! how little of real sentiment does the thought of his barren life awaken, and yet his troubles and joys are more real than ours because the variety in his life is so much less.

An immense iron hulk lies in the Oakland creek, showing on its exterior the marks of fire. This is what is left of the magnificent steamer "Eastern Oregon," built in the Cramp shipyards about fourteen years ago for the Willamette Valley Railway Company. She was one of the first twin propellers built, but she failed to come up to the contract as she drew too much water, consumed too much fuel, and did not attain a satisfactory rate of speed, so the railway company refused to accept her.

A suit at law was instituted and finally the steamer was sold at auction, being purchased by the Oregon Improvement Company for $80,000. They put her on the Alaska route, but while in port at Seattle, after a successful trip, three years ago, she caught fire and was so badly burned that it was deemed unwise to attempt to repair the damages, so she was towed to the estuary where she has remained ever since. Recently, however, she was purchased by a company, the price paid being $5,000. Her engines, which are remarkably fine ones, will be removed, and she will be reconstructed as a five-masted schooner to be used in the lumber trade. To such an end has one magnificent steamer come in a comparatively short time.

Another old hulk, which may be seen at her moorings at the foot of Broadway, Oakland, when she is not in transit across the bay or loading coal on the other side, is all that is left of the splendid three-masted schooner, "Courser," which, at one time, plied between San Francisco and Australia, carrying lumber there and returning laden with coal. Her career was eventful, and once she was so long overdue that she was given up for lost, and her insurance money was paid; at another time she was on her way down from the North loaded with lumber, and when just outside the heads a gale struck her, the lumber shifted, and she capsized. Tugs towed her in, when she was raised, patched up, deprived even of her masts, and consigned to the useful but rather ignominious business, considering her former career, of carrying coal. Her motive power is now a tidy little tug.

At the shipyards near the old narrow-gauge landing lies an ancient shell in a state of innocuous desuetude. Nothing is left of her but the rotting frame, and it seems as if every tide must wash the gaping timbers apart; yet once this was an immense steam schooner, the "Protection," well known to all old water-front men. She, too, was engaged in the lumber trade, but was wrecked on the Oregon coast while en route southward. She was patched up sufficiently to continue on her way with the aid of a tug, but on investigation the damage was found to be considerable. The owners scornfully refused an offer of $2,000 for her and moored her in the creek awaiting a better offer. This was years and years ago, and when it was found that her fate was sealed her machinery was removed to another vessel and she was left to decay.

Near the remains of the "Protection" is moored the skeleton of the "Mary Ann"; she was built in 1856 in an Eastern shipyard, and for thirty years was employed as a tow-boat over the Columbia River bar. Eight years ago new engines were put into her, but it was soon afterward found that her hull was beginning to spring, so she, too, was brought to the ship's graveyard and laid aside. Her engines were recently removed to the new steamer "Kodiak," built for the Alaska Improvement Company, and unless somebody comes

"THE BOUNDING BILLOW."

along who thinks it worth while to spend a lot of money on the "Mary Ann," she, too, will soon be nothing but a useless hulk.

A queer looking vessel lies out in the estuary, that is certainly an anomaly. It is neither one thing or the other, and old sailors regard her with scornful glances. This is the "Thistle," which belongs to the Alaska Cannery Association. She was originally used as a tow-boat on the bar in Bristol Bay. She has a propeller in each end and decks which slant from

"WIZARD," "WATER WITCH," AND "NEPTUNE."

amidships toward the ends instead of toward the sides. The steamer was built in this peculiar manner so that when struck by heavy seas and turned completely around, as often happened when on the bar, she could proceed just the same, and the water, which swept over the decks, would immediately run off again. However, the plan of construction, while all right in theory, was not successful in practise, and the "Thistle" is to be renovated and made into an ordinary small steamer to be used as a reserve boat by the cannery company.

Perhaps no vessel has a better record than the stanch old whaler, the "Bounding Billow," which lies in the creek near the Alameda broad-gauge bridge. "Do you know anything about the 'Bounding Billow'?" I asked that well-known old whaler, Captain Hallet, not long ago.

"That I do," he answered; "and so does every whaler in the country. Why, some years ago it seemed as if we spoke the 'Bounding Billow' in every cruise; sometimes among the icebergs of the North, and again among the sperm whales of the South. It seemed to me as if that vessel was about everywhere at the same time."

She is a bark, and was built at Chelsea, Mass., in 1854, of live oak, copper bottomed. She registers 240 tons, is 119 feet in length, and something over 27 feet wide, with a depth of 12 feet. Built originally as a fruiter to ply between the West Indies and Eastern ports, she was, in 1874, transformed into a whaler and sent around the Horn to cruise in the Arctic, whither she went annually for six successive years. In 1880 she went into Southern waters after sperm whales, and in 1888, under Captain Charles H. Fuller, made the best record ever made by a whaler, having captured nine bowheads. In 1894 she was removed from service, and a few weeks ago was sold for $175. Since then her davits and lookout cage have been taken down and she has lost much of the attraction which her appearance as a "real truly" whaler presented. What her ultimate fate will be is yet a question. Near her lies another old-timer, the "Alaska," which is said to have been the most successful whaler ever launched.

A queer looking group of vessels may be seen with their prows deep in the mud of the Alameda side of the estuary, and the nearer one approaches to them the stranger they look. Close inspection reveals such well-known names as the "Water Witch," the "Wizard," and the "Neptune," and the mind reverts to past years when these were the best-known tugs on the Bay, flitting hither and thither as their assistance was called for; now they are taking a rest, not exactly "done up in flannel," but in a variety of other things that make a most grotesque appearance. Canvas, matting, and old burlap are all called into requisition to protect the timbers from the action of the sun, and the result is a something which bears a resemblance to a mummified boat.

RESIDENCES OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE Queen of the United Kingdom has five residences, of which three are official and national, while two are her own private property. The oldest, greatest, and noblest of them all is Windsor Castle, which has been called "the most royal of royal residences." Windsor was certainly inhabited by William the Conqueror and other Norman kings, and the mound on which the Round Tower stands dates back to the Saxon period. The Round Tower, or keep, is the most striking and conspicuous portion of the Castle, for from its top floats the Royal Standard. It is the official residence of the Constable of Windsor. The Lower Ward was built by Henry III., and the great chapel of St. George was designed for Edward IV., but has since been entirely renovated and rendered most gorgeous. In the choir of the chapel are the banners of the Knights of the Garter, the oldest order of chivalry in existence. Several kings and queens are buried in the chapel, but there are no monuments to any royal personage later than James I.

The Upper Ward is entered by the "Norman" gate, which was designed by Wyatville for George IV. The outside is from the design by Wyatville, but the inside of the gate is very ancient. When the Court is not at Windsor, certain apartments in the north part of the Upper Ward may be visited by the public. In the State apartments, the Classical and Gothic styles are somewhat intermixed, but the woodwork and metalwork are of exquisite design and finish. The Park attached to Windsor Castle is one of the finest in England, and comprises nearly all that remains of the great Berkshire forest of King Harold's days. The Home Park is joined by an avenue of elms called the Long Walk to another great stretch of woodland. The elms were planted by Charles II., and, being now two hundred years old, are beginning to show signs of age. The Great Park contains an ornamental lake called Virginia Water, where are some curious mock ruins, made up of real Roman pillars brought from Tunis.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON. BALMORAL CASTLE, SCOTLAND. WINDSOR CASTLE.

Windsor Castle, ancient as much of it is, and vast as is its extent (its buildings occupy twelve acres) is a palace first and a castle afterwards, and in this respect is unlike the Tower of London, which has been a royal residence, but is really a castle or a fortress.

It is a curious thing that the official designation of the British Court—the Court of St. James—should be taken from the dullest and dreariest of the royal palaces. Indeed, the Palace was originally a small almshouse for decayed ladies, and was called the Hospital of St. James. In 1531, the Hospital was surrendered to King Henry VIII., and the nuns were pensioned off, their domain becoming St. James's Park. Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., added much to the structure, and kept up a large establishment in it. Charles I. spent a good deal of his married life at St. James's, and most of his children were born there. It is built of red brick, much blackened by the smoke of London, and, though levees and receptions are sometimes held there, it is a dull-looking place.

A much more extensive and commodious residence is Buckingham Palace, near Victoria Station, in the heart of London. The site of the Palace was bought in 1703 by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, who erected on it a house in the prevailing style of the day—of red brick with stone dressings, and having the wings joined to the center by curved colonnades. It was a charming residence, which George II. tried in vain to buy from the Duke's mother, who lived in it after her son's death. In 1761, George III. succeeded in buying it, and had a new front built from designs by Wyatt. George IV. pulled it down, and transferred its splendid collection of books mainly to the library of the British Museum, building on its site a new palace from designs by Nash. Queen Victoria had a chapel erected and made other improvements. A ballroom and concert-room were added, and, to increase the accommodation for the royal family, a new court was built. But, though the structure is somewhat imposing from its size, the style of the architecture is poor, and much of the ornament is meaningless. Its facade is unworthy of a great nation, and ought to be rebuilt in stone or marble.

The houses of Grosvenor Place overlook the Palace garden, though the ground on which they stand might have been bought for one hundred thousand dollars at the beginning of the reign of George III.

The ballroom of the Palace is very large, but has little to recommend it except its size, for its decorations are somewhat tawdry. The best apartment is the throneroom, the door of which opens onto a fine staircase. The picture gallery contains some good Dutch pictures, and the library some interesting portraits of the royal family and of distinguished Englishmen.

The Royal Mews, as the stables and coachhouses attached to the Palace are called, contain the State coach, about forty carriages, a riding-school, and many handsome horses.

As a private person, Queen Victoria owns two residences, Balmoral Castle in the Highlands of Scotland, and Osborne House in the Isle of Wight. The property of which Her Majesty's Balmoral estate forms part, originally belonged to the Farquharsons of Inverey, who sold it to the Earl of Fife. In 1848, the Prince Consort leased it, and four years afterwards bought it for $160,000. The Castle was built at the Prince's private expense, and cost about half a million dollars. It stands on gravelly soil on a level space, on the banks of the Dee, which sweeps round it in a semi-circle. Immediately round it are lawns and pleasure grounds; in the distance are bare, rugged rocks. The Castle, being built of granite obtained from a neighboring quarry, and in the Scotch baronial style, harmonizes with the landscape. Owing to the hardness of the material, there is little carving or ornament, but the structure, whether in sunlight or in the softer radiance of the moon, looks always bright and clean. Its most important feature is the massive square tower, which, with its corner turrets, is visible at a great distance. Balmoral commands fine views, and the surrounding region has many historical associations.

On the river-bank opposite to the Castle is the little village of Crathie, at the parish church of which the Queen attends divine service. The manse is near the river, and in the country churchyard beside it rest many of the Queen's faithful servants. Many families reside on the estate, and the Queen manifests great interest in their welfare, attending baptisms, funerals, and other occasions of grief or rejoicing. It is not among the humble folk living round Balmoral that one finds anarchists and king-haters; they all respect and love the Queen, and take a kind of proprietary interest in the members of her family.

The apartments of the Queen and the royal family occupy three sides of a quadrangle, the rest of the buildings containing offices and rooms for servants and officials. The ballroom is in the center of the building, and the dining and drawing rooms, the billiard-room, and the library, are on the ground-floor. The rooms occupied by the Prince Consort are still sacredly kept in the condition in which they were in his lifetime; they command a fine view of a deer-forest, where he secured many a noble stag. The Queen's rooms look up the valley of the Dee toward Braemar. They are simply furnished, the furniture being made of fine-grained ash, and the carpets and hangings chiefly of the Royal Stuart tartan. Scotch symbols, such as the thistle, are much used in the internal decoration of the rooms. The pictures are mainly steel engravings of Landseer's works, and of pictures representing royal weddings and other family events. There are also many photographs of members of the royal family and several of the Queen's drawings. The writing-table in the Queen's sitting-room is covered with books, papers, and photographs of her relations, and on another table are several dispatch-boxes. On the writing-table stands a fine painting of the Prince Consort, and not far off is a large photograph of the Duchess of Kent.

The Queen regards Balmoral as a quiet retreat from the ceremonial of court life at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace, and visits it in the spring and autumn of each year. The suite in attendance is reduced to the smallest possible number, and consists of a lady-in-waiting, two maids of honor, a cabinet minister, an equerry, a secretary, and a physician.

The Queen lives a simple and regular life at her Highland home. All her mornings are devoted to the transaction of public work and the duties of her sovereign position. She is an efficient and methodical worker, and by no means the idle woman that people commonly suppose a queen to be. In the afternoon she either walks in the grounds or takes a long drive; frequently she pays visits to the nobility and gentry in the neighborhood. She is fond of the open air, and often reads or writes at a table set under the shade of a tree. She has climbed to the tops of several of the hills that surround Balmoral, and often brings home from a long ramble ferns or mosses to decorate the dining-table. In the evening old Scotch entertainments are given to the Castle servants and their friends. The Queen herself attends the gatherings, and encourages all present to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent.

Near Cowes, a watering-place in the Isle of Wight, and the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Club, is Osborne House, the Queen's marine residence. It is Italian in design, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens and terraces. Its most striking feature is a flagstaff, one hundred feet in height.

THE MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

COMMANDING a view of the town and harbor, and occupying a picturesque site at the head of the valley, stands the old Spanish Mission of Santa Barbara, its white walls and twin towers boldly outlined against the rocky slopes of the Santa Inez Mountains, while far below it sparkle the ultra-marine waters of the placid bay.

The church is nearly a century old, having been completed in 1820, and is said to be the best preserved of all the California missions, as well as the only one that has never been without a Franciscan friar.

It is now in charge of about a dozen Fathers, arrayed in long, coarse brown robes, with a cowl and a girdle of knotted rope; while their feet are shod in sandals, their faces clean-shaven, and their hair cropped close to the head.

Sight-seers naturally gravitate in this direction; and our party was not behind in its exhibition of interest.

Following the windings of the pretty country road, we made a final turn at an old orchard and the ruins of a stone fountain, and dismounted at the long wing of the building, where, opening off a wide corridor, supported by large stone pillars and furnished with a row of prison-like windows, are the dormitories and living-rooms of the priests.

Here we were greeted by genial old Father Fox, with whom, after some delay, was made a tour of the vicinity.

While biding his time we amused ourselves by reading the names ruthlessly scribbled by tourists all over the adobe walls, and by chatting with a group of black-eyed urchins squirming their bare feet into the dust in the sunshine.

As with our guide we climbed the cracked, grass-grown stone steps leading to the facade, our attention was directed to another venerable monk, with cowl well drawn up over his shining bald head, and a carpenter's white canvas apron tied securely about his ample waist, frantically endeavoring to scale a fence in order to feed a bleating calf from a basket of greens carried on his arm, and we longed for a Kodak to immortalize the scene.

Within, the church is dimly lighted by half a dozen small, high-set windows, and a peculiar mustiness pervades the atmosphere. The floor is of hard cement, worn smooth by the tread of many worshipers, and the walls are composed of huge blocks of sandstone, nearly six feet in thickness, and plastered with adobe.

At the end of the long nave is the "high altar," enclosed in a low wooden railing and adorned with tall brass candlesticks, crucifixes, altar cloths, large statues of saints, and artificial paper and tinsel flowers. In the right-hand corner is the tomb of Garcia Diego, the first Bishop of California; and over a Latin inscription to his memory hangs his queer official hat.

MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.

On the walls of the sanctuary are a number of good-sized oil paintings, vividly representing such awe-inspiring subjects as "Inferno," "The Crucifixion," and "The Day of Judgment," as well as less harrowing scenes of "The Assumption" and "The Coronation of the Virgin."

Most of these, together with smaller specimens, were sent from Spain at the founding of the mission, very early in the century, while other pictures of saints and apostles, added within the last twenty-five years, are the work of the Mission Indians of this section.

An excellent copy of Reuben's "Descent from the Cross," suspended below the dark choir-gallery, is said to have been painted by an artist in Los Angeles.

In the middle of the right wall is a massive double door, a step or two below the pavement, and ornamented above the arch by three grinning human skulls and their accompanying cross-bones, set into the solid masonry.

Through these portals we were conducted into a small secluded cemetery, where, in graves and wooden vaults, overgrown with tall grasses and straggling vines and rose bushes, rest the bones of numerous pious Fathers and their dusky Indian flock.

After inspecting the sacristy, with its quaint old chests of drawers filled with vestments, and examining a couple of shrines or chapels and some mysterious confessionals, we were next led through a glass door on to the porch of the cloister-garden, a quiet, sunny enclosure of about half an acre, where the Fathers spend their leisure hours working among their flower-beds, or resting and meditating on the benches in the shade of the corridor.

Beyond the steps of the vine-shaded veranda no woman is allowed to enter, a single exception having once been made on the visit of Princess Louise.

Within these sacred precincts flourish the palm and the "Spanish bayonet," the scarlet passion-vine and the ruby pomegranate, the fig, the Mission grape, the luscious orange and nectarine, and the olive, the emblem of peace.

Dark masses of ivy relieve the whiteness of the walls, and in the center is a circular fountain, with potted plants arranged around its broad stone rim.

A number of snowy doves were strutting and cooing on the ancient, red-tiled church-roof, and orioles, linnets and humming birds fluttered fearlessly from tree to tree; while out of one of the broad tropical leaves of the banana-plant the clever little tailor-bird had woven its singular nest.

From the garden we next proceeded to the towers, where quaint old Spanish bells call the faithful to prayer, and from which is obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country and ocean.

The long, spiral staircase leading to the belfry was dark and minus a railing, and we were cautioned to tread upon the broad inner edge of the worn triangular steps, lest we slip backward the length of the whole flight.

Our next visit to the Mission was made on the following Sunday afternoon, at the hour of vesper service.

Feeling somewhat out of place we slipped quietly into one of the hard, wooden benches near the door; but no notice was taken of us, visitors being apparently of every-day occurrence.

The scanty congregation had already begun to assemble, and some old Spanish women, heavily robed in black, were fumbling rosaries before the shrines, while a number of brown-eyed, swarthy children knelt upon the cold stone floor in prayer. A strapping young *ranchero*, in a fresh calico shirt and a straw *sombrero*, and with stirrups of stamped Mexican leather, dashed up on a spirited horse, and, dismounting, reverently crossed himself at the font.

Presently the priest entered, clothed in gorgeous vestments of white and gold; and, after bowing before the altar, walked down the central aisle, scattering holy water upon the worshipers from a bowl.

Then followed services of great interest to the Protestant outsiders, who knew not what was to follow, such as the "elevation of the host," the tinkling of tiny bells, the burning of incense, the swinging of the censer and the solemn chanting of responses in Latin.

PRANKS AT VASSAR.

"In order to fully appreciate the pranks of Vassar girls," said a young married lady, "you must remember that one of the greatest burdens on the shoulders of the faculty is to keep the scholars from eloping with designing young men and getting married without their parents' permission. Whenever a marriage-

IN LOVE.

able male strays inside the high cedar hedge which divides the Vassar grounds from the rest of the world, he is regarded with suspicion by twenty pairs of eyes until he has satisfactorily accounted for his presence there. The girls, as a natural consequence, form no acquaintances worth mentioning among the opposite sex. Naturally, then, they have to amuse themselves as best they can. You would be astonished by the dash and vigor displayed by these elegant young ladies where there is no young man around to look at them. One day an old Duchess County farmer who had a string of Vassar girls tagging behind, trotted his team five miles in the country without stopping to give them a chance to untie their sleds. They screamed and grew mad and hurled slang and damaged chewing gum at him most of the distance but he merely chuckled to himself and drove on. When he finally turned them adrift they had to trudge back through the snow to the college on foot, as no teams came along to give them a lift. That experience taught the girls to hitch on after the manner of boys, leaving it in their power to free themselves at any instant.

"Do Vassar girls ever play truant?"

"I have frequently known them to run away to New York on Saturdays, when they had only been given permission to go shopping in the town. Perhaps that is not exactly playing truant, however. I remember an experience I had in running off with another girl to see Bernhardt in New York. We went to the evening performance, and, in order to carry out the affair in proper style, we hired the biggest messenger boy we could find, and rented a dress suit for him. Then he escorted us to the theater, and made a very distinguished-looking escort, too. The only trouble with him was that he insisted on going out between the acts to buy peanuts. Of course we couldn't allow him to eat them in the theater, so he always came back after the curtain had gone up, and dropped into his seat with a dissipated swagger, which was really appalling. Well, that night we were intending to go back home by way of the Hudson River, on board the 'Mary Powell,' to enjoy the moonlight, but we missed her, as well as the early Hudson River trains. We got back to Poughkeepsie at a dreadfully disreputable hour, and were under suspicion for a month at the College, in spite of all the fibs we could invent."

WHY CALIFORNIA WOMEN ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD.

JANET MACDONALD.

THE reputation of our California women for beauty has for many years been national, and is now fast becoming international. The question, long since conceded, used to be asked, "*Are* they the most beautiful?" It is now resolved into, "*Why* are they the most beautiful?"—all doubt as to the truth of the assertion having been laid at rest by the winsome maids themselves. From the crown of their beautiful heads to the tip of their dainty feet, they are the incarnation of Nature's loveliness in woman.

Such an effect must have been preceded by a cause, and the probabilities are that many natural causes have conspired to produce this approximately perfect result, giving to California women this badge of sovereignty. I would not be a Californian did I not claim for our climate just tribute for this result. The humidity of the atmosphere, combined with the pure ozone floating down to us from our snow-capped mountains and perfumed with the fragrance of flowers, that know not death but only that sleep from which they awaken to beautify and glorify every day in the year in this our favored land. The frigid seasons of colder zones are here practically unknown. The elements conduce to beautify our women, as they give to us the beauty of fruit and flower. The eloquence of Nature is demonstrated in perfection of form, grace of movement, and delicacy of coloring. We partake very largely of our environment. Therefore in harsh climates we become rugged, athletic, hardy; but for delicate or voluptuous beauty we seek the warmer climes. The Eastern skies are forbidding, cold, gray, and distant, but California's sky is an expanse of low bending azure, which envelops and enfolds you like God's mercy, and you feel comforted by the assurance that you are indeed in His watchful care.

So that here woman's home is vaulted with a dome of pure azure, and carpeted with emerald; every day is natal, crowned, garlanded with bloom, redolent of perfume, and warm with the sun's bright rays. And in all the glow and affluent effulgence, women

MAXINE ELLIOTT.

repair to Nature's workshop, stretching their lovely limbs in needful exercise, wooing the kisses of the sun, and the bracing, invigorating caresses of the breeze from off the sea. And Nature, just to their demands, repays them with the royal gift of beauty in face and form, and presents us with the noblest gift to womanhood, comeliness, without the aid of art.

In the world, few women are so accustomed to exercise in the open air, and but few climates encourage the practise. Freedom of mind has much to do with grace of body. California women are not only comparatively free from the constraints of conventional life, living close to the warm, pulsing heart of Nature, but troubles sit lightly upon them.

They inherited from ancestors, courageous pioneers to the land of gold, the spirit of bravery and bravado, which made it possible for them to bear with fortitude and composure the varied fortunes awaiting the adventurous spirits in this new land. In the early days referred to, the days of '49, came to this country from many lands, their brave and sturdy sons, men of brain and brawn, of high courage and unexampled ambition. Their labors, losses, and successes were shared by noble, warm-hearted, and brave women. The Americans, English, French, Germans, Spanish, and Italians, sacrificing home instincts and the ties of affection upon the altar of ambition, exiled themselves and threw their fortunes into a land little known, but whose reported fabulous wealth and opportunities besought their occupancy.

They constructed society, administered laws, acquired fortunes, and married internationally. Our present generation, a composite type, is the direct result, and all the days of their lives should they gratefully praise ancestry, which has contributed so lavishly to their physical and mental superiority. The "tourists" of those days were not "one-lungers"; they were hardy adventurers who knew no ills of body or mind, but only courage, fortitude, determination, and energy. These noble qualifications they bestowed upon their descendants, adding, as a result of intermarriage, that strain which gave them also a physical beauty almost divine. Another composite element, also an inheritance, is "Hope," abnormally developed. It is a concomitant of California. Without its benign influence our beautiful State, teeming with Alladin-like wealth, would be still undeveloped. "Hope and Faith!" We hope and we believe, no matter how dark and forbidding the day, that the morrow will bring to us our hearts' desire, cherished anticipations, gratified ambitions. To their mixed ancestry they owe their symmetry of form, their robust health, their phenomenal ambition, and their never-failing belief in their own individual prowess. California has produced not only more beautiful, but more talented women than any State in the Union, or any country in the world, claiming a like population.

The heart of every Californian beats responsive to the names of our beautiful and talented women who have gone forth to reflect honor, glory, and renown upon the home State.

Our capital city, Sacramento, has the honor of being the birthplace of the lovely, talented, and noble Mary Anderson, of whose fame and virtue the whole world is proud, and whose unconditional surrender of honor and renown in the very height of success for the purer and truer atmosphere of home can but be regretted through selfish considerations.

It sometimes happens that real talent is lost sight of in the contemplation of physical beauty of high order. And Maxine Elliott has been compelled to reiterate her claim to talent, for her rich, dark beauty is alluring to the eye, and leads captive the fascinated fancy. But her personal charm of manner is still greater. She is as simple and ingenuous as a child. A true daughter of a soil prolific in beauty and grace. She is one who believes that the solid comfort in the sunset of life is the consciousness of having used one's talents in the highest service to which it was possible to put them, and if the five years of her professional career may be accepted as a promise of future diligence and application, her beauty will but compliment her talent. Daisy Bell Sharp is a candidate for histrionic fame, endowed with beauty, youth and an inspiration in art that is suggestive of the divine afflatus; her career, now in its infancy, will be most solicitously attended. We can at present admire her physical perfections, her grace of mind, her sweet and modest demeanor, and "hope" that her apparent talent will abide with her and develop into greatness.

DAISY BELL SHARP.

Among our famous singers we find the names of Ellen Beach Yaw, at the present moment attracting world-wide attention and the wildest admiration for her phenomenal soprano voice with its majestic range, the greatest in the world; Sybil Sanderson, to whose notes of purest melody both the old world and the new have listened with reverential delight; and our own Gertrude Auld, singing to delighted audiences in Europe and America, with constantly increasing ambition in her adopted profession, and the diligence and toil which will, in conjunction with her great talent, procure for her the coveted position in the front ranks of the world's beautiful singers.

In every avenue of employment California girls are taking positions. The professions claim many of our wealthiest, most beautiful, and talented, where, by their ability and strength of character, they are forcing their way to success and renown. Among them we find sculptors, artists, singers, actors, musicians, in fact in every avenue promising satisfactory results to the ambitious. To many women the possession of mere beauty would be sufficiently compensatory, but our California blood demands *first place*, not only in beauty and accomplishments, but in all things where abideth honor.

It is the *California combination* that makes our women the most beautiful in the world—superb health, perfect symmetry, sun-kissed complexion, quick intelligence flashing from wondrous eyes, amiable (because hopeful and happy) temperaments, a divine courage, with the fascinating touch of bravado, and a fearless independence. It is to be found in the daughters of wealth, whose homes are palatial in splendor; but it is to be found also among our shop girls, our country girls, and those occupying the most menial positions. Their step is free and elastic, and they carry themselves with the proud consciousness that they are California girls.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN BLOUNKETT FERGUSON

After an exciting debate, the City Hall Commissioners recently decided not to segregate the contract for a new roof on that historic structure. This is doubtless a disappointment to those contractors who expected to have a whack at the noble ruin, but the chances are that by the time the roof is finished it will spring a leak somewhere, and new contracts will then be in order. The City Hall has been a bonanza for contractors for years, and the present outlook encourages the belief that it is likely to play the bonanza role for some years yet. At any rate, the contracting fraternity need not despair. The next tremblor that travels this way may reduce the huge pile to a junk heap, and then there will be employment for several generations of contractors to come.

A fashion writer declares that "tomato red" lends a dash of color to many otherwise pointless combinations. I can vouch for the accuracy of that statement. I once dined in a restaurant where a pale, æsthetic youth, elegantly attired in a gray spring suit, inadvertently sat down on an overripe tomato that the waiter had carelessly dropped into a chair. There was no mistake about the dash of color on that gray combination. Dashes, also, would perhaps better be used to represent the pale youth's ejaculations, which likewise were, as I am ready to testify, not pointless.

Those who cling to the morning nap habit will be grateful to the *British Medical Journal* for saying that physiology is all against the early rising theory; that experiment proves that a man does not work his best and fastest in the early morning hours, but at mid-day. This may be true of British subjects, who are careful, sensible and methodical by nature, but the average American hustler, with his nervous energy, irregular mode of life and feverish ambition, is not adapted for working in harness with his English cousin. To him early rising is not only positively necessary to business success, but his best efforts are put forth in the morning. Daylight naps, though, are very alluring, and it takes a great deal of determination to nip a little snooze in the bud and rise to face the day's battle. As to the quality of one's work afterward, that quite depends upon the individual.

In an account of a recent concert, a musical critic on one of the local dailies commented thus upon a well-known tenor's voice:

"It is a delight to hear him, and one never gets as much of him as he wants."

It was only an error in grammar, but it was rather rough on the tenor, since he implied his willingness to warble eternally.

Theosophists speak a language of their own. In the rush of a hurried existence the opportunity for learning even its a, b, c has been denied me, but I have a respect approaching veneration for those whose brains have been large and comprehensive enough to master its verbosity, and who have had the leisure to acquire what seems to my insufficient understanding to be a more difficult tongue, with English variations, than Greek or Sanscrit. And when, in a conversation the other evening with a learned gentleman who was unaware of the spiritual darkness in which my soul gropes, he led the way to theosophical themes and gravely informed me that every manifestation of life is a differentiation of atma, I lived over again the agony of childhood when, missing a word, I was sent to the bottom of the spelling-class.

Infinitely fatiguing are some of the statements laid down as law for the world to follow. Take for instance this, which appears in a Western journal:

"If you wish to be quite up to date as a housewife, you must have a gold pencil swinging from a slender gold chain at the belt. A foreign woman of high degree always carries one in this manner in the morning as she studies the maid's, cook's and butcher's accounts. It is an indispensable adjunct to the role of matron, and every well organized household will shortly see its mistress have one."

What nonsense! There may be women who can play at housekeeping in this fashion, but to nine hundred and ninety-nine housekeepers out of a thousand such suggestions are impractical and foolish. The care of a household does not sit so lightly upon the average housekeeper that she can afford either the money or the time to invest in gold pencils and decorate her person with gold chains, slender or otherwise. Foreign women of high degree may do as they please, but over here in America a five-cent lead pencil ought to be good enough for anybody.

Her eyes are pink, her hair is blue,
  Her smile a frightful thing to see;
Her violet-tinted nose askew
  O'ershadows lips of yellow hue.
I shudder when she looks at me.

Her figure has the native grace
  Of pokers and of broomsticks lean;
Her solferino hands and face
  Seem clutching, gazing into space.
Her eyebrows are a pistache green.

Her lover leans enraptured near;
  His locks, with weird, fantastic curl,
Encircle his magenta ear,
  Yet neither thinks the other queer—
This poster man and poster girl!

In San Francisco there are hundreds of mothers who would like to take their children to the seaside this summer, but who cannot afford to do so. They may, however, have a part of the seaside brought to them. In other words, if these mothers are fortunate enough to have a back yard for their little ones to play in, by all means let them invest in a wagon load of sand, dump the shining mass into a corner of it, then turn the children loose. There is more fun to be had out of a sand pile than can be imagined by any one who has never delved in one during the far-off days when joys were long and clothes were short. Sand is an excellent substitute for dirt, a choice of necessary evils, as it were; for the youngsters who coat themselves with mother earth daily are generally the healthiest, and sand is cleaner than real estate, besides being less ruinous to carpets when tracked in by small feet. To the mother with a yard and a kindergarten of her own, a wagon load of sand is a blessing in disguise.

A writer in a New York weekly dilates at length upon the statement that William McKinley wears a solemn expression and clothes of unfashionable make, dwelling on the discovery that the great statesman's trousers bag at the knee. It also comments fatuously upon the fact that in early life Mr. McKinley suffered from nervous dyspepsia, and that as a result he prefers eating his meals on the veranda of his home. This habit, the writer appears to think, is a most extraordinary idiosyncrasy. In brief, these things, taken altogether, prove conclusively to this writer's alleged mind, that Mr. McKinley is quite ineligible to the Presidency.

It is really too bad that we could not have known all this sooner. The Republican party would never, had it been warned in time, make the fearful mistake, as it doubtless will this month, of nominating to the highest office in the gift of the people a candidate whose trousers are imperfectly creased. Such a man is utterly incapable of grappling with national problems. But this is not all. To our horror we are further informed that the writer has never seen such singular eyebrows as Mr. McKinley's on any person but a shoemaker whom he once met. This is, indeed, damaging testimony. We might forgive the roomy trouser, the sober visage, the barbarity of meals in the open air, and any other gaucheries of which this plain, unpretentious American gentleman might be guilty, but that his eyebrows should resemble those of a shoemaker argues his total unfitness for Presidential honors.

Did you ever see a cook book so daintily gotten up and so literary in the quality of its contents that you felt like apologizing to it for taking it to the culinary regions instead of giving it a place on a drawing-room table? Cook books are usually of the kitchen kitcheny. Useful but not ornamental, they are unhesitatingly assigned to the humble companionship of other necessary but not ornate things. Under the title of the "Feasts of Autolycus," Elizabeth Robins Pennell has published a series of extremely entertaining papers anent cookery, which originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Something after the manner of the historian who weaves his facts into a romance, the author of this interesting volume preaches the poetry of food preparation, and conjures up a halo that fairly glorifies the kitchen stove. She dwells with artistic word-painting upon the assimilation of condiments, the possibilities of the onion, the beauty of the radish, the succulency of the oyster, until one longs to experiment upon the precious bivalve, and is imbued with the conviction that life holds no greater achievement than the evolving of a salad or the accomplishment of an entree. With an Aladdin's lamp the author lights the reader's way through a paradise of cuisine *chefs-d'œuvre*, where pots and kettles have no part, and dishwashing is a thing unheard of and unspeakable. Alas! that one must awake to stern realities after scaling such ideal heights; for—

There never was a meal, however splendid,
  Nor yet how plain the fare,
But that it left behind, when it was ended,
  Its unwashed dishes there.

The most sensible woman that ever lived crossed my pathway not long ago. I hope we shall never meet again. Not that I disliked her, but she was so sensible, so uncomfortably, unreasonably sensible! It is extremely difficult to get along with a person who has a fad for being sensible. Have you ever tried it? If I could only have discovered some foible, some flaw, some little feminine fault in the iron strength of her character, I might have loved her, but she scorned the trifling vanities of her sex, and her superabundance of common sense weighed upon me like a pall. In her sensible way she undertook to reform her woman acquaintances. We finally learned to flee at her approach, and when she left our midst we were still wedded, and hopelessly, to the fascinating errors of our ways. One of her self-imposed duties was to lecture us about dotted face veiling and its injurious effect upon the eyesight. Now, if there be any one thing more than another that improves a woman's appearance it is a dotted face veil. Then she inveighed against shoes with pointed toes, proudly exhibiting her own hideous, flat, square-toed abominations that were, she averred, the only "sensible" shoes to wear. Her skirts were skimpy, and, elevated several inches above the lowly earth, brought out those same shoes in striking bas-relief. Voluminous skirts, said she, were too heavy and unhealthful to wear. I know she was right, but—oh, dear! Hats, she insisted, should not be burdened with trimming. Her own head coverings resembled nothing so much as a German pancake. She spurned corsets, as interfering with the development of the human form. Her figure, by the by, was as innocent of curves as a toothpick, although she never had been guilty of wearing anything to compress it. Dear soul, she was so sensible—quite the most conscientiously sensible woman I ever knew! And the most unattractive.

"When women vote," so I have heard men say,
"Their homes they will neglect in shameful way;
There will not be a button on a coat
  When women vote."

"When women vote," quoth one small man to me,
"They'll lose their dignity. 'Tis plain to see
The Lord ordained their destiny below—
  To cook and sew.

"When women vote they'll think they own the earth;
The place for petticoats is by the hearth.
Why, if we let them have the ballot box,
  Who'd darn our socks?

"When women vote they'll run for office, too,
And pray, what then would politicians do?
Must they be forced at this late day to work?
  They're used to shirk.

"When women vote they'll have to go to polls
And stand in line with men of coarser souls
Whose very presence will contaminate,
  As sure as fate.

"When women vote; that's carrying things too far;
The odoriferous campaign cigar—
Besides, they can't pour whisky down their throats
  To buy up votes."

I tried to speak, but language would not come;
This small man's brilliant logic struck me dumb;
Before such wisdom, learned, deep, profound,
  I made no sound.

When women vote. Let's try it, gentlemen.
You might not want their ballots back again.
Perhaps—who knows?—you'll sing a different note
  When women vote!

Of all the States in our Union, none is so considerate of its dumb animals as Massachusetts. A judge there recently had a case tried before him in which the prisoner was convicted of inciting a dog to combat and abandoning him after the fight, leaving him with two legs broken. The offender was promptly sentenced to six months in the House of Correction. That judge has a heart and the courage of his convictions, and I wish I had the honor of his acquaintance.

Apropos of of the trouble that so frequently follows the matrimonial alliances of American girls and foreigners, an exchange suggests a complicated legal method of drawing up marriage documents so as to avoid difficulties afterward. Does it not seem that the easiest and surest method of all for saving trouble would be for them never to marry foreigners at all?

"This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible woman to a man who was trying to force his way through the crowd at the door of the theater.

"No, I suppose not," returned the man, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance."

ITEMS.

One of the very best conducted hotels in Southern California is the Brewster at San Diego. It has been most ably managed for several years past, and is to-day unquestionably the best hotel in the City of San Diego. Neatness, attention, and general good service are the elements that have won the position the Brewster now holds, and Mr. J. E. O'Brien deserves not only credit but prosperity for his untiring efforts.

Now that summer is approaching, it is well to bear in mind that the very latest styles in hats can be obtained from Herrmann & Co., 328 Kearny Street.

Glaring sunlight in the country is unquestionably hard on the strongest pair of eyes. Before you leave for your summer outing, drop into the California Optical Company's store, 317 Kearny, and get a pair of colored glasses. They have the best, and know just what will suit you.

For a first-class meal, served in first-class style, go to Swains', 213 Sutter Street.

Of all the large hotels in San Francisco, none have achieved such a remarkable success as the Hotel St. Nicholas. It has been crowded from the very opening. There is only one cause for it, and that is that the management is as near perfect as one could desire. Good rooms, splendid table, courteous attention, and reasonable rates are features that influence the best people nowadays.

The well-known Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara has recently suffered a loss in the death of one of the proprietors, Mr. Gaty. The Hotel will be continued under the management of the surviving partner, Mr. E. P. Dunn, and while his former associate will be missed in every quarter, Mr. Dunn is a man of unusual ability, and there is no question as to the continuance of the Hotel on its former lines.

The El Bonito Hotel at Duncan's Mills is the best hostelry in that section. A week or two in this picturesque region will never be regretted.

The most delightful hotel in all Oakland is the Metropole, under the management of Mr. R. M. Briare, well known as the former manager of the Hotel Pleasanton, San Francisco. Clean, comfortable, refined, quietly and picturesquely located, it stands without a rival across the bay.

If you want a good piano, for either rent or purchase, first call on Byron Mauzy, 310 Post Street. He has all styles and prices.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

When, after the second battle of Bull Run, General Sickles assumed command of a division of the Army of the Potomac, he gave an elaborate farewell dinner to the officers of his old Excelsior Brigade. "Now, boys, we will have a family gathering," he said to them, as they assembled in his quarters. Pointing to the table, he continued, "Treat it as you would the enemy." As the feast ended, an Irish officer, Captain Byrnes, was discovered by Sickles in the act of stowing away three bottles of champagne in his saddle-bags.

"What are you doing, sir?" gasped the astonished General.

"Obeying orders, sir," replied the Captain, in a firm voice; "you told us to treat that dinner as we would the enemy, and you know, General, what we can't kill, we capture."

NEW GOLD.

JUNE.

[Written for THE TRAVELER by Ina C. Tompkins.]

June is June the whole world over,
Song and sunshine, bees and clover;
Journeys for the restless rover,
Balmy nights for Romeo lover,
June, June,
The world's in tune,
Nature's happy rhythmic rune;
Seeing eyes new joys discover—
Perfume where the sweet winds hover—
Song and sunshine, bees and clover,
June is June the whole world over.

TO MY STOLEN DRESSING-GOWN.

[F. G. Barry in the *N. Y. Home Journal.*]

I have searched the household thro',
From the dingy cellar stair,
To the ghostly garret, where
I hoped to find some trace of you.

In the cellar-way were brushes,
Brooms, and bottles tall and small;
Feather dusters line the wall
Where at night the rodent rushes.

In the garret—congregations
Of a million maimed things!
Accumulated chaos which domestic saving brings,—
Realm of aged and gigantic perturbations!

I have looked in closets, too,
And behind the beds and doors;
And I've even thought of tearing up the floors,—
Still there is no clew of you.

* * * * * * * *

She has hidden you away,
Dear old friend in faded gray!
I shall see you never more.

She has stolen you from me,
In a fit of girlish glee,
And is dumb, tho' I implore.

That's the trouble with a wife!
There is sure to be a strife
As to what you should or shouldn't wear.

When a fellow once is married,
He'll sometimes wish he'd tarried
In a state where he could glory in a tear,—

When neckties could be worn
Just the same when they were torn,
And he needn't change his collar every morn,—

When he might, alone at night,
Sit beside his smoky light,
And at fashion smile contentedly in scorn.

But my dear old friend in gray,
She has spirited you away,
"Because," she said, you were, forsooth, "too old."

She did not like the rips,
Or the little crimson strips
That, like scars, obtruded from each fold.

But I didn't mind your looks;
With our old-time friends, the books,
We've many a quiet evening spent together;

When the winds without were sweeping,
By the hearthstone we were sleeping,
Unmindful of the howling winter weather.

Then at last the summer came,
And then September, all aflame,
Lighted up the hazy hills;

You and I strolled thro' the vales,
Ling'ring now in shadowed dales,
List'ning to the lulling rills.

Now, alas! old friend in gray,
No more shall we together stray
Thro' the fragrant meadows green.

She has hidden you away;
This I know, tho' she'll not say
A tatter of yourself she's seen.

He (pleadingly)—Would you love me if I were rich?

She—I can't say as to that; but I'd probably marry you.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Frank Davey Photo.

"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.

"Yes, sir; it is the whisper of a laugh."

The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent, who posted a placard, reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

Customer—The butter you sold me tastes just like so much cheese.

Grocer—But you will observe, madam, that I only charged you for the butter.

Agent—Can't I do something with you in the way of life insurance?

Isaacs—Vell, your gompany might send me a supply of plotting paper.

She—I know I'm cross at times, John; but if I had my life to live over again, I should marry you just the same.

He—I have my doubts about that, my dear.

Elder Sister—Come, Clarence, take your powder like a man. You never hear me making any complaint about such a little thing as that.

Clarence (sourly)—Neither would I, if I could daub it on my face; it is swallowing it that I object to.

Vicar (severely to his cook)—Mary, you had a soldier in to supper last night.

"Yes, sir; he's my brother."

"But you told me you had no brother."

"So I thought, sir, until you preached last Sunday, and told us we were all brothers and sisters."

Landowner (to party bobbing in the stream)—Hallo, there! don't you see that sign, "No Fishing Here"?

Angler—Yes, ain't it ridiculous? Fine fishing here; just look at that for a string (holding up a dozen or twenty big fellows); beauties, ain't they? The chap that stuck up that sign evidently didn't know what he was talking about.

Jeweler—I have shown you all the rings that I have suitable for a daughter twelve years old.

Lady Customer—Well, I have changed my mind now. I think I'll wait until she's fifteen.

Jeweler—All right, madam. Take a chair.

"No," said Tommy, "I didn't hang up my stocking at Christmas. What was the good of hanging up a stocking when all I wanted was a wheel."

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

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Scientific Manufacturing Opticians
Strictly Reliable

317-319 KEARNY STREET.

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NOWHERE.

A hurried glance at the above letters and one cannot tell which of two words is indicated.

There is no such uncertainty when you take a meal at our restaurant. In either event you will find that

NO WHERE

can such a delicious repast be gotten as we have

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Apple Cider

Made in the Eel River Valley, the greatest apple producing district of California.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

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OUR CITY HUMMING BIRD.

ELLA M. SEXTON.

A SWIFT vision of beauty is this atom of a bird as he poises apparently motionless among the flowers, his dusky wings whirring so rapidly that they seem invisible.

His brown coat is brightened at the throat by glowing ruby feathers which glisten in the sunshine with rich metallic lustre, a veritable flash of fire as he flies from blossom to blossom thrusting his bill into the depths of each corolla.

That long bill shields a double tongue which extracts not only honey but the little insects which have been attracted to the flower by its sweet nectar. These insects he gathers, too, from the leaves of plants, and they form his principal food. For this reason humming birds seldom live in captivity, as the sugar and water usually supplied them is not enough to sustain life, and they literally starve to death.

The smallest of the eleven species of Trochilidæ found in the United States, these little creatures are very hardy and so numerous that our city gardens are often brightened by their flying visits. In the warm and sunny Mission our humming bird loves to almost bury himself in the deep scarlet cactus blossoms, or to hover, a lazy sybarite, over the heliotrope; yet he faces bravely the chilling winds and fog on gloomy days at the Park, and is often seen among the wild lupins on the wind-swept sand-dunes.

An odd fancy of this bird is to take a bath under the spray of a lawn sprinkler, and he may be seen darting in and out of the cold shower with apparent delight.

He loves also to sway, a mere brown dot, on the topmost tip of a tall eucalyptus, and again will rest on the electric-light wires for minutes at a time. From these high positions he makes sudden dashes, at some larger bird perhaps, uttering the while a shrill chirping note.

The boys, rovers and keen observers as they are, call these birds the "hummers," from the sound made by the rapid vibrations of their wings, and assert that if two are seen together they are invariably fighting. This is indeed true, for such birds are rivals and attack each other fiercely, with much ruffling of brilliant feathers, and an astonishing amount of spirit for such small things.

Occasionally the boys bring in the tiny nest, a shallow cup of moss and lichens fastened to a twig and holding two white eggs no larger than beans.

The little mother in her plain brown dress shows great distress if disturbed, and will fly in the very faces of intruders, while her lord seems quite indifferent. To her also is said to fall most of the work of providing for the hungry nestlings, a labor of love which seems well performed, as year after year the usual number of ruby-throated "living jewels" flash in and out of our city gardens.

A TYPICAL CITY PRISON.

E. K. ROUNTREE.

There is always more or less fascination in reference to the manner in which criminals are apprehended, examined, and punished, and particularly so concerning the life of the felon in our city prisons. To better acquaint our readers with an insight into this phase of human existence, our representative made a tour of inspection during the past week. Sheriff Whelan and his deputies afforded him every facility for the work in hand, and I feel confident in stating that the following outline is absolutely authoritative.

Passing by the north wing of the City Hall, the ominous words, "City Prison" are conspicuous over the heavy iron door leading to the cells within. As we enter the massive portal the guard on watch bangs it to promptly, and the grating of the huge key as it turns in the lock is not altogether a cheerful refrain for the curious visitor. The gruesome greeting, however, is somewhat relieved by the genial visage of the Sergeant who has an appropriate joke to crack before he installs himself as our guide to inspect the gloomy labyrinth of cells.

As we pass by the various dungeons, pale and curious faces peer at us from between the bars, as though in hope or expectation that our visit might have some connection with themselves and their release. These fellows are continually buoyed up by hope and expectation, and were it not for these elements of human nature it is a question if a greater record of desperate acts would not appear upon the criminal record.

Here and there are distinctive marks of the ravages of morphine and "dope," making in every instance a complete human wreck, and wisely the prison officials have devised a system of separation of these various classes of criminals, so that the different phases of criminality are required to occupy separate cells and compartments.

TROPICAL BREADFRUIT.
Specimen Half-tone, Union Photo-Engraving Co.

Adjacent to the desk of the booking sergeant, whose business it is to register the name of the offender and the nature of the charge, are what is termed in prison parlance the "anti-suicide" cells. These are padded and arranged in every way to frustrate the suicidal inclinations of desperate and despondent criminals.

The discipline in the prisons is almost perfect, and the sanitary conditions and cuisine up to date in every respect. The rough work about the jails is done by trusties, who are either short termers or well-behaved prisoners.

There are in all three county jails. One best known as the Broadway Jail, one as the House of Correction, and one as the Industrial School. The first named is in charge of Chief Jailer Sattler, a veritable beau ideal of a ruler of the criminal classes. His splendid and imposing physique and determined expression at once inspires respect and subordination among the rough inmates.

Absolute quiet prevails within the Broadway Jail, and its cleanliness is perhaps its most striking feature. Bathing is compulsory, and each prisoner is permitted two half days each week for exercise in the corridors. Only prisoners awaiting trial or sentence are kept in this institution until their cases are finally disposed of.

The old House of Correction and the Industrial School are on the San Jose Road within a stone's throw of each other, and are occupied by felons whose terms do not exceed one year. The former, in charge of Superintendent Clarkson, contains at the present time 290 inmates, all males. Well-behaved prisoners are permitted to work without the walls, repairing roads and maintaining the picturesque condition of the prison grounds.

At the Industrial School 112 female prisoners are ensconsed under the superintendence of Captain Boyle. It is virtually a large boarding-house in its interior fittings, being supplied with all modern conveniences. The female prisoners are governed with little difficulty, the ruling power being one of firmness rather than coercion, and it is rarely necessary to resort to solitary confinements to tame the refractory boarder.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

Did you ever live in a house with a painfully neat woman? I did, and know of but one thing worse, and that's a painfully dirty one. She, the neat one, was the only real bald-headed woman I ever saw. She scrubbed and scolded and swung the duster from rosy morn till dewy eve. I never dared sit on her chair lest I should disarrange the cushion, or rock on her carpet for fear of creasing the threads. I was miserable at the table lest I get a speck on the cloth, and was never quite myself in sight of her house. I think she could rise up in righteous rebellion, if she could, against her thin little body turning to dust after she was compelled to leave it. Her husband committed suicide.

HOUSEHOLD DON'TS.

Don't worry. Worry kills, and work, a reasonable amount of it, saves.

Don't nag. A nagging woman may be a conscientious martyr, and yet drive every one of her family away from her orderly home.

Don't gossip. Consider other homes and other reputations, as you would wish them to consider yours.

Don't pout. Better to "speak your mind, and be done with it," than to make the atmosphere of the house blue and chill for a day or an hour.

Don't get what the Yankee calls "sot." Remember, the world moves, and you must move with it, or get stepped on. Old times are dear, because they are old times. New times are ever so much better.

ONTARIO, San Bernardino County.

Editor TRAVELER:

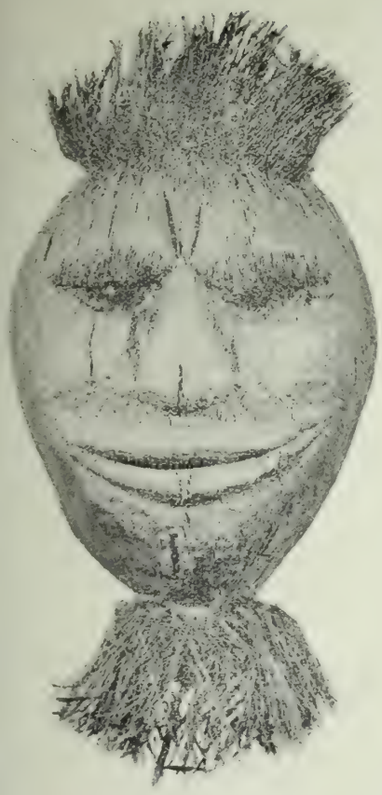
We have had such a genuine surprise here in weather this spring that I cannot refrain from making a note of it, for snow fell here not long since, and "stayed fallen," as the quaint Taylor said it. But it only "stayed" till ten A. M. the next day.

It gave a few hours of wild joy and excitement to the children who had never made snowballs, and gone into battle with them; and to the grown-up children and the grandparents it recalled the delights of other days, and the way-off Northern home. The dear roses and bright japonicas blushed sweetly through their snowy veils, and the snowman that grandpa helped the little girl to build, much to her delight, stood up stiffly on the lawn, under the pepper-tree, all day long, as if transfixed with surprise at his unwonted surroundings.

I think we must admit that there are *some* new things under the sun, for we read that the far-famed sculptor, Adelaide Johnson, is married, and her husband, Mr. Jenkins, takes *her* name. So they become, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

Is not this quite significant of a new order of things? What think you? But I must not make my stay too long, lest you might not feel like asking me to come again.

AUNT DEE.



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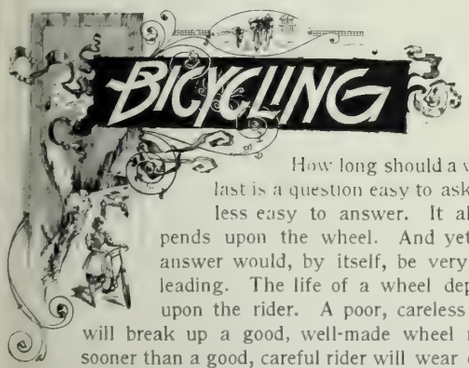

How long should a wheel last is a question easy to ask, but less easy to answer. It all depends upon the wheel. And yet this answer would, by itself, be very misleading. The life of a wheel depends upon the rider. A poor, careless rider will break up a good, well-made wheel much sooner than a good, careful rider will wear out a poor wheel. A great deal depends upon the way a machine is used and the extent to which it is put under strain. A careful rider will help his machine to overcome obstacles by lessening his weight on each wheel as the obstacle is struck. A careless rider will run pell-mell over stones and inequalities of the road, heeding nothing but his own personal safety, and not overheedful even of that. A careful rider will clean and oil up his wheel as often as may be necessary, while a careless wheelman will permit dust and dirt to accumulate all over the enamel, and gummed oil to clog up the chain and bearings.

In the hands of a man who is as careful of his bicycle as he is of himself, a machine, especially if well tired, will give three or four years' constant wear. In the hands of a happy-go-lucky, careless rider, the best bicycle made may be racked to pieces within six months.

Some men take care of themselves and live to a good old age, and others live fast and terminate their existence prematurely. And as with a man, so with a bicycle.

CARE OF TIRES.

It is a very good plan to occasionally turn one's bicycle upside down and carefully examine the outside of the tires. Very often will be noticed small cuts in which grit or little fragments of stone may be embedded. The cuts should be cleaned out with a pointed piece of stick, a little solution inserted, and when the latter is dry the cut closed up. An operation of this kind will take, perhaps, half an hour once a month, and in return the tires are rendered much more reliable and much less likely to receive damage.

BALLAD OF THE WINSOME MAID.

A merry San Francisco maid
(A dainty damsel she)
Went wheeling on the promenade,
A friend for company;
"And do you never feel afraid
Of accidents?" asked he.

"Oh, tell me, sometimes does your tire
Get punctured on the way?
Your skirt entangled in the wire?
Your saddle go astray?
And vow while landing in the mire
That cycling doesn't pay?"

She laughed and shook her curly head;
Her smile was sweet to see;
"None of those horrid things," she said,
"Have happened, sir, to me;
I'm safe because I always ride
A Sterling wheel," quoth she.

HE DIDN'T BUY.

He stood outside and looked in the window of the bicycle store for a long time. His garb betokened that he was not of the city. There was a wistful expression in his face. Finally he timidly entered and stood by the door, seemingly undecided whether he was intruding. The smiling salesman came briskly forward, visions of another sale flitting through his brain.

"Would you like to buy a wheel?"

The young man looked startled. The personality of the salesman overawed him. Finally he managed to gasp:

"Wh—what's one of them things cost?"

"One hundred dollars."

"Wh—what?"

"That's what I said."

"That's jist what me an' Bill told pap. But he know'd them figgers we seen in the winder was $1.00 an' not $100, so he gin me $3.00, to git one fer me an' Bill an' one fer sister. Sed he 'sposed I could git the three fer $2.75, an' be sure to bring back the change. A hundred dollars! Gosh, that 'ud buy a hull farm down our way. Much 'bliged fer yer trouble, mister. Guess me an' Bill an' sister'll have to git along with old Doll an' the buckboard fer some time yit."

THAT HUMP.

Possibly he had been good looking, but he had held his nose on the handle bar so long that his face was out of joint. He wheeled up to a wayside water trough and, resting one foot on the side of it, shouted to a farmer just over the fence:

"Say, mister, how far to the next town?"

The honest husbandman looked over the fence and saw only the curve of the speaker's back.

"Can't answer your question, young fellow, 'till I know at which end your head is."

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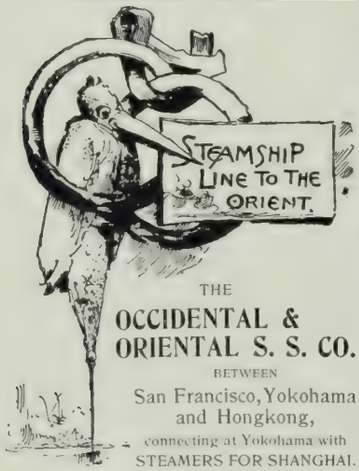

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COPTIC (via Honolulu). Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1896
GAELIC ..... Saturday, September 12, 1896
DORIC (via Honolulu).. Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1896

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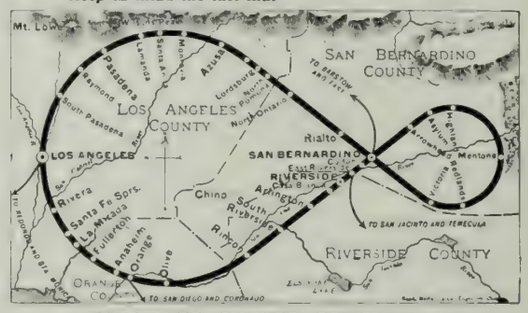

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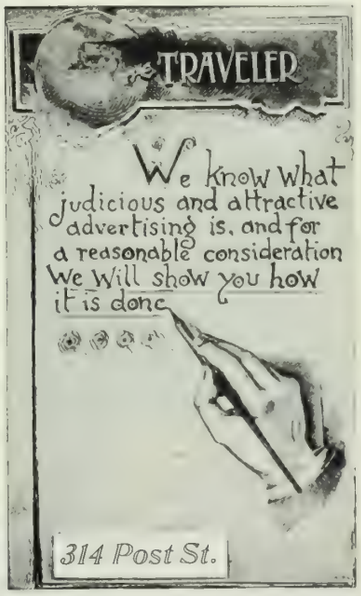

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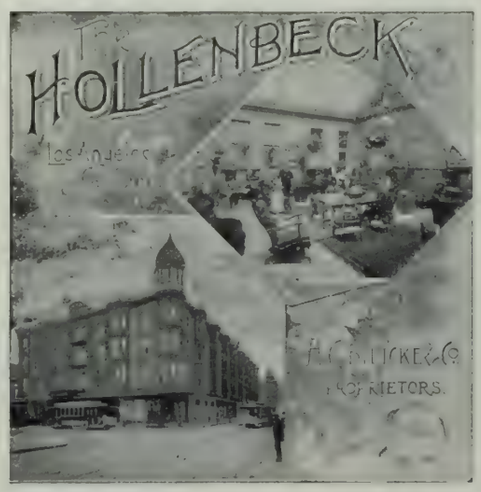

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ONE of the popular fallacies of the day is that one can travel cheaper in Europe than in the United States. Traveling second or third class there (which is the same as first class in America), costs equally as much, if not more, with inferior accommodations combined. This may be food for thought for those contemplating a trip abroad.

FEW realize the enormous outlay made by some railway systems for the elevation of their tracks in large cities, a source of expenditure not dreamed of when most of the roads were built. The Chicago and Northwestern, which last year accomplished, with remarkable despatch, the elevation of a long stretch of its track within the city limits of Chicago, has begun a similar work on its Milwaukee division, during the progress of which it diverts its trains over a freight branch. The Erie road has just decided to spend one million dollars to raise its roadbed in Jersey City. The tracks, as they emerge from the main yard, will ascend by an easy grade until they can cross the intersecting streets with sufficient headway.

Most people are familiar with the tremendous undertaking of the Illinois Central Railroad at Chicago, in preparation for the World's Fair, whereby their roadbed was elevated sufficiently to handle the enormous local traffic from the Lake front to the Fair grounds. The cost of this work, including the necessary equipment in connection therewith, was somewhere in the neighborhood of three million dollars. Through a recent municipal ordinance, the Illinois Central has been required to reduce the elevation of its road-bed, and are now pushing with great speed the depression of the tracks along the Lake front. When this is done they are required to erect a high wall along the line of the road, which, while it will cut off from the residents and passers by on Michigan Avenue the annoyance of moving trains, will also close from view the fine expanse of Lake Michigan which gives the avenue its attraction.

AGAIN the question is being discussed, this time by New York capitalists, of providing a seaside resort near New Orleans. Many times within the last dozen years has the project been talked of seriously by moneyed men, and several times it has looked as if it would be carried through. But for one reason or another nothing has come of it. There are some difficulties in the way of the consummation of the scheme, but they are far from insurmountable. For the last dozen miles or more, of the forty or fifty which lie between New Orleans and Grand Isle, Fort Livingstone, or some other point where good surf bathing can be had, it would be necessary to construct the railway almost entirely on trestling and bridge work. That would be quite expensive, of course, and many doubt if the enterprise would pay. That, however, is not the general opinion. A well-equipped resort on the beach, if well managed, would surely draw an immense patronage from residents of New Orleans and also from the visitors to that charming city, and the number of the latter, particularly in winter, is astonishingly great. So there is every prospect of success.

THE DAY IS DONE. *Matson photo.*

"WHERE shall I go for the summer" is the byword. It ought not to be a difficult problem to solve, for certainly there is no section of country in the world that has such a diversified climate and unending variety of mineral springs than California. We can almost comprise the extremes of the Torrid and Frigid Zones in our comparatively small distance of 750 miles from north to south. We range in elevations from 200 feet below the sea level to 15,000 feet above it, at the apex of our well-known Mount Whitney, with intermediate heights and locations to suit the most fastidious requirements. Lake County in itself is a veritable condensation of the best mineral springs in the world. It is completely landlocked, free from fogs, enjoys a mild even climate, and has the prettiest little lakelet in the country. Then there is the Santa Cruz Mountains, with numerous homelike resorts nestled in its choicest parts, and while it can not boast of health-restoring springs, the great redwoods and pines which are characteristic of this section are a never-ending delight and comfort to those who seek real rest and recreation. Just now Southern California is decidedly torrid and uninteresting, except at the seashore resorts, but four months hence its equable temperature is a boon to those who live in more rigorous climes. Northern California, better known as the Shasta region, is at its best. Most all the resorts of note and popularity are from two to four thousand feet above the sea level. While here there are two or three mineral springs of more or less note, this feature is not identified with the celebrity of this charming section. Great pines of healthful fragrance, picturesque streams and waterfalls, striking groups of craggy mountains, and the finest fishing and hunting grounds in the wide world are features which should and do satiate the most exacting.

Truly, California is an ideal pleasure and recreation ground, where all tastes and fads and idiosyncrasies may be gratified, for, in addition to the many attractions above enumerated, there is the shade of the forest, open grassy glades, and incomparable bathing places, all of which can be reached at the extreme period of twelve hours on the north from San Francisco, or eighteen hours on the south.

THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

AFTER Niagara, the Shoshone Falls are indeed second among wonderful cataracts. Where Niagara is grand, majestic, sublime, Shoshone is weird, fantastic, and awe-inspiring. Sir Edwin Arnold says there is nothing so picturesque in the whole world as the mighty, tossing, roaring Shoshone Falls, hidden away amid their environment of lava beds, desert sands, and sagebrush, with not a living thing in nature for miles and miles around.

The famous falls are in Idaho, and they may be reached by a journey over the Oregon Short Line Railroad. The nearest station is Shoshone, and the traveler who lands from the railroad train there will be very apt to think he has been made the victim of a popular delusion and an over-rated natural wonder. A team of horses and a stage coach are at the lonesome station to carry passengers to the Falls. The distance is some twenty-seven miles, and the direction is southwest. As far as the eye can see at any point of compass, there is a dead, monotonous level of country. Not so much as a hillock, a tree, or human habitation is visible for miles around. Sagebrush, a blue sky, and sand are the sole components of the landscape. Many a person who has set out to see the phenomenal cataract of the West has abandoned the journey by stage when Shoshone Railroad Station was reached.

The ride in the coach is but four or five hours, and it is not until twenty or more miles have been ridden that the dreary landscape suddenly changes. Then hills of black lava, set off by mountains miles away, come into evidence. With a crack of the driver's whip and a sudden turn in the road, now among lava formations on every hand, the passengers in the coach are whirled through a huge mass of lava rocks, much like an architectural porte cochere, and have their first view of the Snake River, which forms the Falls below.

For three miles farther the lumbering vehicle traverses a roadway along the edge of a canyon over fifteen hundred feet deep. There is plenty of riskiness in the journey to satisfy the most daring. The river below boils, fumes, and foams in its passage over its rocky bed. The sullen roar, roar, roar of the Falls farther down the canyon is heard above all the rattle of coach and harness and the clatter of the horses' hoofs over the lava rocks. The mist from the Falls can be seen four or five miles away, and on clear summer days the cloud of spray is easily discernible many more miles distant.

At the mouth of the canyon are the Shoshone Falls. The walls of the canyon are a dead black, and Sir Edwin Arnold likened the canyon, with its stupendous cliffs of somber lava and the rushing, foaming stream away down hundreds of feet below, to "the grave of a volcano that had been robbed of its dead."

The Snake River, born in the snowy peaks south of the Yellowstone Park, cuts for a distance of 400 miles through an immense lava sheet—a lava sheet that extends from near the Wyoming line southwest for 500 miles, and in many places it is 100 miles wide, making the region a desert, sere, silent, and, until quite recently, lifeless: a region that for long ages was the throne of sorrow and despair. It, however, does not exist without a purpose, for, here and there, oases have sprung up under the miraculous hand of irrigation, and the forbidding lava, disintegrated into soil, has proven wonderfully fertile, rich as the famous volcanic soils of Italy and Sicily, and the desert of a few years ago is becoming known as the land of fruit and flowers, rivaling California in its productiveness. It was said, some time ago, that the Oregon Short Line began in a desert, ran through a desert, and ended in a desert; now it has the reputation of starting in the wonderland of Wyoming, running through Idaho, the gem of the mountains, and terminating in Oregon, the settler's delight.

Here one may see what gigantic tasks were performed in the process of world-building and preparing the surface for man's purpose in creating a desert that, under man's hands, shall blossom as the rose; the land that was last in the estimate of the former becoming the first in the eyes of the horticulturist. What a mighty river of fire and flame this lava sheet must have been—a river of fire 500 miles long and 100 miles wide, produced by a convulsion of nature such as mortals never witnessed. How long did it take for the awful fiery mass to cool, and the red waves to blacken into the present forbidding appearance? How long did it take to make this stupendous rift, somber as a prison-house, through what was once a river of molten fire? How long to crystallize the lava into these huge columns, to smooth off these rounded domes of rocks, and to work the grand canyon into a labyrinth of strange, weird scenes, full of glory and grandeur?

Water did not do it alone. It could not in untold ages have worked into the lava and left these pillared heights to testify to its power and patience, or cut out such a vast chasm between stupendous walls where rocks are piled on rocks mountain-high — a canyon whose overwhelming massiveness baffles all eye measurement; a canyon that is the home of waters whitely flashing down toward the sea, full of rocks dark and wild, a place where the brightest sunlight cannot drive away the forbidding gloom, the home of red and gray volcanic islands, of low domes carved into a hundred fantastic forms, a maze of side canyons full to repletion of pillars and caves, and rich with wealth of green vegetation, of ferns, mosses, and velvety carpets.

One looks at it all as if it were a dream from the porch of the little hotel that is built on the bank, not twenty feet from the brink of the Falls themselves. From this point of view can be seen Bridal Veil, Bridal Train, The Mill Race, Eagle Rock, Bell's Island, and a score of other special features of the stupendous panorama. From beneath your feet comes a dull, throbbing sound, the pulsations deep of the mighty Falls.

You are looking down into a broad, circular amphitheater, sunk into the ground, nearly a mile in diameter, and 1000 feet deep, with perpendicular walls, whose sharp edges are battlemented in huge, fortress-like masses. You hear, as in a dream, the guide say that the Twin Falls are only three miles away; Blue Lake, six miles; Vaulted Dome, half a mile, and the same to Locomotive Cave; that it is only a mile to the Lower Cascade Falls, and a mile and a half to the Devil's Corral. You care not; there is enough here, and more than enough, to hold you spellbound for all the time at your disposal.

The waters of the great river divide at first into seven distinct falls, as if to try their strength, and then join again in a final grand reunion, and united are lost in the swirl of a terrible surge, in the riot of an infuriated whirlpool. First, the waters weave a "Bridal Veil" with a warp of falling waters, and the woof of sunlight rays then plunge in glee down 210 feet into the appalling rent. Near the Veil other branches of the stream dance and whirl around Pulpit Rock, Prospect Point, Cedar, Walgamott's, and Bell's Islands, and then hasten on to join the bridal procession in their fatal plunge. There are a thousand things appealing to the eye at the same time, confusing and enchanting; there are the evergreens, clinging to the brink itself with twisted roots, as if fatally fascinated; there is the sky line, guarded by barbette batteries in isolated blocks; there are a thousand architectural suggestions goading the imagination, and there is the actual brink itself, formed of irregular blocks and prisms of lava falling every hour into the depths below.

SHOSHONE FALLS, LOGAN COUNTY, IDAHO. *W. H. Jackson photo.*

Toward the brink, silent, stern, and powerful the current sweeps along; then, with swifter flow, the waters dash on, a maddened, malignant torrent, that seems to take a fiendish delight in sweeping on with a rush that nothing but the eternal rocks could withstand.

From the shore below the eye looks up to the white front of the Falls and over the black, foam-covered parapet of lava. The great curtain of water is transparent as glass and green as emerald, except where it is churned into foam by the jagged, upheaved, rocky reef, then it is as white as the garments of the morning; or else is tossed into billions of sparkling threads, brilliant with all the prismatic hues.

How tenderly the sunshine falls upon the torn and gashed outlines of the awful canyon and upon the frightened river! How it lights upon the rolling crests of white and the eddies of sapphire blue, and converts the waters, shivered into fleecy spray, into a shower of richest colored gems! How it changes the mists into clouds of incense to the God of waters, and by its miraculous touch weaves over all, from cliff to cliff, a bow as perfect as ever was made glorious in the heavens, an arc of beauteous coloring against a background of glittering, bead-like foam, tumbling in crystal chaos, a rainbow that wreathes the terror and the glory of Shoshone in a heavenly halo! How the

sunlight reflects the solemnity of the cliffs in the smoother patches of water framed in dazzling sheets of foam; or casts the shadows of the tremendous precipices over half the river's width, shadows in blue and shadows beryl green! Who can describe the immense volumes of foam that roll up and are captured by the eddying winds and carried a thousand feet in the air; the fleecy, graceful columns that are ever ascending in all activity, and never the same for two consecutive minutes; or the gorgeous spray columns ever dissipated into a thousand fantastic shapes; or the glittering masses of snow-white foam; or the gray mists that are blown up and down the canyon, hiding the whole scene again and again in their gossamer veil; or the scene that is revealed as the curtain is drawn aside for a moment, a scene that is unmatched and indescribable, the very incarnation of the intensely fascinating? It is as impossible to transfer to paper the insufferable glories before your eyes as it would be to translate into notes the music of the Falls, the everlasting roar, the rich diapason that ever ascends, deep-toned as the voices of fate. There is an inexpressible majesty and power to this magnificent rush and roar of waters that enraptures poet, artist, and musician alike.

MARIE BURROUGHS. *Thorp photo.*

Strange stories are told of the phenomena at Shoshone Falls, and scientists from the Smithsonian Institution have spent weeks in trying to learn the cause of these things. Often, when the sky is a perfect azure blue, and not so much as a breath of air can be felt, the steaming spray will rise in clouds away up above the loftiest rim of the canyon. Then suddenly it will blow away, and no more spray will rise. For weeks thereafter there may be no more spray. Then, again, the spray may be so thick and abundant as to fill the whole canyon, fourteen miles long, so that the ebony-black rocks will drip with heavy moisture. The character of the spray has been, also, a matter of much study among scientists. There is a peculiar sediment in the foaming waters unlike that known anywhere else. All the vegetation for half a mile around, the woodwork and windows at the hotel, and the rocks, are coated every few weeks with a sediment that looks much like frost, and has the taste of slacked lime. Very often weird, uncanny sounds may be heard from among the rocks about the Falls, so loud as to be heard a half-mile away and above the ceaseless roar of the plunging waters. These sounds may suddenly start at any time in the day or night, and continue for several days, when they will cease as mysteriously as they began. At times the sounds come with a regular interval, a second or two apart, like the pulsations of a heart. No one has ever explained the mystery. There are a vast number of legends connecting the restless spirits of departed Shoshone Indians with the strange noises.

ANOTHER LOCAL PROTOTYPE.

JANET MACDONALD.

In reference to the acknowledged superiority of beauty in California women, and the reasons why they enjoy that distinction, there is, perhaps, no better illustration than the well-known Marie Burroughs, whose photograph accompanies this sketch. It is not altogether difficult to believe why California girls should be thus favored, for naturally their taste and inclination inspire them with lofty aspirations and high and romantic desires. Consequently, many have adopted professions to the everlasting credit of the State that sent them forth.

Marie Burroughs, a San Francisco girl who has also achieved distinction on the mimic stage, is a typical California beauty, of whom it is said "that her first appearance at the Madison Square Theater, New York, resulted in instantaneous success—due more to her beauty than her talent," but owing to her perseverance, energy, and belief in herself she has secured the applause and admiration of a discriminating public.

This subject, however, is too great to be compassed in the small space at my command or to revert even casually to the extensive list of beautiful and talented women who have been born and reared in this young but ambitious State. A bright and flashing intellect is contributory to beauty. I have endeavored to show that physical and intellectual beauty combine in the happy consummation of the perfect and harmonious loveliness of California women. That this is a truth that has been duly acknowledged, I have only to point to our California girls who have been called to positions of rank, wealth, and prominence, and who have acquitted themselves in a creditable manner.

By birth, education, and inheritance they are aggressive, fearless, and independent. They are born and reared 'neath sunny skies, and partake naturally of their environments. They are, therefore, passionate, proud-spirited, and imbued with the never-failing belief in their own possibilities, and have placed to the credit of their judgment incontestible evidence of their sagacity in a record of which they may well be proud.

THE FEAST OF THE HOLY GHOST.

KATHIE HILLYER.

A peculiar religious festival is in vogue among the Portuguese, which is particularly noticeable when celebrated by the residents of that nationality in California, because the feasts and rites attendant on ceremonies of this character are fast becoming features of the past.

Although the Portuguese will be found scattered over the entire State, their stronghold is in Alameda County, where they constitute a large proportion of the country population. They are steady, hard-working people, who can secure larger crops from a small piece of ground than any one else, except, perhaps, a Chinese or Italian vegetable gardener.

The *Irmandade de Devino Espirito Santos*, or Feast of the Holy Ghost, is quite unique in its way. The younger generation do not regard them with as much reverence as their fathers and mothers do, but rather as a time of merry-making alone.

THE CROWN OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The establishment of this feast-time occurred several centuries ago, and has been rigidly observed ever since in Portuguese communities.

In the mother country the idea was perpetuated by a silver crown surmounted by a dove, commemorative of the Holy Ghost, which occupied a prominent place in the services and rejoicings. This piece was regarded as symbolical of the higher power and spiritual influence which were recognized as the chief instruments in abating the pestilence.

In 1871, the Portuguese of San Leandro, Alameda County, banded together and sent to Portugal for one of these beautiful silver crowns, which cost them in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars. Up to within a few years this was the only crown possessed in the United States, but there are at present about a dozen in California, which is, I believe, the only State in which these services are held.

The cost of this entertainment is met by popular subscription, though one of the features of the week is the donation of stock, fruit, and anything of a commercial value, which are auctioned off on the premises and the proceeds given toward the expense fund.

Formerly, before the chapel was erected, it was customary for the head of a family to make application for the crown, and then it went from house to house, each one endeavoring to outdo the other in lavish entertainment. Open house was kept, and the outlay sometimes ran up into the hundreds of dollars.

It was supposed that the crown brought good fortune to the house in which it stood, hence there was much rivalry to possess it. Among the older and more ignorant people a spirit of superstition was rampant, and many were the penances, self-imposed, for the sake of the power supposed to be embodied in the costly symbol. In one instance a woman whose husband was very ill was so imbued with a belief in the efficacy of penance that she carried the crown in her hands to her home while she walked the entire distance, a mile and a half, over a newly macadamized road, barefoot.

Another woman, in a spirit of zeal, walked on her knees over the newly graveled walk from the street to the chapel, thence up the steps and into the building, carrying in her hand an immense cake to be sold for the benefit of the fund.

The season of festivity is inaugurated by the believers in the rites, who assemble at the place where the crown has been kept and march in procession to the chapel. Sometimes as many as two or three hundred little girls and young ladies, each clad in white, escort the crown and the patroness, and are followed by the male members of the community, each clothed in his best attire. The procession is headed by a brass band, and rockets and Roman candles are set off constantly along the entire line of march.

The sincerity and reverence with which the Portuguese regard the observance of this feast are remarkable. For months preceding the day of its celebration preparations are being made by those who desire to participate, and nothing is left undone which would have a tendency to show that the believers have a proper appreciation of the importance of the occasion.

Writing from Paris, France, a friend says: "I suppose it has been said over and over again, but I must say once more, that for cyclists who are satisfied with a ride of eight or ten miles, Paris is a paradise. True, the boulevards are not much pleasanter or even safer than those of London, New York, or Chicago, but the moment you leave the Rue Royale and dart across the Place de la Concord, you feel as though you were flying through the air rather than trundling an earthly wheel over the dull soil. It is not entirely the intoxication of the air, nor altogether the easiness of going, nor the pleasant company you see around you; but all these combine to set you on such good terms with yourself that you feel that life can have but few happier moments to offer you."

A SPANISH SPA.

HELEN F. MONROE.

THE charming watering-place San Sebastian, which may be called the Brighton of Spain, or the Madrid-super-Mer, is a bathing station not visited by English people as it deserves to be, and yet it is one of the most attractive places on the Continent to spend a holiday in, and not difficult to reach. For those who like the sea, the best route is by the General Steam Navigation Company to Bordeaux and from there on by rail, about seven hours. But I recommend one to see San Sebastian at its best during the month of August, which is the height of the season, when the bull fights take place each Sunday of that month. The bathing is grand, no current and the sands superb. The season commences in July and lasts till the end of September. The Queen-Regent and Court generally arrive about the fifteenth of July. Her Majesty, making it her permanent summer residence, has had built the Palais Miramar, which is situated at the extremity of the beautiful Paseo de Concha.

The Queen-Regent's visits contribute largely to the making of the place, as formerly a great many of the *elite* of Madrid and Seville emigrated to Biarritz. The Queen-Regent a few years ago took her morning dip regularly, she being an excellent swimmer, and it was one of the sights to see her enter the briny. But I fancy her physician has forbidden her to continue the sea baths.

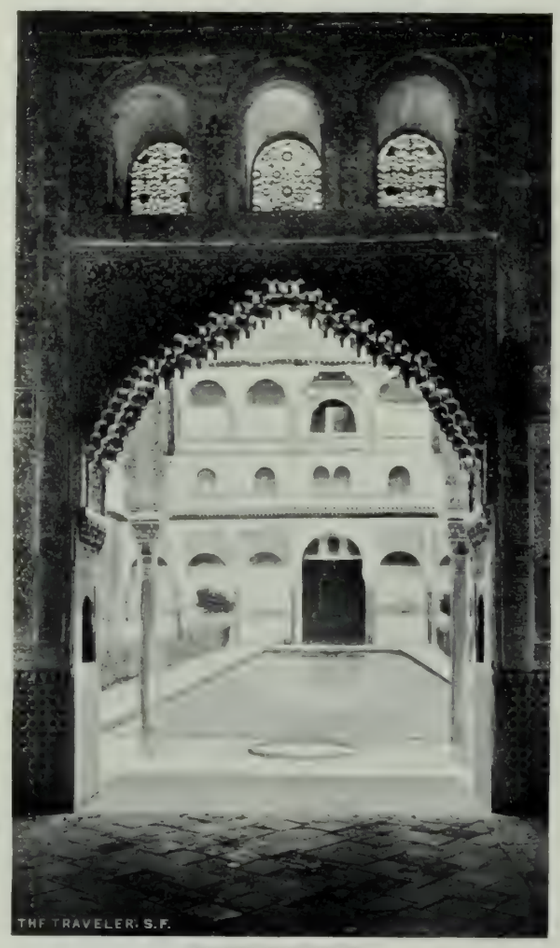
San Sebastian is a town of 30,000 inhabitants, who are named Vascongados (meaning Spanish Basque race). They speak a language of their own, a most ancient and most difficult language to learn, and at the same time they look upon themselves as a race distinct from the Spaniards, although they are under the Spanish Government. They have certain privileges allowed them regarding taxes, etc. They are brave and honest to the core, and any one who has been among them any length of time cannot help but admire them. They always extend a welcome to strangers, and are glad to render a service, if asked. There is only one fault that may be found in them, and that is their high morality and religion. But one cannot call that a crime. Still but few English and Americans find their way down to this fashionable Southern sunny resort, which, in my opinion, is infinitely superior to either Dieppe, Trouville or Ostende, and the country is far more picturesque. The English one sees at San Sebastian are those who have run over from Biarritz or St. Jean de Luz for the day, or, perhaps, forty-eight hours at most. But beyond that you can count the English there on your fingers, and this is in the winter season, which is no criterion to judge San Sebastian by.

Still I feel confident that later on San Sebastian will drift into a winter station, for the English like St. Jean de Luz—despite the want of an English church—and especially in the early Spring, when the climate is delightful for excursions. Of amusements San Sebastian has plenty. There is the Casino, which is only second to that of Monte Carlo, where some very high baccarat banks are put up, especially on bull-fighting nights. There are other games, such as monte, tresillo, and other Spanish games. The cotillion is a pretty sight to see danced at the Casino, as it brings out the contrast of costumes of the senoritas of Madrid and Seville, along with the Parisians from Biarritz, dressed up to the height of the latest Parisian fashion. There are two first-rate bands of music; viz., the string or orchestra band at the Casino, under the able direction of Signor Gomi, which plays twice a day, and the Municipal Band, of over sixty musicians, which plays in the Alameda from nine to eleven P. M., which is a sight quite unique of its kind, and on bull-fight nights there is hardly walking room.

As you can imagine, San Sebastian in full season harbors upward of 15,000 strangers, and on fetes and bull-fighting days the number is increased largely by the influx from the neighboring towns and villages. The pelota is another game the Basques go in for, and they gamble at it like fits, bookmakers being always at hand to take the odds.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria had a special performance played before her at Biarritz many years ago. Pigeon-shooting and horseracing they have not got initiated into yet. Racing does not rise into popularity in Spain, though there are regular meetings at Madrid, Seville, Saragossa, and Bilbao, where an Englishman promoted a meeting, but it did not turn out a success, notwithstanding the floating population and English sailors at Bilbao.

Cock-fighting is another distraction they have at San Sebastian. The performance takes place every Sunday after mass. There are two theaters—the Teatro Circo and the Principal—and generally the well-known circus of Allegrio of Barcelona, and, besides, classical concerts at the Casino. Sarasate and others have performed there. As to living in San Sebastian, there are different modes of living—hotels, and boarding-houses (Casas-de-Huespedes) abound in San Sebastian in nearly every street. The first and second piso (flat) is a boarding-house, where they charge from five to six francs a day, all included; but the food is Spanish. There are excellent houses to live in, if you want to learn Spanish, as society is very free and easy, quite *en famille*. For one who likes hotel life, the Continental is decidedly the best, from ten shillings to fifteen shillings a day, according to rooms. The Continental is situated in the finest part of the town, right opposite the Bathing Establishment. The Hotel Londres and Exanira are both good and lower in price, and one who likes good A-1 French restaurant cooking can pilot his way to the Restaurant Bourdette, the best restaurant in the place, and take a room in the town, which costs about two pounds, and which is the price, should any one wish to stop a length of time at San Sebastian. Mme. Bourdette takes *pensionnaires* at four pounds a month, wine included—a ridiculously low price, and the meals are exactly the same as if you remained there for a visit. Mme. Bourdette is most obliging, and knows thoroughly the English wants and requirements. One of the best boarding-houses in San Sebastian is over the Cafe Marina, the high-toned cafe of the place, and to see the cafe at midnight or the small hours of the morning cannot but give strangers an idea of the gay and frivolous life of a Spaniard—though poor he is always gay and content, so different from the Italian.



SPANISH NATATORIUM.

Spain has a bad name; but I believe if the country would do more to induce strangers to live there, or even visit it for a length of time, Spain would be more visited than it is. The food—not drink—is the principal objection. But in San Sebastian one will find everything as in France. A great pull one gets in Spain is the exchange on money. At present you win four shillings on the English sovereign; for some people this is a great consideration.

Of excursions around San Sebastian are Hernani, Passages, Ozurum, the pretty run out by rail to Zaraus, which was formerly Queen Isabella's favorite watering-place, where she used to go regularly so as to be near Testona where she took a course of baths. They are purgative waters, good for the cure of dyspepsia and hypochondria.

It is curious that at San Sebastian one cannot hire such a thing as a saddle horse. If it were in England, a riding master would do a rattling trade, and not only that, over the other side of the Channel, situated as are San Sebastian and Biarritz, you would see a nice excursion steamer plying between the two ports, similar to those between Ramsgate and Boulogne, and a mail coach would also have been started. But Spaniards are not so keen on out-door amusements as English people—the Tapis Vert is more the order of the day.

Fontarabia is another place which is well worth visiting. The citadel and the old cathedral are most interesting, and a very good hotel, with the name of the Hotel Miramar, is right overlooking the water. There is also a comfortable little hotel—the Hotel de France, where a great many artists put up. The family are most genial, and all are musical, which tends greatly to kill many a weary hour. In 1873 and 1874, during M. Dupressoir's days, when he ran the Casino for gambling, what with the Carlist officers, refugees, and tourists, he had plenty of "pigeons." You were rowed over gratis in a beautiful gondola from Hendaye. M. Dupressoir made plenty of money, but he was never content. He entered into other speculations, and finished by dying in poverty at Monte Carlo some years back.

To one whose object it is to see the country, I shall recommend to come out or return home by way of Bilbao and Cordova. For instance, on arriving at Bilbao (Hotel de la Terrasse, excellent French food), take the train for Guernica, which place the national Basque song, called the "Guernica Arbola," hails from, and from there coach to Zaraus, passing through Deva, Motrico, and Guitania, and at Zaraus. You again pick up the train for San Sebastian. This section was opened last year, and when the line is completed right along the coast to Bilbao and on to Oviedo, it will open up some of the prettiest coast scenery in Europe, and will be most useful for artists and especially for anglers and sportsmen, as the province of Santander and the Asturias abound in trout; there is also some good salmon fishing and mixed shooting, but in the Basque provinces there is very little of either. For salmon trout, Rivadeselica, near Oviedo (Asturias), and also at Ponferradda, and at the same time Potes, in the province of Santander; around Tumbillo and Monzine are the best places for fishing in the Basque country. The coach from Irun leaves every day (fifteen kilometres), the scenery is very grand and wild in the extreme, of the gorge type. One who is visiting San Sebastian ought not to omit the excursion by carriage to Vera from Irun.

Mineral waters are another resource which the Basque country is favored with; and the principal thermal stations are around Vittoria, which is also an excellent center for excursions, and by a strange coincidence there is a most comfortable hotel of the name of the Quintinilla. From Vittoria one is at no great distance from Zummeragga, where you are not far off from Loyola, the celebrated convent of Ignatius Loyola. The Loyola fete takes place at the end of July, which is well worth seeing and is attended by thousands of people.

THE HENLEY REGATTA.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ENGLISH society of the higher class take the greatest interest in the horse races at Ascot and Goodwood, the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, the Eton and Harrow cricket match at "Lord's," and the Henley Regatta. Every year at midsummer the charming little town of Henley-on-Thames is invaded by large crowds of oarsmen and fashionable people in the highest spirits and the gayest attire. On the days of the Regatta the river is crowded with boats of almost every form and variety, from the flower-decorated houseboat to the Canadian birchbark canoe, and from an eight manned by crack college oars to a dingy sculled by a cockney. Great luncheons are spread at the chief inns of Henley; to wit, the Lion, the Angel, and the Catharine Wheel. The river-bank is dotted with tents and marquees, and the water is nearly covered with launches, rowboats, punts, and canoes filled with men in showy "blazers" and girls in gayly befrilled and belaced summer dresses. The scene is almost Oriental in its kaleidoscopic variety of color.

There have been, or still are, regattas at Walton, Kingston, Reading, and many other towns on the Thames, but Henley Regatta is by far the most important of them all. It originated in 1839, various eight-oared matches having been rowed on that part of the Thames during the preceding ten years. There was at first only one prize—the Grand Challenge Cup. The Town Cup was added in 1840, and next year medals were offered as prizes for four-oars; in 1842 the Steward's Cup was founded, and in 1844 the Diamond Sculls were presented. In 1845 prizes for pair-oars were added, and in 1850 the "silver goblets" for this race were won by Chitty and Hornby, the former of whom is now Justice Sir Joseph Chitty, and the latter the Provost of Eton.

It was in 1856 that the first keelless eight-oar appeared at Henley, and, though the crew could not sit it at all, they somehow contrived to win both "The Grand" and the Ladies' Plate. Among their competitors were Exeter College, Oxford, and the Lady Margaret Boat Club of St. John's College, Cambridge, and as the boats used by these college crews were much longer than the keelless one, it was ordered that the race should be decided by sterns past the winning-post. This remained the rule up to 1864, since which date the races have been decided by the bows of the boats.

Up to 1856 the University Boat Clubs, if they could not agree to a time and place for a match, met in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. Oxford and Cambridge both competed for the "Grand" in 1845, '47, '51, '53, and '55; it was won by Cambridge University in 1858, and by Oxford University in 1863—the last year in which the name of either University appears among the list of winners. Good college eights frequently go to Henley, and have on several occasions carried off the "Grand." But the annual race from Putney to Mortlake is now considered the more important contest, and the two Universities do not any longer compete at Henley.

In 1857 the University crews of Oxford and Cambridge adopted keelless boats of smooth mahogany; but sliding seats (first used in the same year in the United States) were not generally adopted by British oarsmen till 1872, when a London Rowing Club crew on slides easily defeated the Atalanta Club of New York. Several crews used them in the Henley Regatta of 1872. It is true that the Ladies' Plate was that year won by a fixed-seat crew (Jesus College, Cambridge) against a sliding-seat crew (Pembroke College, Oxford), but that was because the Jesus men were much better individually than the Pembroke men.

The Henley course is situated between two locks, Marsh and Hambledon, about three and a quarter miles apart; the stream, which, especially in summer, is slow, being rendered still slower by prohibiting boats from passing through the locks while the racing is going on. The course is about one mile five hundred and fifty yards long, and used to begin below Regatta Island and end above Phyllis Court, but nowadays the starting-line runs between the Berkshire bank of the river and Regatta Island, and the winning-post is nearer Henley Bridge. Formerly, three boats started in each heat, and their stations known as Bucks, Berks, and Center. The old course was a very one-sided one, for in its middle portion the shelter of the bushes on the Bucks shore on a windy day more than counterbalanced the advantages otherwise belonging to the Berks station. If the boat on the Berks station could keep within a length of the Bucks boat till Poplar Point was reached, the advantage of the shelter on the Bucks shore was made up, and an interesting finish resulted. But if the Berks boat failed to get the advantage in rounding the Point, it was almost hopelessly out of the race But now only two boats start in each heat, and the course is staked out, so that neither crew can hug the bank; the difference between the two stations is thus reduced to a minimum.

The principal events at Henley Regatta are the Grand Challenge Cup, the Ladies' Challenge Plate, and the Thames Challenge Cup, all for eight-oars; the Stewards', the Visitors', and the Wyfold Challenge Cups for four-oars; the Silver Goblets for pair-oars, and the Diamond Sculls for single scullers. The most important of these is "The Grand," which may be competed for by any crew of amateurs who are members of any university or public school, or officers of the army or navy, or members of any amateur club club established at least one year before the day of entry. An amateur, in the opinion of the Henley authorities, is one who has never taken part in any open competition for a stake, or competed against a professional for a prize, taught any kind of athletic exercise for profit, been employed in or about boats for wages, or who is by trade a mechanic, artisan, or laborer, or who has ever been employed in any menial duty.

RACE FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

Of the fifty-seven races for "The Grand," twenty-seven have been won by crews from colleges of Oxford or Cambridge, and several others by the Leander, the Cambridge Subscription Rooms, or other crews largely composed of "Old Blues." Last year the Cornell eight entered for "The Grand," and won their first heat, the Leander crew, which was drawn against them, not starting; they lost their second heat.

REGATTA ISLAND, HENLEY.

This year the Yale eight has entered for "The Grand."

Yale has a splendid crew, the average weight of the men being 175 pounds, and the average height 5 feet 11½ inches; four of the crew rowed in the 1895 eight. The Yale men row the "Bob Cook" stroke, which Mr. R. J. Cook taught them in 1873, as the result of his observations of the style of rowing adopted by the London Rowing Club and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It is very hard to predict the result of a boat race, for time tests (which it is the fashion in England to pay little regard to) are unusually fallacious in contests depending greatly on wind and stream. But it is interesting to note that the fastest time in which "The Grand" has been won is six minutes and fifty-one seconds in 1891; and that the average time since the introduction of sliding seats is about seven and one-half minutes.

In 1878 a Columbia College crew entered for "The Stewards'" cup for four-oars, but failed to win its trial heat; the Shoe-wae-matte crew got into the final heat, but was beaten. The Columbia College crew, however, won "The Visitors'," for four-oars, a race open only to colleges and public schools. "The Daimonds" were tried for unsuccessfully by American scullers in 1872, 1878, and 1879.

Henley Regatta is controlled by a President and Board of Stewards, almost all of whom are famous oarsmen. It is interesting to observe that a rule requires every competitor to be clothed from shoulder to knee, and to wear a jersey *with sleeves*. There is in the minds of the English public school and university men (who set the fashion in all such matters) a strong and invincible prejudice against the sleeveless jersey, and the wearing of it is considered conclusive evidence of a man's lack of good breeding and education; in English parlance, it is a badge of the "cad." To guard against professionals from foreign countries entering Henley Regatta, entries by competitors out of the United Kingdom must be sworn to before a Notary Public, and certified by a Mayor or British Consul.

Of course, in all sports the visitors are at a considerable disadvantage, but the representatives of the Dark Blue of the New World may be relied on to row a good race, and to win or lose like gentlemen.

DOWN THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

MANY people who habitually travel by rail are ignorant of the delights of a trip by water, or they would certainly choose that method of transportation when time is not an object; for, though freedom of action is an advantage, the passage of time is often a consideration, and, it must be conceded, steamer travel is rather slow when compared to the rate of speed that is attained by our express trains.

A great many people have an idea that the river boats are run for freighting purposes alone, but that is a mistake. They afford a means of transportation and communication with the outside world that the many ranchers living along these streams would not possess, for there are so many sloughs and creeks which are too deep to ford and too numerous to bridge intersecting adjacent lands, that travel by team is impracticable.

It was in crossing one of these sloughs recently that several school children were drowned. The currents are sometimes so strong that a good deal of dexterity is required to manage a row boat even for so short a passage.

The river steamers are very commodious and convenient, with plenty of deck room, large staterooms in which one may pass a night as comfortably as at home, and a table that is well set and well served.

Ordinarily nine or ten hours are required for the trip either way; but as the boat leaves San Francisco for Sacramento in the afternoon, the greater part of the time is passed in slumber; the return trip, however, being made by daylight, ample opportunity is afforded for enjoying the changing views.

The scenery along the river, while always pretty and interesting, is not particularly diversified, nor at any point grand. There are numerous turns and bends in the channel, one of which is so sharp that the people on passing boats might almost shake hands over the railings. The levees are overgrown with willows, but over their tops are visible wide stretches of beautifully cultivated farms, and hop fields with their rows on rows of trellises. These are the prospects as far as the eye can reach on either side, while at intervals, in the distance, may be seen the spires and tree-embowered homes of some small town.

In the reaches where the water has conquered the levee, and yet is not particularly deep, cattle and horses wander and graze on the grass that grows luxuriantly in the wet earth. During the fruit and harvest seasons many small freighting vessels ply back and forth, for the output from the ranches is very large.

The docks at Sacramento are an interesting study, because the character of the vessels to be seen there is so different from those of seaport towns and cities. River boats of every description line the wharves, some of them dainty, graceful pleasure and passenger craft, others broad, flat, awkward-looking freight boats, constructed in such an apparently hap-hazard way that it is remarkable how they are made to answer the helm, and certainly a great deal of ability is required to steer even a steamer on this river, which, in some places, is no wider than the length of the regular passenger boats. This was evidenced in a recent trip down the stream, when the "Modoc," owing to the strong current and high wind, refused to answer her helm, and deliberately swung around in the water after a landing at a little wharf had been effected with much difficulty. The captain went to the wheel, but around and around the great boat swung, tearing off the foliage of the willows as the ends brushed through them. Finally her nose was turned up stream, and it was only when a wider portion of the river was reached that the steamer could be brought around successfully.

This narrow part of the Sacramento is not of great length, and is caused by a division of the river. A vast volume of water flows through what is seemingly a branch, but what is really the old river, the present channel being the result of a new course cut in years past by some unprecedented freshet. Long years ago, before so much sediment from the mountains washed down and filled up the channel, the river was much wider and deeper than it is to-day; in fact, before the railroad was built, ocean steamers, huge side-wheelers, drawing from eight to twelve feet of water, used to make regular trips to the Capital City. The steamers at present used in the service draw from three to five feet. It is claimed that the waste from hydraulic mining was a potent factor in causing the channel to fill up.

The landing places along the river are unique in themselves. If they represent a group of houses dignified by the name of town they are small but rather pretentious wharves with big warehouses attached; but if they belong to some small abode, they are sometimes only portions of the levee cleared of obstructions and covered with straw or dry brush, with a couple of piles driven into the water to tie up to.

1. RIVER DOCK, SACRAMENTO. 2. LUMBER BARGE. 3. CHINATOWN, COURTLAND.

Marshall photo.

It matters not how humble the pier or how small the article to be delivered, the big steamer, on signal, which is a red flag placed in a conspicuous place, will pause to land or take on passengers, freight, or mail; it has even been known to stop in order to hand out a paint brush.

The river ferries are a curiosity to the stranger. They are platforms, more or less pretentious according to the patronage, large enough to accommodate a carriage and team, open at each end except for a chain that is raised and lowered at will, while a railing guards the sides. Attached to this platform are a number of floats, by which is held up a long rope, the end float being permanently moored near the bank. When it is desired to make the passage of the river, a center-board is lowered in the platform, which forces it across the current. The return trip is made by changing the position of the center-board. The rope prevents the ferry from being carried away. It is a primitive but effective method of transportation.

One hears a great deal about the islands in the Sacramento River during the winter season, and reads accounts of broken levees and overflowed lands, and, with visions of the rocky, hilly islands of San Francisco Bay, wonders how it is possible for them to overflow. A trip on the steamer soon convinces one that the river islands are very different from those which form prominent features of the bay scenery, and instead of rolling slopes or precipitous bluffs they are just stretches of flat country cut into islands by the winding sloughs, and protected from the encroachment of the waters by wide levees around their entire boundaries. The soil is very rich from the alluvial deposits of years of overflow before man confined the raging torrents, and vast orchards, hop fields, and grain fields form a picture that betokens wealth and prosperity.

Some of these islands contain hundreds of acres, all in a state of high cultivation, and the beautiful homes to be seen on many of them prove that, though in this instance as in many others "eternal vigilance is the price of success," it has been well worth the effort and the watchfulness.

Sherman Island at one time furnished nearly all the potatoes used in this part of the State, and was under a very high state of cultivation; but sometime in the early '70's a big flood drowned out the crops and devastated the Island to such an extent that it has never regained its previous prosperity.

When the water pours down from the mountains after heavy storms, it sometimes finds weak places in these levees, and insidiously works a way through until, in an almost incredibly short time, the river is emptying its volume through a great break, and orchards and farms are submerged. Miles and miles of country are thus covered, and during a high wind white-capped waves beat against the embankment on which the railroad track is built, or swish among the foliage of the trees that bend and dip their tops into them.

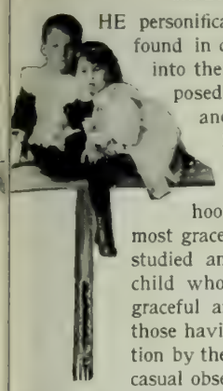
It is almost as exciting to pass another steamer on the river as it is to speak a vessel on the high seas. There is the same enthusiasm, the same waving of handkerchiefs, the same hallooing back and forth, the same watching the vessel fade into a dim speck in the distance, except that in the river one loses the steamer around a bend, and sees only the smokestack and flagstaffs moving slowly among the trees and orchards beyond, giving them the somewhat peculiar appearance of traversing over *terra firma*.

Sometimes at night a brilliantly lighted steamer looms up suddenly in the darkness, seeming almost like a beautiful pyrotechnic display, but it passes silently onward and is soon lost in the obscurity. If one expects to pass the night on the vessel, the monotonous "chunking" of the engines and the general drowsy effect of the warm atmosphere make slumber a certainty, and when, hours afterward, it seems as though the roof was being suddenly crushed in on one, the wandering senses, rudely called together by a swishing, grinding noise, hastily conclude that the boat has collided with something.

It is only the deck-hands, however, washing down the roof of the cabin with an immense fire hose, that shoots a stream of water sufficiently large and strong enough to wash off the soot that had accumulated during the trip, without regard for the feelings of those who, by force of circumstances, are not compelled to rise at such an early hour.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

JANET MACDONALD.



THE personification of artless grace will be found in children who have not passed into the realm of self-consciousness, imposed by the restraints, conventions, and servilities of so-called social life, unless, indeed, the conditions imposed are unnatural and restricted. The childhood of mankind is therefore its most graceful and pleasing period. The studied and superficial contortions of a child who has been trained out of all graceful and symmetrical movement by those having themselves lost graceful action by the same process, strikes the most casual observer with regret. Why? It rings false. Nature has conferred upon her children the gift of *natural* grace, belonging by right of inheritance to the descendants of royal parentage, and all effort *opposed* to her simple and natural laws are out of harmony, out of grace.

Like the hollow, meaningless words with which we strive to conceal our thoughts and emotions in the darkness of deceit and hypocrisy, we see ourselves away back in the dim and fast receding distance small in stature but great in soul, living lives of virtue, honor, and high resolve, and viewing with fine scorn all the false sentiments with which we now salve our conscience by proclaiming in strident tones the expediency of maintaining that certain quality which, more than talent or genius or learning or energy or force of will, lies at the bottom of all material success—that quality which is known among men as "worldly wisdom.'

We are old now, and tall and strong. We are also wise, understanding the world and its wickedness with ease and satisfaction, although we grope quite helplessly for expressions of honor, the entire absence of which we endeavor to convince ourselves. But somehow it does not make us happy to know that this fair world is a wilderness of weeds instead of that bright paradise which we once imagined it to be; and as we grow in this *wisdom*, realizing that everything and everybody is base and deceitful, we lose that artless grace which accompanied unerringly our days of innocence and gracious, unquestioning, and unfaltering faith; and as we reflect upon those little-great people, from whom we are now so immeasurably removed, we realize that we were *once* sincere, truthful, and happy.

All animate expression of thought is natural to the young. They are effervescing with life which springs to all form of utterance, and in and through all they are ever natural and graceful. Even if misfortune attend them while they are at play, and they chance to trip and fall, you will find that they are never awkward or bizarre, but form a helpless but graceful appeal to pity. A man or woman would fall miles with courage and dignity if assured of the correct arrangement of their clothing, especially of their hats, which they would face death rather than lose; but the child is impervious to the fear of appearance; or in other words, they are not yet superficial. In gesture, attitude, tone, pose, and facial expression they are vivid significant, and impressive, for they are in perfect touch with Nature, who is sometimes rude herself, but oh! so very, *very* honest that no human being except a child or a savage can meet her on terms of intimate equality, and it is a suggestive fact that they are also her exponents in expression and grace.

From the grandest babies, upon whose wardrobes the plain and democratic Americans spend fabulous sums, to the very humblest darling, who blinkingly opens its violet eyes to the shining sun, having no home, no roof, no cradle, and, what is infinitely worse, no love or care, and, seemingly, no mother but mother earth, they are all, by the aid of soap and water, and some manual exertion, sweet and dainty of limb, bright eyed, of easy grace and alluring pathos in their helpless innocence, and *all* claim their right of sovereignty. In this infantile prerogative they are simply insolent, and the more you submit to their tyranny the more arrogant they become.

TWO OF A KIND.

I am sure I cannot tell how it may be in other worlds, but in this one no living creature is so sweet and winsome. It must be indeed a hardened heart to which the sweet prattle, the touch of the velvety hands or the tears in the pleading baby eyes, will not appeal. Small wonder that they feel their importance; if they should estimate themselves at their true valuation (which they will do presently) it would be impossible to live in their domain. What joy to watch their growing intelligence, to see the little pattering feet plant themselves more sturdily day by day, until finally Jack is a great boy with enlarged ideas of his own importance, and Josephine almost as tall, and fully settled in the conviction that she has a great future, for it is hard to limit the ambitious ideas of the young.

He deals largely in futures, Jack does, and "when he is a man" he means to do marvelous things. Just now he is in the initiative period, and his greatest ambition is to smoke. One day he gains the coveted opportunity and a large Havana cigar. With that cigar alight, and firmly planted in the corner of his mouth, he is the very incarnation of human happiness, of earthly bliss. At last, if not a man, he feels closely allied to them. How old and consequential he feels. But in the summit of his glory, in the very consummation of his greatest ambition, he forgets that "pride goeth before a fall." Ah, Jack! you are so human. How unconsciously he airs his ignorance, doomed to at last acknowledge its supremacy and just demands preferred by his natural but newly discovered antipathy to tobacco. The wretchedness and misery of existence have never before appealed to him as they do now. No alluring dreams of future greatness, of gratified ambition, tickle his present imagination. The doctrine of "total annihilation" is presented to his mind in a new and alluring light. The fair dream of human endeavor crowned with fame and happiness lies shattered, dead.

After a nauseous night and a late breakfast, when invited by a member of the family to join him in a smoke, which he resents with quiet scorn, Jack says to his mother, in strict confidence, "I wish Fred would not refer to my trouble in that way; it is no laughing matter." Ah, no, Jack dear! it *is* no laughing matter. Your tender stomach resents the intrusion of vile and poisonous matter, as one day your clean and untroubled conscience will recoil from the intrigues and machinations of "worldly wisdom." But you will learn to smoke and not sicken; to stultify your honor with but faint qualms of conscience, because such things are manly, and help you "to *get on* in the world"—send you to Primaries and Conventions; teach you to scramble in undignified and indecent fashion for place and power.

By the time you are six years old they will teach you that "self-preservation is the first law of nature," and they will forget to teach you other and compensatory laws; and after you have been bruised and beaten, and misunderstood, and after all manner of cruel and unjust suspicions have been entertained concerning you and your motives, multitudes of unholy desires gather about you like a swarm of bees, stinging you into madness and urging you on to the commission of all the sins in the decalogue, and into your heart will creep, little by little, irony, suspicion, envy, and deception, and the eyes, the sure mirror of the soul, will have lost their clear, earnest, and eager look. You will become self-conscious, and your poses, attitudes, and gestures will have become stiff, studied, and ungraceful; for Jack will have grown into an artificial representation of the *real* Jack whom we knew before he learned to smoke Havanas.

And dear little Josephine will then have ceased to pout because she was not recognized by the Democratic Convention, and the Republican one only "shammed." She will vote then, and have been educated in all the intricacies of political jurisprudence. She may have crushed the fair flower of love, "shammed" herself, and sold her vote, or bought others, or both—for *temptation* recognizes no sex, age, or condition, but levies tribute upon the whole human family, and pretty, darling Josephine, with the lustrous, shining eyes, the silken ringlets, and the sylphlike movements, will have become a lover of preferment and place and power and pomp. She may even enter the lists with Jack and carry off all his honors; who knows? and the twins, will they forever go on gardening? Let us hope so. The occupation has its compensations: it is clean, moral and healthful. Subdue the weeds of distrust, discord, and inharmony, and sow generously the seeds of faith, love, and truth, and in trumpet tones proclaim the divine truth—except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.

THE FIRST SMOKE

Chas. Lamb photo

IDEAS ON HOME DECORATION.

AUGUSTA KNELL.

IF YOU have your home well kept, with a strong dash of artistic temperament governing it, and your decorations useful, your rooms will be the very embodiment of comfort and contentment. Let the arranging of the smallest detail throw its warmest hue, even to the jar of tall, tumbling roses. Do away with this lamentably cheap bric-a-brac and crowding decorations that fill the room—no matter how well kept it may be—with the stuffiness of smoldering dust.

I distinctly remember the effect of this kind of housekeeping I once visited. It was a large, old-fashioned house, with immense grounds of precisely trained gardens. I walked up the shining steps from out the pure sunshining air, and as I entered a dark and intensely quiet atmosphere fell heavily upon me like some horror. I groped after my usher into a still darker and heavily laden salon, and with bulging eyes I felt for a seat. Just at that moment the girl threw back the half of a shutter, admitting a thin streak of light.

I was thinking how fitted the girl was to her surroundings. Everything she did was with that wake-like quiet and solemnity. She left the room as though I had been a corpse—and indeed I was beginning to feel like one. The dinginess was certainly death-like. The room was literally stuffed, and, like some well-established furniture store, the articles bumped into each other, and in every conceivable place bric-a-brac fairly swarmed; and to add to the thickness of the place, heavy draperies of the deepest dye leant their significance. It was so crowded with superfluity that everything in the room was in the way.

Presently I spied the knob turning, long before the door really opened, and a young woman extremely drawn and yellow-hued, wrapped in a heavy knit shawl, came quietly toward me. I did not expect to see anything else in a house like that—she was a living example of her surroundings. Her inanimateness would have been impossible with sunshine and air and the brightness and comfort that should be about home life in every detail. Home is the very center of life, and everything about it should be in perfect accord. Each year it becomes more and more evident that the home is wanted in the country. The same home, with all its comforts, in a bright, rural form. From hustling every day to the calm serenity and ideal simplicity—that means summer home.

And with this I want to give some original ideas in home decoration.

Of course, the primitive spinned burlap has long been used for all sorts of things, and decorated portieres seemed the finishing touch to its serviceable ornamentation. But a table in the sitting-room of a suburban cottage positively charmed the whole interior with its quaint roughness of cover. The burlap is wide enough for the broadest table, and can be cut to any length. This one was square. The four edges were deeply raveled out and cross-knotted. About four inches above this it was drawn out and caught into clusters and tied with deep orange twine, forming an unbroken line running through the open-work. Some are decorated all over the top with antique designs, and worsteds may be used instead of twine, with probably more effect; at all events, it is an original, cheaply gotten up, and a very durable tapis.

A LITTLE POUT.

The little strips of colored twine you are continually getting from your druggist and stationer can be put to endless uses of convenience. As you get them tie them together, and when it has become a good sized ball full, crochet it around into tight chain stitches until you have formed a round, flat sort of tray, with, of course, the knots on the inside. Edge it off prettily with some predominant colors, and you will have a direct suggestion of the characteristic in the Indian basket. A piece of contrasting silk or satin is cut on a very much larger plan, upon which this worked twine has been attached, and finally gathered at the top with a drawstring, leaving an edge. On opening it spreads flat, conveniently displaying the contents at once; and what woman does not know the various uses to which such a bag can be put. One-toned twine can also be used, but the very idea of gathering the bits of string is original and quaint in itself.

A dainty little footrest, comfortable and oddly artistic, is in a new rice sack stuffed squarely with cotton. A useful improvise in the stuffing is to make use of the scraps of cloth that crowd out the good pieces in the patchbag; and a still more advanced idea is to use finely stripped love-letters—of course, any other kind will do as well. When it has been evenly filled and closed, it is ready to be decorated in many ways. Some grotesque Chinese figures can be painted upon it with a pure originality. Odd designs worked in all colors of twine, forming a border, makes a pretty effect, and with it you have a light, clean, and original footrest. Having a smooth surface, it slides easily over the heaviest carpet; the least push of the foot sends it to any desirable place in the room. For cold feet it will be found a veritable boon. If suffering, put your stockinged feet upon it, and you will quickly note the change of discomforture. And so all little attentions of this kind make a very effective tinge to the coziness of the entire room, and go to making up an ideal home that is very much more liked and thought of than the one of grandeur and chilling awe that so often steals the real warmth that should belong to the town and country home alike.

A WIT'S WIT.

There are a few stories of Douglas Jerrold which are well worth preservation. Frank Stone, a very nice fellow, is very disputatious, it seems; so Douglas has dubbed him "The Differential Calculus." Is not that good? One night at a supper-party, a gentleman came in fresh from the opera, and full of enthusiasm about a certain air which had quite ravished him. "In fact," said he, "it quite carries me away." Jerrold said, "Is there no one who can whistle it?"

He once composed an epitaph for Charles Knight (by anticipation), which he declared the briefest on record: "Good night" (Knight). Lord Nugent, it seems, a great friend of Jerrold's, had pirated this joke, as he was used to do with many others, and it was repeated afterwards as Lord Nugent's in Jerrold's hearing. At the theatrical party recently held at Sir Edward Bulwer's, Lord Nugent was one of the people under discussion, and some one said, "He is a fine, honest fellow, is Lord N——." "Yes," said Jerrold, "you may trust him with your untold jokes." A Mr. H——, a young coxcomb, one day hearing some people speak of age and appearance, said, "Jerrold, don't you think I look much younger than I am?" The reply was, "It is not your looks, my boy; it is your conversation."

A HOUSE-HUNTER AT THE SEASIDE.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

One of the most interesting of the smaller animals common along our seacoasts is the queer little hermit-crab, so called on account of its exclusive habits, and also known as the soldier or robber crab in reference to its fierce, combative disposition.

Unlike most other crustaceans it possesses no horny shield or carapace, and being unable to swim, its main object in life is to protect its soft fleshy body from injury on the jagged rocks and from the assaults of its numerous enemies.

THE HERMIT CRAB.

So it takes up its residence in empty snailshells scattered along the beach, or, if nothing better presents itself, conceals its abdomen in a small hole in the cliff, in a bunch of seaweed, or even in a sponge.

When young the shell of a turban or a periwinkle is generally of ample size, but as the creature grows it changes its dwelling for a more commodious one, usually choosing the abode of a whelk or a similar univalve.

The process of house-hunting is often attended with the greatest care and fastidiousness. Picking out some promising-looking shell the crab first rolls it over for inspection, then balances it rapidly among its claws to ascertain its soundness and weight, then one of the long slender limbs is thrust into the spiral opening to see if the mollusk is still in possession, and if so it is promptly dragged out and devoured.

In a twinkling the bold marauder next works itself backwards into the cavity, and if satisfied with the fit takes a firm grip on the extremity of the interior by means of strong hooks on the end of the body, and rattles merrily away, dragging its new house after it.

No force can remove it alive from the home of its adoption, unless the apex of the shell be carefully broken with a rock or hammer.

Sometimes two crabs fight for the same residence, or engage in sparring matches apparently for pastime, the victor making a meal of the vanquished. If limbs are lost in the encounter, they are speedly reproduced.

One of the large front claws is abnormally developed, serving both as a defensive weapon and as a sort of barricade when the animal is in retirement.

The pert little eyes, set on long, jointed stalks, are capable of seeing in every direction, and the antennæ, or feelers, sweep from either side of the head like an exaggerated French moustache.

The shells of some species are often surmounted by a colony of polyps, or by a good-sized sea-anemone, which the crab is forced to carry around with him wherever he may go. It is asserted by reliable authority that the hermit actually seems to become attached to his curious companions, and when it changes its house for a larger one lifts the anemone from its resting-place, and settles it carefully on top of the new shell.

A small marine worm sometimes seeks shelter in the same retreat, and being prized for bait by fishermen, the life of its unfortunate host is ruthlessly sacrificed.

When instinct tells this little crab that its time has come to die, it leaves its cozy, secluded dwelling and breathes its last on the cold wet rocks, or is washed away by the tide.

SOME QUEER INDUSTRIES.

JOHN A. MORRIS.

THOSE who have read much of Dickens are struck by some of the peculiar and unique industries and occupations described in some of his novels. But in real life odd and curious occupations for earning a livelihood are continually springing into being. A woman of New York City, well dressed and attractive in appearance, daily explores the dust-bins of milliners and dressmakers, carefully extracting therefrom all bits of lace, feathers, and silk. She contracts for doll-dressing, and has a large number of assistants. She buys up all discarded scraps of the costly silks and satins used by dressmakers. Between these and the dust-bin she collects enough material for very effective creations, deriving from their sale a comfortable income.

Another New York woman earns $2500 a year by buying for wealthy men who are too busy in the daytime and too tired at night to go shopping. During the year she buys on commission thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry, flowers, dress laces, furs, and knickknacks, which chiefly go as presents from generous men to attractive women. She is busy the year round and has many assistants.

A number of Boston ladies are gaining a comfortable livelihood by teaching and playing whist.

A woman in England has become what may be known as a professional "baby-namer." She proclaims in the newspapers her willingness to select, for the modest sum of twenty-five cents, a suitable name for any baby of high or low degree. All that the parents need to do to take advantage of her professional assistance is to forward, with the requisite fee, such particulars as to their position in life, temperament, color of the baby's eyes, the month of its birth, and one or two more of like import, and by return mail the applicant will receive a name, which, it is stated, is warranted to give satisfaction.

In one of the great caravansaries of Constantinople there is an old Turk who makes a comfortable living by renting pipes for temporary use by the guests of the hotel. His stand is a little red-curtained bazar, in which he sits with a table before him. On this table is ranged a large variety of pipes of all sizes and of all nationalities. The German meerschaum is there. So is the American corncob; and the English brier and the Irish dudeen are represented in great numbers. Besides, he has the long, rubber-stemmed, cool-smoking Turkish pipes, and the little, slim-stemmed opium pipes of Chinese manufacture. Behind him, ranged in scores of little pockets, are tobaccos of every conceivable variety. The pipes are rented full to the brim, with the renter's own choice of tobacco, for the sum of one scutarae, less than one penny of our money. However, the renter is compelled to leave a small sum of money as security for the pipe.

Two enterprising American lads have gone into monkey and cassowary farming, the skins of which are used for pocket-books. The farm is situated in South Africa. More calls are given, however, for the cassowary than for the monkey. Cassowary skin, when ready to be made into pocket-books, is a delicate tan in color, a shade or so lighter than the monkey skin. It has the appearance of being punctured with tiny holes. These pocket-books are most elaborately mounted. Some not only have capped corners of gold, but on them lies a golden serpent in seeming readiness to crawl over the cover. Others have an enameled flower or two for ornamentation, and the corners are capped with enamel, the same color as that used for the flowers.

Then there is the snake industry. An old man named Abner Dodge, having numerous friends among the rattlesnake fraternity, has for years past utilized his friends and extracted the oil from their bodies, said oil being useful as medicine. He has a regular rattlesnake farm up in the mountains near Pomona. He has as many as sixty of these scaly, reptilian creatures on his farm. He keeps them well fed and fat. He says it pays to do so. With him this industry is a paying institution.

Herman Krueger, an obscure Dutchman, has started a French froggery a few miles west of Anaheim, from which he expects to reap harvests of coin. If this industry is successful, we may soon expect to see the restaurants of Southern California serving up frogs to their numerous patrons and customers disguised under a high-sounding French name—for frogs taste better that way—frogs in all styles, baked, roasted, fried, stewed or boiled. Frogs' legs may be dished up in mincemeat or hash, fricasseed or jammed. Froggeries are a paying institution in France; so are snaileries.

A new industry has come into existence among the Parisians, and camel steak is displacing horse steak in the restaurants of Paris, Algerian butchers providing the supply. The meat is said to taste like beef.

Several dentists in New York have retired from the regular practise of having human patients, and are confining themselves exclusively to canine dentistry, manufacturing for the little pugs of the rich sets of false teeth, or, as is sometimes required, filling their teeth with gold.

But the champion instance of nineteenth century enterprise is furnished by the sympathetic girl who listens to the sorrows and misfortunes of her fellow-creatures for fifty cents per hour! I believe, as the world is constituted to-day, the tenderhearted young lady should never lack clients!

MISS GEORGIE SULLIVAN.

WOMAN AND HER CLOTHES.

INA C. TOMPKINS.

Not since the days of crinoline, bustles, and "back drapery" have women's clothes been so dominating, burdensome, and troublesome, as at the present time, to those who obey the dictates of fashion.

The world of womankind appeared to be profoundly moved by Jenness Miller's healthful, convincing philosophy, and Edmund Russell's grace-and-beauty ethics, a little time ago, and there were symptoms of actual and permanent reform all along the line.

But "the tide swings back in the old-time way." Heavy skirts that need stiffs and wires to hold them in place again envelop the feminine form divine. The corseted waist and bunchy hips are again in evidence, Somebody has aptly said, "The Lord never made a woman's waist"—but the modiste has remodeled His plan, and she is divided into sections as distinctively as are some specimens in the insect world. Apropos, the edict has gone forth from Paris that the slender, wasp-like waist is to be no longer countenanced by Dame Fashion. The real lines of Fashion's waist are those of the Venus de Milo, Pallas, and Diana. The Greek women, according to this fiat, must now be taken as examples and followed.

The amount of cloth in corsages and sleeves gives a woman the appearance of being swamped by her clothes. She appeals to man, as of old, by the helplessness of her condition, the perpetual struggle she must make to "get along." She can't carry the smallest parcel because she must use her hands in care of her voluminous skirts. She can't reach the pepper-box at table, if it is six inches from her, because her bishop sleeves will dip into the dishes. She can't even indulge in natural poses of body, or natural expressions of countenance, for there are attitudes and smirks that go with her smart costumes.

Only the skeleton woman can wear the heavy, bunchy, folded, plaited garments with the least approach to satisfaction. Imagine an artist dressing his ideal beauties in present-day styles! His figures are garmented in Grecian simplicity—the beautiful, natural form not buried out of sight or of possible recognition.

Who decrees that a stout woman shall clothe herself to measure a kilometer from shoulder to shoulder, and who admires her thus abnormally shapen? Who says that her stiff, clashing garments shall announce her all-pervading presence every time she breathes and moves? Who attempts to assume that thus garmented she is a thing of beauty or a joy for half a minute, to herself or anybody else?

I heard a devoted young husband sharply reprimanded yesterday when he placed caressing hands on his wife's shoulders, about to give her a kiss. He was crushing the elaboration of stiffened velvet and lace frills that clothed her about.

And now we are told that women's shoes, with the high, small, French heels, are "pattering down the corridor," coming this way. And must we suffer all the warning lectures and literature on the subject over again?

Well, the bicycle girls and gymnasium girls, the University girls with their sensible school clothes—they afford relief from the oppression and give hope for wise evolvement in the future. The very caprice that has brought this avalanche of clothes upon weak and willing womankind may decree the whole array outre and barbarous some fine morning, and the pendulum swing to the other extreme. But there is always "the golden mean," and some who find it.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

As a partial inducement to the restless New Woman to turn back into the domestic paths of peace and homely household cares, a Philadelphia man has invented a churn and rocking-chair combined, so that the hand that rocks the cradle may likewise evolve the family's butter supply while perusing the latest dissertation on woman's rights and her much-discussed sphere. It has heretofore been argued that a woman's brain has to suffer neglect while she is applying herself to the physical labor of housekeeping. That there is a practical way out of every difficulty is proven by this astute Philadelphian. If he will only follow up his invention by a contrivance which will successfully combine book-reviewing and dish-washing, scrubbing and the fine arts, stove-polishing and mental culture, womenkind the world over will rise up and call him blessed.

"Please tell me, what are editors?"
I shook my head and smiled.
It seemed too bad to tell the truth
To that confiding child.

How could I have the heart to say
That editors are men
Who print the news and then next day
Take it all back again?

The cruel and deforming practise of docking horses' tails is not indorsed by Mr. Wm. G. Layng of the *Breeder and Sportsman*, a fact which is greatly to that gentleman's credit. Many persons labor under the delusion that it is not a painful operation for a horse to be thus mutilated. Even the briefest inquiry into the matter would convince them that it is just as impossible for an animal to be deprived of a portion of its body without suffering, as it is for a human being to undergo a surgical operation and feel no pain. The fact is that the poor horse endures the needless torture only because it is bound so tightly during the process that it cannot escape. It is shameful that docking is not prohibited by law. If the people who sacrifice humane considerations because of their senseless ambition to follow Anglomaniac fads only realized the enormity of their offense against nature, they would promptly discontinue the unfortunate practise, and docking would speedily become "bad form."

Another point of resemblance has been found between men and monkeys—both are fond of beer. Mr. Muddock, author of several books of travel, states that his own monkey, Baba, drank itself to delirium tremens, and it is said that the death of Sally, the chimpanzee, was hastened by drink. Is it not dreadful, when one comes to think of it, that we should place such temptations in the way of our possible ancestry?

The hero in William Black's latest novel is called Argyriades. Now, what sort of a pet name could a girl conjure up for a man out of a cognomen like that?

She is a good wife and mother, this woman of whom I write, but alas! she has the auction habit, and she has it badly.

Perhaps you do not quite comprehend the significance of this. To be an auction fiend is a menace to the peace of a woman's home. She buys, buys, buys, for the sheer love of buying, and neither prudence nor reason controls her purse-strings. Bargains, to her, are the most coveted of earthly possessions, and so she haunts the auctioneer's domain, sitting eager-eyed and expectant, listening as attentively to his "going-going-gone" as though it were the music of the spheres.

I know a man whose wife has the auction habit. He is beginning to look as though perpetual grief were gnawing at his heart-strings, but it is only because the partner of his joys and sorrows is an auction faddist. With her it is gradually developing into a mania. Their Valencia-street house is filled from garret to cellar with everything inanimate conceivable that has known the tap of an auctioneer's hammer. So steadily does the collection encroach upon space, that I fully expect to some day find the family keeping house on the front doorstep, unable to make gangway within. There are clocks that won't go, chairs that have one, two, three, and occasionally four bad legs apiece, mirrors that reflect distorted visions, "imported" goods that came no further afield than the stuffy shop of some side-street manufacturer of antiquities, rockers that refuse to rock, carpets laid bare by the industrious moth, "priceless" oil paintings such as any good pot-boiler can turn out at the rate of one every fifteen minutes, Turkish rugs that came from Chinatown, and a medley of other articles that came from heaven knows where. It is no trifling thing to have an auction-mad wife.

I met her husband the other day and his coat was so shiny that it hurt my eyes. "It's getting worse and worse," he confided to me. "But what can I do? Storage bills would swamp me. We are steadily drifting to our fate. I can see it coming. We shall wind up by being sold at auction ourselves!"

In summer-time, when skies were blue,
Her lover came to softly woo;
He changed her days from prose to rhyme
In summer-time.

To sweetest rhyme, from dullest prose;
Her desert blossomed as the rose.
Ah, who can dream of wintry clime
In summer-time?

Who, in the sunshine of a smile,
Can count on fickleness the while?
Why, love and life are at their prime
In summer-time.

Alas that love should see so soon
The waning of its harvest moon!
That petals should be crushed with rime
In summer-time.

Through falling leaves the zephyrs stir;
Dear Mother Nature grieves for her
Whose wedding bells will never chime
In summer-time.

A Los Angeles mother, whose fourteen-year-old son had run away from home, wrote a description of him to a local daily, in which she stated that he was a freckle-faced blonde, had several scars, a bad temper, a crooked nose, small blue eyes, and was also knock-kneed. Yet there are people who declare that a mother's love renders her blind to the imperfections of her children!

"What will benefit a bad complexion?" wails a correspondent. Soap, water, and exercise, my dear, and an abundance of all three. Leave cosmetics severely alone for six months, adhering to the above formula with religious devotion, and you will be delighted with the result. By that time you will have a wholesome and deep-rooted contempt for those rich red-white-and-purple complexions that proclaim themselves home-made, and that you once imagined were beautiful. And you will like yourself ever so much better when you know that your facial epidermis is absolutely clean. Every night before retiring lather your face lavishly with a pure, unscented toilet soap (there are delightful soaps in market nowadays at moderate prices) and water as warm as can be used with comfort, taking care to rinse those features of yours thoroughly, and then rub gently dry with a soft towel. The San Francisco woman who goes to bed without washing her face carries infinitesimal particles of soot and real estate to her dainty pillow, and expects the insulted pillow to return good for evil by soothing her to sleep. It is horrifying to one who prides herself upon her cleanliness to see in a basin of water the results of an afternoon's shopping. It isn't nice to carry microbes on your cheeks and microscopic samples of town lots on your forehead, but our trade winds are indefatigable purveyors of dust and dirt, and face-veils only incite their derision. Soap and water are our best friends, sisters. Let us use both and be thankful for them.

When Winter "lingers in the lap of Spring,"
And winds blow cold as though from lands of snow;
When buds delay their fragrant blossoming,
And birds won't leave their downy nests to sing;
When you and I are cold and shivering,
And still the Winter makes no move to go—
Why, then, I say he is a mean old thing!
I wish the weather clerk would tell him so!

Who owns the most costly bicycle in the world? The Queen of Italy. Its wheels are of pure gold. Helen Gould, who is an enthusiastic wheelwoman, pays only one hundred dollars for a machine, but she buys several each summer. Many women of wealth let their extravagant fancies run riot in the adornment of their wheels, and the jewelers have benefited largely, in a number of instances, by the cycling craze. Silver mountings are frequently used about the handle-bars, forks, and other portions of the machine, including lamps, cyclometers, tool-bags, chain-guards, and shields for the sprocket-wheels. Strange to say, a man, not a woman, so it is stated, has set the most startling pace of extravagance for cyclists to follow. He is an Englishman, and has spent a thousand dollars in embellishing his wheel.

A wondrous collection of idiotics is the average department headed "Woman's Realm," "Woman's Kingdom," and similar time-worn titles, and which reads as though it were thrown together by the sporting editor while waiting for a detail, or as though the editor himself had clipped wildly to right and left such paragraphs as his scissors had time to operate on while the last form was waiting to go to press. Again, one can almost trace the artistic hand of the office boy in the department's incoherent and surprising make-up. The majority of "women's departments" are sad tributes to the mentality of the sex. Likewise they work mischief in a household. From this irresponsible source many a woman has learned to decorate coal-scuttles, beribbon chairs, construct flour-barrel divans; with a few yards of cretonne, a hammer, and a handful of brass-headed nails, almost any woman can lay the foundation for a future divorce suit. I do not believe that men think home one bit cozier because every available inch of space is crammed with odds and ends in various colors that distract the eye and bewilder the brain. Yet the woman's column goes on calmly aiding and abetting these and similar evils. One paper has just evolved the brilliant idea of suspending Japanese parasols at intervals from the ceiling and utilizing them as "house gardens." Heavens, what a suggestion! Do the authors of "Woman's Realm," "Kingdom," etc., write only when under the influence of some baneful drug or temporary aberration? Screens! says this same paper. Screens make home attractive. Place screens wherever you can find room for them. Another paper calls loudly for ottomans. They should be scattered about all over the house, declares this inspired authority. They, too, make home attractive. Misguided scribbler, whoever, whatever you are, you are wrong, and you should stop writing down such stuff before you have done any more harm in the world. Nothing under a roof has caused so much shocking profanity as ottomans. No other object of human invention has such a fatal propensity for lurking about in the dark to entrap the unwary; and if you ever, ever got up in the night, stubbed your toe on one and didn't say things that you recall with bitter shame, you are too good for this earth. The crying need for reform in journalism is found in the woman's column. "Woman's Bosh" would be a more appropriate term.

A shark sixteen feet long was captured recently in the harbor of Sydney, N. S. W., and it is stated that at a post mortem examination the fish's stomach was found to contain a large dog's collar, a man's coat, a briarwood pipe, some coppers, and an indefinite number of safety pins.

That's nothing. Almost any small boy, less than three feet long, can discount that by turning his pockets inside out. If you want to see something really wonderful in the way of a miscellaneous collection, just take a pocket inventory of any healthy American youth in knickerbockers. For infinite and unique variety, it will discount any prize bric-a-brac museum gathered together by the most enterprising and industrious shark with buzz-saw teeth that ever swam in search of prey. A small boy's pocket is at once a source of keenest joy to himself and despair to his mother, for within its limited but wonderfully accommodating space may be found almost anything from a jackknife to a live horned toad.

The wearing of shoe leather is one of the barbarities of civilization. Enlightened humanity prides itself upon its wisdom, its comfort-producing inventions, its perspicacity in all things, yet, ruled by tradition, continues to torture itself with shoe leather. Surely there is some material upon the face of the earth that is capable of providing warmth and durability for footwear, without the frightful possibilities for bodily misery that leather contains. Yet who would dare to bring down financial failure upon himself by manufacturing a covering for the foot that was not leathery, uncomfortable, and conventional? The fact is that the world is absurdly, passively submissive to custom, and as long as it remains so, the chiropodist will be a necessary evil in humanitarian guise.

The sweet girl graduate now stands
Beside "Fate's shoreless sea,"
The usual essay in her hands
About the "life to be";
"That life," she says, "is like a scroll
Which coming years will swift unroll."

I think the sweet girl graduate
A very charming sight;
In fact, her presence on that date
Quite fills me with delight.
But heavens, how it wearies me
To stand beside Fate's shoreless sea.

In a paragraph entitled "Advice to Husbands," a modern philosopher says, regarding her whom the husband has promised to love and cherish, "A kind word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom." True, very true. But do not forget, O husbands thus addressed, do not forget to follow up that kind word, that tender look, once in a while, with a new gown. Love is a delightful adjunct to earthly existence, but—so are pretty clothes. One *can* live without love, at least there are such instances on record, but one must have a new gown occasionally, unless, indeed, one is altogether a bloomerite. And even bloomers have to be renewed.

ITEMS.

With the passing of Kate Field journalism has lost one of its brightest ornaments, one of its most ambitious workers, a woman of whom the American people may well be proud. Only her co-workers in the newspaper profession can appreciate the efforts she put forth to achieve success. Newspaper women the country over mourn that death has come to her so soon; that a pen so vigorous should be forever laid down.

Willie Slimson—I put a pin in the teacher's chair this morning, and he was wild.
Bobbie Smitem—Well, he won't sit down in such a hurry again.
Willie Slimson—No; neither will I.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street. leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

The Gilmore Glen Alpine Springs Resort, seven miles distant from Tallac House, Lake Tahoe, will open twentieth of June. Grandest of mountain scenery surrounds it. Finest of trout fly fishing in its numerous lakes, to which there are good horse trails for free use of guests; also to Tallac Mountain and neighboring high peaks. Daily stage connects with boat at Tallac and Cascade House. Saddle horses and guides at Springs. Charges reasonable. Address
N. Gilmore,
Tallac, Lake Tahoe,
California.

Under date of May 30th, the *Eel River Valley Advance* issued quite an elaborate illustrated number descriptive of Humboldt County, Cal. It is quite interesting and instructive, and those interested in that wonderfully fertile region should procure a copy of this issue.

Swain Brothers, 213 Sutter Street, San Francisco, announce in this issue a new departure in the shape of a table d'hote lunch. This will no doubt be much appreciated by the many patrons of this popular restaurant. and indicates that Swain's is fully up to the times. There is no more elegant and refined cafe in San Francisco.

General Sir Henry Ponsonby, who was for many years Queen Victoria's private secretary, was noted for his politeness, and, whenever an artist performed at Court, he always telegraphed the following day to inquire after the performer's health. If a complete troupe performed at the castle, the General employed a formula, always the same, which included the various members of the company. A short time ago Rogers Prat was sent for to exhibit his educated geese before Queen Victoria's grandchildren. The day following the "artist" received the traditional telegram from General Ponsonby, written in the following immutable terms: "Her Gracious Majesty would be delighted to know if the members of your troupe are well, and if they have had an agreeable journey. For my own part I beg you to convey to them the expression of my esteem."

At a police court one day the presiding magistrate complained that he did not believe in a particle of the evidence given by some witnesses in a certain case that had been brought before him. "I believe that they have every one of them told lies," said he. Up rose a lawyer in the court. "Your worship," said he, "I have yet to call a witness on whose veracity the Court may rely." A boy was then placed in the witness box, who stared around him like a wild animal. "My boy," said the lawyer, "you are expected to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do you understand? "Yes, sir." "Tell the Court, now, where wicked people go to who don't tell the truth." The boy stared nervously round him and looked up at the magistrate. "They come here, sir."

NEW GOLD.

A SOUTHERN GIRL.

[Samuel Minturn Peck in *New York Home Journal.*]

Her dimpled cheeks are pale;
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.
In a muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat—
She is vain about her feet,
It is said.
She amputates her *r's*,
But her eyes are like the stars
Overhead.

On a balcony at night,
With a fleecy cloud of white
Round her hair—
Her face, ah, who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'Tis a matter of regret,
She's a bit of a coquette
Whom I sing;
On her cruel path she goes
With a half-a-dozen beaux
To her string.

But let all that pass by,
As her maiden moments fly,
Dew empearled;
When she wearies, on my life
She will make the dearest wife
In the world.

MATRIMONIAL INCOMPATABILITY.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a fife,
And it took all his money to dress her,
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes, God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her.
God keep her!
To drink her!
And keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target, he grew like a sword,
A sword, a sword, God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle; he shrank like a pike,
A pike, a pike, God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him.
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she busted one day,
Exploded, blew up, God take her!
And all the people that saw it say,
She covered over an acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

The poet Whittier once lent a volume of Plato to a neighbor, and when the book was returned asked, "Well, friend, how did thee like Plato?" "First rate," said the farmer, "I see he's got some of my ideas."

Little Boy—The preacher says there is no marryin' in heaven.
Little Girl—Of course not. There would not be enough men to go 'round.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Charles Lamprecht.

Little Elsie (stamping and dancing about the room in a rage)—I wish I was my papa!
Aunt Ada—What is the trouble, Elsie?
Elsie—Towser's chewed my dolly's eyes into the back of her head, and I'm just cram full of naughty things to say, and mamma won't let me say 'em.

Miss Hights—Did you have a nice time on your vacation, Mr. Gayter?
Tom Gayter (effusively)—Fine. Splendid air, good hotel, lots of pretty girls, charming scenery, nature's beauties in primal garb—
Miss Hights—Which you studied from the beach, I imagine.

Mrs. Perkins (calmly reminiscent)—Jonathan, we've been married forty years next Tuesday, and never had a cross word yit.
Mr. Perkins—I know it; I've stood yer jawin' purty well.
Mrs. Perkins—Jonathan Perkins, you're a mean, hateful, deceitful old thing, an' I wouldn't marry yer agin for love ner money.

A curious typographical error recently appeared in a daily paper. In giving an account of an inquest it was stated, "The deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

Some visitors going through a country gaol, under the escort of the chief warder, came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly responded the chief warder.

Taking things as they come isn't very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.

She—O George, what shall we do if the boat sinks?
He (very pale)—Never mind about that, Sarah; it's not our boat.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" "Standin' before the lookin'-glass," said Tommy. "Wanted to see how I would look if I was twins."

Mamma—Ethel, the richest man you will meet in society will be Mr. Crœsus. Mind! whenever he speaks to you, you must blush.
Ethel—But, mamma, suppose I can't?
Mamma—Nonsense! Think of something that will make you blush.

"What do you think of that artist who painted cobwebs on his ceiling so naturally that the servant girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?"
"There may have been such an artist, but never such a servant girl."

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

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OCEAN BIPEDS.

HAMILTON V. RAYMOND.

FLEETING birds of the sea! friends of the mariner; ever his companions in sunshine and in storm, on the dreary waste of ocean. Restless, roving gleaners!

No thoughtful person who has occasion to make an ocean voyage can fail to be impressed by the birds that follow the vessel on untiring wing, patiently waiting for some morsel to be left in her wake. How precarious must be their livelihood, how slender their means of sustenance, when they follow so far in the hope of gaining some bit of food that may be dropped by chance or thrown to them by some well-disposed person! Whether gull or petrel or albatross, their patient earnestness must arouse a deep sense of sympathy in the fellow-creature who guides the vessel.

The birds most familiar to the mariner are of two general kinds—those that rarely go far away from land, such as certain gulls and petrels; and those that inhabit the high seas, rarely approaching the land, and then only to lay their eggs and rear their young. Such are the albatrosses and certain pelagic gulls and petrels. By the birds, therefore, the sailor can judge the distance of land, even when far out at sea.

Of the birds met with on the great ocean, easily the first is the mighty, wandering albatross. It is not so commonly seen as some of the smaller species. It is the largest of the sea-birds, and has a spread of wing of twelve to fourteen feet, with powers of flight surpassed, if equaled, by no other living bird. The great condor of the Andes, soaring at will on the wind, is a bird of only medium flight. Ducks and pigeons may surpass it in actual speed for short distances. The condor can retire to the shelter of the rocks or woods when the hurricane begins to rage, but on the broad ocean there is no shelter. When the storm-cloud blackens the surface of the deep, and the waves are lifted mountain-high, and their crests are dashed into spray before the gale, the albatross rises on outstretched pinions, breasting the storm or moving bravely against it. To yield to it or to rest for an instant on the seething waters would be destruction. The albatross seems then to use no extraordinary exertion, only to hold the wing steadily in one straight plane; all the rest is done by a consummate art in balancing. The long, narrow, thin wings, their width one-twentieth of their spread, are admirably fitted to cut the swift gale that would force all else before it. The albatross never flaps its wings unless to assist in rising from the water after feeding. The mythical Dædalus may well have existed in reality, since man has, in recent years, perhaps rediscovered through the study of these larger birds that flight is perfectly feasible, requiring brain rather than muscle, though it is frankly conceded by the most sanguine advocate of aerial navigation that man can never hope to equal the marvelous performances of the albatross.

Then there is the Shearwater, known as the "hagdon," a bird that never goes to land while in the North Atlantic, a fact which has given rise to a firm belief among the Newfoundland fishermen that the "hagdon" lays no eggs, but a sort of fish-spawn which they find floating in the sea. These birds also are common attendants upon fishing vessels.

By no means the least known of these ocean birds is the familiar "stormy petrel," commonly called Mother Carey's Chicken. In the North Atlantic the bird may be either the Leach's Petrel (which nests in Grand Menan and northward), or the Wilson's Petrel. All are superficially much alike, soot-colored birds with white marks, no bigger than swallows, of which they remind one by their jerky, flitting, airy manner of flight. They skim the surface of the waves with wings half-raised and with legs dangling at full length, touching the water—whence their name "petrel," meaning "little Peter," the bird that walks on the water! Their Indian name in the Bay of Fundy, "men-he-bi-meh'-sit," expresses an obvious resemblance to the operation of removing scum from a boiling pot with a "skimmer."

There are no more untiring birds than these. Nuttall's description cannot be improved:

"Unappalled by the storm that strikes terror into the breast of the mariner, they are seen coursing wildly and rapidly over the waves, ascending their sides, then mounting with the breaking surge which threatens to burst over their heads; sweeping through the hollow wakes as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, they trip and jerk sportively and securely on the surface of the roughest sea, defying the horrors of the storm, and, like some magic being, seem to take delight in braving overwhelming dangers. At other times we see these aerial mariners playfully coursing from side to side in the wake of the ship, making excursions far and wide on every side, now in advance, then far behind, returning again to the vessel as if she were stationary, though moving at the most rapid rate. A little after dark they gradually cease their arduous course and take their interrupted rest upon the water, arriving in the wake of the vessel they had left, as I have observed, by about nine or ten o'clock of the following morning. In this way we were followed by the same flock of birds to the soundings of the Azores."

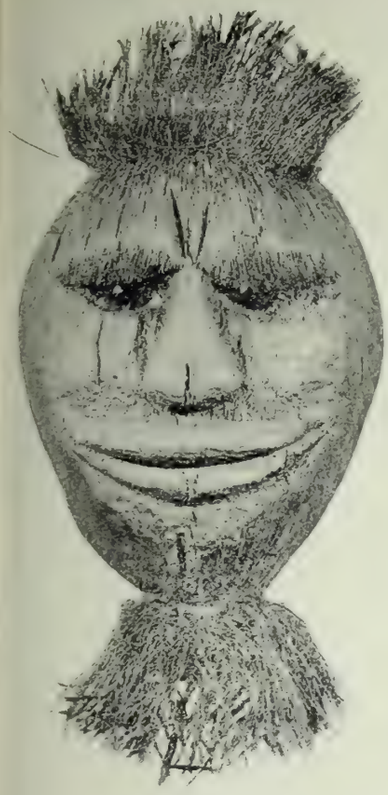
Perhaps the most entertaining of all sea-birds are the gulls, of which several species may commonly be met with, chiefly along the coasts. Gulls, as a rule, find flight more difficult than other birds which we have described. They keep close to the ship, and when they are accustomed periodically to beat over a certain path their wits become sharpened and they afford no end of amusement to the passengers. A crowd of gulls will follow a vessel all day, returning, doubtless, to the nearest land. Next morning there will be another gang at daybreak, but it may be of a wholly different species. A jolly crew are a flock of gulls. I have watched them by the hour flying abreast of the steamer, from ten to twenty-five feet from the ship's rail, every eye on the porthole from which refuse of the cook's galley is dumped into the sea. Generally this grateful event takes place just after meal-times, and a gull will follow a ship ten hours for the sake of one mad dash at the scraps which it expects to be consigned to the ocean. The gull cannot be fooled with anything short of fresh meat or crackers. I have tried orange-peel and scraps of pasteboard, which I tossed into the air or into the sea, and not a bird turned a feather! But if you hold a scrap of cracker in your hand, you shall see every bird draw as near as he dares, with a knowing blink and turn of the head. Toss it into the air, and a wild scream issues from fifty throats; as many pairs of wings flash in the sunlight; fifty pairs of red or black legs dangle in air, and the scrap never reaches the sea!

The great event is when the dinner scraps go overboard from the galley. There is a mad scramble, the air is filled with hoarse cries, the whole flock settles on the water with uplifted wings, each screaming and flapping in the vain effort to get all there is for itself. The steamer goes on, leaving a white, struggling spot on the water in its wake. But presently they start after her again, and with quick, nervous strokes they reach her side, to sail serenely on with her as before. The most amazing piece of business I ever saw was a gull coolly preening itself with its bill while it was following in full flight, apparently without an effort.

The great albatross that may occasionally linger in the pathway of a transatlantic steamer will return at the nesting season and lay its solitary white egg in far-away Patagonia—a wanderer over the face of the globe. Many of the stormy petrels for a brief period leave our waters and go no man knows where.

A sailor will not permit any bird to be killed that alights on his vessel, nor an albatross under any circumstances. It is only a superstition, it is true, but it is one that may well remain. Would there were more like it!

Much of what is told us of the early history of Bath, England, is of a legendary character, and no statement entitled to credit can, we are assured on good authority, be made regarding the discovery and use of its thermal mineral springs, prior to the Roman occupation of the locality about the middle of the first century. Many remarkable remains of Roman workmanship have been found there, among them the ruins of buildings of great magnitude and beauty.



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C. G. FIELD, Manager, Sales Dept.

W. V. BRYAN, Manager.

HERE AND THERE.

He said he was a Yankee skipper, and last year finished a long trip around the world, calling here and there as he could find a cargo. He knew he would be gone a year or more when he started, and so he took his family on his barque for the prolonged trip. "We were in the Indian Ocean one afternoon," he said, "and I noticed a shark swimming round the ship. I didn't like it a bit. You know the superstition that exists about a shark's following a vessel. He sailed around us all the next day, and the next after that, and I determined to catch him and have his life, so that I shouldn't feel uneasy about losing a life from those on board. We had had a baited hook out for him, but he wouldn't bite, and on the third day I fixed up a bit that I thought would land him, and sure enough in the afternoon we got him. He fought like a wild beast, but we got him on board finally and killed him. Then we cut him up. Do you know, we found in that shark's belly a newspaper in a wrapper, unopened, and it will surprise you, as it did me, when I tell you the paper was an American newspaper from my own town, and that it was addressed to me." A shout of great laughter went up, and there were some remarks to the effect that when it comes to lying a Yankee can beat the world. The skipper took all the bantering in good part, and when the jeers were ended he said: "Now I'll tell you how it happened. I found that my children had been skylarking the day before in the cabin. They found among the mass of reading that we had brought some of the unopened newspapers that had been sent to me. They had been throwing these newspapers at each other, and one of them went out of the porthole. The shark saw it, of course, and gobbled it down, and that was how it happened. Now you can judge for yourselves whether I am a liar."

A tourist, speaking to a keeper he had met with in former years, says: "Donald, is Mr. Mackenzie likely to be out fishing to-morrow?" "I hae my doots," replies Donald, warily. "How is that? Is he away from home?" "I dinna ken whar he is." "Not ill, is he?" "I hae na heeard." "Then what in thunder makes you think he won't be out?" "I didna say he wadna be oot. I said I hae my doots. He's been dead this twalmon" (twelvemonth).

Galindo Hotel, Oakland, Cal., most centrally located. Strictly first-class. Special inducements to families and tourists. Mrs. M. C. Robinson, Proprietress.

"I wish this restaurant fellow would print his bill of fare in English, so a fellow could tell what he was eating!"

"Good gracious! Do you want the fellow to lose all his trade?"

One of the cleverest artists of the day is Chas. Y. Lamb of Portland, Oregon, one of the best known photographers in that section. He has a keen sense of the humorous, and some of his most striking poses have appeared from time to time in THE TRAVELER, frequently at the head of our "That Reminds Me" column, where we do not accept any subject that is not unique and original.

Mr. Lamb is fortunately blessed with two pretty children, who imbibe their father's appreciation of real humor, and most of Mr. Lamb's funny sketches are made from the quaint poses of his little ones. A striking illustration of his work is found in this issue, where Lamb, Jr. gives us the experiences of his "first smoke."

The Hotel Azalea at Camp Taylor, among the giant redwoods of Marin County, is an ideal place for a day's or a week's outing; only two hours from the city by N. P. C. R. R.

A reliable fur house is that of Max Holflich at 121 Post Street. He carries a splendid line of rare furs and employs skilled assistants.

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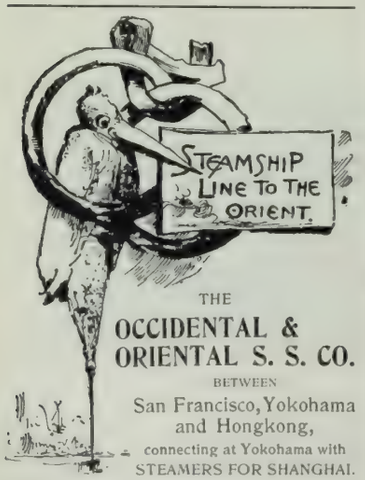

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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Your druggist will get them for you if he hasn't them in stock.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4.32) per cent on term deposits and three and sixty one-hundredths (3.60) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes; payable on and after Wednesday, the 1st of July, 1896.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4.26) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3.55) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, cor. Sutter. For the half-year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4.32) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3.60) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividends as the principal, from and after July 1, 1896.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post Street. For the half-year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3.33⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

A fussy parish council lately intimated "That all dirt, refuse, etc., must be immediately removed, otherwise the council will take it into their own hands."

A gentleman who was traveling through one of the most insalubrious districts of India found an Irishman living there of very contented appearance. "I don't see how you can live in a place," said the traveler, "where people die so thick and fast." "Tell me the place, sor," said the man, "where people niver die—tell me the place, and I'll go there meself to end my days."

Here is a dog story which you can believe or not, as you please. A gentleman remarked of a friend's dog that the two eyes of the animal were remarkably different in size. "Yes," was the reply, "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed at one side of my guest, and then goes round the table to his other side and pretends to be another dog."

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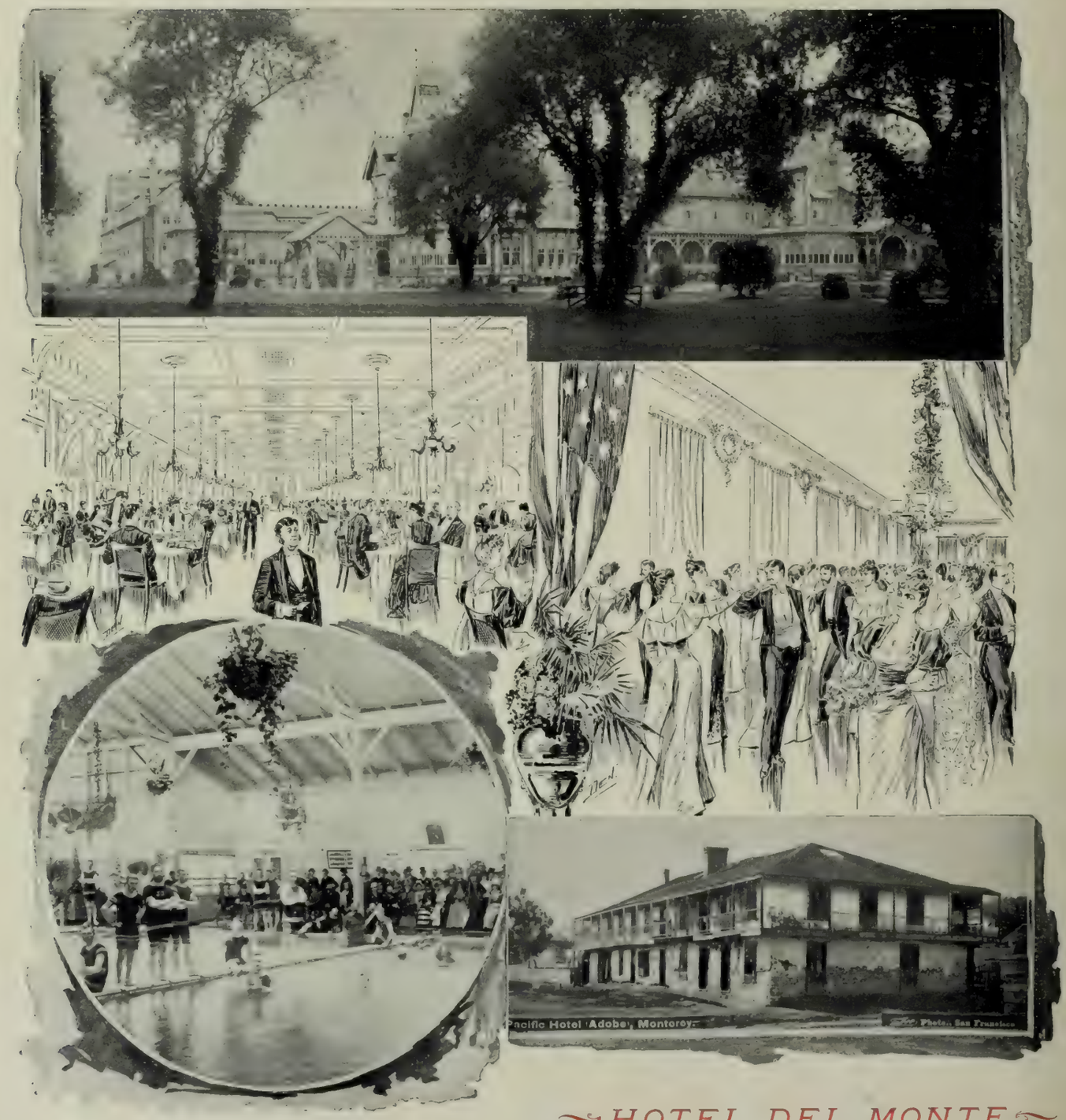

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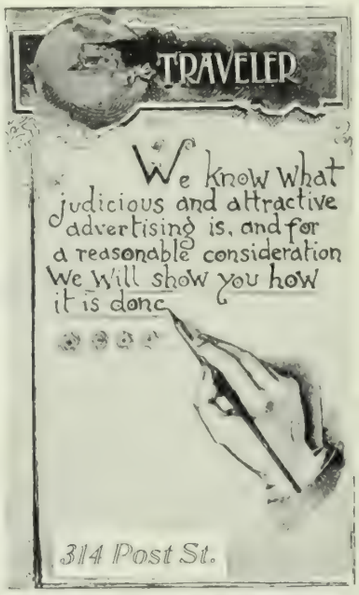

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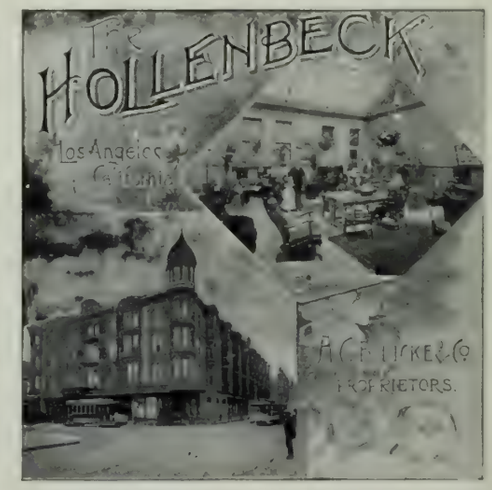

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VOLUME VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1896. NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

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WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
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WHEN we pick up the daily papers and read of the terrible disasters in different sections of the Eastern States, from cyclones, thunder storms, washouts, floods, and blizzards, and call to mind the recent unparalleled calamaties at St. Louis and in far-off Japan, we should appreciate the fact that our home is in California, where no material disaster has ever occurred. Kansas has its cyclones. Japan its typhoons, New York its blizzards, and California no dreaded visitation of the elements of any kind. We are popularly considered as the earthquake center, but while it is true we have a tremblor perhaps once in three years, there has never been any very serious damage done since the famous shakeup of 1868, that resulted in three casualties, but this disturbance is hardly worth speaking of when we compare it with the frightful earthquakes in Charleston, S. C., several years ago, and which occasioned a fearful loss of life.

We therefore have much to be thankful for in this, our "glorious climate," where the sun shines almost three hundred days in the year—where the distressing extremes of winter and summer are unknown—where the flowers bloom through the year, and where in midwinter in the central and southern belts the bathing, boating, and all kinds of outdoor sports are at their height, while our Eastern friends are hugging their firesides, or muffling themselves in their great fur coats. Truly, it is a contrast, and an endowment of natural conditions that cannot but make California in the course of time the most prosperous and popular paradise on the face of the earth.

"WHAT is the difference between free silver and a free lunch? The first is 16 to 1, the other 11 to 2." This is one of the by-plays going the rounds, and it is safe to say, that although humorous and intended as a current "catch," it comes pretty near defining the problem of free silver itself. But the term "free silver" is a misnomer to begin with. It does not mean what it would seem to indicate any more than a "free" lunch where you *pay* for a schooner of beer and get the lunch on the side, the latter being part of the consideration and therefore not free. Free silver does not mean that we can have dollars and dimes thrown in "on the side" when we make a purchase. If it did it wouldn't be worth what it is to-day, but it is a recognized commodity, as a medium of exchange, that is now worth about one-thirtieth of its weight in gold, which it is proposed to increase to a relative valuation of 16 to 1, backed by the *stamp* of the United States Government. This is fictitious, however, on the face of it, for we cannot ignore the money centers of the world, and if we expect to trade on an even basis, as we must, we must pay for the commodities we receive in coin of intrinsic value. We might just as well coin copper or some other base metal, stamp it with the Government seal and ask our foreign friends to accept that as to tender a one dollar silver piece that under the regulations of free silver will be actually worth just fifty-three cents.

TYPICAL COUNTRY ROAD, HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

THE bicycle parade and demonstration at San Francisco on July 25th was certainly food for thought, and there was a significance to it that perhaps few realize. There was only one regret, that it was most badly managed from beginning to end, and the very object for which it was formed was to a large extent modified through the imperfect and almost unwarrantable laxity or incompetency which characterized the final details. The promoters of the enterprise, on the other hand, deserve the greatest credit for the zeal, energy, and skill displayed in the inauguration of this novel display, but it was unfortunate that those entrusted with the carrying out of their plans were lacking in the first principles of military system and the management of public parades.

Nevertheless there is a deduction to be made. Probably eight thousand bicycle riders were represented at the gathering, and it is safe to say that seven thousand were voters. Further, this congregation did not represent more than sixty per cent of the total number of wheelmen in this city, which would mean, as a conservative estimate, about twelve thousand adult citizens who ride the wheel. The object, ulteriorly, was largely political in design, with a view to obtaining better streets in San Francisco. The slogan was "Repave Market Street," and was adopted as the war cry because this thoroughfare is the principal artery of the city and the poorest paved. Once accomplish this and its branches will readily fall in line. In municipal affairs party lines should be, and usually are, set aside, and to all citizens of good sense the ballot is cast for those who embody the principles for which they strive. The wheeling fraternity have become not only a factor but a power in the world of suffrage, and those men whose names will head the ticket in the coming campaign will be required to unequivocally indorse the good street movement if they wish the support of the strong organizations agitating this question.

BEFORE the first of September it is expected that the new railway to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais will be completed. It has been an undertaking of no small magnitude and will add one more novel attraction to tourists and residents of the Bay counties.

THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

ANTHONY E. KAESER.

THOSE who believe tennis has lost its hold on the public interest should have witnessed the championship round of the Tournament on the afternoon of July 4th, at San Rafael.

It was a gay multitude that assembled shortly after lunch, and occupied every vantage spot about the courts. It represented the very essence of wealth, beauty, and fashion. Add to this an exhibition of superb skill, with perfect weather and delightful surroundings—what more is necessary to make any event a success?

The drawings of the players could hardly have been more fortunate as none of the probable winners came together until the third round, though the playing in the preliminaries was marked by the creditable showing of some of the newer players, who had entered a championship match for the first time.

The Tournament was opened by the match between George Whitney and Paul Selby in one court, and by Whitney and Stone in the other. Selby started in by rushing things, and when the scorer began calling games in his favor to love for Whitney, who was a strong favorite for winner of the Tournament, it was noticeable that the spectators flocked to their court and the players of the other match neglected their task to watch events next door. Selby was doing his best, and sent the ball speeding about like a veteran, his drives especially attracting attention as they sped down the side lines or across court, out of reach of the clever player from the California Club. It was evident, though, that he was tiring himself and could not possibly keep up the pace he had set, though the score stood for a while four to one in his favor. Whitney had now carefully measured his man and was gradually taking the affair into his own hands, winning the set after taking five straight games. During the second set, the Oaklander fought bravely, but secured only one game, to six for his opponent, giving him the match and closing the prettiest contest of the first round.

The next match to attract attention was the one between Walter Magee of Oakland and George Whitney, who had defeated Selby in the morning. Many spectators had assembled to witness this match as it

SAMUEL HARDY.

promised to be hotly contested, and they were not disappointed.

Magee is a strong player, but what he requires to make himself a winner is the coolness and self-possession of a player like Sam Hardy. He will sometimes play a very exciting rally, returning the most difficult balls, and then lose the point on the simplest of returns. His match with Whitney was characterized by just such playing, though at times both men put up excellent tennis and aroused the occupants of the grand-stand to energetic applause.

The first set closed six games to three for Whitney, and after a few minutes' breathing spell, (the heat being very oppressive), they were battling again. This time Magee kept his opponent better in hand until the game stood five all, and then for some unexplainable reason, Whitney took the next two games, scoring the set seven to five and winning the match.

T. A. Driscoll, who held the championship in 1893, came up against Thatcher, who has played tennis at Yale, for the next match. Every one was anxious to see Driscoll play again, for he usually puts up a lively game, coming to the net at every opportunity and covering his court with remarkable agility. Being a left-handed player, he often makes it very awkward for his opponent, virtually reversing the game from his side of the net. He uses the chop stroke very effectively, and, perhaps, more often than any other player of note. His drive is also a good stroke, but sometimes fails him through lack of practise. Mr. Thatcher puts up a game of the Eastern style, relying a great deal on the drive and a peculiar round-arm stroke used so cleverly by Hobart in the East. This year, however, his game was not as accurate or as strong as in 1895, and Driscoll had little trouble in defeating him with the score of six to three, six to two. It was a much more interesting game than the score would suggest and was marked by a number of pretty rallies and difficult plays. This closed the games for the day, leaving four of the best players on the Coast to finish the contest on the glorious "Fourth."

GEORGE F. WHITNEY

It was shortly after ten o'clock on that day when the match between George Whitney and T. A. Driscoll was called, the conditions for playing being excellent. At first it seemed a toss up who the winner would be, though Whitney seemed slightly the favorite. It was hoped by Driscoll's friends that he would put up his best game, for many would have been pleased to see him contest with Sam Hardy for the championship again. This could hardly be expected, owing to the small amount of practise he had had, having just returned from college. As events proved, this went against him, and Whitney, who was in almost perfect practise, won the two sets and match by the score of six to three, six to one.

At the close of this match the court was occupied by Sam Hardy and Robert N. Whitney, and the contest that followed developed some excellent tennis and was perhaps one of the hardest fought matches of the Tournament. During the first set Whitney seemed unable to cope with the deliberate play of his opponent and lost the set six to one. The second set proved very interesting, Whitney playing with a dash and precision of an expert, finally running the score up to five to three in his favor. Hardy seemed to be playing his usual game, but the San Francisco man was always on hand, which caused round after round of applause from the appreciative spectators. But Hardy, instead of becoming nervous and irritated at a critical moment, played on as steadily and with as much ease as if the score had been in his favor. There was a constant string of startling plays and some remarkable driving that was a feast for the eyes of a lover of tennis. Hardy brought the score to five all, then Whitney took a game, and every one was guessing who would get the set. They were not kept waiting very long, for after a bit of clever playing the former closed the set eight to six, thus winning the match. As affairs stood now, Sam Hardy was to play George Whitney for the All Comers' prize and the right to challenge the champion.

Every one was in a state of expectancy for this match, and long before the contestants appeared on the courts the grand-stands began to fill up until not a seat or vantage spot of any sort remained unoccupied. It was a pretty sight, this throng of gaily dressed men and women—like a great Persian rug with its innumerable colors scattered here and there, and waving as if in the caress of a breeze. A momentary hush spread over the assemblage, followed by a burst of applause as the two valiant victors crossed the courts to the clubhouse. In a moment or two they appeared again ready for the fray, and after a bit of preliminary practise, Joe Daly, the old-time professional whom nobody could beat, mounted the scorer's stand and then began the most important match of the Tournament.

Hardy lost the first three games, and then retrieved himself by winning the next six straight. He kept his opponent in a constant chase by his clever and accurate placing and seemed to outplay him in every feature of the game. At the net he was remarkable, often playing a low volley that was most difficult, and in such a way that he usually scored the point. His drive, too, was very effective and unmistakably showed splendid judgment and swiftness, two elements that one will not often find combined in that stroke.

Whitney, throughout the Tournament, had played excellent tennis and showed that he was in splendid physical condition and had practised his game down to a science. Yet, when he met Sam Hardy in this match, he seemed outclassed, and, after a while, became nervous and lost his self-possession at a time when it was most needed. At times he would brace up and play good tennis, only to drop back again to wild plays and nets. I doubt not he became discouraged after losing two sets and lost the ambition to try and pull it out, or he might at least have made the score better in the last set. The score of the match was six to three, six to one, and six to two, giving the All-Comers' prize, a Columbia bicycle, to Sam Hardy, a deserving tribute for his splendid exposition of this game of all games.

Sumner Hardy, the champion of 1895, is in Alaska and so the great silver cup goes by default to his brother, who is now champion of these Pacific States.

We believe that what Mayo Newhall said in 1892 is about correct, "It takes a body with the legs of a boy sixteen and the head of a man sixty to play tennis."

A writer on the beautiful vale of Kashmir, India, thus describes his first impressions at the gateway: "Suddenly an opening appears ahead as though a giant door had swung back, the river ceases to gurgle and toss, the hills fall back on either side, and the glorious vale of Kashmir appears stretching like a blue sea until stopped by a border of majestic slopes fringed with a line of silvery white. In the foreground, through a fragrant mildly warm air, the eye is enchanted by sheets of flowers, avenues of poplars, quaint wooden houses, quainter bridges, and boats of every size and shape. Further on, as we finally draw up at our destination—Baramulla—the town so picturesquely situated at the opening, through which the Jhelum escapes from the valley—we are surrounded by a group of big, simple-looking Kashmiri boatmen, gesticulating and shouting out at the top of their voices, not unlike the San Francisco hackmen, the superlative merits of their respective belongings. And we feel, in view of such tangible torture of nerves and reason, that we are at last indeed in the Paradise of Kashmir."

The time has come when the governess must have a new accomplishment, one never before exacted since her tribe began to increase. She must now ride a wheel, so that she may accompany her charges when they are taking their recreation. Several advertisements for "Governess Wanted" have recently been published, specifying this requirement as essential.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

ACH month there will be presented under this heading short, descriptive sketches of the plant and animal life of our forests, fields, and shores—as a knowledge, however slight, of the various branches of natural science gives added zest to many a mountain ramble and seaside stroll.

These columns are intended r those who love Nature in her different moods; who light in the towering grandeur of a forest tree, and e something more than a tiresome weed in the mble dandelion; and while reminding some readers what they already know, may perhaps serve to open e eyes of others to the wonders that lie about them.

THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

In the warm, dry soil of our southern counties, and the arid deserts, the curious *Cteniza*, or trap door ider, makes its habitat.

On account of its structure and peculiar habits it is ways an object of interest, both to the ordinary server and the naturalist, and prepared specimens d their nests are often sold to tourists as souvenirs.

In size and general appearance it resembles the tantula of the tropics; but its bite, though painful, is t deadly in character.

Guided by the wonderful instinct of self-preservan, it burrows a sort of cylindrical tunnel in the ound or sloping bank, neatly lining the interior with silken web of its own spinning, and closing the trance with an ingeniously constructed circular lid. his is provided on the upper side with a soft, elastic nge, so that it falls with its own weight, and when ut can scarcely be distingulshed from the surrounding clay or adobe, especially if overgrown with mosses.

hen returning from a foraging expedition the spider ises the door with its jaws and descends backwards wn the hole, taking a firm grip on the inner surface inserting its powerful mandibles into two small nctures opposite the hinge, which serve the purpose a lock.

Sometimes, to afford greater security, a second apartent is constructed at an angle from the bottom of the st, the opening being concealed by a strong silken esh or hanging. This nest or trap, which is sometimes five or six inches in length, is made by moulding small portions of earth into balls and scattering em from the mouth of the den; and is either enlarged ch spring with the growth of its occupant, or an tirely new dwelling is manufactured.

Tiny spiders, just able to care for themselves, have eir individual burrows in the vicinity of their birthace; and, like the adult specimens, often retire into a rt of hibernation for a few months in the autumn.

These creatures are nocturnal in their habits, appearg abroad about nightfall in search of prey, or lurking

TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

ehind their half-closed portals, ready to pounce upon ome hapless fly or other insect.

But it is a case of "the biter bit," for this longgged, fuzzy web-spinner has a formidable foe in the hape of the "tarantula-hawk"—a large, fierce wasp, ith a bright blue body and wings of a yellowish red. Buzzing noisily about in the sunshine, it watches its pportunity to catch the spider off its guard, and a ght between them ensues—the light-footed aggressor sually coming off the victor. After piercing its oppoent's body with a sharp, deep sting, which paralyzes but not kills it, the wasp drags its victim to a hole in the ground, deposits an egg in its back, buries it, and then departs on similar ravages. In time, this egg hatches into a larva, which consumes the spider's flesh and then passes into the chrysalis stage, emerging a full-fledged insect.

Sometimes the larvæ are found in the interior of the burrow—a proof that the wasp has actually raised the lid and defeated its enemy in its own haunts. Though possessed of such a powerful venom, its sting is not

NEST OF TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

dangerous to human beings, and it seldom attacks them, unless annoyed.

The *Cteniza* is said to live for quite a number of years, increasing in size each season, until adult life is attained. Though not so formidable as the great *Mygale* of Arizona and Mexico, its appearance and swiftness usually strike terror to the heart of the timid; but it is generally cowardly when outside of its nest.

Large, poisonous tarantulas are often concealed in the bunches of bananas and bales of cocoanuts at the warehouses on the San Francisco wharves, whither they are shipped from the tropics; and workmen are frequently obliged to resort to caustic, ammonia, and nitrate of silver, in order to neutralize the deadly effects of their bites.

THE ABALONE.

Haliotis or abalone shells are such familiar objects on our rocky sea-beaches, that they are apt to excite but little interest or comment, though they are regarded by visitors from the East and other parts of the country as valuable curios and ornaments.

On account of their flattened, semi-spiral shape they are sometimes known as sea-ears or ear-shells, the local name of abalone being said to be derived from the Spanish. These singular shell-fish are found clinging tenaciously to the sides of cliffs or boulders or hiding in the narrowest of cracks in the rocks; and, if desired for closer inspection, must be dislodged suddenly with a strong knife in order to prevent resistance by suction.

It is related of a Chinese fisherman that, while endeavoring to remove a large specimen with merely the aid of his hands, he was caught by the fingers in a vise-like grip, and subsequently drowned by the incoming tide.

There are four or five species of these univalves along our shores, and in size they vary from the dimensions of a bean to a diameter of about nine inches, the smaller ones partaking of all the characteristics of the larger.

The "corrugated" and "splendid" are natives of southern waters, from Santa Barbara to San Diego; the former having a rough, highly arched surface, with prominent holes and ridges, and the latter being remarkable for the gorgeous, iridescent tints of its interior, though in shape it is thin and flat.

With the exception of the black abalone, the red-backed variety is the most common on the coast, and the shells are exported in large quantities to distant countries, where they are manufactured into buttons, beads, inlaid work, and jewelry.

By means of a grindstone and weak acid the exteriors of the smoother species of abalones may be polished to a degree of brilliancy rivaling that of the natural lining; and the broad, circular, inner scar, where the huge muscle of the foot was attached, only serves to add to the general attractiveness.

Of the appearance and habits of the curious mollusks which inhabit these beautiful shells but little is generally known; though their structure may be readily observed if the portion of the rock to which they adhere is chipped off, at low tide, with a hatchet, and the whole placed in a glass dish full of sea water. Patient waiting will probably be rewarded by seeing the creature emerge from its pearly shield, much after the fashion of the snail—extending its tentacles and long-stalked eyes, while the slender tongue, covered with minute hooks or teeth, searches round for its vegetable food, and the fringed, scalloped "mantle" is fully displayed to view.

The yellow, muscular meat is dried in the sun by the Chinese and exported to the markets of San Francisco Chinatown, or to the land of the Orient, and is also made into a soup, relished by certain epicures.

As the animal grows, the perforations on the margins of the shell, which are intended for the outlet of the salt water, become closed on the higher side by a sort of calcareous secretion, and new ones are formed on the enlarging edge.

The presence of bits of broken abalone-shells deep in the soil in the vicinity of some of our sea beaches would seem to indicate the previous existence of native Indian tribes.

QUEER CRAFTS.

E. S. M.

Strange crafts come to an anchorage in the Oakland estuary. Freighting vessels from Russia sometimes winter there, and queer looking boats they are, some of them, with names which are, to us, totally unpronounceable. Here, too, the whalers lay up for the winter, and long rows of these vessels, steam and sail, may be seen during the season.

The stanch old barks and barkentines have all seen their best days, and one by one are being superseded by the modern steamship, as the old captains who sailed these Northern waters are one by one being succeeded by younger men who command the modern craft. The old fellows have to hustle now to find a ship, and when found its destination may be strange and far distant waters.

Even scows are being built nowadays with steam equipment, and it would seem as though the days of the old sailing vessels were going by.

One sometimes learns strange incidents by visiting the shipyards. Links in the life history of people we know that are sometimes pathetic and sometimes seemingly retributive. The frame of a large vessel remained on the ways of one of the shipyards near the old narrow-gauge landing for months and months. It was protected by a sign "No trespassers allowed." But it remained there so long that the old loungers forgot when the last spike had been driven into it; the timbers had changed from the fresh yellow tint of new lumber to the dull gray weather-beaten hue that betokens long exposure to the elements. One day, not very long ago, the shipcarpenter's hammer sounded again, the vessel was finished, almost as if by magic, and it is now among the finest craft afloat.

This was a chapter in the history of a bank, long prosperous, but whose owners are a broken and scattered family, leaving, in their scattering, the wails and reproaches of a too confiding people. The boat was the pitiful evidence of a promise of the future unfulfilled because of lack of coin, which commodity, however, materialized after all, through the instrumentality of interested parties.

Wonderful are the renovations made in these shipyards. Boats of all kinds and sizes are literally cut in two, have a piece put in, and are again sent to sea, larger and better than before. These severed vessels may frequently be seen on the ways under process of enlargement, and it would really seem that when a ship or steamer goes into the creek to take her place there as a hulk, her days of usefulness must indeed be numbered, for the ways and means of the ship-builder in "making over" old vessels are many and diverse.

MISS ARMSTRONG'S HOMICIDE.

SAM DAVIS.

A FEW years ago some workmen engaged in removing an old mansion on the corner of California and Mason Streets were considerably puzzled at finding a number of copper wires connecting the bathroom with a room above. The owners of the property were equally puzzled, they never having a previous knowledge of their existence. The wires were removed, and nothing more thought of the matter. This recalls to my mind an incident which many will now remember:

On the fourteenth of July, 1865, a Professor Croftly was found dead in the bathroom I have just mentioned. Croftly was well known among scientific men as a professor of chemistry, and, besides, had a large circle of acquaintances in this city. He was supposed at the time to have committed suicide, and his death furnished a three days' sensation for the press. The accounts in four leading newspapers materially conflicted, which made the matter all the more interesting to the public. All agreed, however, with a singular unanimity of opinion that he was dead. Even the *Call*, while not positively admitting his demise in the article, virtually conceded it in the headlines.

Croftly, when found, was lying in the bath, covered with wounds of so curious a nature that no one could explain how they came to be inflicted. They were deep, ragged, and gapping, and there was no instrument found in the room with which they might have been made. Even the detectives, who visited the scene of Croftly's death, shook their heads and were at sea. Those who discovered the body found the door securely fastened from the inside, and were obliged to burst it open. The room had no other means of egress or ingress.

"Suicide," remarked one of the reporters.

"How came those wounds on the back?" asked a detective.

"Who else was here?" responded the journalist. And neither man had anything more to say.

A post-mortem revealed nothing new, except that the physicians found a state of the blood which they could not satisfactorily account for.

"He was frozen," said a young physician, whose opinion seemed to have its foundation only in surmise.

"You seem to have forgotten that this is July," remarked an elderly gentleman connected with a university.

The newspapers vied with each other in building up ingenious theories accounting for the affair, the coroner's jury found a verdict of suicide, for want of anything better, and the remains were buried.

The reader who desires to get a more detailed account of the affair—as related at the time—can do so by referring to the files of any of the city papers of that date. In fact, I would produce them here did space permit. The main thing, however, is to clear up the mystery of Croftly's remarkable death.

He came to the coast in 1860, and was reputed to be a man of sufficient means to live handsomely on the interest of his money. He stopped a while at the Oriental Hotel, and there met Edward Dean, a young man who, like himself, was a gentleman of leisure. The two became intimate, and finally, tired of hotel life, they determined to seek quarters which would be more congenial and homelike. They found these quarters at the residence of Richard Armstrong, a casual acquaintance, who lived in very desirable quarters on the corner of Mason and California Streets. Before the costly habitations of Stanford, Crocker, and other millionaires sprang into existence, Armstrong's house came very near being called a mansion. Armstrong rented Croftly and Dean three elegant rooms, partly because he liked the men personally, and partly because he was running on a pretty close margin financially. The two found their new quarters as attractive as men of taste could wish. Armstrong was a widower, and the three men had some rare old times together evenings. His cellar was stocked with excellent wines, and his library with books of the very rarest vintage of literature.

One evening a hack drove up to the door, and a woman clad in wraps bounded up the steps with astonishing vigor and agility, like most Western girls who are blessed with good health and animal spirits. She dashed into the hall in a style that sent a perceptible tremor throughout the house, and fell into old Armstrong's arms. A fusillade of kisses followed.

It was his daughter Alice.

Next morning the usual formalities of introduction were gone through; and Miss Armstrong became one of the fixtures of the place. A few days before her arrival Professor Croftly had suggested the idea of living somewhere nearer the center of the city. After Miss Armstrong entered the house, however, no further allusion was made to the proposed removal. The Professor began to pay Miss Armstrong the most devout attentions, and, as a matter of course, she fell madly in love with young Dean, who paid her none. It is generally conceded that one of the most effective ways of wooing a woman is to let some other man do it. The woman tires of the indefatigable lover, and the man who treats her with indifference is soon preferred. Some men learn this by experience; Dean discovered it by accident.

He presently began to turn his knowledge to excellent account, and a bitter rivalry sprang up between the two men. Croftly soon realized that he was not the favorite, and never for the life of him could ascertain how a woman could form an attachment for a man who hadn't the remotest idea of chemistry. He forgot that he was somewhat old, and that *some* women dislike to cast their bridal wreaths upon the snow. He finally determined to put his rival out of the way, and set about laying his plans.

After a couple of weeks' deliberation he concluded to murder Dean, and do it so neatly and scientifically that discovery would be next to impossible.

One day I was in his room—being an occasional visitor—and observed that he was busily engaged in chemical experiments. Said he: "Did you ever realize that the conditions which result in congelation might be produced chemically?"

I confessed that I had never given the subject much thought.

"Of course you understand that sudden evaporation causes cold."

I knew nothing of the kind at the time, but nodded assent rather than acknowledge my ignorance.

"I can produce ice instantaneously," he continued. "This is my assistant," pointing to an electric battery. "With a current of, say, one hundred ohms of electricity, I can accelerate enough evaporation to freeze instantly one hundred gallons of water."

Here the Professor took a basin of water and poured in a small quantity of colorless liquid. "This is ammonia," said he. "But *this*"—here he added about as much of some other liquid—"is something else."

"What is it?"

"No one knows but myself."

I deemed it would be impertinent to question him further. He then attached the wires of his battery to the water.

"When I make the connecting current the water will become ice."

I watched, much interested, and he laid his hand on a piece of metal which was part of the apparatus, and the turning of which caused the currents to connect. He turned the brass piece, and instantly a cloud of vapor rose from the water. Crystals shot from the sides of the basin with astonishing rapidity, and there was a sharp, crackling sound as the water expanding in it caused a strain upon the basin, which pressed out the sides.

"With five hundred ohms," continued the Professor. "I can freeze five hundred cubic feet of water."

I left the house, much impressed with the discovery made by the Professor, and a few days afterward learned of his death. The public considered it a case of suicide. I made a careful examination of the premises, and came to a different conclusion. It was the hand of Alice Armstrong that killed Professor Croftly.

Let us go back a little. After the Professor realized what could be done with his new appliance of electricity, he determined to utilize it in the murder of Dean. He hit upon the grand idea of freezing him in the bath.

"She will not love him cold," he said, and began to arrange his plans. Dean was fond of the bath. He retired at midnight, and always took a bath just before. The bathroom of Armstrong's house was an exceptionally good one. It was situated but a short distance from the suite occupied by the Professor and Dean. The tank was of marble, eight feet wide, ten feet long, and six feet deep, capable of holding four hundred and eighty cubic feet of water. Croftly connected the bath with his own room by means of wires. One entered the bath by the waste-pipe. He reached this by digging in the garden under the pretext of planting flowers. The wire ran down the side of the house and into the ground. It was concealed from observation by a lilac bush. The other was connected with the pipe which furnished water. He bored a hole in the wall and found the pipe, as he expected, running in the rear of the room close to the floor. He then increased the jars of his battery, and raised its strength to five hundred ohms.

No suspicion was excited by this, as he had been for months before making electrical experiments. His apparatus was fixed on a stand near the wall, and the wires from it connected with those leading to the bath. When the apparatus was removed its wires would be pulled away from the others, and no trace would be left of previous connection.

On the night of the third of July all was in readiness. Croftly laid his plans with nicety and deliberation. Dean always took a bath before retiring, which was about midnight. In the morning Croftly had purchased two seats at the Metropolitan Theater and given them to Armstrong, who took his daughter to the play. By eight o'clock everything was quiet in the house. Croftly knew that he was safe from interruption until eleven o'clock, and perhaps later.

He now began to work in earnest. He filled the tank with water, and then tested his wires over and over again. Everything was in splendid working order. He calculated that he could embed his rival in ice about midnight, and then turn on hot water. In the morning there would be no trace left of the freezing. He rubbed his hands with delight, and then poured in the chemical proportions, wherein lay the secret of his discovery. Having done this, he went back to his room and laid the two connecting wires of his apparatus side by side upon the instrument. It was now nine o'clock. He turned the gas up to a full blaze to disperse the shadows, took an easy chair, and determined to read until Dean's return. The silence of the house became unbearable, and the sultriness of the apartment more and more oppressive. His excitement began to tell upon him, and he was no longer cool. The man who is about to kill suffers more pangs than he who knows he is about to die. Croftly paced up and down the apartment, and then a strange fascination drew him toward the bath. He entered the room again and stood gazing into the motionless water in the tank and murmured to himself: "Four hundred and eighty cubic feet, five hundred ohms."

There was a gas jet above the tank, and its faint glow was reflected in the water. To Croftly the atmosphere seemed to have been generated in a blast-furnace. The water looked cool and refreshing. There was yet more than an hour. Croftly turned the catch of the door from force of habit, and, throwing off his clothes, plunged in. He could discover no disagreeable trace of the chemicals, and once more he felt the delightful sensation of being cool. It was so agreeable that he began to reflect in his mind whether he would not continue to enjoy the bath and postpone the murder.

Suddenly the hall door was slammed, and he heard the voice of Miss Armstrong talking with her father. The pair had indeed returned, having left the theater because they did not care to be bored with Mrs. Bow-

s's hackneyed rendering of Queen Elizabeth. Passg along the hall, they saw the Professor's door open, d the gas in full blast. Armstrong hated to see ything go to waste, and told his daughter to go in d lower the gas, as the room was unoccupied. Miss rmstrong went in, as directed, and her father passed -stairs. While alone the girl could not resist the mptation to pull a little note from her bosom and ad it again. She had received it that morning, and d already perused it about twenty times. It read:

"DEAR ALICE—Will you be my wife?
"Yours, EDWARD DEAN."

Dean was a man who, when he had anything to y, said it at once, and stopped on reaching the point.

She pored over the letter about e minutes, and then, returning to its place, looked about her. er eye presently fell on the inrument connected with Croft's battery. She took up one the wires, and she dropped it ross its mate. A spark flashed it, which startled her. She ew back, lowered the gas, and ent to bed.

At the instant the wires were nnected, Croftly was in the nter of the bath. A shock d terrible chill passed through s frame, and he felt a cloud of por rising from the surface of e water and sweeping into his ce. Myriads of spear-like crysls shot out from the edge of e tank, and converged toward m like so many shafts of death. he surface of the water was pidly freezing. In a moment realized his situation, and shed to reach the steps; as he d so he threw himself against e jagged edge of a sheet of ice alf an inch thick. There was frightful gash in his side, from hich blood was streaming. He ruggled madly amid the ice, d every throe brought fresh ounds. His limbs moved no nger in water; they were eneloped in slush. He called for elp again and again, but no one eard his cries. His struggles free himself caused him to exerience excruciating pain, and ased altogether as the ice closed bout him like a vise.

After the evaporation of the emicals the electricity no longr had any effect, and the heat the room began to tell upon e ice. The mass melted, and four o'clock in the morning e corpse of Croftly was floatng upon the surface of the bath. e was not missed until nine 'clock next morning, when a earch was instituted, which endd when Dean burst open the oor and found him as described.

The rest is known. The jury after due investigaon gave a verdict of suicide, and Miss Armstrong and dward Dean were married on the twenty-second of e same month.

The above pretty conception is published in "The Traveler" through the courtesy of Mr. Chas. Y. Lamb, author and artist in one. While Mr. Lamb is a professional in his line at Portland, Oregon, he has contributed many of the unique and humorous "snapshots" that have appeared from time to time in "The Traveler." The above cannot but appeal to the lover of rustic simplicity and the portrayal of real life in its most striking extremes.

THE MUSIC OF CHINA.

FRANK L. SULLIVAN.

In the golden days of China the musical art and its rofessors held high distinction, but now to be a musian, the author tells us, "is the lowest calling a man an profess." There is still, however, at Pekin, a oard of music connected with the board of rites, but he officers seem little anxious to distinguish themelves. Once serious music was studied with the classics, but is now totally abandoned. The common people, however, delight in music, and love gongbeatings and clarinet shriekings, but they do not play themselves. The professional musician is a blind man.

According to Mr. Macfarren instruments of percussion were first invented, then those giving sounds by wind, and lastly by the vibrations of strings. The lus, a series of bamboo tubes, the Chinese declare to be the first instrument. I have a drawing of the twelve tubes making the lus, and every other tube is shorter, a short tube being placed between two longer ones. Of course, blowing them in succession makes a fearful gamut, at least to our ears. It is an ascending scale, but with many unfortunate intervals. I have seen (not quoted by Mr. Van Aalst) the exact measurements of the frets on a Chinese guitar. They are arbitrary in their spacings. It is well known that the higher the note acceptable to the European (that is, to suit our ears) the smaller is the spacing.

The great Chinese master who laid down the law for this spacing, so we read, found the seeds of a peculiar kind of a melon. He laid down one seed on the fingerboard, and said that space is one note. Then he moved the seed its length on the fingerboard, made a fret there, and declared that that must be the next note. So this methodical musical sage shortened strings, and so a gamut was given to China, founded not on melodic vibrations, but on linear principles. When you try a scale the first three or four notes cause you to feel but very slight aural injury, but the higher you go up the worse is the infliction. The notation is not readily understood, the author stating that the Chinese theoretically admit seven sounds in the scale, but practically only use five. As to the value of the notes, the Chinese have nothing indicative of this. "The best Chinese musician could only conjecture the general form of a written piece shown him for the first time. To be able to decipher it he must first hear it played." We can understand from this how a blind musician fills all the necessary Chinese requirements.

To play as you please is to keep Chinese time, for "the tunes, modified by individual taste of the performer, may, after a lapse of time, become quite different from what they were originally." Satisfied with a pentatonic scale, with no flat nor sharp, in this the Chinese find all the variations which satisfy their musical tastes. Whether they have a major or a minor scale has been disputed, but Mr. Van Aalst says they mix both together. As to the refinements of crescendos, derescendos, legatos, that is all Italian to the Chinese. To sing in China is to use the nose. Tongue, teeth, and lips pronounce the syllables, but do nothing else. With a *voix de tete* the women squeak, and a very disagreeable thing it is to hear them.

As to the instruments, there are several guitars, a particularly absurd two-string violin, flutes, a telescopic kind of trombone, a long trumpet, cymbals, clappers, triangles, with gongs and drums in endless variety. Elegant Chinese of a former period used to play on the ch'in—a long kind of zither that has seven strings. Once there were ch'ins with fifty strings, but a very sensitive emperor—Huang Ti—having heard a Miss Su perform on it "was impressed so deeply" and became so sorrowful by its means that he made up his mind that he could only stand one-half of his emotion and live, so he had an imperial order issued, whereby this instrument was deprived of twenty-five of its strings. The erh-hsien, or ten-stringed violin, is met with all over China. The neck is a hollow bamboo, the body a cocoanut shell. The ten strings are tuned in fifths. A very ingenious and dreadfully complicated musical apparatus must be the yang-ch'in, or foreign harpsichord. It is zither-like in shape, but the strings are criss-cross and rest on two long bridges, so that with the sixteen strings you have forty-eight different notes. The flute, ti-tzu, has eight holes, one blown through, another covered with a membrane, and seven are played upon. The mouth-hole seems to be in the middle. As to the Chinese clarinet, any one who has heard this instrument of torture once will never be anxious to have its ear-splitting sounds repeated. It accentuates all the very worst qualities of the European instrument.

When you come to real noise produceable by wood the Chinese show supreme talent There is the yu. It is a wooden tiger mounted on a hollow box. The backbone of the tiger is cut in ridges like a saw. You run your stick across your yu, and then you make a worse noise than the American small boy who irritates you by drawing his hoop-stick along your picket fence.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "TAHOE."

ANNIE H. MARTIN.

WHEN the proposition to build a steamer for Lake Tahoe, large enough to carry two hundred people, was advanced, the incredulous smiled and said: "It will never be done." But it has been done; the steamer has been successfully launched, and it is now making daily trips around the little lake up in the mountains—Lake Tahoe, "the gem of the Sierras," "the Como of America." June 24th the little village of Glenbrook, on the Nevada side, was thronged with visitors from neighboring Nevada towns, as well as from ports on the California side of the lake. The steamer was decorated with bunting and flags of all nations, our own beloved Stars and Stripes predominating, till the boat had the appearance of a ship under full sail. Shortly after eleven o'clock the monotonous, yet fascinating, singsong of the workmen was heard as the supports and stays were knocked away, and by noon everything was in readiness for the final ceremony.

Upon a platform, festooned with the national colors, sat D. L. Bliss, W. D. Tobey, C. T. Bliss, and W. S. Bliss (owners of the new boat), and their invited guests. A wreath of Nevada flowers, purple lilacs and white syringa, adorned the bow, while from this wreath depended the red, white, and blue streamers which decorated the bottle of baptismal fluid. To Miss Hope Bliss was consigned the red ribbon, Miss Ada Tobey was given the blue, and the tiny fingers of Master Will Bliss, the two-year-old son of W. S. Bliss, grasped the white one.

Robert Forsyth, chief engineer of the Union Iron Works (who conducted the speed trial of the U. S. battleship "Oregon"), arrived on the "Meteor," and was here, there, and everywhere, to see that nothing was wrong. Superintendent of Construction Greig gave an order now and then, and everybody held their breath with expectation. At last the shout went up, "She's off!" and Miss Tobey exclaimed: "I name the——" "Ta-*boe!*" cried the baby. "Of Glenbrook," added Miss Bliss, "and may good fortune attend thee!" The bottle crashed, the champagne foamed, and the people cheered lustily as the "Tahoe" slid gracefully into the limpid waters. General Fremont's brass cannon boomed a salute, the signal for every whistle in port. The "Meteor," "Emerald," and "Tallac," the narrow-gauge locomotives, the mills, and the machine-shop whistles shrieked and yelled in ecstasy, one locomotive giving the Stanford yell—"'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, Stanford!" Hats and handkerchiefs were thrown in the air, the crowd yelled itself hoarse, and the big boat drifted gracefully into the lake. After a time the "Tahoe" was towed to the wharf, and everybody present was invited aboard, where a dainty lunch was served, and the visitors drank to the success of the new venture.

STEAMER "TAHOE," PRIDE OF THE LAKE.

The vessel's length over all is 168 feet and 6 inches, the extreme breadth 17 feet 10 inches, and the indicated speed is 25 miles per hour. She is very strongly built, and has two large bilge keels running fore and aft 80 feet, which will tend to keep her steady in some of the rough weather she will encounter on the lake. Every convenience has been included for the comfort of the passengers. An awning-deck runs all the way from the pilot-house to the stern. The deckhouse is in three sections, the after part being the ladies' cabin, handsomely fitted up in prima-vera paneling, relieved with teak and mahogany. The seats are richly upholstered, with cushions of crimson plush, and the carpet is of the finest Brussels. The lavatories are fitted up in white marble. The gentlemen's smoking-room is handsomely finished in Spanish cedar panels and upholstered in morocco.

Below deck is the dining-room, which will accommodate thirty people. The baggage-room is directly forward of the dining-room, the baggage being handled by a hydraulic crane and windlass combined.

An electric searchlight of 4000 candle-power will illuminate the lake at night, and the vessel has a modern system of electric lights and bells. Hot and cold water are found in the lavatories and bathroom, and the system of steam heating is perfect.

The middle section of the deckhouse is built of steel, in the forward end of which is placed the immense boiler, which is to carry a pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch, and which has already been tested with a hydrostatic pressure of 275 pounds. The fine twin-screw engines of 1200 horse-power have three cylinders each. The two propellors are of manganese bronze, and are as perfect pieces of workmanship as mechanical ingenuity ever produced, being fitted up on the same lines as the propellors of the "Oregon" and other very successful warships built by the Union Iron Works.

On the main deck is a clear space of fifty feet, which can be used for dancing. The hull of the vessel is divided into eight water-tight compartments, rendering it impossible to sink her. Captain Ernest Pomin will be in command, and Frank S. Oliver, purser. Pomin has been captain of the "Meteor," the fastest boat of its size in the world, for over twenty years, and has never had an accident. The pleasure of traveling on Lake Tahoe will now be increased ten fold, and there is no doubt but that the new boat will attract hundreds of visitors who have heretofore rather dreaded a trip on the smaller craft.

Perhaps the most delightful of Sevillian days are those when one takes a carriage and drives into the country, say to Italica, where there are the ruins of a Roman amphitheater. The horses are harnessed in the Andalusian fashion, with jangling bells and streaming ribbons; the little driver sits erect upon his box, his broad-brimmed hat a-tilt, not a crease in his short Andalusian jacket. Over the hard, tree-lined road the tough little beasts scamper, and you lean back against the cushion, smoke a cigarillo, and breathe the perfect air. The quaint villages have a single street, the houses each a single story. Women are washing in the streams, strings of donkeys come and go, their little backs bending under the weight of panniers of pottery; meek horses amble by bearing a man astride and a woman sidewise; goats, pigs, gipsy-girls dancing by the wayside, soldiers, beggars, and beyond it all, to complete the picture, lie the green, rolling fields, the silvery river, and graceful Seville outlined against the blue sky, with her glinting walls of white.

CALIFORNIANS, BOTH OF THEM.

CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

I wonder how many of the boy and girl readers of THE TRAVELER are fortunate enough to be in the country this month? What a glorious place the country is to a city child, and especially the country of our own California! Only think of the terrible heat in New York these days, and the many thousands of little ones who never get so much as a wee glimpse of green fields and dainty wild flowers, because their parents are too poor to afford them the vacation trips that you are probably at this very moment enjoying. Be thankful that you live in California, where the blessed sunshine is free to all, and where the dear, sweet flowers are waiting everywhere for you to come and gather them.

* * * *

Now, I have a little plan to propose to the children who read THE TRAVELER, and I want you to tell all the friends you have about it. It is this: I would like to have every child write me a little letter telling me what he or she has been doing through vacation, and also if any of you had an adventure of any kind that would amuse or interest others. Surely something must have occurred that would make pleasant reading for all of us. Then I will take the letters and, after reading them carefully through, will write out extracts from each and print them in this department next month. Above all things, don't delay writing your letters, for think how disappointed I shall be if I do not receive them. And you know yourselves that it isn't nice to be disappointed.

* * * *

This reminds me of a little adventure that a San Francisco four-year-old had up in Napa County last month, where he and his mother are camping with friends. His name is Gerald. His mother had just given him a bath, and had lain down in the hammock to read. Fudge, their big, shaggy dog, was plunging into the creek and bounding out again, shaking himself until the drops flew in all directions, much to Gerald's delight. Then an accident happened. Fudge ran too near his playmate and jostled him, clean clothes and all, over the bank and into the water. You can imagine how frightened Gerald's mamma was. By the time she reached the creek, Gerald was bravely trying to clamber up the bank, although the water was up to his chubby chin. "Mamma," said he, as well as he could for the water in his eyes, ears, and mouth, as his mother landed him on the bank like a prize fish—"Mamma, if I only had four legs like Fudge, I could uv got out wivvout being helped, couldn't I?"

* * * *

A bright little girl up in Yolo County has an uncle who is a ship pilot. Of course she has heard a great deal about bicycles, and so the other night when about to say her prayers she got somewhat bewildered when her mother told her to pray for Uncle Jim's safety. "Mamma," she said, after a moment's pause, "I didn't know Uncle Jim had a bicycle."

* * * *

"What makes you splutter so when you're opened?" inquired the milk bottle of the soda-water bottle.

The soda-water bottle looked as if such ignorance agitated its interior, and, after favoring the milk bottle with a withering glance, replied in low but distinct tones, "Fizzical causes."

WATERFALLS IN HARNESS.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

MANY are the wonders in long-distance electrical transmission that are being accomplished at Niagara Falls these days. Some unprecedented results along this line have been had in California in the past few years, and in any age but in this one of astounding and successive achievements and almost undreamed-of discoveries in the domain of science, they would command the attention of the whole world. The waterfalls among the Sierras are being harnessed to do work for the people. The greatest records in the transmission of high voltage currents have been made in California in the last year. With the practical solution of the problems of the economical and safe transmission of electrical power for long distances an industrial epoch is opened in the Golden State, and a score of towns and cities will be able to utilize the tremendous water-power that has been going to waste in the mountain streams up and down the State. As Governor Budd recently said: "The finding of a means for harnessing the almost incalculable water-power that has been running away in our mountains since prehistoric times is the most important milestone in the progress of California since the Central Pacific Railroad came to this Coast in 1869."

For over a generation no question has been more generally and earnestly discussed in the State than that of encouraging factories in California, and thereby increasing the consuming population for the products of the fields and orchards of California. The Boards of Trade in every city have discussed means of inducing manufacturers to come here, and the Legislature has passed many bills and created numerous committees for the purpose of trying to get big capital interested in making here the millions of dollars' worth of shoes, paper, wood, wool, and cotton wares, hats, and household goods that the people of the Pacific Coast import from the Eastern States. While the white population of this Coast has increased from less than 200,000 to almost 2,500,000 in thirty years, there has been comparatively little growth in the manufacturing population outside of the two beet sugar factories, the railroad repair and machine shops, and the several shipbuilding yards that had extra consideration from the national administrations. Senator Androus of Pomona Valley, who has given the subject careful study, said, recently, that a manufacturing population of over three hundred thousand might be constantly employed in California if cheap motive power could be had. Costly motive power, derived from coal worth not less than five dollars a ton, has been the one great obstacle that has confronted every plan for factories in this State. The only water-power to be had is on the turbulent mountain streams away up in the mountains and rocky, narrow canyons remote from towns and inaccessible for factory purposes.

The practical demonstration that electricity, capable of doing the work of ten, twenty, or more thousand horse-power, may be transmitted many miles through copper wires, marks the dawn of an industrial era in the State of California, long famous for her gold mines, wines, grains, and fruits. A competent authority in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce reckons that by electrical power transmission some 280,000 horse-power or more may be developed in the more accessible Sierra Nevada canyons. Experiments have shown that the power may be delivered as cheaply as any in the United States. Electrical engineers say that over 350,000 horse-power may be easily developed in the mountains and transmitted to the adjacent cities and towns, and this they say will be sufficient to propel every street car, elevator, printing press in California, to heat and illuminate the whole commonwealth, and to run all manner of factories needed in California for another decade.

The electrical power plants set up at Pomona, Redlands, Fresno, and Folsom in California have shown what electricians and manufacturers may expect. All have exceeded the expectations of their projectors in the cheapness and convenience of electrical transmission. Some $1,700,000 has been invested in such electric plants in this State, but projects are being pushed with all speed for three similar plants—to cost $4,000,000—that will develop about 18,000 horse-power. The Californians have a reputation of doing nothing by halves, and it seems not a wild statement that a dozen millions of dollars will be invested in electrical plants along the canyon streams and in copper wire and machinery in the Golden State in the next five or six years.

The pioneer attempt at getting power out of the waters as they come tumbling and foaming down from the mountains and at sending electric energy through a wire for a long distance was made at Pomona. In 1892 the only system for the electrical transmission of power for commercial purposes that had been made a success was that over the Lauffen-Frankfort circuit in Switzerland and Germany. A company of capitalists in Pomona saw electrical possibilities in San Antonio Canyon, sixteen miles north of the town, and with a capital of $250,000 they formed a company, the San

WATERFALLS ON KERN RIVER
To Produce 400 Horse-power for Los Angeles.

Antonio Electric Power Company, for prosecuting the work. The water right was cheaply bought, because the irrigation companies owning the stream and canyon would not lose a drop of water by the operations of the electrical company. The water is merely run through a mammoth iron pipe, dropped upon a water wheel, and then returned clear and undefiled to its original bed, to go flowing down into the valley below for the orange and lemon groves and the deciduous orchards.

After two years of work the system was in running order. Electrical engineers from all the Eastern States came to Southern California to observe the working of the transmission of power through a copper wire many miles long. The Pomona system has been a great success. For three years from 180 to 240 horse-power has been transmitted from the electrical power-house away up in San Antonio Canyon to the towns of San Bernardino, Ontario, and Pomona. The company controlling the system has made contracts for furnishing power on a basis of one cent for each horse-power per hour. Surely there could be nowhere cheaper power than this on the face of the earth.

On several occasions the San Antonio Company has joined its circuit so as to make a continuous circuit of eighty-five miles, when it has sent 186 horse-power over the whole circuit. The power has been used to illuminate the towns of Pomona and San Bernardino, and to operate street cars and stationary engines.

Last October the most important system for long-distance electrical transmission in this country, outside of that at Niagara Falls, was finished at Folsom. A grand celebration, extending over three days and participated in by thousands of people from every part of California, marked the completion of the work and the practical demonstration of the possibility of transmitting three separate currents of 10,000 volts over the wire lines to Sacramento. The American River furnishes the power at Folsom. A dam was built across the River, and a stream of 85,000 cubic feet a minute is run through a tunnel and over double turbine wheels, where power is created for the mammoth electric dynamos in the power-house near at hand. The water is used further down the valley for irrigating, and it is enough to cover well 300,000 acres of land.

In a dynamo-room are several of the largest dynamos in the world, with the exception of those at Niagara Falls, and each weighs about forty tons. They are capable of developing some 40,000 horse-power. There is a double-pole line all along the twenty-four miles from Folsom to Sacramento, thereby guarding against any delay for repairs or renewals, one line always being in reserve. It is estimated that four-fifths, or eighty per cent, of the electric power developed is transmitted to Sacramento along the bare copper wires strung on poles. The twenty per cent of loss could be much reduced, if necessary, by using heavier wires.

A company of New England and New York capitalists has been formed in the last year for constructing the most important electrical system of all in Southern California. It will develop some 25,000 horse-power from the Kern River, among the mountains of Kern County, and transmit the same down through the Tehachapi Mountain canyons, across the Mojave Desert to the City of Los Angeles, some 113 miles from the locality of the water-power in Kern River. The company has engineers now at work in the mountains making surveys for a series of dams to be built across the river. It is reckoned that the motive power the company thinks it can bring to Los Angeles will heat and light the whole city, and will furnish sufficient power for half-a-dozen large factories, besides propelling every street car and engine in Los Angeles and its suburbs.

A company has been formed among the capitalists of Pasadena to utilize the power of the several streams that flow in the canyons north of that beautiful suburban town. Engineers have found that a capital of about $150,000 will give Pasadena and the neighboring villages of Alhambra, Sierra Madre, and Monrovia, in the San Gabriel Valley, an electrical system capable of furnishing some 400 horse-power. The water rights in three of the canyons have already been had in preparation for harnessing the waterfalls there.

Down at San Diego, where one of the most famous of the big dams of the world, that at Sweetwater, has stood for seven years, it is proposed to get some 5000 horse-power at the dam and transmit it to San Diego and National City, twenty miles distant. U. S. Grant, Jr., and Jesse Grant, sons of General U. S. Grant, are interested in a company which has the plan in view. Electrical engineers have reported that nowhere can horse-power be developed and transmitted cheaper than there in San Diego County. There are other great water-powers in the San Diego mountains and canyons, and it is believed the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company is interested in having its civil engineers search there for a new motive power for its locomotives on the Southern California Division. At this writing a committee of three Californians is in New York seeking to interest capital in the field of electrical power development in Southern California for railroad, locomotive, and cotton and woolen factory uses.

But the possibilities of the development of power by the use of waterfalls and streams among the Sierras have only begun to be realized at the present time.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

CURIOUS things has Nature placed in her storehouse of scenic and scientific wonders California not the least strange of which are the mammoth petrifactions to be seen in the far-famed "Petrified Forest" in Sonoma County. In one sense the word is a misnomer, as one does not usually consider prostrate trees, no matter how many there may be, in the light of a forest. That these trees, in their natural state, constituted a forest, and one not only composed of gigantic trees but of wide extent, there can be no question, and the wonder is that greater efforts have not been made to penetrate deeper into the mystery of their present condition.

The spot is reached from Santa Rosa or Calistoga by roads which wind through the picturesque Sonoma County mountains, than which none more charming can be found in the State.

Nowhere can the eye discern aught that even suggests a dearth of vegetable life, and even after the carriage has passed through a gateway, over which is a sign announcing that the Petrified Forest has been reached, there is no evidence of anything that is at all out of the ordinary. Several immense oaks that are somewhat of a wonder on account of their fantastic shapes, immense size, and unmistakable tokens of age, stand in the yard before the guide's cottage, and shelter an old-fashioned well, from which sparkling, ice-cold water is drawn in an "old oaken bucket."

A little gate, high up on the hillside, leads into the charmed enclosure and onto an exceedingly steep and rocky path, which winds through that portion of the ranch known as "The Petrified Forest," which lies at an altitude of 1350 feet. There are two hundred and eighty acres altogether in the ranch, of which but sixty are covered by the strange petrifactions, though small chips from the stone trees may be found scattered over a large adjacent territory.

Imagine, if you can, massive trunks, shorn of their branches, completely turned to stone and lying prostrate on the ground, many of them still only partly excavated, and all pointing nearly in the same direction, from south to north, though some of them lie a little west of south. Every fissure, every knot, every peculiarity of bark, is as perfect as when the tree was alive and thrifty, and in some instances moss has crept into the crevices and over the rough surface, making the natural appearance still more remarkable.

GIANT REDWOOD.

There is one noticeable peculiarity in this forest. While about sixty trunks have been either wholly or partially unearthed, no trace of the branches has been discovered. In nearly every instance the trunks have been broken, and the remains of the "pride of the forest" lie in two portions, the main part measuring eighty-five feet; the upper part, which lies a short distance away, being sixty-five feet long. This tree was a redwood, with solid bark ten inches in thickness. A sliver from the bark, about two and a half feet long and six or eight inches through, weighs one hundred pounds. The whole of both portions of this mammoth tree has been unearthed, and its base, which is twelve feet two inches in diameter, or thirty-six feet in circumference, plainly shows traces of the upheaval which tore the trunk from the roots and hurled it into space. Some idea of the length of time it has lain in its present position may be gained from the fact that but a thin crust of earth had to be removed before exposing it fully, and that close beside the base, on undisturbed ground, stands a sturdy oak, estimated to be at least two hundred years old, and from a wide crevice in the petrified trunk another oak is growing, which gives evidence of having flourished for half a century.

These petrifactions were discovered quite by accident by Charles Evans, who preempted the claim covering the site of the Forest early in 1862. Sam Brannan, famous in pioneer days, was financially interested in Sonoma County, and when Evans established his ownership and discovered what a strange possession was his, aided him in making the matter public and enabled him to proceed with his explorations.

Scientists from all parts of the world have visited this section and studied long over its peculiar formations and the causes which induced them. They have unanimously decided that where these mountains now rear their tree-crowned tops there was once a beautiful fertile valley, in which stood a forest of gigantic trees, rivaling in size those of our famous Mariposa Grove. Further, they aver as their belief that this valley was inhabited by a strange race, and that when deeper explorations have been made the remains of people and animals will be discovered, and that these remains, and perhaps other now hidden things, will be of inestimable value to science, and serve to unravel many mysteries of bygone ages. Up to the present time the only petrifaction unearthed, outside of the trees, has been that of a perfect specimen of a rattlesnake, which is now in a museum in Paris.

These scientific men believe that a tremendous upheaval, caused by volcanic action, rent the valley and stood it up on end, as it were. This disturbance was accompanied by a fervent heat which, through some chemical action, caused everything in the animal and vegetable kingdoms in this area to turn to stone.

This theory is borne out by the lava bed, which, though not extensive, is plainly indicative of the original force which rent even the mountains in twain. Great knobs and masses of lava project from an arid soil, and though one steps from a petrified tree almost to a level floor of lava, there are no petrifactions to be found in the territory covered by the lava, though they lie all around it.

In one of the largest of the knobs is a deep depression just the shape of an immense human foot. This was originally called "The Devil's Footprint," but the guide considered that he had to deal with a public of many minds, and has rechristened it "The Giant's Footprint."

Some strange and apparently contradictory things are to be observed in the forest. Two trees, lying side by side, a small portion only of each having been unearthed, give evidence of diverse conditions at the time of their uprooting.

In one the heart of the living tree was evidently rotten, and, instead of petrifying, it became charred, and now presents the appearance of partially burned wood, while the bark has turned entirely to stone.

LAVA BEDS

In the other tree the heart was sound, but the bark was, apparently, almost wholly decayed, and reverse conditions resulted: the heart is petrified, and the outside is still but rotten wood, or, in places, partially turned to stone.

The varieties of tree growth which have been identified are redwood, pine, oak, spruce, and tamarack. There has been but one specimen of the latter variety uncovered, and that is so perfect in its corrugated bark and tapering form that it has been christened "Beauty." It was an immense tree, and if now standing among other giants of its family, which grace the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, would be looked upon with awe. The peculiar feature of its presence here is the fact that no tree of its kind has ever been known in this locality.

Apropos of this, though a digression from the subject, is the equally strange fact, I was about to say coincidence, of an immense pine, which must be several thousand years old, and is larger than any I ever saw on the mountains around Lake Tahoe which stands on a high knoll on what is known as Glenwood Farm, about six miles from the Petrified Forest. No tree of its variety is to be found in the vicinity.

The "Giant" presents a wonderful sight as the eye rests upon its enormous bulk. About one hundred feet only have been excavated, and it is supposed that quite two-thirds of its entire length are still underground, and that its base must measure at least twenty feet in diameter, or sixty feet in circumference, as the upper end is five and a half feet in thickness.

This portion of the trunk shows evidence of having been violently sundered, and it is possible that another portion of it lies far away. Growing so close to the fractured end that the trunk has encircled the splintered projections, stands a large oak, and even high up in its living branches may be traced portions of the stone tree, which became embedded there in some inexplicable way. This living tree is estimated to be over one hundred years old, and it looks its age.

In every break and cranny of the stone bark living trees, grasses, or mosses have found a lodgment, and this fact must make the philosopher pause to ruminate. "Even in death we are in life," and though these trees have been turned to unresponsive stone for centuries, yet have they received and nurtured a new life.

Another "show" tree is the "Little Giant," although only a small portion of its length has been uncovered. Its base is estimated to be nine feet fourteen inches in diameter.

The remains of some of these trees are so perfect that their age may readily be ascertained by counting

the rings still plainly traceable on the solid stone. Here and there huge oak knots have been found as perfectly defined as when some Titanic force wrenched them from their stronghold.

While the hand of man has lifted the earth which sepulchered the majority of these long buried "monarchs of the forest," Nature has aided man's efforts in her own way, and in a little water-course, which carries a stream only in the winter season, are to be seen rare specimens of various kinds, one of which was once a beautiful spruce.

"Do you want some gum that will last you a lifetime?" asked the guide of the little folks.

A unanimous "Yes" greeted the question, and in answer to his "Come on, then," they crowded around the prostrate spruce. In what had been "sap pockets" in the living tree the "gum" had petrified, and looked like beautiful soft-toned agate in various shades of gray. It is said to make exquisite settings for jewelry as it is susceptible of a high polish.

All the trees which have been wholly or partially uncovered lie near the surface of the ground. No effort has been made to discover what lies beneath, and no excavations have been carried on for some years; it is the intention of the owners, however, to make extensive explorations sometime in the near future, and then the eyes of the scientific world will turn eagerly in the direction of "The Petrified Forest."

THE DAILY BATH.

A daily bath is not only a luxury, it is a necessity. A plunge bath is not within the compass of every one. A sponge bath is always feasible. This may be taken with no appliances beyond the bowl of water, the sponge or wash-cloth, the soap and towel. It is more easily managed with the aid of a large foot tub, in which the bather may stand while she uses the sponge.

The temperature of the bath is a mooted question upon which doctor and patient disagree. To some persons there is nothing more bracing and invigorating than a cold plunge, while others do not recover for hours from the chill such a bath gives. Certain physicians recommend a very hot bath and assert that it is as stimulating in its after effects as is the cold plunge, and less likely to produce ill effects. Nearly all unite in declaring immersion in the tepid bath relaxing, and thus detrimental to health.

The question is one that each bather must settle for herself. What suits one may be positively harmful to another. Certain it is that the hot or warm bath is more cleansing than cold water. The sudden chill of the latter closes the pores and prevents the escape of the effete matter it is the object of the bath to remove. The woman who takes a cold plunge for its after effects should first sponge herself off in warm water and achieve cleanliness before she indulges herself in her "bracer."

Only the best soap should be used in bathing, and many women do not use soap at all, preferring the bags of bran, oatmeal, or almond-meal, which may be procured from druggists or other dealers in toilet articles. By the use of these bags the skin is cleansed and softened delightfully. A greasy skin is sometimes benefited by the addition to the bath of one or two tablespoonfuls of household ammonia. Borax is also excellent for this purpose.

The hand may be employed in scrubbing the person, and may either be bare or covered with a bathing glove of rough Turkish toweling by those who prefer this method to the use of a sponge or wash-cloth. A vigorous rubbing assists the action of the skin.

Whoever feels a chilly sensation after a warm plunge, and experiences difficulty in regaining her normal temperature, should try the experiment of sponging herself off with cold water when she leaves the hot bath, and see if the slight shock will not tone up the skin and prevent any subsequent chill.

The beneficial effect of a bath is greatly heightened by a hard rubbing after leaving it. A rather coarse or rough Turkish towel should be used, and the friction should not be stopped when the moisture has been removed but continued until the body is in a glow from head to foot. This operation will only require a few moments, and it is well worth the trouble.

THE MISSION BELL.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Arthur Macdonald Dole.*]

It hangs in yonder shaded dell,
A scion bound to San Miguel,
An ever-trusted sentinel,
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

The bronze-skinned Indian of yore,
Replete with superstition's lore,
Welcomed unto his native shore
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

It once proclaimed the marriage seal,
And tolled for death with muffled peal,
Or sounded mass in voice of steel,
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

The bat that wings his way at eve,
Whose parabolic flights deceive,
Doth tarry long, is loath to leave
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

The spider spins her silken line
Secluded, and her weavings fine
With filmy festoons oft entwine
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

Ah! if that silent tongue could tell
The many times it used to knell,
Recast in memory would dwell
This sweet-toned, ancient Mission bell.

NICKNAMES OF STATES AND TERRITORIES.

Alabama—The name is of Greek origin, signifying "here we rest."

Arizona Territory—An Indian word meaning "sand hills."

Arkansas—French and Italian words signifying "bow of smoky waters." The fictitious name of the State is "Bear State," from the number of these animals formerly found there.

California—From Spanish words meaning "hot furnace." The fictitious name is "Golden State."

Colorado—A Spanish word meaning "colored."

Connecticut—An Indian name signifying "the long river." The nicknames are "Freestone State," "Nutmeg State," and "Land of Steady Habits."

Dakota—Indian word meaning "allied."

Delaware—Named in honor of Lord Delaware. It is called the "Diamond State," from its small size and intrinsic value; also, "Blue Hen State."

Florida—From the Spanish "flowery," so called from the abundance of flowers and the day (Easter Sunday) upon which it was discovered. From its shape it is sometimes called the "Peninsula State."

Georgia—Named in honor of King George II. of England. The nickname is "Empire State of the South."

Illinois—An Indian word signifying "tribe of men." The sobriquet is "Prairie State," also "Sucker State."

Indiana—So called from the Indians. The original meaning of the word Indian is "river." The nickname is the "Hoosier State."

Iowa—An Indian word meaning the "sleepy ones." The fictitious name is "Hawkeye State."

Kansas—An Indian word signifying "smoky water." The sobriquet is "Garden of the West."

Kentucky—An Indian name signifying "the dark and bloody ground." The nickname is "the Corncracker State."

Louisiana—Named in honor of King Louis XIV. of France. The sobriquet is "Creole State."

Maine—So called from Maine in France. The fictitious name is "the Pine-tree State."

Maryland—Named in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria of England.

Massachusetts—An Indian name signifying "Blue Hills." The fanciful name is "the Bay State."

Michigan—An Indian word meaning "the lake country." It is nicknamed "the Lake State," also "the Wolverine State."

Minnesota—From Indian words meaning "cloudy water." It is called "the Gopher State."

Mississippi—An Indian word for "Father of Waters." It is nicknamed "the Bayou State."

Missouri—An Indian word meaning "muddy water."

Nebraska—An Indian word meaning "shallow river."

Nevada—Spanish signifying "Snow-clad." The fictitious name is "Sage Brush State."

New Hampshire—Named from Hampshire County, England. The sobriquet is "the Granite State."

New Jersey—Named for the Isle of Jersey. The sobriquet is "the Jersey Blue."

New Mexico—Spanish; named from the country of Mexico, meaning "the place of Aztec—god of war."

New York—Named in honor of the Duke of York and Albany. It is called "the Excelsior State" and "Empire State."

North Carolina—Named, with South Carolina, in honor of Charles I. of England. The fictitious names are "the Old North State," "the Tar State," and "the Turpentine State."

Ohio—An Indian word signifying "beautiful." It is nicknamed "the Buckeye State."

Oregon—Signifying "the river of the west."

Pennsylvania—Penn's woodland is the signification. The sobriquet is "the Keystone State."

Rhode Island—Named from the Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Rhodes signifies "a rose." It is nicknamed "Little Rhody."

South Carolina—Named in the same manner as North Carolina, which see. The sobriquet is "the Palmetto State."

Tennessee—Derived from Indian words signifying "river of the big bend." It is nicknamed "the Big Bend State."

Texas—Spanish, said to signify "friend." It is nicknamed "the Lone Star State."

Utah—Named from the Utes or Utah Indians.

Vermont—From the French signifying "green mountains." It is called "the Green Mountain State."

Virginia—Named for Elizabeth, Queen of England, the "Virgin Queen." It is nicknamed "the Mother of Presidents"; also "the Old Dominion."

Washington Territory—Named for President Washington.

West Virginia—See Virginia. It is nicknamed "the Pan-handle State."

Wisconsin—Named from its principal river, and that from the French, meaning "flowing westward." The fictitious name is "the Badger State."

Wyoming Territory—An Indian term meaning "large plains."

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN BLUNKETT FERGUSON

My friend was going into the country for a several weeks' outing. "Oh, yes, I know I shall have a lovely time," said she, with a sigh, "a perfectly lovely time; but it does seem so selfish to go away without George. Some women, you know, never give a thought to their husbands, working day and night in town without any vacation, in order that their wives may enjoy themselves at a fashionable resort. I am not one of that kind, and I worry about George being so lonely. I declare it quite takes away the pleasure of the trip," and the dear girl jammed down the lid of her trunk with another sigh for her sinful selfishness.

I have seen "George" at various intervals since then. He is looking remarkably well and cheerful. I question the good taste of a man who wears an expression of serene joy under such circumstances. It isn't very complimentary, to say the least. Of course, he is immensely fond of his wife, I am quite convinced of that; but men have such queer, comfortable ways about not letting absence interfere with the buoyancy of their spirits. Perhaps their happiness springs from the fact that their wives are enjoying the good things of this life at their expense. At any rate, George is not an object of pity. The brutal truth is that he seems to be making the most of his emancipation. I saw him twice at the theater, and he was not alone. On the Oakland boat last week he was being charmingly entertained by a fair companion. By a singular coincidence I held in my hand my friend's last letter, and drew it from its envelope to read again the closing lines:

"It is delightful here, and I am having a very pleasant time. Have you seen George lately? I hope the dear boy isn't *too* lonely."

If she only knew how beautifully that "dear boy" was getting along!

The shade trees made a pathway cool;
They lingered by the little pool,
Which is, you know, the usual rule—

The little pool that, framed in grass,
Reflects, as in a looking-glass,
The faces that beside it pass.

Above their heads a bird sang sweet;
A blossom fluttered to their feet;
They leaned upon a rustic seat.

Perhaps they leaned too near. ('Tis true
The seat was wide enough for two.)
We cannot help what people do.

And if his arm—oh, well, what then?
Such things have happened—will again;
Yes, even with the best of men.

Afar, adown the mossy dell,
They heard the tinkle of a bell.
What happened next I need not tell.

For surely, in a world like this,
It is not very much amiss
To give—and take—one little kiss?

Why, even you, who words of blame
This very instant seek to frame,
Might, possibly, have done the same!

There are more than fifteen thousand telephone stations in New York City. Here is a chance for the statistic fiend. He ought to be able to inform us how many "hellos" are spoken in the course of a day in the big metropolis.

A fearful and a wonderful thing is the American college yell. No Indian war-whoop was ever so terrifying as this verbal ear-splitter, which, the almanac tells us, is classified into more than two hundred varieties, each as deadly as the other. Here are a few of the choicest specimens, culled for the benefit of TRAVELER readers who may be interested in philology:

"Rah! rah! rah! Mis-sou-ree! M-S-U-Ni-var-si-tee! Hoo Rah! Hi Rah! Yes, Sir-ee! Whoopeeee!" "Razzle dazzle, gobble gobble, Sis boom bah! Mississippi! Mississippi! Mississippi! Rah, rah, rah! (four times), Mississippi!" "Zip, Rah, Who! D-P-U! Rip, Saw! Boom, Baw! Bully for old DePauw!" and "Rah, rah, rah, rah! Whiz, whazz, whirr! Sizz-ah, Han-Han-Han-o-ver!"

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;"
How trite these words, yet sentimental, too!
We know that in each bosom, unconfessed,
Is some dear wish, some prayer, some fond request,
We trust will yet come true.

I have a wish I long for ardently—
I do not ask for beauty or for brains,
Because Dame Nature absent-mindedly
Forgot to parcel out these gifts to me;
Nor sigh for worldly gains.

I do not ask in marble halls to dwell
(They'd be too cold); nor do I crave renown.
But, oh, more than this tongue of mine can tell,
I yearn to some day have, if all goes well,
A pocket in my gown.

An editorial attache of a local morning daily has a precocious eleven-year-old son, who secured for the family a month's camping trip to the Yosemite this year. It is entirely owing to the audacity and sagacity of this bright youngster that he and his relatives enjoyed an outing in the grandest of the world's parks. Some time ago they planned to take this journey, and the event was looked forward to with great delight. Preparations went forward extensively, supplies were laid in, overalls were made for various small pairs of legs, and nothing else was talked of in the family circle. Then, by one of those lightning changes that strike in upon the serenity of a newspaper man's life, the head of the household was transferred to another editorial department, and told that a few days was all that could be spared him in the way of a vacation. At home this news was regarded in the nature of a calamity, and the family was dissolved for a time in tears, from materfamilias down to the smallest wearer of the new overalls. The next day the managing editor received a letter, written in a large, round scrawl, which ran thus:

"Dear Sir:—If you knew how badly we all feel, I think you would let papa take us to the Yosemite. We can't wear our overalls in the city, and, besides, our groceries are all packed. Yours truly, ———"

Affixed to this was the eleven-year-old's signature. The family were en route for the Yosemite the day following.

Strange that blessings so often follow in the wake of evil, as for example, we are informed that, owing to the hard times, there has been a radical decline in the summer novel market. This is indeed good news. The law of compensation is at work. As a means of mental and moral enervation this species of non-literary literature has long been an active power. The summer novel is usually a travesty on literary art. It bears the same relation to the world of letters that paste diamonds do to the real article. Boys and girls whose early training has not been such as to inspire them with a healthy dislike for this kind of trash are influenced for evil by steady perusals of the summer novel, which appeals to the worst side of their natures, aside from vitiating their tastes for genuine literature. There is nothing legitimately educational in the summer novel. Inane, vapid, silly, false, inartistic, and sometimes erotic, it cannot fail to work injury to young minds and to debilitate maturer intellects. Death to the summer novel! And may a better class of fiction take its place, to amuse and interest without weakening the intelligence.

The traveling public may have wheels in its head, but they do not inconvenience landlords to anything like the extent that the wheels they have in their baggage do. Since the bicycle became part and parcel of a man's luggage, mine host has known no peace. Beginners have a mania for taking spins in their rooms and along hotel corridors, in both of which pilgrimages they make fearful havoc with walls and furniture, to say nothing of the noises attendant upon collisions with the objects these indoor riders may run down in their zeal to master the wheel. It is difficult enough to tame a bicycle out of doors and with a ten-acre lot to cavort in, but indoors it is destruction itself. Then, too, a rider's frequent and ineffectual attempts to embrace the floor are not soothing to lodgers beneath. All this continues to happen in spite of the rules laid down by the landlords. The latter have much to contend with, also, in the matter of fads. Wild tales are told of great artists and their pet idiosyncrasies, as for instance the one about Bernhardt and her tea bath. From all accounts, which may or may not be credited, the lissom Sarah has been a regular mascot to the American plumbing fraternity. It is related of her that upon arriving at a hotel the great tragedienne immediately sends for ten pounds of tea and proceeds to steep herself in the bath tub, to the utter demoralization of the drain pipes. Surely the landlord is not a man to be envied.

The reading public has derived considerable amusement from the methods used by Mr. Belasco when he trained Mrs. Leslie Carter in the way an actress should go. It was something of a revelation to those out of the profession to learn that, before becoming a star, a woman must cheerfully submit to being hurled against the wall like a handful of putty, whacked, jerked, and thrown into proper theatrical shape. Even singers, too, must suffer, it seems, in order to be successful, according to a great maestro, who once said, in speaking of a promising but cold-voiced cantatrice: "She sings well, but she lacks something, and in that something, everything. If I were single I would court her, marry her, maltreat her, and break her heart, and in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe."

These are rather severe processes by which to develop one's latent qualities. Is it not a temptation to a woman to forego fame for the luxury of obscurity, if the price of the former is broken bones and a broken heart?

There are city ordinances for the protection of a citizen's peace, but there is, alas, no law that can reach out and gather up in all his bombastic glory the man who talks aloud throughout an evening's program. He is a nuisance and ought to be suppressed. At a piano recital which I attended not long ago, such a person—a young man with an expansive smile that stretched around behind his ears, and a stupendous belief in his powers as an entertainer—sat in the row behind me and kept up a steady flow of conversation, or rather a monologue, during the rendition of each number. At least twenty persons had their entire evening spoiled by him. I, who was there on a newspaper pass, could afford to suffer in silence, but how about the twenty who had paid for their seats? Verily, they would have been justified in interrupting the program long enough to bind and gag the offender, and so teach him a much-needed lesson.

Would you think it would require three hundred and seventy words to tell how to make a cup of tea? This large slice of the language was recently used by a writer in *Harper's Round Table* to elucidate the brewing of that favorite beverage.

It is rather amusing to the hard-working American woman to read about the "demnition grind" of an English or American society woman's life. One is told, in the summing up of the society devotee's hardships, that after the 9:30 breakfast there are letters to write, the housekeeper's accounts to look over, and then the dainty breakfast gown must be exchanged for cycling costume or riding habit. Returning from her outing my lady must dress for lunch, receive or pay calls, attend concerts or receptions, drive through the park, dine, make an elaborate toilet with her maid's assistance, be seen at the theater and perhaps several balls, after which this hard-worked woman sinks wearily back upon her carriage cushions, scarcely able to drag herself to her boudoir and her maid. Thus the days go on. Hard work! To the woman who is directing her energies wisely, and who has really earned the right to be called hard working, such an existence seems the veriest child's play. Hard work! Why, the professional and wage-earning woman does more actual work in a single day than her pampered sister performs in a year.

It is to be regretted that San Francisco cannot, figuratively speaking, sit at the feet of her grown-up sister, New York, and learn a few things about housekeeping, or rather housecleaning; for San Francisco is an untidy metropolis, and her streets are anything but pleasing to the eye, because they are filled with debris of all kinds, tossed hither and thither by the restless winds. Wherever the blame lies, the fact remains that ours is not an orderly city. If only we had some of Colonel Waring's "White Angels" out here!

The visits of these New York angels are not few and far between. They come and go systematically, day by day, and their two dollars per diem wages are well earned. Moreover, New Yorkers are not privileged to make a waste-basket of the streets. It is only the San Franciscan who, with a wild abandon peculiar to himself, flings far and wide the rubbish of which he would rid himself. One of his guileless amusements, on his way to and from his office, is to tear to infinitesimal bits, as though he would multiply his sins of commission as generously as possible, the stray letters and other papers for which he no longer has any use. It is astonishing how much damage can be done in this way by one individual, yet if he were accused of a lack of civic pride, how indignantly he would resent it! When the careless acts of one are repeated by hundreds, yes, thousands, daily, it is no wonder that this town looks as though every day in the year were the fifth of July. It is, of course, a public misdemeanor to litter the streets, but people who want to can easily take advantage of the fact that a policeman's eyes cannot always be upon them. Our public-school teachers are faithful in their efforts to instil into the children, who are the citizens of the future, habits of personal cleanliness and feelings of personal pride. Indeed, they are doing real missionary work along these lines. All intelligent persons know the possibilities of disease that lie in rubbish. Others are so indifferent, that were a microbe as large as an elephant they would not see it. These are the people—we all know them—who run headlong into signs marked "Danger," and then want to sue for damages the man who put up the sign for their protection. But even these might be taught to have some respect for the city they call home.

ITEMS.

Said a wise acquaintance to me the other day: "Beauty and goodness are the flowers of civilization." That just shows how mistaken a person can be. For instance, I had an idea that the flowers of civilization were Corbett and Sharkey.

The bicycle has made its way to the sunny South, and bloomers are seen along the cornfields and where the oleanders grow. Southern maids, always conservative, were not easily won over to the bifurcated skirt and the steely steed, but at last they have joined the vast procession, and are not leaving all the scorching south of Mason and Dixon's line to be done by Sol's rays. Their sisters of the progressive North set the bicycle pace, ran the bicycle race, yea, turned upon them the bicycle face, long ago, yet they awoke not from their languor nor would they be enthused. But time has worked its customary wonders, and now the most exclusive girls are abroad in the Southern land, a-wheeling as though life held no greater delight for them than to grasp a handle-bar and spin through space. Fashionable calls, of course, cannot be made with the bicycle as a purveyor, although a minister recently sanctioned the presence of the bloomerite in church. Society women will have to wait for the flying machine to be perfected if they would pay etiquette calls without doffing their finery and getting into bloomers.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street. leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

The following beautiful toast was offered many years ago at a private gathering, but like many of the literary gems of the century it is without fatherhood as far as known. For real sentiment, brevity, and beauty we have never seen its equal.—ED.

"May the blessing of God wait upon thee, and the sun of glory shine around thy head. May the gates of plenty, honor, and happiness be ever open to thee and thine. May no strife disturb thy days, nor sorrow distress thy nights. May angels' hands thy eyelids close, and the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek. And when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtains of death gently close 'round the scenes of thy existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction."

The Supreme Court of Michigan has held that where a husband deserts his wife, and comes into Michigan, and establishes a residence by remaining in the State for the time required by the statute, and then brings suit for divorce on the ground of desertion, he, and not the wife, is guilty of desertion, and the deserted husband or wife, as the case may be, is entitled to standing in the Michigan courts, and to be allowed to file a cross-bill showing the actual facts and opposing the deserter's application.

One day while Millais was engaged in painting his famous picture, "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, near Perth, a voice came from over the hedge:

"Man, did ye never try photography?"

"No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly.

A pause.

"It's a hantle quicker," said the voice.

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

Another pause. The final thrust was:

"An' it's mair liker the place."

An Irishman once worked all day on the promise of getting a glass of grog. At night the employer brought out the grog to him and the Irishman tasted it and said:

"Which did you put in first—the whisky or the water?"

"Oh," said the employer, "the whisky."

"Um-hum," mused the Irishman; "well, maybe I'll come to it bye and bye."

NEW GOLD.

THE PUNISHMENT OF HOPTI FAN.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Elaine Hollis.*]

Yatteri Hoodi Hopti Fan
Was a titled native of fair Japan;
A marvelous doll in a flowing gown,
From his patent adjustable shoulders down
To his sandled feet with their silken hose
And patent adjustable wooden toes.

Floralette Angeline Gladys Grace
Was a sawdust belle with a waxen face;
Although an American, bred and born,
She turned her admirers away with scorn,
And lavished her love in a reckless way
On this penniless foreigner, bold and gay.

Alas! 'tis a terribly sad mistake
To wed with a noble of foreign make!
Her feelings were dreadfully shocked and hurt
To find that her Fan was a wicked flirt;
He would smile, as he posed in his gorgeous gown,
At every feminine doll in town.
No matter how homely, or short, or tall,
Or armless, or headless—he loved them all.

His frivolous conduct, alackaday!
Turned Floralette's beautiful hair quite gray.
I grieve to relate that they came to blows,
And she trod on his patent adjustable toes.
His beauty is ruined. He lies on the shelf,
A wreck of his former brilliant self.
His fate is a warning to every man—
Yatteri Hoodi Hopti Fan.

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Frank Deardorf.*]

Though far away from childhood's home,
Across the vanished years to-day,
I let my fleeting fancies roam,
And dream once more of childish play;
Of days so like the sweet refrain
Of music and its dying strain.

Once more I rove a fragrant vale,
And breathe its pure elixir air;
Again my spirit doth inhale,
The old-time harmony so rare,
Which made life's morn an endless May
With naught to hint of its decay.

Or now within the forest grand,
My heart is bounding fresh and free,
While light comes through like golden sand,
And all around is minstrelsy
That mocks the poet's power to sing
Such praises of perpetual spring.

My dreams begin to fade, and I
To count the shadows of my years;
As, one by one, they now pass by,
No seal is on the fount of tears;
And there is strength imbedded deep
Within the heart that still may weep.

Then I will dream of childhood's home,
Though many heart-shades linger still;
Let me keep bright its radiant bloom,
With waters from affection's rill;
Oh, let life's morning holy light
Pursue the wavering shadows flight!

AT THE TELEPHONE.

Said she: "Will you take me to dine to-night?"
"Well, rather!" said he with a wink;
"I'll hit on a place that is out of sight,
If you'll give me a minute to think."

So she laid her ear to the telephone,
While he thought in silence profound,
And she presently said in a dulcet tone,
"I can hear the wheels go round!"

His fad, they say, is headgear. The hats that he has bought
Would fill the very largest kind of shelf;
But if the head they cover has a solitary thought,
He keeps the secret bravely to himself.

THAT REMINDS ME.

"Hush, there are visitors in the drawing-room!"

"How do you know?"

"Listen! papa is saying 'my dear' to mamma."

Shadbolt (in the crowded tramcar)—McStab, this is the first time I ever saw you rise and give your seat to a woman.

McStab (of the suburbs, in an awe-struck whisper)—'Sh! That's our cook.

"Great Scott!" howled the boss, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?"

"W'y," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it."

The gaudy big chrysanthemum
Is chosen by the few,
But cabbages is larger, an'
They make a better stew.

Miss Singleton—But tell me, dear, does a man get really angry every time he comes home and finds dinner isn't ready?

Mrs. Benedict (sweetly)—Yes; just about as angry as a woman gets every time she has it ready and he *doesn't* come home.

Police Inspector—It was very plucky of you, ma'am, to have set upon the burglar and so ably captured him; but need you have injured him to the extent of necessitating his removal to the hospital?

Lady—How did I know it was a burglar? I'd been waiting up for three hours for my husband. I thought it was him.

A man who believes in the old saying, "See a pin, pick it up, and all the day you'll have good luck," saw a pin in front of the postoffice the other day, and when stooping to capture it his hat fell off and rolled into the middle of the street, his braces gave way, his collar split open, and his false teeth, which cost him £3 when new, fell out and broke on the pavement. He picked up the pin, however.

Man with Watch (handing it over)—It isn't three weeks since you cleaned and overhauled this watch, and it's out of order again. It won't go.

Watchmaker (examining it, winding it up, and handing it back)—That's all it needed.

Man with watch goes away in a towering rage, and watchmaker loses a customer.

Newlyrich (showing guest round his house)—And this gun was carried by my great-great-grandfather all through the Peninsular. A wonderful relic, isn't it?

Guest (noticing date stamped on lock)—Wonderful! Why, it is nothing short of miraculous.

Newlyrich (puzzled)—Miraculous?

Guest—Yes; for a man to carry a gun through the campaign that wasn't made till 1830.

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In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

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THE GEM OF LAKE COUNTY.

WM. V. BRYAN.

PLEASE notify all purchasers of tickets for Highland Springs, Lake County, that we have not an available room in the hotel or cottages at the present time. Traffic to Highlands must be checked temporarily. Kindly advise all patrons accordingly J. CRAIG, Manager.

This was the gist of a telegram sent to the ticket agent of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway at San Francisco in June last, and indicates one of the most phenomenal pilgrimages to a Californian resort ever known. For weeks many families have patiently waited for an entry to these popular Springs, and, until after the Fourth of July, the pressure was so great that many were contented with accommodations in the large comfortable canvas tents furnished by the management for those who were gladly willing to occupy them.

The question naturally arises, What is there about Highland Springs that should incite such a scramble to go there at most any price, under most any conditions?

In the first place, Highland enjoys the most accessible location of all Lake County's resorts. It is just fourteen miles by stage from Pieta Station, on the line of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, the trip being made in about two and a half hours over one of the finest turnpikes in the State. It nestles in a picturesque arm of Clear Lake Valley, and is only eight miles from the Lake itself. Another of its charms is its freedom from fogs, winds, and mosquitoes, which prove such a drawback to many of our well-known resorts. The climate is dry and delightful and the temperature remarkably even.

The moment one arrives at the Springs there is something about the general surroundings and the cordiality of the welcome that make you feel at home. The truly rural appearance of the place, the groups of jolly guests in light dresses, the laughter of the little children in pursuit of their amusements, all form a most cheery impression upon the new visitor. You can have here a most delightfully lazy time doing nothing; but if you enjoy activity and amusements you can have all you could wish for. A large dance-hall is provided for the guests just one hundred yards from the hotel. This is also supplied with a regulation stage, and is frequently used for both amateur and professional performances. Delightful walks may be taken in most any direction. Then again, there is tennis, croquet, billiards, swimming, and boating in the large pond near by, the best of hunting and trout fishing, and a "lover's retreat." What more can one ask for? If you're a nimrod or sportsman you can have your fill; if you're a flirt, you can flirt to your heart's content, and if you have passed that time of life when your heart ceases to palpitate at the rustle of a newly laundried summer gingham, you can stroll down to the ever inviting hammocks suspended within the "retreat," and, in bachelored seclusiveness, ponder over the good old days when you used to make a fool of yourself.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS

But I haven't said a word yet about the waters. Undoubtedly there is no resort in California so prolific in its variety of mineral springs, which are, of course, the most important feature of Highlands. Even collectively they are not claimed to be a panacea, but they come pretty near affording a relief and cure for the common ailments to which the human frame is subjected.

The principal springs are termed the Seltzer, Dutch, Arsenic, Neptune, Magic, and Diana, all of different properties, and are specially noted for their speedy cure of rheumatism, liver troubles, dropsy, stomach and intestinal disorders, gout, and kidney complaints, etc. It is not a place termed a "cure all," but it comes pretty near it. The attention and general service are of the best, and although largely patronized by stylish people, there is no "style." You can wear your sweater or negligee shirt to the dinner table without comment. Your dress for the morning will be equally appropriate until you retire. The ladies can do as they please. They usually do, but no one would be startled if they dined in bloomers or "full dress" at Highlands. It is a case of "go as you please," and so they all feel happy. If you don't believe it, just try it yourself and you will then better understand why Highland Springs is so popular.

HIGHLAND DEER.

But this isn't all. You get here the real old bread, pies and cakes "like your mother used to make," and served by a contingent of Lake County girls in neat, tasty dresses appropriate to the weather. The famous Seltzer Spring is transported to the dining table in its evanescent state and its indulgence at all times lend zest to the appetite. The eggs, milk, vegetables, etc. are produced on the grounds and furnished fresh on the sideboards each day, so that while the real necessaries of life are provided for one can justly have little to complain of the cuisine.

Not to be lacking in details, there is John, the porter, an all-around mechanic and general purveyor of good nature, who makes it his business to do most anything for your comfort and pleasure, from dispensing the product of the delicious Seltzer to suspending your hammock in the shady nooks near by. Are not all these conditions sufficient to popularize this resort?

Among the recent arrivals are the following: San Francisco—G. H. Wheaton, G. W. Brewer, Chas. Towe and wife, L. S Adams, Mrs. W. Greer Harrison and family, Mrs. Asa R. Wells, F. D. Monckton and family, S. E. Slade and family, W. T. Wheatley and family, Julian Sonntag and family, Mrs. J. Reis, Hon. J. C. B. Hebbard, Hon. S. C. Denson and family, Hon. J. M. Seawell and family, W. S. Dreypolcher, H. R. Mann and family, H. G. Van Wyck and family, Mrs. Geo. S. Ames and family, Hon. Wm. R. Daingerfield, Mrs. Wm. P. Daingerfield, Aug. Weihe and family, Mrs. T. Savage and daughter, Mrs. G. D. Toy and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Brien and family, C. H. Hoffman and family, Mrs. Henry Moffat and daughters, Thomas E. Hughes and wife, Mrs. Wm. V. Bryan and family. Oakland—Dr. J. S. Adams, Dr. C. E. Mueller, Geo. H. Strong, C. F. Rodolph and wife, Mrs. Mattis and daughter. San Rafael—Hon. F. M. Angolotta, Allen C. Curtis. Mare Island—Mrs. Albert S. Barker, Mrs. B. H. McCalla and daughter. Honolulu—J. C. Buck and family.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The following complimentary notice appeared in a recent issue of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. It is pleasant to know that our efforts to make THE TRAVELER a journal of art are noticed and appreciated by our contemporaries: "THE TRAVELER is unusually interesting, and abounds in a profusion of elegant half-tone engravings, as well as a great variety of reading matter. It is but justice to say that THE TRAVELER is the handsomest periodical published on the Coast, if not in the United States, and it is particularly noticeable that the standard of excellence originally adopted has never deteriorated, but has been gradually increased until now it is a credit both to the publisher and the territory it represents."

"Why didn't you have me called at six o'clock?" roared a commercial traveler in one of the New York hotels, as he faced the clerk, and banged his fist down on the register. "I did," calmly replied the clerk. "You did not, sir." "I tell you I did." "You did not, sir, and I can prove it." "All right, go ahead; but you can't prove it." "Yes, I can." "Prove it, then." "Well, you did not have me called at six o'clock, because I did not leave word to be called at all," and the commercial man grinned, and looked for the clerk to blush and apologize. But he looked in vain. A little thing like that wouldn't bother an American hotel clerk.

She—In your opinion who is the coming man on the money question?

He—My landlord, the silver-tongued orator.

For church weddings everything pertains to formality, and the invitation as well as the ceremony is impressive in all details. The names of the parents heading the invitation are now more often written in full, thus insuring a good-looking line at the top of the note. The use of the initials, which are indefinite, is to be discouraged. The "r" and "rs" in "Mr." and "Mrs." are frequently engraved above the line, owing partly to the English custom of so doing and because when the parents' names are long, more space on the line is gained. With short names the abbreviations are preferable on the line with the other small letters. For the same reason "and" in full is substituted for the abbreviation, although the latter is more often used. The line "request the honour of your presence," almost invariably appears on a church invitation with "honour" spelled with a "u."

The names of bride and groom are separated by the little word "to" although some consider "and" quite as proper.

The omission of the prefix "Miss" from the daughter's name is customary on an invitation but should never occur when the bride is a sister, cousin, or niece of the people issuing the invitations.

If a widow is remarrying she uses the prefix "Mrs." with her Christian names and the surname of her deceased husband.

If the bride is an orphan, with no one to issue the invitations for her, the heading reads, "The honour of your presence is requested," etc.

When the bride has more names than one it is customary to use all.

The address of a well-known church is generally omitted although it is quite frequently a convenience for out-of-town friends to know it.—*September Ladies' Home Journal.*

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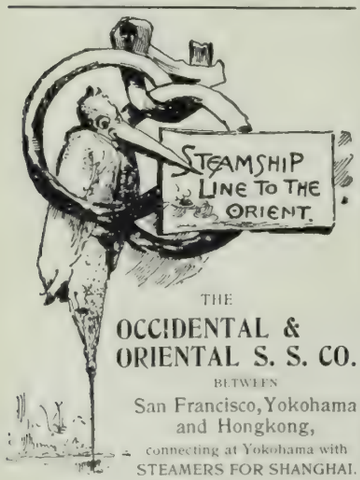

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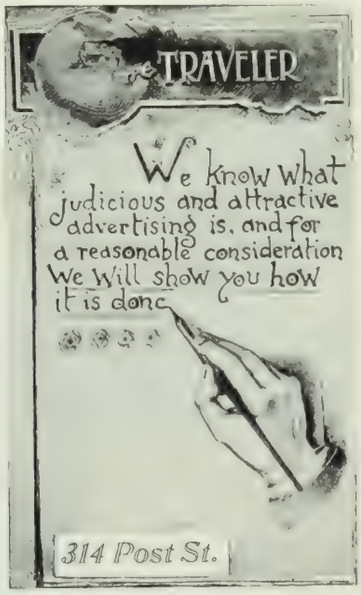

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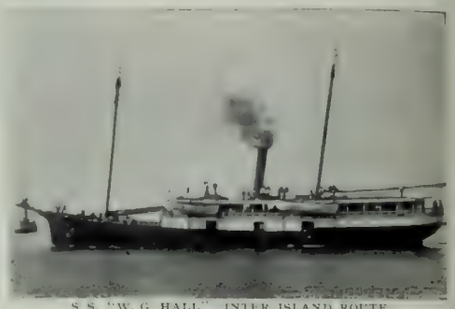

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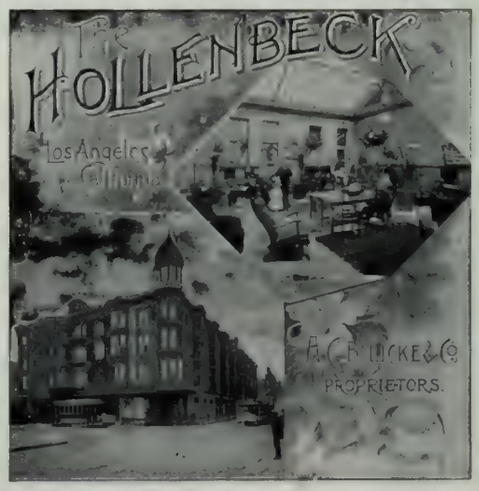

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1896. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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$1.50 PER YEAR, JANUARY 1, 1897.

In the April number of THE TRAVELER appeared an editorial in which we explained the tremendous cost of publishing a magazine of this character. We gave facts and figures that must needs set the appreciative to thinking, and in the course of our article stated:

"We have been seriously thinking for some time of making our subscription price $1.50 per year instead of $1.00, and it may be that we shall shortly adopt it."

We have been conservative in the consideration of this step; we have made many inquiries, and asked advice of a large number. We fully realize that in these days of cheap literature the tendency in prices is downward rather than progressive. The result of our investigations, however, is that our opinion, as stated in the April issue, is still unchanged; namely, that "ninty-five per cent of our readers are of the cultured and well-to-do class, and we feel as though they would as willingly remain with us at an advanced rate as they would for the small amount of $1.00."

On January 1, 1897, THE TRAVELER will have passed through the fourth year of its existence, and beginning on that date the subscription price will be $1.50 per year. Some changes will be made in its character, and it is not unlikely that its size will be slightly reduced, but this will be more than offset by several additional pages of reading matter. No change, however, will be inaugurated that will in any way give less scope to the beautiful engravings which have established its reputation in the past. On the contrary, these will be increased. The TRAVELER has made the most remarkable increase in paid circulation during the current year than at any similar period during its existence, and it is our aim and ambition not only to improve it, but to push it still further to the front by making it more beautiful, interesting, and voluminous. If we do say it ourselves, there is no magazine or journal to-day in the United States that is so artistic and beautifully illustrated as THE TRAVELER of San Francisco. If it maintains the support and encouragement it has received in the past we shall have no cause for complaint, and will feel proud and gratified to know that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

JUST at the present time much interest has been centered in the bicycle, not only because of the phenomenal increase in its use, but its general utility, its acceptance as a health restorer, its convenience as a motor, and its purveyance to the pleasure and exhilarating enjoyment of its devotees, so that a conservative estimate may place the number of adult male riders in San Francisco at not less than eight thousand, and the lady riders at about three thousand.

THE "CLOTHES" OF THE DAY.

These figures are significant, and mean that the bicycle enthusiasts are shortly to become powerful factors in our municipal politics, and their influence of pivotal weight. In this age of corruption, of fraud, and of bossism, sentiment has no sway. It's a case of "diamond cut diamond," and we must fight our opponents with their own weapons—influence and power. Paris, the most delightful and fascinating city of the world, secures millions of dollars from visitors, who go there simply because of its attractiveness, its magnificent boulevards, its lakelets, its picturesque parks, and places of amusement.

Why cannot San Francisco profit by the experience of Paris? We can never approach this result until we overthrow the present local dynasty and at least be sure that we receive dollar for dollar of the amount subscribed for the maintenance of our city government. Human nature judges from outward appearances; therefore let us revolutionize the character of our streets and at least make a good impression on our foreign visitors. The wheelmen are now a powerful contingent, and if they will only amalgamate in a common cause to repave our main thoroughfares, the object can be accomplished. The wheelmen should be represented in our local Board of Supervisors. They must put up their own candidate, and one who is personally interested in the object for which he is announced. There should be no party lines in this matter, and a project of this character should receive the support of all who are interested in decent streets. All we require are interest, energy, system, and perseverance. Is it worth the effort?

Apropos, some relief may be obtained from the system of charges announced by the railroad for the transportation of bicycles if influence is brought to bear on the proper party and there is a united effort on the part of bicyclists with this object in view.

AN EVENT of some importance took place on August 26th, when the press were invited to take the first trip over the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railroad. Of late years much progress has been made in the building of mountain railways, and, with the exception of the new venture, we have but one other in the State. From Mount Tamalpais a magnificent view may be had of the Golden Gate, the peninsula of San Francisco County, as well as a splendid panorama of the country in the background. With the projects in view for providing entertainment for the public, the new venture should prove *the* attraction for tourists who wend their way hither. The additional interesting fact that the fare will be but one dollar for the round trip, from Mill Valley to the summit and return, will likewise appeal to the tourist and pleasure-seeker. It promises a magnificent return for the capital invested.

ESTHETIC CAMPING.

L. C. KELLOGG.

DOUBTLESS there are many persons who know but little of the benefits, delights, and comfort that are to be derived from camp life. The city belle who dances away the precious hours of summer at a fashionable hotel, calls it "*vulgar*," and not to be thought of excepting for papa and the boys, who are *so* devoted to hunting and fishing. Others, with a desire to escape from the chains of artificial life which bind them fast all winter, would like to try a life free from conventionality for the brief weeks of vacation, but think of camping as a synonym of dirt, flies, snakes, and general discomfort, which misconception leads them to avoid camp life.

The opinion of scientists, artists, and poets on this subject differs from this, and is voiced by Muir, "Going to the Mountains." He says, "Going to God's clean, healthy wilds, near or far, is going home, and, therefore, it seems to me that the annual outing *wise* people take nowadays from dust and care, and early death, is one of the most hopeful signs of the times."

Lovers of Nature have followed in the footsteps of these great men, and we now have in California a class of refined, cultured people who seek the untrodden paths, and, by camping out, live an ideal life near enough to the great Mother of us all to hear her faintest heart-beat. They learn the songs her rivers sing, the stories that her wild woods tell, feel the exultation that her stately mountains draw forth, and the longing to *be*, to *do*, and to *conquer*, which her oceans inspire. They quaff the water from fountains which renew and preserve youth, fill their lungs with pure air, their veins with red blood, their minds with a knowledge of God's handiwork, and their hearts with a reposeful happiness no other life can bring.

SWEET BRIER CAMP.
View from south end of reservation for campers.

That there need be no discomfort about it, we have proved by actual experience. For two summers a few congenial friends have combined and established a private camp on the upper Sacramento, in Shasta County. They employed a cook, and took with them, as freight, a complete outfit, including wire-woven beds, easy chairs, hammocks, etc., each person putting in his or her share of expense to the camp "ginger jar," and, consequently, feeling a sense of proprietorship, and an interest in making the summer home comfortable and artistic. The ride to the "Sweet Brier District" is of one night's duration on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The scenery, after leaving Redding, is entrancing; combining foaming river rushing joyously along through a canyon clothed with noble conifers, deciduous trees and shrubs, mountain meadows of vivid green, ragged cliffs and granite crags, as well as towering mountains—chief among them snow-crowned Shasta. We came to our destination one bright morning in June, and pitched our camp under a true California sky, bluer than any other, and rarely ever treacherous, for it is only once in two or three years that rain falls after May, and then the exception is a brief thunderstorm in July.

The spot we chose for erecting our tents was by the side of the companionable river, in a nook made beautiful by massive trees and clinging vines. Each tent was a castle unto itself on our ten-acre island, being separated from its companions by little groves of vining maple, *cascara segrada*, hazel, and yew trees, without a vestige of poison oak. Our view was of a great hillside three hundred feet high, and green from base to summit, with varying shades, from the umbrella-like saxifrage, or Indian rhubarb, and five-finger fern dipping into the river, up through terraces of Douglass spirea, azalea, dogwood, maple, cottonwood and oak, to the monarchs of the forest—the pine, spruce, and cedar. This friendly hill shaded our sleepy eyes from the sun until we were ready for our eight o'clock breakfast. This, and all our meals, we had around the white oilcloth-covered table in our beautiful out-door dining-hall, which was formed by a circle of large trees that completely shaded it. The carpet, renewed weekly, was sprays of fragrant spruce and fir. The savory dishes that were served to us testified that our cook was a good one. Deliciously cold, pure, mountain spring water was piped to our convenient and pretty kitchen. The river yielded its rainbow trout and royal salmon to the skill of our fishermen. Venison was sometimes brought in, and from the country farmers, the butcher, and the grocer, whose store was a half mile away, we obtained dainties fit for a king, in the shape of milk, cream, chickens, eggs, fresh meat, and mountain berries and vegetables. And what appetites we carried to our festive board! And how long we lingered over each meal with joke and story! The woods and meadows gave us of their store of flowers to grace the table, and our improvised vases of tomato cans covered with cretonne, and tacked on the trunks of trees, were always full. Early in the season we gathered tiger lilies, spirea, and ceanothus; then Shasta lilies, columbines, ferns, and orchids, down through the regular succession, until we came to golden-rod, dock, and autumn leaves. The awning over our heads was finished by a fringe of yew or spruce, and from the center hung a rare lamp made of the vertebræ of a long since equine. The hall rack, for fishing and hunting accouterments, was made of a portion of the same anatomy, and looked as rich as old ivory. Colored lanterns, and hanging baskets filled with ferns, were suspended from every available place. Our rustic sideboard was made between three trees, and our sitting-room was a covered platform adorned with branches and ferns, with cattails and red berries. Our library was a series of boxes covered with paper, curtained and fastened on an immense spruce. In it was many

"A booke for a shadie nooke.
With the grene leaves whispering overhead."

The one absolute rule of camp life was pleasure and good nature, so our days passed most happily and too swiftly. At night we sat around a blazing camp fire and told stories, played games, or sang songs, without a thought of care, then sank to sweet repose on comfortable beds. With tent doors wide open, the sight of the stars cheered us, the sweet balsamic air and the melody of the murmuring river lulled our senses and wrapped us in undisturbed and refreshing slumber.

Many were the excursions, and delightful ones, that we had from this central point. On the railroad to fairyland at Shasta Springs and Mossbrae Falls; again, to Sisson, for a view of the mountain and a visit to the State Hatcheries. One day enjoying the beauty of the Hedge Creek Falls, and a draught of delicious water at Upper Soda Springs; another time, by trail, to the wonderful Crags; and, again, to the McCloud River, and, on one occasion, to a chain of beautiful lakes to the northwest. All these places are easily reached by ladies, except the two last mentioned; they are rather hard trips for any but enthusiastic sportsmen eager to capture Dolly Varden and other trout which fill these waters.

Our pleasures were so varied that it would take a volume to tell of them all, and many were the pleasant memories we carried home with us, but, best of all, the store of health and vigor with which to withstand the friction of city life.

On returning, we compared experiences with the friends who went to a boarding-house because they dreaded "the dirt," etc., we were to have. To their astonishment, our "pecks" about balanced. As for flies and poisonous insects, they are conspicuous by their absence from the Shasta region, while our friends at the boarding-house were compelled to sleep under mosquito bars. Even the snakes were not to be dreaded in camp, for I heard the ladies mourn that only *one* skin had been secured for a belt. Then, in regard to comfort, we "ate, drank, and were merry." We slept like tops, and arose the following morning like "giants refreshed with wine." What more of creature comfort do even kings desire? There was another consideration that in no small degree contributed to our good spirits, and that was the contrast our pocket-books made when compared with the slim and ghastly affairs that our friends exhibited, for ours "had a penny in them for good luck," and, we all agreed, for another camping trip to "*Nirvana*."

A large speculator of St. Louis, who often overdrew his account at one friendly bank, wanted $10,000 for a certain deal, his balance in bank at the time being $100. The obliging cashier suggested that he draw on some distant party. "Any one," said he, "as long as the party is far away from St. Louis." Smith drew at sight for ten thousand dollars on the Sultan of Turkey. The draft was duly forwarded by the bank, reaching New York, whence it was sent to a London correspondent. It then came into the hands of the Rothschilds, who forwarded it to their Constantinople branch, where it was duly presented for payment to the Sultan's chamberlain, the latter bringing it to his highness. "Who is this 'John Smith'?" said the Sultan. "Don't know," replied the chamberlain. "Do we owe him anything?" "No," replied the other. "Then I'll not pay it," replied his high mightiness. "One moment, if I might advise," said the astute counselor; "this draft comes through the Rothschilds, with whom we are seeking a two-million loan. Would it be safe, under the circumstances, to dishonor it?" "Pay it," said the Sultan, and it was paid. One can imagine the astonishment of John Smith and the quick-witted cashier when they learned that the draft had been honored by the person on whom it was drawn.

AMONG THE WOOD RANCHES.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

ENSCONCED in the foothill region of Southern California, the rugged mountains of Northern California, or the rolling, tree-girthed hills of the central portion of this great State, is found the ranch or cabin of the woodman. Perched high among the rounding peaks or snuggled between protecting slopes, his home is reached by roads that wind along the banks of a shaded stream or around the curves of densely wooded hills; it breaks suddenly on the sight, and usually a chorus of dogs announces that the stranger, too, has been discovered.

It was my good fortune to spend a portion of the summer among the wood ranches of the mountains which traverse Sonoma County, and though I have visited the timber regions of nearly every portion of the State, there is no range more densely wooded, containing a greater variety of trees, more abounding in beautiful streams and springs, or more thoroughly the home of the woodman, than these wonderfully charming hills which furnish the fuel supply of Santa Rosa, St. Helena, Napa, Calistoga, and the various other towns lying at their base.

The air is spicy with the breath of the fir, redwood, pine, laurel, alder, willow, buckeye, madrona, manzanita, oak, and maple. The oak is found in several varieties: white, black, live, and tan oak.

Not all the trees are really valuable for firewood. The black oak is considered the best, though madrona and manzanita bring a higher price and are really better fuel, but the trees are so small and the wood so hard that the cutting requires too great an expenditure of time to make it pay.

There is a strange idea prevalent regarding the wood of the white oak. That which grows in the valleys is soft, and is known, locally, as "mush" oak; but in the higher altitudes the wood is almost, if not quite, as hard as that of the black oak, still, the dwellers in the towns refuse to purchase it because they will not be convinced that difference in altitude affects the quality of the wood. The bark of the tan-oak is much in demand at the tanneries, owing to the quantity of tannin it contains.

The wood of the pine, fir, and redwood is either worked up into lumber or cut into three and four foot lengths for engines and furnaces.

The largest of these trees, however, were utilized long ago, and even the saw-mills have disappeared. To-day only the wood-cutters are at work, and their labor never ceases throughout the year, though there are fewer trees felled in the summer season than in the spring and fall; the wood then cut is hauled during the summer months, or after it is sufficiently dry to be sold. The drying process, usually requiring from two to three months' time, is a tedious operation.

CHARCOAL PIT READY FOR COVERING. *Marshall photo.*

Until ready for hauling the cut wood is stacked in tiers, each tier containing just a cord, and on some of the ranches hundreds of cords are standing waiting to be carried away to the markets; and though thousands of cords are sold annually, hundreds of thousands yet remain uncut.

It is barely possible that the woodman, mounted on the high seat of his stanch wagon with its tall side-racks, does not realize what a picture he presents to the artist observer who, as he rests contentedly under a mammoth tree by the side of the dusty road in the early morning, watches the procession of laden wagons go slowly toiling by; nor do the hardy choppers consider beauty of scene or the effect of color as they wield their axes against the unyielding tree trunks.

Sometimes the rancher and his sons do all the work of chopping and hauling, but where there is a scarcity of sons or available relatives, or when the owner does not live upon his mountain possessions, men, usually Italians, are hired for the purpose, "finding" themselves, and receiving the magnificent sum of one dollar and a quarter a cord. An industrious man cuts, on an average, about a cord a day.

Another industry connected with the woodman is that of charcoal making, which is carried on chiefly by Italians. Oak wood is used for producing the charcoal, and the process is rather interesting.

A level piece of ground is selected, and a cone of earth four or five feet high is built, from the center of which rises a tall pole. An oak tree has been cut into four-foot lengths, the largest pieces being about six or eight inches in diameter.

These lengths are placed around the cone of earth, and against the pole, end on end, with the larger pieces in the inner circle; the pieces in each circle, or row, decreasing in size until the outer circle, constructed of the smallest branches, is in place. Thus the whole tree, except the foliage, is utilized, and really this, too, is used, for when the cone, containing about twenty cords of wood, is complete, a layer of green twigs is placed over it, and on top of this about four inches of loose earth are thrown.

Holes are made in this layer of earth to allow the smoke an outlet, and the center pole is withdrawn. A fire is built on the apex of the cone from small pieces of wood which, after a time, fall into the cavity made by the withdrawal of the pole, and thus the inner circle of wood is ignited.

After the third day the aperture at the top is tightly closed, and not reopened until the fire has ceased to burn, the holes in the layer of earth giving sufficient draught.

When the smoke no longer issues from the pile, it is assumed that the wood is charred to the proper degree, but the cone is not opened for two weeks. The holes are banked up and the pile is left to cool. Should the flame inside the cone receive too much draught the wood would burn too rapidly, and either be entirely destroyed or it would be consumed to such an extent that too little carbon would be left to make good charcoal. Consequently the pile must be watched day and night, and the earth kept in a moist condition.

From eight to fourteen days are required in the process, the longer the time the more perfect the charring and the better the coal. The output of one "pile" or "pit" is about two hundred bags of charcoal, each weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds, and several piles are often kept burning at the same time.

The burning is carried on in the summer months only, but the wood is cut and split during the winter, so as to be thoroughly dried when required.

BURNING CHARCOAL PIT.

Many of the wood ranches are now also producing farms; for the owners, as the trees are felled and the wood removed, proceed to clear the slopes for cultivation, thus laying the foundation for a future competence; though if they began to cut wood twenty or thirty years ago, and possessed not only the right kind of trees but the right kind of industry and business energy, it is more than probable that they already have comfortable bank accounts and attractive homes with commodious barns and outbuildings.

While it is no easy task to clear these slopes, and sometimes requires years of effort, the result is more than ample payment for the endeavor, as the soil is rich and is easily worked, producing a much better quality of grapes, fruit, and berries than the valley lands, though the harvest is somewhat later.

Here and there in the shady canyons one comes onto a little schoolhouse attended by, perhaps, not more than eight or ten scholars; and yet this small complement may represent every grade contained in the schools of the metropolis. The children of the ranchers sometimes walk a couple of miles to attend this little school. They gain strength of arm and limb from necessary labor on the ranch, strength of character from the honest toil, and a consequent knowledge of nature; and their mental powers are developed and trained by painstaking, competent teachers in the little schoolhouse in the clearing.

The hills are permeated with springs which keep the creeks ever flowing; but it is a question whether, when the slopes are entirely denuded of their tree growth, springs will continue to bubble up or seep from amid the strong brakes or dainty maiden-hair and "goldbacks" which hide the porous soil; and if the springs dry up what will feed the sparkling, singing streams which now afford spawning places for the salmon and homes for thousands of gamy trout?

In the future when, instead of carrying the axe, the rancher goes out to attend to his grainfields, his vineyards, or his orchards, he will not hear the saucy call of the quail or the mournful note of the dove; and while the country roads will miss the heavily laden wood wagons, the beautiful mountains will have lost their charm for the summer visitor and the artist. That time, however, is far in the future, and the generation of our children's children will still hear the ringing sound of the axe, and see the neatly piled cords of wood dotting the clearings in the hills, and gaze upon the blue-shirted woodman raising clouds of dust along the county road as his horses sleepily plod along, pulling the high, springless wagon, loaded to the top with what are termed "stove lengths."

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

AUGUSTA KNELL.

BEFORE capricious fin de siecle cast its shadow over clubdom, the word club—since it first signified quarters—had always seemed to stand out radiant in a halo of little frock-coated men hilariously dancing upon one foot then upon the other in a sort of festive propriety. It was rude and invasive to extend these privileges to the gentler sex. But that little source of whimpering quarrels, gratified anger and heartaches has been effectually revolutionized, and husband and wife have become so congenial that a faint dash of club is the proper caper for both. For a man, the club is indispensable. To be a member of a reputable club gives him prestige; and, besides this, there are a great many reasons why a man may belong to a club without losing the least fondness for his home.

And so among women the club has become quite as prominent, and probably much more interesting. Woman's club is a direct aid to social advancement. All topics of the day are brought to them by the brightest of lecturers and duly discussed to practical advantage. And so instead of the club being a prophesied source of trouble and endless gossip, it has proven to be the very center of both intellect and social position, and, like the good husband's habitat, without losing the least fondness for the home.

Among the first ideas of club life for women was the organization of the Century Club by Julia Ward Howe, the poetess so famed by her great national poem. She originated the idea, and was encouraged by a contingent of society's ladies gathered at the home of Mrs. Ellen C. Sargent, wife of Honorable A. A. Sargent, where the club was started. With the same advantages the gentlemen enjoy, and with prestige of membership, the Century combines all the comforts and luxuries of the most approved associations, and like the Bohemians, the ladies indulge their frivolities with equal fervor. Although woman's club is entirely different as to mode and character of entertainment, still now and again the conventional is abandoned for the proverbial jinks.

MRS. F. L. WHITNEY, *Founder Forum Club.*

Their recent "Open House" on New Year's Day was one of the most successful affairs the club ever held, heightened as it was by the novel display of the grotesque in the shape of bill-posters loaned by the gentlemen Bohemians; and the gaiety that vibrated between those tinted walls evidenced the same appreciation for artistic amusement that was ever manifested by stern Bohemia, and can only be discussed between the very exclusive circle of members and their *bon amis.* The secrets of their private meetings have never yet been wafted beyond the door sill.

The membership of the Century Club is limited to 230, and this is never varied from unless death or resignation gives way to the next name on the long waiting list of applicants. Strict unwritten laws help to govern the club, and with the equally strict censor to conduct its affairs, has always been kept absolutely *recherche.*

Their elegantly appointed clubhouse on Sutter Street has been the scene of annual breakfasts fairly glowing with originality in its menu cards and toasts. For this the Century members are noted. The present President of the Century Club is Mrs. Hon. John F. Swift, who held successful reign for two consecutive terms.

The Town and Country Club is very much after the style of the gentlemen's monastery of comforts, and is noted for its exclusiveness and also for its luxurious equipment throughout.

The dainty suite of clubrooms is given up entirely to the members, and situated as it is in the very heart of the shopping circuit, the ladies find their club a source of delightful enjoyment. The rooms are artistically arranged in every detail, and from each corner you observe all the comforts of home. The library shelves are filled with the very best of literature—in this the members admit that they are extravagant—near by, a silken pillowed couch suggests an uninterrupted chapter, or a boon for the weary. A shining cherry writing-desk awaits the members' pleasure with all its accessories, and daintily covered tea-tables, adorned with delicate delft service, subserves at all times the pleasure of the ladies and their guests. In everything the refinement of femininity is apparent, and it is needless to say that the success of the club lies in this individual enthusiasm of each member to do all in her power for its welfare. The formation of the Town and Country Club sprang from the longing want of such a resort among society ladies. The advantages of a trysting place, and the convenience of writing a hasty note or letter, became desirable, and it was then that the idea of clubrooms first suggested itself to Mrs. Norman McLaren and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Ash. These ladies at once undertook its organization, and carried it to a successful issue. The rooms are located on Post Street.

The Laurel Hall Club has the honored distinction of being the first woman's club organized in San Francisco, and was so named in memory of its founder, Mrs. L. Manson-Buckmaster, Preceptress of the Laurel Hall Seminary in San Mateo, Cal., which Institute ceased with the life of its donor.

Mrs. Manson-Buckmaster planned the object of the club, which is for the general enlightenment of its members on all current topics as well as on social advancements. The hospitality of the club has ever been well known. With the honored organizer in the chair, the association was affected in proper form with a charter membership of twenty-two, all of whom are college graduates of the Laurel Hall Seminary. The club rapidly began to increase its membership with local professional and society ladies, and from its incipiency it has achieved phenomenal success. Occasionally the ladies institute enjoyable entertainments for their friends, and these diversions are invariably novel, and celebrated for their delightful versatility of entertainment. The President, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, who is in the second term of successful autocracy, is one of the most enthusiastic followers, and is untiring in her personal efforts. The elegant breakfast given at the Palace Hotel by the President to the club members indicates the *entente cordiale* among them.

MRS. R. T. Y. PARKHURST, *Founder P. C. W. P. Association*

The Philomath Club, conducted much upon the same principles of other literary clubs, was likewise organized by Mrs. Lowenberg, who has been honored with its presidency since its first appearance in clubdom, two years ago.

The San Francisco Sorosis Club is composed of ladies of such varied talent and wit that they confine their social enjoyments largely among themselves, and even the brilliance of the club affairs is sufficiently attractive to warrant their clanish propensities. The main object in this is to develop all the talent that exists in the club, each for the benefit of the other. The Sorosis was organized on the lines of its New York namesake, receiving therefrom much advice and encouragement; and, with four enthusiasts, together with the promising support of twelve more, the young Sorosis was then formed at the home of Mrs. Irving M. Scott, one of its most fervent supporters, where it began its very successful career.

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association is an organization of writers, among whom are some of the most prominent on the coast. Its members, in most part, are professionally engaged in journalistic or literary work, and are important factors of the daily press.

The Association was evolved from the Pacific Coast revision bureau, which was originated by the late Mrs. Emelie T. Y. Parkhurst, daughter of Honorable John Swett, and whose object was to promote the interests of her fellow-workers, and to encourage them in their literary pursuits. In this Mrs. Parkhurst was ably assisted by the renowned humorist, Opie Read. Her bright and progressive ideas were at once accepted and vastly aided its good work. The project of an association of the press writers at once became uppermost in Mrs. Parkhurst's mind, and was as enthusiastically received by the prominent litterateurs, who subsequently composed the charter members of the Association, now so well known throughout the United States. The ladies were called together by Mrs. Parkhurst and the organization affected. Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster was installed as president.

The club immediately began to flourish, and many of the names upon the roll may be found upon our library shelves. Honorary members, such as Madame Helena Modjeska and a number of other professionals and scientists, are identified with the press members, and among the life members is Ruth Emelie Parkhurst, who, at the tender age of three months, was unanimously elected in memory of her mother.

Like most press clubs, they too have original entertainments for their members.

Mrs. Ada Henry Van Pelt, the President, now in her second term of office, is the editor of the *Pacific Ensign.* Besides being a bright writer, Mrs. Van Pelt is a gifted inventor, and has added not a few useful contrivances to the world of progress.

The Association's sixth annual convention will be held on the first Tuesday of September, on which occasion new tributes of loving remembrance will be paid to its beloved founder.

Mrs. Frank L. Whitney, President of the Forum Club, well known as a successful organizer, was entreated by several of her friends to form some kind of literary and social club. Last September she spoke to many friends and acquaintances, inviting them to her home to see what could be done. To

her surprise about forty met, proceeding at once to perfect what is now known as The Forum Club of California.

New members rapidly applied for enrollment, and by the time they were ready to print the constitution and by-laws there were over one hundred and fifty members.

The object of the club is to bring together all the leading talent of the day, as far as practicable, both local and foreign, and in that way to post its members upon the leading topics of the times. Many ladies were attracted to the Forum on account of the understanding that no member would be required to contribute to the entertainment of the club unless they so desired.

Each "afternoon," tea is served. The entertainments to friends are eagerly looked forward to and enjoyed, attracting a present membership of two hundred, which may be deemed remarkable for the first year of its existence. The club's first public reception last winter was a most brilliant affair, and elevated the Forum upon the high pedestal of the other prominent women's clubs of America.

A new club of young ladies has just been organized, with the promise of a perfect success. The idea manifested itself among young women employed during the daytime, and who are unable thereby to take advantage of the pleasures which club life offers. A few talked it over, and then matured their plan. This they announced to Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Secretary of the San Francisco Sorosis, and a prominent club woman, who enthusiastically promised to do all in her power to help them. Mrs. de Greayer then spoke to a few of the club women identified in women's work, and they, in conjunction with her, formulated the plan, joining their efforts with those of the originators in the accomplishment of the project.

Many good suggestions were adopted in its formation, given by Mrs. George Ripley, recently of Brooklyn, where she is a member of the Twentieth Century Club of that city. The lady, in association with Miss Dodge, is well known throughout the continent as an earnest and successful enthusiast in just such kind of work.

The associate ladies will undertake to outline the program for the education and entertainment of the active members; lectures, entertainments, and social events of the highest order are now being arranged for their benefit, and quarters in the Mercantile Library Building will be at their disposal at all times during the day and evening. The new club is known as the Alter Ego Club, where the intellectual attainments of the ambitious young woman will have ample opportunity for development. The president is Mrs. Blanche Paulsell, and in the new scepter lies a fertile field for good work in club life.

Wedding invitations are consigned to the post from two to three weeks preceding the date of the wedding. Those sent to friends and relatives abroad are started on their foreign journey fully three weeks before. The paper most preferred is that white product of American manufacture that is variously designated as dull kid and parchment finish, in size between octavo and billet. When folded it fits an envelope that is almost square, and which offers a choice of either a pointed or a square flap. In town the pointed flap is considered the proper thing, while the country favors the square one. The envelope enclosing the note is without gum and of the same weight as the enclosure, while the outer one, intended as a carrier only, is of a lighter quality and gummed.

The round hand script, without flourish and with little shading, and that has a tendency toward the medium and the small in size is very much in vogue.

A TYPICAL RESORT.

W. V. BRYAN.

It is with difficulty that one who has ever had the good fortune to spend his outing at Highland Springs, Lake County, can repress an ever present enthusiasm to extol the attractions of this popular Mecca. There is an underlying current of satisfaction, enjoyment, and exuberance of spirits that must needs come to the surface, and although in our last issue we outlined to some extent the reasons for the remarkable popularity of this resort, we have since experienced a few brief days thereat at a period when most of our fashionable outists deem the best of the season over. Comparatively few realize that in many sections of California the fall and winter seasons are the most delightful of the year. Particularly is this so at Highland Springs, where, strange as it may seem, over three hundred days of sunshine is the record for the year. This tells its own story. Lake County has its rains, to be sure, but they conveniently come at scattered periods, and while this section enjoys its quota of the rainfall, they receive ordinarily in twelve hours what other areas receive in two weeks. *Ad interim* there is clear, warm, and sunny weather while we in San Francisco are donning our galoshes and umbrellas for weeks at a time.

It is well to bear these facts in mind when we are depressed by the vagaries and dolorousness of the elements, and to know that we San Franciscans may find the same cheering contrast during the winter months as we can in the summer, which custom has decreed shall be our outing period.

Highlands is a comparatively short distance from the borders of Clear Lake, where, during the year round, may be taken some of the most delightful excursions. When there is an indication of an uninteresting day for the guests, Mr. Craig, the manager, proposes a trip of this character, which is always hailed with delight by the vivacious contingent at the Springs. Busses and surreys are provided for all, and, after a short ride, the party is landed at Lakeport, where the little steamer, "City of Lakeport," is in readiness to convey them around the borders of the Lake. Mandolins, guitars, banjos, and anything else in the musical line are in order.

The accompanying illustration gives some idea of the typical summer girl, recklessly poised on the rail of the excursion boat, wafting sweet music to the jolly revelers near by, while the little craft glides noiselessly through the smooth, limpid waters of the Lake. And who shall say she is not "out of sight"!

Highlands is liberally supplied with burros—and other kickers—and, if there is nothing better on hand, a burro picnic party is always in order. A generous basket of delicacies is provided, and a most enjoyable day may be spent in the hundred and one charming nooks contiguous to the Springs. But be careful of the voracious little burro. If you leave him within smelling distance of these good things it is sixteen to one you will be minus your broilers, doughnuts, pickles, and ham sandwiches just when you are ready for the attack. Even the sardines, corkscrew, and beer bottles have no terrors for these four-legged ostriches. There are numerous methods of enjoying oneself, so that you are never at a loss for something to do when at Highlands.

THE SUMMER GIRL AT HIGHLANDS.

TROUT FISHING NEAR HIGHLANDS.

Because of the moderate elevation of Highland Springs, 1450 feet, and that it is land-locked by a spur of the Coast Range Mountains, it is entirely free from the brisk winds and fogs that are prevalent at many other summer and winter resorts. It is rarely the temperature falls below sixty degrees even in the winter months, at which time it averages about sixty-eight degrees, so that from this fact alone one can gain some idea of the real delight of a sojourn at Highlands while we are eating our Thanksgiving turkey or plucking presents from our Christmas trees.

No less a feature of the springs is the immunity from danger for children. Here they may romp from morning till night, with every facility for their amusement, and yet there is no place on the grounds offering the possibility of an accident. When at Highlands, parents do not worry about their children's safety.

To sum up, therefore, it would be difficult to find a more all-around attractive spot than Highland Springs. With its picturesque and secluded location, its delightful drives, its splendid fishing and hunting, its incomparable climate, and its variety of mineral waters, it justly deserves the title, "The Switzerland of America."

A GLIMPSE OF SAN SALVADOR.

J. J. PEATFIELD.

PROBABLY if an untraveled native son of the Golden West could make a quick aerial voyage from California to San Salvador, passing the time spent in his transit in sleep, he might, on awakening, imagine that his airship had gone astray and landed him on some other planet, so strange to him would be the aspect of the place. The inhabitants would seem to him to be still in the boyhood of their progress. The low one-storied houses; the narrow streets with their inverted roadbeds; the sluggish oxteams, preceded by barefooted drivers—conductors, I mean—with pointed goads ten or twelve feet in length; the brown-skinned people, and, above all, the Indian type of countenance and the more than occasional appearance of a naked child, would suggest to him that the people among whom he had been dropped were like those of early days in the history of the human race, when men began to build themselves cities and congregate therein.

Let us suppose that he roams about the city outside the more pretentious central portion of it—not of large extent—where are situated the principal plazas, the cathedral, the White House, theater, and other buildings which rise to the dignity of two stories. His first sensation will be that of feeling closed in by walls, broken only by iron-grated windows and wide entrance doors. His view is so limited, and the streets are so narrow, that from few vantage-points can he get sight of the surrounding mountain slopes. Turn which way he will he finds himself hemmed in by low housewalls, the fantastic coloring of which will strike his attention. Here he passes a house painted a deep skyblue, there, one in dull red; and as he wanders on, yellow, green, purple, and brown, in a variety of shades, besides numerous non descript dingy colors, attract his observation. Every owner paints his house according to his taste.

As regards the lowness of the buildings, the cause is readily found. San Salvador has been sorely smitten by earthquakes, and time and again has been partially laid in ruins. So disheartening were these almost periodical catastrophes that some years ago the Government decided to move the capital to another site. Nueva San Salvador was laid out on a location which was believed to be less affected by seismic waves; but the project was not carried out; the new town has risen to become a city of considerable importance, but the ancient capital still continues to be the seat of the government, which is patiently indulging in the hope that the subterranean foe has exhausted himself.

PLAZA DE MORAZAN, SHOWING MONUMENT AND NATIONAL THEATER.

Of course, in the construction of the houses the main object aimed at is capability of resisting earthquake violence, and architectural style is altogether sacrificed, and no little household convenience. The walls, outer and inner, are composed of a skeleton framework of strong cane, filled in with a tenacious mud, and firmly attached to, and supported by, massive pillars of hard wood sunk deep into the ground. This combination of mud and cane possesses a very desirable degree of elasticity, and constitutes an exceedingly tough wall. Even the faithful old adobe cannot claim to resist the rending action of earthquakes with a like obstinacy, and most of the houses are built as described. When the walls are thoroughly dry they are smoothly coated with fine plaster, or are externally faced with corrugated galvanized iron, which is much in vogue, both as an outside protection against the weather and as roofing.

The rains are so very heavy at times during the wet season that the arched roadbed is impracticable, since it would cause the houses to be flooded. The streets, therefore, are sloped down from the raised causeways to their centers, and as the water from the roofs is mainly directed into them, they become swiftly flowing watercourses during a heavy rain. A *ten minutes'* downfall has been known to convert a dry street into a torrent, and the writer has seen a photograph of it that was taken by Mr. Henry H. Burrell, Director of the El Triunfo Company, and who kindly furnished the photographs from which the illustrations to this article are taken.

BARRACKS, UNIVERSITY, AND POSTOFFICE.

As you approach the outskirts of the city, the scenery of the surrounding country, of which you have occasionally been getting glimpses, breaks into view, and you stand in admiration at the fretwork pictures of light and shade presented by mountain-sides and hillslopes, particularly if the sun's position is favorable to display, in all their ramifications, the ravines, gullies, and seams, the chines and ridges and chasms into which the surface has been cut up on the sides of the extinct Volcano San Salvador by the resistless agency of water. The crater of this venerable defunct is now occupied by an extensive lake.

Turning back to the central and busy part of the city, the visitor will not fail to notice the almost total absence of show-windows, and will not find himself impeded by crowds attracted by gay displays of goods behind plateglass. The stores, with very few exceptions, have no windows, but are provided with wide doorways which admit purchasers and light alike. Most of the stores are well stocked with goods of every kind, foreign and domestic, the prices of the former being about the same as those in San Francisco, while articles of native manufacture are still cheaper. During the hours from eleven A. M. to one P. M., the Salvadoranian's breakfast and resting time, business is suspended, the shops are closed, and the streets assume an air of abandonment.

There are three principal squares, situated in the center of the city: the Plaza de Bolivar, the Plaza de Armas, and the Plaza de Morazan. The first is the most attractive one, being laid out in garden-beds, in which a variety of flowers, shrubs, and trees are planted, among which may be observed the bread-fruit tree, with its large handsome dark-green leaves, the cocoa-nut palm, and the *arbol de fuego*, or fire-tree, as it is called by the natives, which, when in flower, presents a most gorgeous dome of brilliant crimson, relieved here and there by fronds of bright green foliage. This plaza is surrounded by an ornamental iron railing, inside of which, under the shade of orange trees, extends a broad promenade, well paved with flat tiles along the four sides. The center is occupied by a bandstand, and every evening, except on Mondays, the public is entertained from half-past seven until nine by the military bands, whose performance is a credit to them.

On the north side is the cathedral, an edifice of some size, with two belfry towers surmounting the facade, and a dome rising from its center. Its plain walls, however, its front constructed of lumber, and its hollow wooden pillars, are far from imposing, while its roof of corrugated iron, and the facing of the farther outside walls with the same flimsy material, give one the impression of trumpery construction. But this lack of grandeur and solidity must be attributed to the suppressive effect of the ceaseless fear of the destroying earthquake.

The Plaza de Armas, or Military Plaza, is a large open square, innocent of adornment of any kind. Three sides of it are flanked by broad, plain porticoes extending in front of low buildings that are used for stores. The municipal building and its right-hand neighbor, which are double deckers, situated on the south side, are exceptions. On the fourth side, the eastern one, stands the church of the Rosario, which occupies about half the length. At the southeastern corner is the White House of the Supreme Executive Power. It has a stately appearance compared with the buildings near it, being of two stories and surmounted by a clock-tower, from which dial and bell punctually inform the public as to the right local time. During the diurnal breakfast epoch, when shops are closed, the silent place has a melancholy deserted look.

On the south side of the Plaza de Morazan is the theater—another building that stands among its fellows like Saul among the Children of Israel. It is really a handsome edifice, and, with its gilt decorations, ornamental work, and a liberal supply of glass, is a bright setting on the south side to the beautiful little plaza which it overlooks. The Plaza de Morazan pleases the eye, and is not depressed by surrounding squatness. With the theater on the south, the Banco Internacional on the west, surmounted by ornamental spires, and another high building adjoining the latter, it is relieved from unattractive surroundings like those which oppress the other squares. It is laid out in unpretentious flower beds, grass plats, and broad cemented walks. In its center stands a handsome marble monument erected, in 1881, in honor of General Francisco Morazan, whose memory is dear to every liberty-loving Central American. The marble structure supports a bronze figure of the unfortunate hero, and five tablets of the same metal, in high relief descriptive of military scenes in his career of war, decorate the sides of the monument.

Mention should be made of the University and Postoffice, which occupy an entire block in one continuous building, situated on the west side of the cathedral. This is the largest and most solid-looking two-story edifice in the city; there are, however, other structures of the kind, belonging to enterprising private individuals who have had the hardihood to rise above the ground floor in house building.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOME.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ONLY eight miles from Oxford is the little town of Woodstock, formerly a royal manor and the residence of several English kings, from Henry I. to Charles I. Some traces of the old manor house or palace remained until 1723, but its site is now marked by two sycamores. "Rosamond's Bower," and the labyrinth constructed by Henry I. for his sweetheart, have also disappeared, but "Fair Rosamond's Well," a spring of clear water, knee deep, enclosed in a stone basin and shaded by dark cedar trees, is still to be seen in the great park of Blenheim.

The present lords of the Manor of Woodstock are the Dukes of Marlborough, the first of whom was John Churchill, a genius upon whom fortune, three or four sovereigns, and countless fair women showered their brightest smiles. Charles II. having made him a baron of Scotland, James II. gave him a barony of England, William III. conferred the Earldom of Marlborough upon him, and, as a reward for his services as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Flanders, and his magnificent series of victories over the French, he was created a duke. He also received a pension of $20,000 a year and the royal manor of Woodstock, the latter being held from the sovereign at an annual rental of a small silk flag. The nation built for him and his successors Blenheim Palace, for which Queen Anne paid out of the Civil List about $1,200,000, and the Churchills some $300,000 more. The designer of Blenheim (named from Marlborough's culminating victory) was a well-known man of that day, Sir John Vanbrugh, so famous for the massiveness of his structures that a wit suggested as his epitaph the lines:

"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

But in Blenheim Sir John designed a house which is probably the most palatial in England; it is certainly more so than the Queen's London palaces of Buckingham and St. James; and Windsor, though a truly royal residence, is rather a castle than a palace. Blenheim stands in a noble park of 3000 acres, entered from the main street of Woodstock by a handsome stone archway called the Triumphal Arch. There are other entrances to the park, but this is the chief and public one. It was built in memory of the first duke "by the command and under the auspices of his well-beloved wife Sarah, that it might be an everlasting monument of his glory and of her affection," so we are informed by the translation of the Latin inscription.

Once within the park we see in the distance the Palace, the prevailing yellow tone of which contrasts well with the green background of elms and other trees. The center of the Palace—a lofty Corinthian portico—is recessed, and from it run two curved arcades connecting the center with the right and left wings, which are massive towers. The main building and these towers form three sides of the grand court, the fourth of which is open toward a fine lake. The main entrance faces north, and in the eastern wing is an archway for carriages. A door in the middle of the north front admits us to the lofty entrance hall, which is adorned with a large allegorical painting of the Battle of Blenheim. On the left of the hall as you enter from the grand court are the Duke's private rooms, containing many fine pictures, chiefly by Dutch artists. Behind the hall is the saloon, or reception-room, with marble chimney-pieces and door-cases, and painted walls and ceilings. The paintings are allegorical, and represent the first duke drawn in triumph in a chariot over the prostrate forms of warriors. To the left of the saloon are the great and small drawing-rooms, the grand cabinet, and other rooms all full of magnificent pictures. Indeed, the palace is crowded with the work of the greatest masters wherever there is wall space to hang them. About twelve or fifteen years ago the National Gallery bought the famous Blenheim Raffaelle for the great sum of $375,000, probably the largest price ever paid for a picture. The small drawing-room is filled with pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, among them being the famous one entitled "The Fortune Teller," a portrait of Lady Charlotte Spencer. For so magnificent a house the rooms are not large, the saloon being forty-four by thirty-five feet, the great drawing-room thirty-three by twenty-three feet, and the dining-room thirty-four by twenty-six feet; but as all the rooms communicate by large doors they can be thrown into one suite about four hundred feet in length.

In the grand cabinet, at the southeastern corner of the Palace, are some splendid paintings by Teniers, Raffaelle, Rubens, and other masters. Through the state bedroom we come to the bow-window room, which is ornamented with fine tapestry and commands a fine view to the east. On the other side of the saloon, to the westward, are three staterooms, on the walls of which the first duke's great victories of Donawert, Lisle, and Malplaquet are represented in superb tapestry glowing with life and brilliant color. But the greatest room is the library, which runs along the west front of the palace; it is a brilliant apartment originally intended for a picture-gallery.

NORTH FRONT BLENHEIM PALACE.

SECTION BLENHEIM PARK.

It is lighted by recessed windows on the west, and gleams with polished white marble; its basement is of black marble relieved by a little of a buff color. This magnificent apartment, three hundred feet in length, contains a marble statue of Queen Anne, and portraits of many Spencers and Churchills. Beyond it is the chapel, one side of which is nearly filled by a splendid monument to the first duke.

Returning from the chapel and starting again from the entrance hall, there is a suite called the coral rooms, which was often occupied by the Prince of Wales, when he was an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford. From the hall leads the grand staircase, hung with innumerable portraits, as are also the bedrooms. Besides all these rooms there are a bachelor's gallery, a billiard-room, and laboratories, the eighth duke having been very fond of practical chemistry.

From the south or garden front of the Palace stretches a great lawn, with splendid gardens to right and left of it. The eighth duke was very fond of experiments in horticulture, and devoted much attention to his gardens and conservatories, which extended over eight acres. The pleasure-grounds at Blenheim are a fine example of the peculiarly English art of landscape gardening, to which the Italian garden under the eastern tower of the Palace, with its flat, formal, brilliant flower-beds, presents a striking contrast. Below the lawn is an enclosure of some acres, in which, when I last saw Blenheim, were several kangaroos and emus.

Through the park flows a little river named the Glyme, over which was thrown a bridge, so grand and massive that it made the trickling little stream ridiculous, and provoked the following couplet concerning the great duke, who was decidedly close:

"The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

A clever gardener dammed up the river and created a fine lake, on the waters of which proudly float many white swans. Across the bridge, and exactly facing the center of the palace, is a great Doric column, crowned by a colossal figure of the first duke; on the sides of its base are marble tablets, on which are recounted the hero's achievements. But it is tiresome to enumerate details, suffice it to say that Palace and park lack scarcely any charm of art or nature, and together form one of the noblest gifts ever presented by a nation to a military leader.

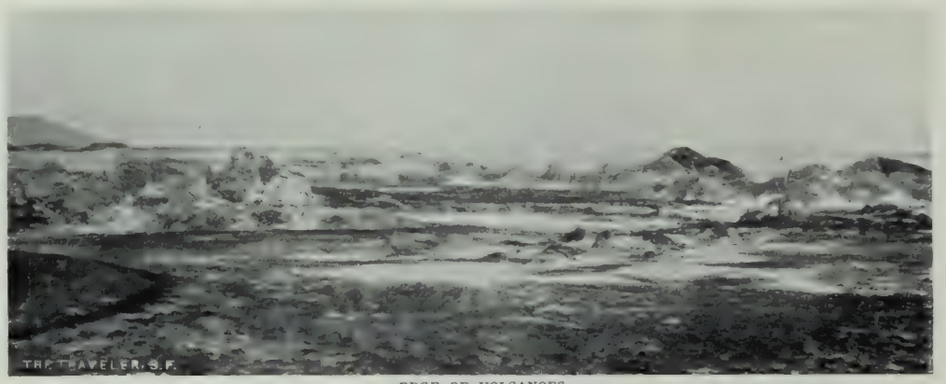
A few words with regard to the owners of all this grandeur. The first duke was so handsome that he was known throughout Europe as *le bel Anglais;* that he was also very licentious was, in the days in which he lived, only natural. He married Sarah Jennings, a favorite of Queen Anne, and a lady of imperious temper; but he was much devoted to her, writing most affectionate letters during his busiest campaigns and after his hardest won victories. Sarah sincerely repaid his affection, and so faithfully cherished his memory that she refused an offer of marriage from the great Duke of Somerset. The first duke's only son dying while an undergraduate at Cambridge, his daughter was permitted, by special Act of Parliament, to succeed as Duchess. When she died without issue, the title and estate passed to Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, the eldest son of Anne Churchill, second daughter of the first duke. Thus the family name became Spencer-Churchill, and the Dukes of Marlborough are also Earls of Sunderland. The third duke was a soldier, and commanded a brigade at the Battle of Dettingen. The seventh duke was a minister in one of D'Israeli's Cabinets, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The eighth duke, while still Marquis of Blandford (as the eldest son is called by courtesy), earned an unenviable notoriety by his wife's divorce, but was a man of marked ability, and might have achieved a high reputation in public life. After succeeding to the dukedom, he married Mrs. Hammersley of New York, who is now Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, and stepmother of the present Duke. The ninth duke recently married Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, one of Fortune's most favored sons, thus uniting one of the greatest fortunes of the New World with one of the most picturesque titles and romantic estates of the Old.

OUR LITTLE VOLCANOES.

H. G. TINSLEY.

IN THE press despatches of the daily newspapers there recently appeared a few lines relative to the present season of unusual turbulence among the little volcanoes along the Lower Colorado River, in the land of the Cocopah Indians, which was the first intimation that thousands of American people had that a land of volcanoes exists within Uncle Sam's domain. Indeed, there are comparatively few Californians who have had an idea that within the borders of their own commonwealth there have been through countless ages hundreds of ceaseless, active volcanoes and "fire spitters." None of these burning mountains are as large as Vesuvius, to be sure, but they are fully as active, and more noisy and restless. A party of adventure-seeking travelers have returned recently from a trip down the Colorado River from old Yuma to the Gulf of California.

The exact situation of this region of volcanoes is about two hundred miles southwest of Yuma, and fourteen miles from where the Colorado River flows into the Gulf of California. The Cocopah and Yuma Indians call the country "Bad Man's Hunting Ground," and not a redskin of any of the tribes in the southwest can ever be induced to even visit that region. All Indians are superstitious, and those in Arizona and Northern Mexico believe that the land of the volcanoes is the next door to hell itself. There are numerous legends and stories among the Pimas, Maricopahs, and Cocopahs about the horrible beings that have in ages past come from among the volcanoes to the injury of the Indians, and of the spirits of dead and wickedly inclined redmen that wander about down there in the sulphurous atmosphere, only waiting an opportunity that would enable them to wreak their vengeance upon some unsuspecting savage.



EDGE OF VOLCANOES.

The air for miles around the valley of the volcanoes is heavy with foul fumes, and only persons of strong lungs and throats can stand the odors, even several miles away, for more than a few hours. When one has gone into the midst of the volcanoes the smells are not only abominable, but very dangerous to any animal life, unless there is a strong breeze blowing to carry the sulphur-laden air away. There are undoubted stories of persons who ventured too far among the volcanoes where the air was calm and heavy with the poison from the bowels of the earth, and who died in a few minutes. Several years ago, Professor Smedley of Ontario College fitted up an apparatus whereby he could carry a rubber bag full of air while he was exploring among the liveliest of the volcanoes. In some way his device did not work, and he had gone only two hundred yards into the valley of the fire spitters when he was seen to stagger and fall by several companions, who, at the risk of their own lives, rushed in to his rescue and saved him from instant death. As it was, the whole party was ill, and did not fully recover from the effects of inhaling the poisonous fumes for a week or more.

The first sight of the land of the volcanoes is one never to be forgotten. The feeling, as one gazes over an area of thirty miles, under the hot burning sun of the desert, dotted everywhere by literally thousands of hummocks and mounds, and blue smoke curling up from countless numbers of these, and flames and particles of molten lava from others, is that here indeed is a literal inferno on earth. The mounds of volcanoes are of all sizes; from that of a hogshead up to an eminence some one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. The majority of them are about fifteen feet high, and are sixty feet in circumference at the greatest point. Most of these little volcanoes are active, and, when they are not spitting forth vapors and lurid flames, are boiling and stewing within, very much as a steam engine about to raise its safety-valve. The noise of several thousand volcanoes seething, grumbling, and bubbling fills the average visitor with indescribable sensations.

"Bad Man's Hunting Ground" is reached only by a boat from Yuma down the Colorado River. The journey can be made only at a certain season in the year, and then it is hazardous and requires expert navigation. The danger lies in the treacherous eddies and rapids of the Colorado, and then the route is not a certain one, owing to the unaccountable freak the little stream has of suddenly drying up when it is least expected. The best time to get into this country is in May, or the latter part of April, because later in the season it gets too uncomfortably hot down there. If the prospective traveler be a good boatman or canoeist he might be perfectly safe in attempting the trip by the Colorado down to the point where it meets the incoming stream, which thus early in the year is always dry. His craft he can safely leave moored to the banks of the Colorado, for in this country there are no roving bands of Indians or predatory boatmen to steal it. There are probably not fifty human beings in that whole region through any year. The journey across the intervening thirty miles of desert and mountain can be easily made by following the dry bed of the little river, which will bring one directly to the edge of the basin wherein lies, probably, the greatest natural wonder of this continent. It is well, though, before starting from the Colorado, to provide oneself with a gallon or two of water to quench one's thirst, for there is absolutely none until the volcanoes are reached.

The land of volcanoes is about thirty miles in length, and varies from fifteen to twenty miles in width. It has been found by surveys to be about one-third of a mile north of the line dividing the United States and Mexico, and engineers have ascertained the territory is about three hundred feet below the level of the sea. To the north, towering skyward, their snow-covered tops glistening in the sunlight, are the lofty Cocopah Mountains, and to the far west, just within range of the vision, can be discerned the Coast Range. To the south are also seen rugged crests of another chain of mountains, not so lofty as the Cocopahs, but more broken. To the east is still another ragged ribbon of rocks jutting out sharply against the horizon. In this rock-hemmed basin are active and dead volcanoes, spouting geysers, boiling springs, a lake of some black sticky substance resembling ink, craters that blow out only dry ashes, others that vomit forth stones and gravel, and still others that belch liquid and blazing streams of mud. There are other holes which emit only lazy puffs of smoke or steam, while from all issues a pungent odor of brimstone. Strangely in contrast with this area of fire and destruction, there are numerous springs of clear and sparkling cold water, exquisitely grateful to the palate parched by the heat and the sulphurous fumes. What is stranger is that the springs of cold water are often found in close proximity to the hot springs, and separated from them by only a few yards.

This is a land that has never been traversed. Human beings have tried it, but they never return to tell of their experiences or of their discoveries, as little heaps of bleaching bones that can be seen scattered about here and there over the lava-strewn surface of the ground testify. Bones of animals also lie about, telling the story of the fatal wanderings of the brutes. It is a dangerous spot in many ways. A sudden upheaval of molten earth, a huge rock shot up as from a catapult, or a shower of scalding water, each or all of them may overtake the unwary traveler and forever stop his progress. But these are not the greatest dangers, for invariably any upheaval or violent convulsion of these forces of nature is heralded by a sullen roar and rumbling noises that shake the earth and give one ample warning to get away. The greatest danger is from the suffocating clouds of deadly, sulphurous fumes that perpetually hang over this region, and which sometimes insidiously steal down and overwhelm the traveler, or which some sudden gust of wind may drive down, with the same fatal results. For this reason it is dangerous to venture far into the interior, or, indeed, far from the edge of the basin, and even then puffs of these death-dealing clouds may swoop down upon one. The only thing to do in such an emergency is to run for it and get outside the place as far as possible and as quickly as possible. Twice the writer was thus caught, and each time he saved his life by dropping prostrate to the ground, but still enough of the poisonous vapors was inhaled to cause a feeling of sickness and nausea for several hours.

There is not a living object, either animal or vegetable, in this land. It is a desolate waste of inanimate mineral objects. The volcanoes are of conical shape, some of them clearly defined, and with symmetrical sloping sides, while others are more rounding and flat at the top. Each has the same distinguishing characteristic—a crater. Some are dead, their fires having been extinct for ages, and many of these are nearly filled with ashes or solid masses of lava which have cooled. One of these extinct craters, near the edge of the basin, is on a mound whose apex is about twenty feet above the surrounding level. This mound is one of the largest in the region, and its base covers two or more acres. The crater is fully seventy feet across, and is filled with water so clear that one can see the sides of the crater for many feet below the surface; but farther out this little elevated lake is practically bottomless, as a line with a sinker attached sank its length, three hundred feet, and did not touch the bottom. One never sees a bird here. Not even a bug or mosquito has been known to enter into this valley of death. As for trees or vegetation of any kind, there are none. Even the cactus, that friend of the desert, cannot find root here. At the springs of cold water not even a blade of grass or a tuft of moss finds life.

A very interesting object in this land is a huge volcano that is on the outskirts of the valley proper, and, therefore, easy of study. It is 50 feet high, and has a circumference of 800 feet at the base. It is an active volcano, and is the largest elevation in sight, though there may be bigger ones farther in the interior never discovered by man, but a circuit made entirely around the edge of the basin has failed to find its equal in size, or anything even approaching it. It is an accommodating monster; it has regular periods of unrest, and whenever it wants to spit fire or vomit rocks and molten mud it gives notice of its intentions by a peculiar roar, before which all other sounds become stilled in comparison. It groans as if with a mighty pain, and if one should chance to be standing on the edge of the crater, and preserve his balance long enough to take a good look inside, he would see masses of molten matter far down heave and boil and surge up and down with convulsive moves. Then it is time to go away, for the surging matter is rapidly rising and in ten minutes it will be pouring over the sides of the crater.

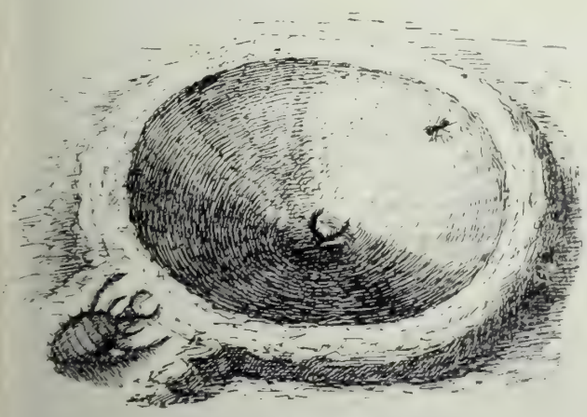
NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

LOOKING casually at the surroundings you would discover nothing that could suggest such an occurrence. The great Sierra pines stood motionless against the clear, blue sky, and the robins carolled merrily in the shrubbery; while gray squirrels bounded nimbly p the tree trunks, and blue-jays cawed harshly in he upper branches. But in the sandy soil under the azel-nut bushes, by the sunny, winding trail, there as a little circular depression, which was immedi-ely recognized as the den of the voracious ant-lion. egardless of poison-oak, the intervening boughs ere pushed aside so that a closer view could be ob-ained, just as the curtain, so to speak, was about to se on the first act of the drama.

The funnel-shaped trap, or pitfall, was about three ches in diameter and two and a half in depth, and own in the apex lay hidden the wily insect-cannibal, ith only its wide-spread forceps visible. A little lack ant, impelled by the fatal curiosity of its kind, ame peering over the crumbling edge, and was pre-pitated headlong down the slope, well-nigh into the aws of its deadly foe. But escape was not an impos-bility; and it endeavored pluckily to scramble up he shelving walls. The hungry lion, however, was qual to the occasion; and hastily loading some of the isplaced earth on top of its broad, flat head, it hurled after its fleeing prey, until, blinded and bewildered, he luckless victim resigned itself to its fate. In less me than it takes to tell it, the poor ant's juices ere sucked away, its dry skin tossed contemptu-usly aside, and the treacherous snare set in order for he next comer.

Surely such a clever little rogue was worthy of loser inspection; so the den and its occupant were refully removed and placed in the center of a tin ie-plate. At first the creature "played dead" to erfection; and being exactly the color of the sur-ounding sand, it readily escaped detection. But resently it began to make a tour of the dish, as hough choosing the site of a new residence. Its ointed body was scarcely half an inch in length, and as provided with six clumsy legs, by means of hich it moved slowly in a backward direction. On ither side of the head were half a dozen tiny eyes, and



ANT-LION AND TRAP.

he mouth was terminated by a pair of powerful jaws, r mandibles, feathered like the antennæ of a moth.

Having accustomed itself to the situation, it pro-eeded to reconstruct its demolished den by making a ircular furrow in the sand, shoveling the superfluous oil on to its head with one of the legs on the inner ide of the ring, and then, with a sudden jerk, send-ng it flying beyond the limits of the proposed trap, very much as a workman would use a spade in exca-vating a cellar. In this way, furrow after furrow was dug, small stones and pebbles being laboriously nounted upon its back and rolled away from the edge. Though balanced by the movable segments of the body, these obstructions were always in danger of falling—especially as the ascent was made in the usual backward manner; but each time the attempt was renewed until the burden was disposed of. Twice it struck the tin foundation; and, after apparently puzzling for a moment, set to work in another spot, where the sand was deeper. The arduous task at last completed, the queer little miner ensconsed itself snugly in the bottom of the pit, and patiently waited for some unwary ant or "blue-bottle." But empty pie-plates have no attractions for these insects, and as the lion refused to eat that which it had not personally deprived of life, it was soon restored to the "happy hunting-ground" of the hazel-nut bushes.

For two years these ant-dragons lead this destructive existence; and then manufacture a sort of case or cocoon, from glutinous silk of their own spinning, intermingled with grains of sand, and retire from the world for a period of nearly two months, when they emerge harmless, glittering flies, somewhat resembling a small dragon-fly, only the wings are lighter, broader, and softer and the flight is not so swift.

The beautiful crescent-shaped Bay of Monterey, with its sparkling sapphire waters and its picturesque beaches of gleaming sand, has often been compared by tourists to the famous Bay of Naples. From tip to tip, it measures a distance of fully twenty-two miles; and, supplied by the broad Pacific, its fauna is extremely rich and of great interest. Monster gray whales disport themselves amid the white-capped breakers, far off from shore, in company with many varieties of sharks, among them the dreaded man-eater, while schools of porpoises and dolphins gambol gaily through the waves and huge seals and sea-lions silently pursue their finny prey or bark hoarsely from the dripping rocks. Squids, upwards of seven feet in length, are sometimes stranded upon the beaches, together with jelly-fishes that would fill large baskets, sea-urchins as big as oranges, and starfish with twenty arms.

The largest edible fish on this coast is the black-bass or jew-fish, which reaches a length of six feet and weighs from 350 to 500 pounds, one specimen supplying the needs of an entire village. According to a report published by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, the number of food-fishes in the bay is estimated at 150 species, among the larger and more important being the California salmon, the bonito, or Spanish mackerel, the white sea-bass, the barracuda, the Monterey halibut, and the cultus, or codfish. Smaller varieties of equal excellence include twenty-five kinds of rock-cod, the carp, mullet, spotted trout, and kelp-salmon, large quantities of tomcod and smelt, many species of soles, flounders and perch or surf-fish the black candle-fish, the king-fish, and the pompano.

The California herring is similar to that of the Atlantic, and the sardines, of which there are immense quantities, are almost identical with those of Europe, although they are of smaller size. Anchovies, stickle-backs, "skipjacks," or flying-fish, and scads, or "horse-mackerel," serve principally for bait or for food for larger fishes. Beds of mussels and oysters abound on every side, and clams, ten inches in length, and huge crabs delight the heart of the epicure.

The most expert fishermen on these shores are the Chinese, who not only supply many of the neighboring markets, but who dry and salt large quantities of squids, infant sharks, and abalone meat for exportation to Oriental countries.

Near the settlement of Pacific Grove, in Monterey County, is situated the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory, a branch of the biological department of the Stanford University. It is well equipped with aquaria and laboratories; and during the mid-summer months a limited number of students are here instructed in the various interesting branches of marine animal life.

CHATS WITH CHILDREN.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

Away over in New York City there lives a dear little boy, only two years and a half old, who is one of the youngest bicycle riders in the world. Not only does he ride a wheel, and ride it well—he has a velocipede and a pony, and it is hard to tell which of the three he likes the best. The sturdy, manly little fellow has a long name, and he comes of a distinguished family. He is Edward Clinton La Montagne, and a great-grandchild of the late Judge Hastings, who founded Hastings' College of the Law in San Francisco. Edward dearly loves out-door sports, and longs to be big enough to play polo, a game that he could contentedly

A BABY ATHLETE

watch by the hour if his nurse would let him. He has surely inherited his liking for athletic sports, because his father and uncles are leaders in those pastimes in the City of New York, while his mother, a very handsome society lady, is an expert horsewoman. His grandfather La Montagne was one of the originators of the Racket Club, a very fashionable Club, by the way, while his uncle, Renne La Montagne, made a world's record in sprinting that has been beaten only once; in fact, his father and uncle for many years held the championship for sprinting, and his uncles were the first to play the game of La Crosse in New York, which later became so popular. Edward's father was also President of the Old Rockaway Racing Association.

Did any of you ever see a baby owl? They are the queerest little things, all round and wobbly, and they look just like a bunch of feathers that ought to be doing duty in a milliner's store. But such appetites! The mother owl brings raw meat for her infant's breakfast, dinner, and supper, which you would naturally think was certain to give the youngster bad dreams and fearful indigestion, but it doesn't. Indeed, I never heard of a baby owl having the colic. My brother used to have a lot of them for pets. Not that he could pet them very much, for owls, even when they are little, are not the least bit affectionate, and really have very rude manners, because they will bite whenever they get a chance. But my brother was fond of them all the same. One day he let them all go, and told the cook that she could use the cages he had made for kindling wood. Why? Because that family of owls was such an expensive one he said he could not afford to play father to it any longer. It took every nickel of his spending money to buy raw meat for them. He didn't have enough left for a bag of peanuts. What would your own father say if you ate him out of house and home like that? Besides, they were big enough and old enough to hunt their own food and make an independent living for themselves, just as you children will be doing one of these days. The favorite place of owls for nests is the hollow of a tree. There are a number of relations in the owl family—the hoot owl, the screech owl, the snowy owl, short-eared and long-eared owls. The largest of all is the great-horned owl, which, by the way, is also the most destructive; and the smallest of all is the saw-whet owl.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKLEY FERGUSON

Some one tells me that there is a city ordinance providing that our city gas lamps shall not be lighted the night before and the night after full moon, as well as upon the night when that pale planet reaches its full rotundity. Now it happens with remarkable frequency in San Francisco that her lunar majesty veils herself in fog on the nights when she is expected to come to schedule time with her wonted brilliancy, so that we who are compelled to prowl about must grope in darkness and deadly fear of the festive footpad. Probably when the ordinance was adopted the vagaries of the "inconstant moon" were not taken into consideration.

"Money to burn!" echoed a man on the Hayes-street dummy, in response to a remark which his companion had just made. "Well, perhaps he has coin to cremate, but I once knew a man who had money to eat. Yes, sir, I mean it—money to eat. I once saw him swallow a ten-dollar sandwich."

At this astonishing assertion I forgot my manners and turned to stare at the speaker who sat next to me. While I was wondering how long a man could pay board at a hotel whose prices averaged ten dollars per bite, the gentleman, whom I recognized as one of San Francisco's most respected and veracious citizens, went on:

"It was in Los Angeles, and one of the Chilson brothers was the man who performed the feat. Everybody down in Southern California knew the Chilson boys. They were poor and steady at first, rich and reckless afterward. Well, they went to Arizona and began to pick up nuggets of silver while prospecting, and presently they stumbled upon a lead that was soon after famous as the Silver Nugget Mine, which they worked and finally sold, becoming immensely rich. Then they returned to Los Angeles, bought the old folks a fine farm near Anaheim, and started in to squander their cash. They spent it at a lively rate I can tell you, and soon were terribly dissipated. Some men, you know, can't stand prosperity, and riches ruined the Chilson boys. One day, before a crowd of us, at a hotel table, one of them took out a ten-dollar bill, laid it between two buttered slices of bread, cut it into small squares with a sharp knife, and ate it. What became of the Chilson boys? Oh, they drank themselves to the ——"

Never mind the word. Suffice it to say that it rhymed with revel.

The editor of a literary publication, says an unidentified exchange, who has been advocating summer reading clubs and helping his subscribers to form them, has received this delicious query: "How can we get rid of our president? She is well-meaning, but she has no grip. She is really a disadvantage, but has no idea of it. She will never resign, and our personal liking is so great we cannot bear to ask her to go out." The editor was completely stumped, and has passed the problem on to his other subscribers.

The paragraph on college yells which appeared in these columns recently has brought me a number of letters concerning that particular form of verbal explosiveness, several college youths kindly adding to my collection. The most interesting of the assortment is that of a young man from Maine who approached me upon the fascinating subject. Said he: "Your Berkeley and Palo Alto yells are very fair specimens in their way, but the star yell of all, in my opinion, is the '93 yell of the Bangor High School, from which I graduated. Shall I give it to you?"

"W—wait," I stammered nervously. "Not here on Market Street, if you please. You might get arrested, you know. It's so easy to be mistaken for a dangerous lunatic and I have no fancy for being accessory to the crime. The only really safe place to let a fine healthy college yell loose is out at the Cliff, where you can run opposition to the roar of the sad sea waves without mortal fear of the strong arm of the law. Let me see it in black and white first. Break it to me gently."

He did, and here it is: Wa Ho Wa Ho Rip Sip Bar Zo! Bangor High School Ri Si Ka Yi! Hot or Cold, Wet or Dry, Get There Eli, Bangor High.

A most remarkable case of courtship was that of Bouguereau, the French painter, and his fiancee, Miss Gardner, who were recently married after an engagement that lasted nearly twenty years. As every one knows, the delay was due to the objections of the artist's mother. To the American mind it seems ludicrous that a man who had reached so patriarchal an age as the painter—three score and ten—could be kept in solitary bachelorhood by a parental whim. But perhaps everybody does not know that a new law has just been passed in France, simplifying the matter of parental consent. The parents who are inclined to be unmanageable can now receive but one notification by a man over twenty-five, or a woman under twenty-one, after which their consent can be dispensed with, if they persist in being refractory. One month after such notification the marriage can take place.

Long years ago it vanished from my sight:
It was not stolen in the dead of night,
This volume on whose leaf my name was penned—
I loaned it to my friend.

As well might I have flung it in the fire,
Or made of it a flaming funeral pyre.
If you your book fore'er from you would send
Just loan it to a friend.

Should he return and place it in my hand,
The shock would be too great for me to stand:
'Twould mean the world were coming to an end.
The book I loaned my friend.

Reader, a word in your ear. When you are tired of everything; when even your best friend seems to be tumbling on the pedestal of your affection; when the world appears a poor sort of a place to live in—there! Don't go away just yet, for this isn't a liver tonic ad—when your mind's eye has strabismus, and you conclude that you don't like yourself very well, why, just go to the Orpheum and let vaudeville cure you of the blues.

I used to have hazy notions that the Orpheum wasn't exactly the place for woman, lovely woman; that it was, in fact, a bit off color as a place of amusement. So much for prejudice. Then I went to the Orpheum and was converted to vaudeville, and am grateful to it for scaring away many a fit of the doldrums. If the programs and performers were not the best of their kind it would be very different. If you have any objections to rubbing elbows with common humanity, then do not go, for Orpheum audiences draw from the levels as well as the upper heights of society, and ten to one your scullery maid will have a reserved seat next to you. Probably she will not mind that, though. Your vegetable man, too, is likely to sit behind you, but you can survive even that, especially when just to your left you recognize a member of the Four Hundred enjoying the passing show. The Orpheum is one of the most democratic, cosmopolitan, and enjoyable places of amusement in San Francisco. If you are somewhat doubtful as to the good to be obtained from witnessing such a performance just try it and be convinced.

An amusing incident illustrating the subjugation of tyrant man occurred recently on a down trip of a Castro-street car. A young couple were aboard whose honeymoon had evidently gone into hopeless eclipse. Plainly, there had been a family jar before they left home that morning. At all events he wanted to get off at a certain street, while she desired to continue down town. "Well," said he in a savage undertone, that made me feel like thanking a kind fate that he didn't belong to me, "well, you'll get off when I do. Do you understand?"

Immediately every passenger was interested. It was a war of wills, and each wanted to see who would win. If bets had been offered I think the odds would have been in favor of the girl. Presently her companion signalled the conductor to stop, and got out. His wife did not budge. The conductor clanged the bell and the car started on its journey. For a few seconds the enraged benedict glared after it, then, swallowing his wrath, broke into a dead run and chased the car, hopped to the platform and stood there, mopping his fevered brow. A triumphant smile lit up the girl's face, and the passengers beamed at each other. But what the man on the platform said, the editor of THE TRAVELER would never consent to let me tell. This, however, will convey a hint to you:

"——! ——! ——!——! ——!!!"

A little, white-haired old lady who is one of our bravest surviving pioneers, and who has given to the State native sons and daughters of whom she may well be proud, was kind enough to tell me one night something of her life here in early days. As it is absolutely authentic, and a true chapter in the history of California, I will pass it into type:

"When news came that gold had been discovered up in Klamath County, on Trinity River, we were in San Francisco. Klamath has long since been merged into Humboldt County. Of course we knew that a trip there would be slow, difficult, and dangerous, but having already endured so much, we were willing to endure more. Traveling was made possible only by pack trains. The government later on established Fort Gaston in Humboldt, and occasionally sent wagons drawn by mules to San Francisco for supplies.

"We finally made our way into Hoopa Valley, in spite of the fact that at least fifteen hundred Indians were all around us, and to settle among them was almost like putting one's head into the lion's mouth. About a dozen families were in our party, well provided with ammunition, and we kept strict watch out for the Indians. No lives were lost, and we had comparatively little trouble with them until the soldiers were established at the fort. By that time we were pretty well scattered, and my nearest neighbors were four miles distant. The presence of Uncle Sam's soldiers aroused the hostility of all the tribes, and life for the whites became fraught with danger, for the soldiers were very indiscreet and frequently brought about unnecessary skirmishes with their foes, for which they would revenge themselves upon the white settlers. The Indians were well armed, for by trading with settlers along the Valley they became familiar with powder and ball, and those who had no firearms were expert with bow and arrow.

"No, I was never molested by them. I treated them well, and they, in their way, were good to me. You see, I was all alone in my cabin with my three little children, for my husband had been drowned while fording Bear River on a hunting trip, so I was really at the mercy of the Indians, and had it not been for the unaccountable liking which they took to me, I would not be here to tell this story.

"Hoopa Valley was a lonely spot, with mountains so high to east and west that we never saw the sun rise or set. About ten in the morning it would peep over the top of the range, and disappear behind the western ridge at four in the afternoon. In all California I have never seen such fruit and vegetables as grew there. I had a garden I was proud of, although there were more onions and cabbages in it than orchids and La France roses. In springtime the Valley was a carpet of brightest green, spangled with exquisite wild flowers. A wooden trough, built from the hill back of our cabin, brought the purest of mountain water down to a place hollowed out and lined with rocks, forming a spring which was always cool and sparkling. The Indians used to bring me presents of huckleberries, wild raspberies, and salmon berries, in return for which I gave them bread and other specimens of my small larder. Of course I could not eat anything that came from such a source.

"'We no hurt you, winchuk,' they would say. 'You no be afraid. We like you. We no kill you, winchuk.'

"The tribes, most of whom were Hoopas and Diggers, were almost continually fighting among themselves. Their huts were on the opposite side of Trinity River, about a mile away, and at night I often watched the sparks from their guns as they popped away at each other.

"So the years passed, and my children thrived, but all the schooling they had was found in that little cabin. I was mother, father, teacher, and provider, all in one. I carried on quite a banking business, often having thousands of dollars' worth of gold dust hidden away in buckskin sacks, left with me by the miners up the river for safe-keeping.

"The queerest character that I remember? Buckskin Jim. He was very eccentric, living in a thatched hut up the side of the mountain, with a pack of greyhounds for companions. He shot deer and sold their skins to traders, and always dressed in buckskin, which was how he came by his nickname. He was the second son of an English lord, who, having gotten into some kind of disgrace, had to leave home.

"At a stopping-place up the river was a 'hotel' kept by a man and his young son. The boy washed the dishes of the establishment. He is now an ex-Judge of our Supreme Court. And that reminds me that George Knight, the well-known attorney, was born in Hoopa Valley, and when a little chap sat on my knee many a time.

"As near as I can recollect, it was about the year '66 that the Government gave the Valley to the Indians for a reservation, which was a signal for the white settlers to move out. I went one day to visit my nearest neighbors, a family by the name of Daby. They urged me to stay over night, but I went home with my children, riding on our mules. Two hours after we left the Indians set fire to their house. Mrs. Daby's married daughter, Mrs. Danskin, with her three children had come that very day to visit her parents. Under cover of darkness they tried to escape, but the Indians shot at them, killing Mrs. Daby and other members of the family who tried to get down the river on a raft. Mrs. Danskin fled in her night-clothes to the brush, where she hid her two youngest children, and walked barefooted to Fort Gaston, four miles away. Returning, the soldiers with great difficulty located the children, for the poor little darlings, numb with cold and fright, were too afraid to answer their calls.

"We had some thrilling experiences on our way back to San Francisco, especially when we forded Mad River on mules. Yes, it was a trying life for a woman in those days, a very trying life."

Honor to our pioneers! What a measureless debt of gratitude we owe to them! For they made our present heritage possible.

ITEMS.

"There's Biggser, now; would you call n a patient man?"

"All depends."

"On what?"

"Whether he's fishin' or waitin' fer his pper."

Much interest has been manifested in the ginal production on any stage of "The cial Trust," a new play written espe-lly for the Frawley Company, by the two ll-known authors, Mr. Hillary Bell and r. Ramsey Morris. It is a comedy drama, e story of which is founded upon the inci-nts connected with the famous Cordage ust, the downfall of which stirred the hole financial world, and which is bitterly membered by the thousands to-day who, mpted by the alluring reports, invested oney in the stock. It is said that the ywrights have embodied the intensely amatic features of the career of the trust, d have drawn their characters from life th such accuracy and truthfulness that ere are no end of threats of injunctions, el suits and other matters. The play will ve the advantage of fine interpretation at e hands of the Frawley Company, among hom are Wilton Lackaye, Mrs. Thorndyke-ucicault, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Alice xley, and all of the important members of e Frawley Company, including the re-ppearance of Mr. T. Daniel Frawley him-lf.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, ading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. ll styles now ready.

Travelers to Paris and the Continent, via e London, Chatham, and Dover Route, e not only carefully looked after by Mr. A. horne, the American representative at this d, but each one has handed to him a very ndy official guide to Paris; it is conve-ent in size, can be very easily carried in e pocket, and contains a map of Paris in elve sections, each colored and showing e thoroughfares so clearly that a stranger ithout knowing a single word of French, asking a single question, could travel all er Paris without losing his way. In ldition to these maps there is an index of e principal streets and places of interest, hich can be referred to when in any diffi-lty, and which at once gives the section d square on the map where it will be und. All travelers to Paris ought to be rovided with this very compact little book. r. Thorne can be found at Victoria Station, ondon.

Hungry Horace—Say, gimme ten cents for bed, will yer?

Bergnoski—Cerdenly, my frendt. Vere is er bed?

The Wilder Steamship Company of Hono-lu is one of the most wide-awake lines in he business. They not only give close ttention to their own traffic, but are doing uch to promulgate reliable information oncerning the Islands, from which they aturally receive an indirect benefit. The ollowing abstracts from their gratuitous ircular give some indication of its contents:

"The rate of taxation is one per cent, poll ax $5.00. Good schools are found in the nost remote localities. All coffee planta-ions are exempt from taxation for the next ix years. The Government is similar to hat of the United States. There are no ramps, and there will be none, as all com-ng to the Islands must show a capacity o take care of themselves. Vagrants are romptly sent out of the country.

"This Company has no lands for sale, but ve should be pleased to put you in commu-ication with reliable Real Estate agents or o advise parties looking for lands. The act that the Island people are investing eavily in Coffee Plantations goes to prove hat it is a profitable industry."

NEW GOLD.

A VISION OF HOME.

[Written for "The Traveler" by J. P. Marron.]

Come to my arms and lean on my breast,
And sing me to dreams of the days I love best:
Each note of thy voice, like a mystical tone,
Is the spell that so carries me back to my own.

A father's kind look, a mother's fond kiss,
Dear brothers, sweet sisters—oh! vision of bliss!
And bright cherub faces I worshipped so then,
All beaming with smiles come to meet me again.

They crowd round my knees and dispute their old place,
As their soft little hands push the tears from my face,
Little lips reaching out for the kiss as before,
While I fondle and kiss them a thousand times o'er.

O Happiness, Happiness, where art thou found,
If not in the home, with the fond ones around?
How oft, as I journey o'er Life's dreary track,
In memory I linger and fondly look back.

Slowly and gently the scene fades away,
As the mysteries of night from the dawn of the day.
And alas! to life's sorrows my head I must bend—
But no; thou art with me, my faithful old friend.

When, weary and lonely, I think of the past,
And my heart is with sadness and sorrow o'ercast,
Thy strains and my musings are ever akin,
Thou voice of my spirit—dear old violin.

HE WHISTLED AS HE WENT.

[Dallett Fuguet, in August "Cosmopolitan."]

He went so blithely on the way
Which people call the Road of Life,
That good folks who had stopped to pray,
Shaking their heads, would look, and say
It was not right to be so gay
Upon that weary road of strife!

He whistled as he went, and still
He bore the young where streams were deep,
And helped the feeble up the hill.
He seemed to go with heart a-thrill,
Careless of deed, and wild of will—
He whistled that he might not weep.

THE OLD ROCK SPRING.

FRANK PRESTON SMART.

Under the tall green alders
That never let the sun shine through,
With a tinkling drip o'er the rock's cool lip,
The water came down like the dew;
And not even the fabled nectar
That classic poets sing,
Did I dream could be as sweet to me
As the water in the old rock spring.

Down by the old rock spring,
Where the water-flags dip and swing,
There's never a draught, wherever quaffed,
Like one from the old rock spring!

Down 'mongst the running grasses—
Glad of the shady place—
From the hay at morn or the noon-hot corn,
Full on my eager face
I've flung myself to taste it,
And never has anything
Since slaked my thirst like the balm that burst
Fresh from the old rock spring!

Jones-Brown—I've been stopping at a place in Chicago where it is $50 for fifty days.

Brown-Smith—I've been stopping at a place there where it is $50 or fifty days.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Summerly—Are there many life-saving stations here on the Maine coast?

Native—Wal, there's giner'ly one at every bathing-beach, but they mostly keeps mighty poor whisky.

Mrs. Elderly—Do you love your teacher, Johnny?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Elderly—Why do you love her?

Johnny—'Cause the Bible says we're to love our enemies.

Boarder (to his landlady)—I wish you'd give me the receipt for that pudding we had yesterday.

"I'd much rather give you a receipt for the board you had last month," returned the landlady.

Isaacs—Vell, I hear Goldberg failed. He made a big fight before he vent under.

Cohen—Yes. For dree months he adfertised for a bartner mit gapital to share der brofits of der business.

"My son," said the economical father, "these cigars are better than I smoked at your age."

"Father," replied the youth, "it pains me to do it, but I am compelled to state that they are better than the cigars you smoke now."

Will—Why do you always carry those corks with you when you go to call on your *fiancee?*

Jack—Well, you see, she lives in a flat, and I use them for stopping up the speaking-tubes when I am bidding her good-night in the vestibule.

Miss Bleecker (rapturously)—Yes; and papa says he will give us a house in Brooklyn. Isn't that *grand?*

Madison Squeers (enthusiastically)—Well, I should say so! Why, we can rent it for enough to hire a suite of rooms uptown!

Strawber—Doctor, I haven't been able to keep anything on my stomach for a week.

Dr. Probe—System all run down, eh? What you need is a sea voyage.

Strawber (turning still paler)—A sea voyage? Great heavens! I only arrived from America this morning.

"You will have to give me another room," said a visitor to the hotel manager.

"What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarionet so that I thought I would never get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you blease,' said the German, 'dot you vould schnore of der same key. You vas go from B flat to G, und it schpoils der moosic!'"

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

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It is convenient to all railroads and street cars in the city. New and modern accommodations, and at the depot restaurant, run in connection with the hotel, can be had the best meals in the city. Tourists' lunches put up reasonably. Rates: European plan, $1.00 per day upward; American plan: $2.50 per day upward. ***Darmody & Schaffer,*** Props.

SWAIN'S

In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

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Proprietors, SWAIN'S RESTAURANT,
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Sparkling
Apple Cider

Made in the Eel River Valley, the greatest apple producing district of California.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure

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TO THE NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

FULLY six years have passed since, with right royal welcome, you received with open arms your brethren from the surrounding country, and, with characteristic hospitality, bade them rejoice with you in the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the admission of California into the family of these United States. With glowing pride you decorated the streets and avenues of your city; your parlors, overflowing with good cheer, were thrown open to your visitors; the usual outbursts of welcome were emphasized by the holiday attire seen on all sides, and the universal feeling was directed to the one great event in our Western history, that on the ninth of September, 1850, this great commonwealth was admitted into the Union. You gloried in gazing on the work of your sires, and, in commemoration of their efforts, you erected a magnificent arch spanning your grandest thoroughfare, and covered it with the typical events in your fathers' history. You pictured thereon the gradual advancement of your State wrought out by the herculean efforts and indomitable will of the men whose descendants you are; and high upon that arch you gave evidence in unmistakable language that the spirit of the Argonaut was living in the body of his son, that California energy had not passed away with the retirement of the pioneer, and that there was still living in the breast of the Native Sons a portion of that iron will, that honesty of purpose and inflexible courage that enabled the men of '49 and '50 to brave the perils and surmount the difficulties of that memorable era. That unmistakable language was conspicuously prominent, and the wayfarer read in large and legible letters, "WE ARE PROUD OF OUR INHERITANCE."

More than forty years had passed since the energetic American planted his foot upon this peninsula and commenced the great work of building a city by the sea, flimsy in its first construction because of the lack of material, but, little by little, advance was made, and the fiery elements that thrice laid waste their efforts only served to strengthen their determination to overcome all obstacles. The acres of mountainous sand dunes had no terrors for these men, and in a few years they were leveled, streets laid out, fine buildings (for their time) took the place of the primitive cotton and wooden shanty, and ere they were ready and prepared to lay down their work and hand over the results of their labors to their sons, they were enabled to point to, with a well-earned pride, and to surrender into the hands of these young men, a city of wonderful growth and beauty, which was the admiration of the entire Pacific Coast.

From the north and from the south of you visitors came for recreation, profit, health, and pleasure; they partook of your magnificent accommodations, they purchased your goods and wares, they enjoyed your amusements; and, when their vacation was at an end, reluctantly turned their faces homeward, preferring rather to linger still in this, the metropolis of the Pacific.

This, Native Sons, was the City by the Sea your fathers built and handed over to you as your inheritance.

Have you kept pace with the times since coming into possession of this great gift? Have you continued onward in the path of progress? Have you continued on in beautifying your surroundings so as to present to the critical stranger of to-day a picture as pleasing and as admirable in its proportions as your early history promised? No, Native Sons, a halt has been called. The stranger does not now look on in wonder at your progress, but draws invidious comparisons with much younger and less favored localities. Why is this so? Look at each and every landing place in the city where the stranger first plants his foot. What a picture he there beholds, and how does that picture impress him? Look at the rough, uneven, and, until quite recently, filthy and unclean streets and sidewalks! Look at your grand boulevards, crowded with beautiful, well-dressed women, trailing along with their fine garments the accumulation of refuse that would disgust any community except that of San Francisco! On every hand the repulsive sight meets the eye. The slovenly effort of the workman to patch or repair is so disgusting in its "how not to do it" that the disinterested passer-by laughs contemptuously at the sluggishness of a people that passively submits to such circumstances and permits such a condition to exist. Millions of money you annually pour into the city's coffers, and as a result you receive in return scarcely more than twenty-five per cent in good government.

MRS. ARTHUR BARENDT. *(see page)*

Your streets, your alleys, your sewers (the most prominent features in all well-governed cities, and the correct index of the civilization of the inhabitants), are pointed to as being as dusty, as rough, and as structurally defective as any on the continent. The evidence of bad work and bad supervision is found everywhere. The accumulations are allowed to remain on the surface until the summer winds become the scavenger, and waft it over and on the heads and clothing of the unfortunate wayfarer. In the winter your gutters and cesspools are unattended until the rain carries the dirt into the sewers, choking them, blocking the outlets and endangering the health of your people. This, Native Sons, is the condition of your thoroughfares to-day, and is a reflex of all the other departments of your city government, save the one honorable exception—the Golden Gate Park. To that one department of your city you can point with admiration, and with full consciousness that your funds have been honestly and intelligently expended.

As you stand to-day in the shoes of those noble men who commenced and prosecuted to success a noble work that at its time was the wonder of the world, it is to you all eyes are turned for the redemption of your once beautiful city from its unclean and filthy condition. In you and your organization lies the power to wrest from the hands of the incompetents the trust that has been so long betrayed. Awake, Native Sons, from your lethargy! Arise in your might, and, in one solid phalanx, be a unit on that one great and most important question: clean, smooth, and handsome thoroughfares, clean and competent city government in every department. Let not politics intrude its vile and villainous head. Let honesty and competency be the watchword, and hold to a strict accountability each and every person who accepts a place of trust or profit in this municipality.

The accomplishment of this grand and needed reform is within your grasp. In your hands rests the prosperity of what should be and is the pride of your lives, and if the blood of your sires still courses through your veins, you *will*, in one solid column, and in memory of the men who built the City by the Sea, register a solemn vow that the work they so energetically prosecuted shall not go backward. If you realize not only the obligations you owe your sires, but the opportunity at hand to build upon the magnificent foundation that has already been laid for you, you will redeem your fair city from the slurring censure of slovenly indifference, extravagance, and incompetency, and again appear before the world as worthy sons of noble sires, who can and will show by their unmistakable works and deeds that the words inscribed high up on that grand arch, that on California's fortieth natal day spanned your grandest thoroughfare, were intended to be engraven on your heart so deep that with head erect and a consciousness of your lineage you could always give utterance to the respectful acknowledgment: "WE ARE PROUD OF OUR INHERITANCE."

PIONEER.

They are telling the story in New York that the impossible American in Paris alighted at an hotel to find it absolutely full. "I have nothing," expostulated the host, almost tearfully, "nothing. The first floor is taken by the King of the Ostenders, the Queen of Montegaria occupies the second, the Duke of Cottonopolis is sharing the third floor with the Caliph of Port Said, and the Crown Prince of Nova Esperanza is sleeping on the billiard table. As for myself, I have to make up a bed in the office, and there only remains the chamber of my daughter. Of course——" "Is that your daughter?" interrupted the American, pointing to the young lady at the desk. "Yes, sir." "All right; I'll marry her after lunch." And, giving his valise to the speechless boniface, he added, "Now, you can take my baggage up to our room."—*Argonaut.*

Did you ever think how awkward it will be in 1900? A great problem is soon to occupy the minds of the people of the world. In four years the sweep of time will carry us into a new century, and the figures which indicated the century of 1800 will be exchanged for 1900. When this time comes, can we abbreviate the year in writing and printing, as we do now in 1896? If we may abbreviate, how shall it be done? How will this look, '00? Or this, 19'? When you write at the top of your letter to the editor, March 14, '96, it looks all right; but March 14, '00, will not be at all satisfactory. Did you ever before think what an inconvenient time 1900 is going to be? If so, just consider how lucky your stars are that you will not be living on this mundane sphere in 2000!

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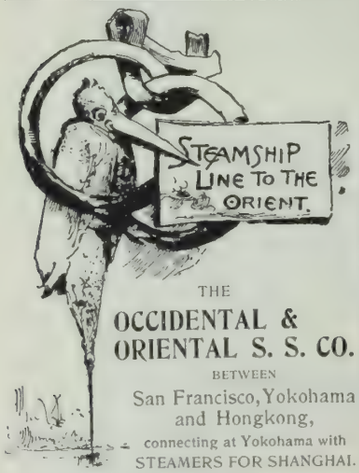

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THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

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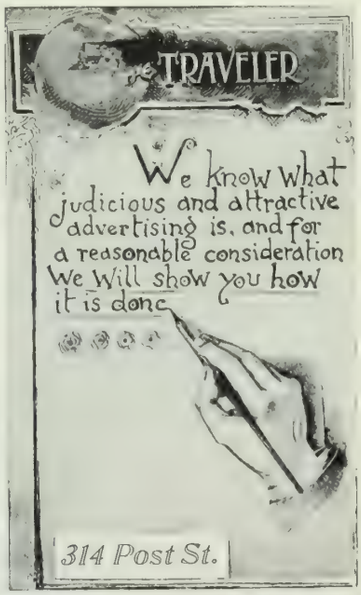

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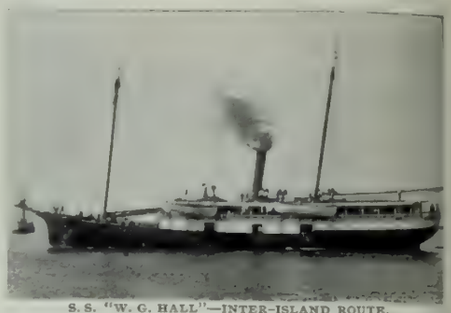

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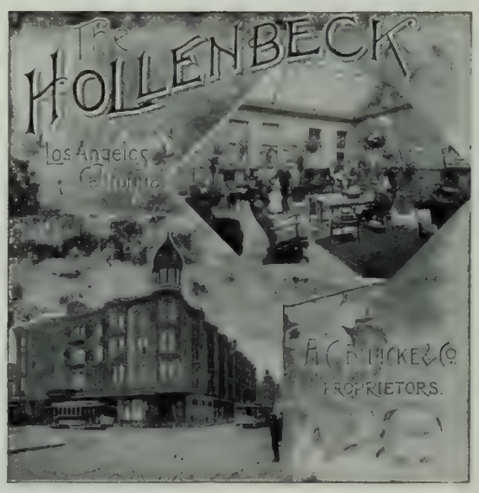

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1896. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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RAILWAY COLLISIONS TO ORDER.

THOSE who are close readers of the daily papers have no doubt been somewhat interested in the novel experiments which have recently been instituted by private individuals for the delectment of the masses. It consists of a prearranged collision of two railway engines coming head on and crashing into each other with a velocity that is frightful to gaze upon.

The last entertainment of this character took place at Columbus, Ohio, and was witnessed by a large number of people from whom gate receipts were exacted proportionate to the expense entailed, with a liberal profit for the promoters.

Up to this time not less than six of these unique affairs have been presented, to what may be termed the morbidly curious, in the Eastern States, but until the more recent exhibition of this character in Texas, this gladiatorial sport resulted without serious consequence to the spectators. In the last case, however, it is reported that two out of a congregation of 40,000 were killed outright, two fatally injured, and thirty or forty slightly bruised. This resulted from the flying bolts and scraps of iron propelled from the terrible impact of the two engines as they came together.

It seems, on the part of the railway officials who permitted this class of sport, that no stone was left unturned to prevent the spectators from crowding over what might be termed the "dead line," but in spite of these precautions they were powerless to prevent the over-curious from gathering too near the scene of collision, with the result as above stated.

We further note that there are at least two more of this class of entertainment advertised to take place during the coming month, one of them under date of October 5th, on the Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis Railway, near Kansas City, Missouri. This style of amusement, if it may be so termed, cannot be considered other than reprehensible by the average citizen, and it is also strange that out of the list of six, two of them were inaugurated by the passenger departments of the roads on which the event took place, being designed to attract excursion business and to promote the receipts for special county fairs.

It would seem that such exhibitions would be hardly profitable, considering the expense involved in the complete demolition of two engines, even though they may be old-time yarders. It is almost inconceivable that railway companies, who have so much to contend with in damage suits resulting from frightful catastrophies which occur from time to time, would permit or encourage a display of this kind, which certainly cannot have a soothing effect on the peace of mind of those who witness it, and who are compelled to use the railways. Certainly the horrors of railway collisions are sufficiently vivid as depicted in our daily press, and for this reason we do not care to have presented to our view pictorial illustrations from nature.

"THE TRAVELER" BY THE FIRESIDE. *C. Y. Lamb photo.*

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

IT is hardly the privilege of a monthly journal like THE TRAVELER to indulge editorially on the political situation of the country, although it may not be amiss to express a few ideas impartially.

Four years ago the issue between the two great parties of the country was Free Trade and Protection. It was argued by both sides in the most forcible and convincing language that one or the other would prove disastrous to the country, and, in fact, the alarmists went so far as to say that if Free Trade was inaugurated, the United States would, within a short period, decay and fall like the Roman Empire. Their opponents said likewise. What was the result? The representatives of Free Trade were elected, and while we cannot say that the country has been prosperous during the past reign, yet it still lives. It is unfortunate, however, that the great National party who may be fortunate enough to be in power should not carry out to its fullest extent the principles upon which it was installed. As it was Free Trade versus Protection, why did they not give us Free Trade instead of tampering with the tariff to a moderate extent, sufficient to jeopardize capital and handicap its investment because of the ever existent uncertainty of the manipulation of the tariff question?

Now, we have the two questions of Silver and Gold, and it is probably the most difficult and unsatisfactory problem that has ever been presented to the American people. Some of our brightest men will honestly acknowledge that they do not understand the financial question. The term "Free Silver" is undoubtedly a misnomer, in that it implies to the plebeian class what it does not literally mean.

It is unfortunate that the problem is an abtruse one, for otherwise it would be more readily understood by the farmers and the wage-earners, who represent the bone and sinew of the country, and for that reason it is doubtful if the results of November 3d next will prove an intelligent preference on the part of the successful suffragists.

Whatever the result is, however, need not disconcert the defeated. The country will continue just the same, and it will probably be as prosperous. We, of course, have our preferences and our beliefs as well as others, but we have not yet arrived at that point where reasoning and calm deliberation are dispensed with, and the alarmists permitted to influence our judgment in matters of this kind.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

FRIENDS AND FOES IN THE INSECT WORLD.

THERE is no force in Nature that is wasted; and each living creature, however humble, has some definite mission to perform—even if it be only the doubtful one of furnishing food for some other animal.

In the insect world man has many friends and many foes, and the ability to distinguish between them is a matter of no little importance, not only to the scientists but to those who appreciate the striking peculiarities of insect life.

One of the greatest enemies of the agriculturist is the well-known June-bug, or cockchafer, a clumsy, thick-bodied beetle, about an inch in length, with wing-cases striped with white and brownish-gray, and antennæ ending in several moveable plates or leaflets.

For no less than three years the fat, white grubs live just below the surface of the soil, severing with their powerful jaws the tender roots of grasses and cereals. Sometimes they are eaten by the mole; and, when turned up by the plow, are greedily devoured by blackbirds.

JUNE BUG.

The perfect insect lives only about a week; but, during its short life, works great havoc among the leaves of the maple and other trees. In some countries they come in such swarms at certain seasons that whole forests are almost denuded of their foliage, many of the trees never recovering their former vigor.

They usually disappear by the end of June, many being eaten by wood-rats and wild birds, or by ducks and chickens; but, as they are mostly nocturnal in their habits, great inroads cannot be made upon their ranks before their destructive career is ended.

Strange though it may seem, they are related to the sacred *scarabeus* beetle, worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, who placed it in the cases of mummies and wore its image, carved from stone or precious jewels, as a charm against evil influences.

The familiar "daddy-long-legs," or crane-fly, stalking along on its lofty stilts or beating awkwardly against the window-pane, is quite harmless in the adult stage; but its larvæ, like those of the cockchafer, are fearful pests to the farmer, as they subsist upon the roots of grain and corn.

In the performance of its appointed task of purifying the atmosphere by the interment of small dead animals, such as frogs, snails, mice, gophers and birds, the queer little sexton, or burying-beetle, displays an almost human intelligence. Its color is a glossy black, as befits a member of its solemn profession; but orange-colored markings adorn the under side of the thorax and knobs or balls of the same hue terminate the antennæ.

BURYING-BEETLE.

If the creature to be buried is of unusual size, the beetle flies off for assistance; and if it lies on hard, stony ground, it is dragged to where the soil is softer.

A series of furrows is then dug around the object, the grave-digger using its broad, flat head and stout legs for a spade and plow, and presently the body begins to sink with its own weight, aided in its descent by vigorous pulls and pushes.

After eight or nine hours' hard work, the earth is neatly thrown back into the hole, and the industrious little sexton's labors are ended.

In this grave the young beetles make their appearance, and pass through the various stages, emerging fully grown.

Another useful insect is the "sparkler," or tiger-beetle, so-called on account of its blood-thirstiness and ferocity, and remarkable for its elegant shape and brilliant, metallic coloring.

It is the shark of the insect world, devouring countless numbers of worms, caterpillars, flies, and hurtful bugs and beetles; escape on the part of the victim being almost an impossibility on account of the large, prominent eyes of its enemy and the long, slender legs, on which it runs with the swiftness of a flash of light.

The larvæ are equally carnivorous, and live in perpendicular burrows in the ground, snapping at passing prey.

Elaters, or spring-beetles, may be easily recognized by their curious trick of springing upward with a click, or snap, in order to right themselves when fallen upon their backs.

This is a compensation of Nature for the extreme shortness of their legs, and the distance jumped is often ten or twelve times their own length.

The largest variety of elater has two white spots on the thorax, resembling wide-open eyes. Rotten wood and such plants as the forget-me-nots are infested by the grubs, which are commonly known as "wire worms."

An ugly insect, with an ugly name, is the "Devil's coach-horse," or rove-beetle, which lives upon heaps of rubbish, although its favorite food is mushrooms.

While running the flexible tail is held aloft, like that of the scorpion, and is used in tucking the large, membranous wings beneath the tiny elytra.

The little, scarlet lady-bugs and their golden-dotted larvæ are invaluable to the horticulturist, as they consume immense numbers of aphids, or plant-lice. Among the peasantry in most European countries they are connected with many quaint and pleasant superstitions, and are supposed to bring good luck and fair weather whenever they make their appearance.

Weevils are very destructive to grain, flour, nuts, fruits and vegetables. They are usually about a quarter of an inch in length, and may be distinguished by the peculiar snout, or proboscis, by means of which they make incisions in half-grown fruit or nuts.

The oval-bodied, black water-beetles, which fly from pond to pond, or circle around upon the surface of the creeks, prey upon tadpoles, water-snails and all species of aquatic grubs; as do, also, the voracious larvæ of the dragon-fly, which live for nearly a year on the muddy stream-banks.

NUT WEEVIL.

The perfect dragon-fly, skimming through the air like a flying flower, in the vicinity of water-courses, does excellent service in consuming hosts of gnats and mosquitoes, as well as flies and other insects, aided in their pursuit by its large, compound eyes and gaping mouth.

Even the life of the soul-irritating, sleep-dispelling mosquito is not lacking in interest. The eggs, floating in the water in the form of a minute boat, hatch into big-headed, little "wrigglers," which swim upside down and breathe through spiracles in the tail. On completing the nymph, or pupa stage, they rise to the surface, and, after drying themselves in the sun, fly off on their ravages, using their cast-off garments for a raft, as the water in which they were born would now be fatal to them.

It is only the mother mosquitoes that bite, and their principal mission appears to be that of giving exercise to the twin virtues of patience and self-control.

THE CHITON, OR COAT-OF-MAIL.

While rambling along the seashore and exploring among the slippery bowlders at low tide, a curious, little, oval object, clinging tenaciously to the surface of the rock, will probably attract the attention.

This is the chiton, or "coat-of-mail," so-called on account of its hard, jointed armor, and, also, known as "the fairy cradle," owing to the shape of the dried specimen.

All along the coast there are a good many varieties of these mollusks, differing in size, form, and brilliancy of coloring.

They adhere to the rocks, much after the fashion of the limpet or abalone; and have the power of elongating or contracting themselves at will, or of rolling up into a ball like the armadillo—the South-American Mammal.

DEVIL'S COACH-HORSE.

The shield, which serves the purpose of a protecting shell, is composed of eight moveable plates, or valves, highly arched in the center and overlapping, like the scales of a fish. When the creature dies, these become detached from the enveloping "mantle," and are washed up by the waves on the beach, where, on account of their shape and gay shades of pink, sea-green, and yellow, they are usually known by collectors as "butterfly-shells."

The largest of these univalves is the "giant chiton," which measures six inches in length by three in breadth. In this species, the plates are of a pure, glistening white, and the leathery mantle of a light reddish-brown.

One of the prettiest species is the "mossy chiton," which is often so overgrown with tiny corallines and sea-mosses, as to be almost indistinguishable from the surrounding rock.

Other varieties are beautifully carved and mottled on the exterior, while within are all the colors of the rainbow.

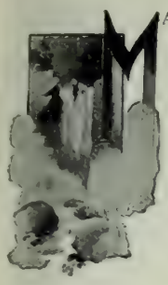
When desired for cabinet collections, chitons should be bound firmly to a shingle, or other flat object, and soaked in a pan of warm, fresh water, after which they may be prepared and dried in the usual manner.

Perhaps figures don't lie—unless the figurer provokes them to it—but they soar so high sometimes that the average mind is unable to follow them and is overpowered by their immensity into accepting rather than make the effort of questioning them. A dizzying example of statistics applied to the unknowable is found in a pamphlet on Utah issued by the Rio Grande Western Railway, in which the author, pausing in his high-flying description of the wonders of the great Salt Lake, proceeds to apply cold mathematics to a demonstration of the tonnage and value of the commercial products that might be extracted from that sink of the mountains. Sparing the reader some of the details of the problem we will condense the premises and conclusions as follows:

Say Salt Lake is 100 miles long; average width 27 miles; average depth 20 feet. Then 100 by 27 equals 2700 square miles, equals 75,271,680,000 square feet; by 20 equals 1,505,433,600,000 cubic feet. Now 16⅔ per cent of the contents of the lake, "according to the analysis of eminent chemists," is salt and sulphate of soda, equals 250,905,600,000 cubic feet. Of this ⅛, or 31,363,200,000 cubic feet, is sulphate of soda, equals (at 50 pounds to the foot) 1,568,160,000,000 pounds, equals 784,080,000 tons, equals 78,408,000 carloads of soda at 10 tons each. Again ⅞, or 219,542,400,000 cubic feet, is salt, equals (at 80 pounds to the foot) 17,560,339,200,000 pounds, equals 8,780,169,600 tons, equals 878,016,960 cars of salt. Therefore, "taking 30 feet as the total length of a freight car and its couplings" (a very moderate figure), we would have a train of soda 445,500 miles long, and a train of salt 4,988,730 miles long, "or long enough to reach 196 times around the earth and leave an 8000 mile string of cars over on a side track." While our brains are reeling over these figures we are ready to accept without a murmur the further demonstration that the sulphate of soda which we have mentally seen produced is worth $15,681,600,000, and that the salt has a money value of $87,801,696,000, making the great total of $103,483,296,000 as the value of the dirty waters of the great Salt Lake. The figures are almost too large. We might possibly swallow the soda; but as for the salt, that certainly must be taken *cum grano salis.*—*Railway Age.*

ON LAKE GENEVA.

VIRGINIA DARE.



MANY of the Swiss lakes have grander scenery, but nowhere in that famous republic will the traveler find a more delightful resting-place for a sojourn of several weeks or months than on the upper end of Lake Geneva. In this region there are said to be no less than fifty hotels and pensions, to which visitors come at all times of the year, but principally from the middle of August until October and November. The steep slopes back of the villages are covered with vines, and many resident physicians profess to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to by prescribing a certain number of pounds of grapes, to be eaten daily—a remedy much more agreeable than a resort to the materia medica.

Clarens and Montreux are the only ones of these villages which attain anything like the dimensions of a town. These have sundry shops where, amid Swiss carvings and photographs, the most prominent position is given to copies of "La Nouvelle Heloise," "Childe Harold," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," the inhabitants having awakened to the fact that the celebrity of their villages is due in a measure to Rousseau and Byron.

The monks no longer have holdings in the land; they have fled before the invasion of the modern tourist.

The romantically inclined tourist particularly delights in Clarens, not only from these associations, but from its neighborhood to sundry historic castles. The picturesque Tourelle and the great square tower of the Chatelard loom forth from the trees on the heights above the town, while within easy walking distance, but out of sight, on a hill embowered in trees, rises the Castle of Blonay, which has belonged to the Blonay family since the Crusades, and has sundry romantic stories attached to it.

There is a seventeenth-century story which rivals that of young Lochinvar and Katharine Janfaue: The Baron of Blonay had a fair daughter, the beautiful Nicolaide, who was betrothed to a Tavel of Villars; being an officer of the King of France, Tavel had to tarry in foreign lands, and could not press his suit. Meanwhile Monsieur Jean Francois de Blonay boldly demanded the hand of his fair cousin; the honor of his alliance having been twice declined, he gathered a handful of friends and retainers, and lurked in the woods near the Chatelard until he saw the Baron ride past—

> "He told na her father, he told na her mither,
> And he told na ane o' her kin,
> But he whispered the bonnie lassie hersell,
> Who seems not to have been unwilling."

At all events the marauders swooped down upon the Castle and carried off the fair Nicolaide, crossing with her into Savoy, where she was married to her captor and lived happily.

The gardens along the shores of Lake Geneva are among the most beautiful in the world, and are laid out in a style seldom seen elsewhere. A walled terrace borders the lake, and evergreen laurels and ivy are so planted and trimmed as to form dense arbors, with top, back, and partitions entirely impervious to sunlight or prying eyes. Square columns of living green at regular intervals, rising from the stone terrace, support the front of the living green roof; the floor is formed of clean, white gravel, without a weed or a blade of grass, and the interiors have rustic seats and tables, at which feminine guests sit with their fancy work, hold an afternoon *kaffee-klatsch*, read the latest novel from the circulating library, or, occasionally, can have a sly flirtation, notwithstanding their argus-eyed chaperons. The most prosaic minds are prone to some little illusory sentiment when seated in such bowers with some "lovely Thais" beside them.

Of course, every one goes to see Chillon, with its underground dungeons where Bonnivard was confined; the rings are yet attached to the pillars to which he and other medieval prisoners were chained, and the track worn by their feet in the pavement can still be seen. The Castle is built on a somewhat isolated rock, rising apparently out of the water on one side, access to it being made over a narrow, wooden bridge, which is guarded, the Castle being still used as a prison and an arsenal. The "seven pillars of Gothic mold" in the dungeon, beneath the surface of the lake, are shown to every visitor who pays a franc, and are scribbled all over with names, among them that of Byron.

CASTLE OF CHILLON—LAKE GENEVA.

At some distance beyond the Castle, the immense Hotel Byron perpetuates the memory of the bard of the Castle. The names of all princes and wealthy notables who visit the shores of this part of Lake Leman have been inscribed on its books. It was a favorite resort with the disreputable old King of Holland, whose chief amusement was to go into the lake bathing in the garb of our first parents before even fig-leaves came in fashion; the King having disregarded repeated admonitions was, it is said, at length fined by the independent authorities of the canton.

The hotel is also a great resort with rich Americans and English, among whom there was a decided thrill when, some years ago, a handsome traveling carriage drove up, the tenants of which were two young and handsome American girls, seeing Europe alone with no escort or chaperone other than an extremely good-looking, young courier. It is such wilful disregard of the *convenances* of European society which makes "Daisy Miller" and Sardou's American-miss types of the whole race of American girls in Continental eyes.

Society on Lake Geneva is nothing if not cosmopolitan. The traveler mingles for weeks with delightful men and women of the world, to find out later that one of them is a "high, well-born" member of the cabinet of some sovereign grand duke, while his wife is lady-in-waiting to the grand duchess. The most intelligent and utterly unpretending young girls met during the whole course of a stay of some years on the Continent were two very young ladies, who, with their parents, were at one of these Lake Geneva pensions; through outsiders—never from themselves—it was learned later that these girls had been chosen to share the studies and advantages of the only daughter of a sovereign closely related to the Emperor of Germany.

The lake itself is one of the greatest sources of delight to the visitor; numerous steamers make daily trips to and from Geneva, stopping at all the larger towns, and small boats are to be hired for a modest sum. A favorite excursion in the latter is toward Chillon.

The water near the castle is nearly a thousand feet deep, and in many other respects the lake is not unlike the ocean; a French writer has poetically declared that the ocean, having visited the valley of the Rhone, "fell in love with it and left his miniature behind"; there are strong currents and sudden swells, like the tides, which are called *seiches;* in the spring and autumn this current is so strong that no oar can be pulled against it. The storms are sudden and fierce; Byron came near being lost in one of them.

Delightful excursions are in every direction, that to the falls of the Gorge du Chaudron being particularly wild and romantic. On the heights above Chillon and the villages are also delightful walks where many rare plants are to be found.

There is a halo of romance that always surrounds these natural relics of by-gone days that cannot but impress the matter-of-fact as well as the scholar, and they invariably leave remembrances that serve to imprint a feeling of veneration and respect upon the sentimentality of human nature.

P. P. C. cards should be left on the occasion of a long absence of over three months, on leaving town at the close of the season, on leaving a neighborhood where you have resided for years, or where you have resided for months, and sometimes only for weeks, but not when changing houses in the same neighborhood, not even when about to be married, unless your future home is to be in another city. The words "*pour prendre conge*" signify "to take leave," and when good-by is not intended, and future meetings are anticipated, there is no ostensible motive for leaving P. P. C. cards.

CALIFORNIAN INDIAN RELICS.

L. G. Y.

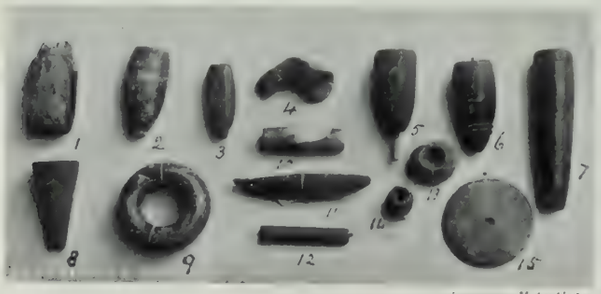
THE aborigines of California, who are rapidly approaching extinction, left in their burial-places and deserted homes a great many relics illustrating their customs and mode of life, but the greed of relic-hunters, who look upon every evidence of the handiwork of the Indians as something from which they may realize a certain amount of coin from the tourist, local scientist, or public museum, and the enthusiasm of private collectors, who spend time and money for the acquirement of specimens of the skill of our predecessors, have disposed of the greater portion of the interesting material which was formerly so abundant, but now difficult to obtain, except the accidental find of material which has been overlooked by former collectors.

Southern California, especially the region about Santa Barbara, has furnished the most interesting material and the largest number of choice relics, nearly all of which have found their way into public museums and the hands of private collectors in the Eastern States and Europe. No institution in California has taken sufficient interest in the matter to preserve these relics of a fast disappearing race, and when our State has a population commensurate with its capabilities and resources, it will be discovered that nearly all of the invaluable material illustrative of the ancient history of the region has been carried away to enrich the collections of other states and countries.

Persistent efforts are being made by a few of our people to establish museums in the larger cities of California to preserve what little is left, but their efforts do not receive the support which they are entitled to. Meantime the material is being scattered and becoming more difficult to obtain.

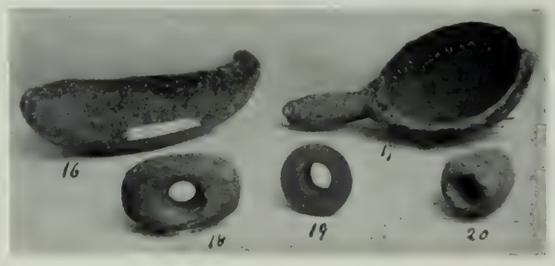
Collectors outside of our own State are anxious to obtain representative specimens of the handiwork of our aborigines, not only on account of the locality, but because many of the specimens found are unlike or better made than relics found elsewhere. Many of these objects were made and used for purposes unknown to us, and the excellence of the workmanship of many others increases their value to collectors.

In our illustrations, figs. 1 to 8 represent some of the many forms of stone pipes used by the Indians: 1, 2, and 3 are from San Miguel Island, off Point Concepcion; fig. 4, an unusual form from San Nicolas Island; fig. 5, a pipe with bone mouthpiece. Figs. 9, 13, 14, 15, and 19 are different forms of perforated disks. The purposes for which they were used has caused much discussion among collectors and writers. Fig. 19 represents a remarkably fine specimen. Figs. 11 and 16 represents canoes made of stone, which were probably used for ceremonial purposes. Fig. 17, carved out of stone, used for melting asphaltum, which was used for many purposes; it is partly filled with asphaltum, as left by the Indians. Fig. 18, a stone hammer of peculiar form from San Nicolas Island, evidently used with and without a handle, as the sides show depressions for the thumb and fingers of the user. Figs. 10, 12, and 20, stone beads, used as money, ornaments, and in religious ceremonies.



Yates photo.

One result of the general distribution of our Indian relics is that among the many small collections distributed throughout the State are rare or choice specimens, many of them unique, and were it possible to bring the whole of them into one collection it would illustrate the general character of the work of the aborigines and have a tendency to attract such specimens as may hereafter be brought to light, and eventually form a most valuable and exceptionally interesting museum of the ancient history of California.



It is deplorable that greater interest is not manifested in these relics of the aboriginies, for they form one of the principal sources of history that we possess, and are to the scholar what object lessons are to the juvenile in our kindergardens. Souvenirs of this character are fully as interesting as the pre-historic footprints that were discovered at Carson, Nevada, and certainly form a better opportunity for authentic deductions as to the character and habits of the aboriginies.

HAWAIIAN COFFEE.

C. L. WIGHT.

It is only within the past few years that the production of coffee in the Hawaiian Islands has exceeded the local demand, the little that reached foreign markets being purchased by those who had visited the "Islands" and knew its peculiar excellence.

The mild uniform temperature of the Hawaiian coffee lands has induced many foreigners, who were suffering from weak lungs or from rheumatism, to engage in coffee planting. They have not only recovered their health, but have also established themselves in a fine paying business.

Hawaiian coffee flourishes at all altitudes from sea level to mountain top. The best results are obtained at altitudes of from 600 to 3500 feet above the sea, the finest quality of berry and the largest crops being produced in the Districts of Puna, Hilo, and Hamakua, on the windward side of the Island of Hawaii. The extreme range of the thermometer between these levels is from 60 to 80° F. throughout the year.

The coffee tree is an evergreen, and resembles the holly of the United States. The fruit resembles a cherry, the coffee seed taking the place of the pit. The trees, if unpruned, will grow to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, but it is customary to top them at heights of from four to six feet. The trees blossom in March and April, and the crop is gathered in September, October and November.

The best results are attained by taking up virgin forest land. One finds here large trees and tree ferns, interlaced with climbing vines and tangled undergrowth to such an extent that a cat can hardly make her way. After the growth is cut down and burned off planting commences. The new comer usually purchases his young trees from a neighbor. These cost about $6.00 per thousand, it taking from 1200 to 1500 trees to the acre. The trees grow from seed, and are usually from six months to a year old when set out.

After the first clearing is made, the planter turns over the hut that he has lived in to his laborers, and builds himself a house. A fire-place is quite in order, not only to moderate the slight chill of the evening, but also to add to the cheerfulness of the room. A vegetable garden is also commenced, and this in connection with a cow, pigs and poultry, reduces the cost of living to a nominal sum.

During the first year a field of coffee requires little labor to keep it in order. The forest weeds that spring up are easily killed. The work commences as soon as foreign weeds begin to show themselves. The greatest care must be exercised to prevent them from seeding, and if this be done no great expense will be incurred in bringing the trees to maturity. After the trees have grown sufficiently to cover the ground the annual cost for weeding is slight.

The trees should bear a small crop when two years old, say of from one hundred to two hundreds pounds of cleaned coffee per acre. The first full crop comes from trees three years old, and from that time on a large and steady income is assured.

The machinery used in preparing coffee is not expensive, $300 being sufficient to purchase a very fair cleaning plant. Where several plantations are near at hand complete plants for cleaning coffee can be found, and the planter is able to have the work done cheaper and better at one of these factories than he could possibly do it himself.

Japanese laborers can be had in any number, men receiving $15 per month, women $7 per month, and children from $2 to $5 per month. Portuguese families can be obtained without trouble, and while they demand higher wages they also do more and better work. The planter furnishes his laborers with houses and firewood; the laborers board themselves.

The social life in Hawaii is similar to that of the United States. Schools are established wherever the number of pupils warrant them. Churches are found in any considerable center of population. The Government has built packing trails to the most remote localities, and these are being rapidly converted into carriage roads. Where it is necessary to pack coffee to the seaboard it costs $1 per 100 pounds to transport coffee from the plantation to San Francisco. Where the plantation is near a wagon road the cost is reduced one-half for the same service.

Under the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States coffee is admitted into the United States free of duty, so that, all things being considered, the Hawaiian coffee planter is one of the most fortunate men on the face of the earth

Auctioneering is not without its humors, as a paper read before the Institute of Estate and House Agents, by Mr. Walter Simms, now republished in a pamphlet, abundantly shows. The calling may not be so ornate in its literature as it was in the days of the renowned George Robins, but its followers still make occasional sorties into the realm of cheerful wit. The following are a few of Mr. Simms's stories: "There was a clerk who for a brief time favored me with his services. He was not clever enough for the business, and, I believe, eventually entered the Church. I had occasion to question him about ground rents. 'Suppose,' I said, 'I were to let you a plot of ground, whereon you proposed to erect a house, for ninety-nine years, at an agreed rent—what would happen at the end of the term?' 'I should have to give you back your land, and the rent would cease.' 'Exactly. What about the house?' 'Well,' he answered with considerable hesitation, 'I think, in common justice, I ought to have the benefit of the building materials.' I don't mind saying to you, in the strictest confidence, that I perfectly agreed with him, though I did not dare to tell him so. . . . Only the other day, being in search of a certain water-color drawing, I visited an auction hall, where the auctioneer was engaged in selling works of art. Amongst the collection was a drawing representing the luckless lovers of the Hellespont. 'Now then, gentlemen, what shall we say for this celebrated 'ero and Leader—very fine 'ero and Leader—how much?' 'Leander,' came as a gentle correction from the body of the room. 'Eh! what! Oh, ah, yes, to be sure, 'ero and Lender—an undoubted 'ero and Lender—'ow much?' This is about on a par with the gentlemau who read out from his catalogue, 'Jupiter and ten,' the textual rendering being, of course, 'JUPITER and IO'—both cases going to show that a successful auctioneer need not necessarily be a classical scholar.

HOW RAILWAY STATIONS ARE NAMED.

E. M. RAILTON.

ONE night last fall I left San Francisco en route for the southern part of the State. As is customary among gentlemen, I sojourned to the smoking-room shortly after our departure hoping to find some congenial companions to wile away the hours. It was my good fortune to make up with a more than ordinary pleasant lot of fellow-passengers, and among them was one talkative individual whose name I did not learn, but who afterwards turned out to be a most interesting conversationalist. He seemed to be particularly well versed with the country through which we were passing, and his remarks were replete with interesting incidents that had occurred at almost every station we passed. He seemed familiar with the early history of the construction of the line, and was gracious enough to tell the rest of us many interesting anecdotes in connection with the establishment of the names of the various stations. His notes, as a reminder, consisted of a railroad folder, and as he followed the different names down the column he recited the following interesting history:

"How many times in traveling have we commented on the names of the different stations as we passed them by. Few realize that each name has a significance, and still fewer are conversant with the difficulty experienced by the builders to select an appropriate name for the stopping-places. The fundamental rule is that no two stations may be named alike, even though in different parts, or whether they are simply watering-tanks or side-switches. The object of this is to lessen the liability of confusion or errors on the part of the train operators, as well as those engaged in clerical work. The necessity of this was particularly emphasized when building through the desert region between Colton and El Paso. Wherever a station was located at an established town, the name of that town was naturally retained. This rule, however, was not rigidly adhered to, because in some instances it would have resulted in a duplication of a name of some other station.

"My first experience with this work was during the construction of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad, commencing at Lathrop, that being the family name of Mrs. Leland Stanford. From Lathrop we journeyed southward to Morano, which is the Spanish name for hog, the Spanish interpretation being more euphonious than the English. The name Modesto resulted from a pun at the expense of the late W. C. Ralston. He owned large tracts of land in this vicinity, and during a visit to that section with some of the railroad officials, the question of a name for the place came up. One of the officials suggested that the name be Ralston, but he declined, giving as an excuse that he was too *modest* to accept the courtesy, and in consequence of this the idea resulted in the term Modesto, the Spanish name for modest. Ceres was named from the abundance of the wheat crop in that locality. Merced from the river bearing that name. Fowler was named after the late Thomas Fowler, familiarly known as Tom—a big-hearted, good-natured fellow, well known throughout that section. Kingsbury received its title because of its proximity to the Kings River. Sumner (now known as Bakersfield) was named after the Honorable Charles Sumner of national fame. Delano likewise received its title after a gentleman connected with the Interior Department. The late Frank Pixley of the *Argonaut* has a monument to his name in that section, in the shape of Pixley Station. When the road reached Caliente it was exceedingly hot, and in consequence the term Caliente, meaning *hot* in Spanish, was used to designate this point. Keene was named after Jim Keene, the famous stock broker of San Francisco. A little way up the mountain we find Rowen, bearing the surname of the well-known ex-Mayor of Los Angeles. Tehachapi was already settled when the road went through, and Cameron's Ranch was the last opportunity for taking water before reaching Mojave. It was in 1876 the connection was made near Lang's Station that gave through rail connection with Los Angeles.

"When building into the desert country south from Los Angeles, it must be remembered that with the exception of the Rose, Titus, and Stoneman places near to San Gabriel, there were no settlements along the line of railroad. San Bernardino was not situated so it could be reached easily, and it was given the "go by," and Colton (named after General D. D. Colton) was made a town site. The little places between Los Angeles and Colton were given names by the late Colonel E. E. Hewitt. After the connection at Langs, work was pushed on construction south, and at times it was rushed. The crossing of the Colorado River delayed progress for some time. Major Dunn of the United States Army called out the troops at one time to prevent the intrusion of the railroad on to a Government Reservation, but as the troops consisted of a solitary sergeant, the United States force had to fall back before the more numerous forces of the railroad under Seth Green, foreman, and Major Dunn surrendered. Yuma, the historical "hot place," and the headquarters of the Colorado Navigation Company, was a place of importance up to the advent of the railroad; as the road progressed out into the endless desert Tucson was the objective point. If it had been possible to get along without names for side tracks it would have been adopted, for there was not a single thing to suggest a name. Gila City was so named because there was no likelihood of a city, but it was a good place to put one if nothing more than pleasant location was desired. And then comes "Adonde," Mexican, signifying *where?*—well named. Gila Bend, from the crooked Gila River. Near by, Estrella, (a star). Maricopa named after a tribe of Indians. Casa Grande, from the Aztec ruins of a two-story house near by. Picacho, from a point in the mountains close by, that had long borne that name. Red rock, another local name. Jaynes, a pretty name, selected because of the visit of a San Francisco gentleman who wanted to give the country a little modern style; he did not stop there, however. It was along in 1878 the road got into the prosperous town of Tucson, and it was a veritable frontier point. Arizona had a number of military posts, Camp Lowell, near Tucson, being among the most prominent. Just east of Tucson was a favorite rendezvous of the wily Apache, who had a fondness for the tenderfoot American, and the "Cienega" was a favorite place to "lay" for 'em. Pantanno was named by Tully and Ochoa—prominent freighters—who used to do the freight business from Santa Fe. "Mescal," on the top of a hill, was suggested by the exhilarating effects a drink of it had on reaching the end of an "up hill" pull in either direction. Benson was named after a San Francisco capitalist who wanted to be remembered. Dragoon Summit, as the name suggests it, is the summit of the Dragoon Mountains. Cachise, after the Apache Chief, and the proximity of the mountain range where the peaks are in such shape as to resemble the profile of an old Cachise face, and it is a resemblance easily recognized. Willcox, after General Wilcox, U. S. A. Bowie on account of being the nearest point to Fort Bowie. San Simon, being located in the valley of that name; this portion of the country is remarkable for the mirage effects. Pyramid, being near a small lake of that name, which furnishes the most undesirable water on the route. And next comes Lordsburg, because it was the toughest outfit on the line, and needed a holy name to bring it within the pale. Lisbon was a chance name. Separ is at the continental divide, where the waters separate, running east and west. Gage is named after Stephen T. Gage. Deming, the junction with Arizona Territory and San Francisco, commemorates the family name of the late Mrs. Charles Crocker. Zuni, from the Indian tribe. Strauss in honor of Levi Strauss.

In selecting names no two nearly alike in spelling or pronunciation should be in same State or on one Division. Short names, for the convenience of employees, especially so for engineers and conductors in their telegraphic train orders from the train dispatchers, are desirable. During the construction of the roads it was no easy matter to keep in touch, or bear in mind the exact location of the stations newly named. On the line from Mojave to the Needles we tried a new plan that worked well; that is, having the stations named in alphabetical order. This commenced when we were down at a point called Amboy. This was followed by Bristol, Camden, Danby, Edson, Fenner, Goff, Homer, Ibex, and Java. Needles, coming next, had an established name. Those familiar with the telegraph code will see how impossible it would be for an operator to mistake one for another. And you must bear in mind that in desert countries, as a rule, the most expert telegraphers do not care to make their abiding places.

THE BAY SHORE, SAN MATEO, CAL.

Colonel Jay and Mr. Belmont registered first and then walked into the cafe, leaving the Duke to register. The clerk mistook the young Duke for a valet.

"What accommodations does your party require?" bluntly asked the clerk. The Duke looked annoyed and replied:

"I have not the slightest idea, sir."

"You don't know?" continued the clerk. "You must be green! How long have you been in the country?" he asked in a provoking manner.

The Duke went on to join the Colonel and Mr. Belmont. When the clerk looked at the register he nearly fainted.

A RAID ON LAKE YSABEL.

The old saying, "You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink," cut no figure with the noble band of horses in the picture selected for our frontispiece. It was about noontime, on one of July's hottest days, when the leader, unable to resist the temptation of enjoying a cooler in the lake, with true animal instinct placed his head under the stout fence and forced an entrance to the water. Well might the question be asked, What artist in painting horselife would ever dream of choosing such a setting, and yet, how perfectly natural. We almost envy them the perfect enjoyment of their stolen sweets.

This clever snap shot was made by Mr. William McMurry, while on a visit to Santa Ysabel Hot Springs, San Luis Obispo County, and the half tone engraving, an excellent piece of workmanship, was enlarged from a 3¼-4¼ Kodak camera.

"I see you are in black; are you in mourning for a friend?" was propounded by one friend to another in the street the other day.

"No, I am in mourning for my sins."

"I never heard that you lost any," was the reply.

THE MARKETS OF SAN SALVADOR.

J. J. PEATFIELD.

THERE is one phase of daily life exhibited by the Salvadoranian public *en masse*, to see which you must visit the markets. It is an important phase, presenting the transactions of suppliers and consumers in the business of administering to every-day household demands. To these markets, at early morn, from the suburbs and the surrounding country, flock the market-women, carrying on their heads wide, flat baskets heaped with garden stuff of all kinds, fruits and vegetables. The farm-yard, too, contributes to the load, and chickens, eggs, turkeys, ducks, and even small pigs, are brought in in these convenient round panniers. The peasants in the neighborhood of the city leave behind them nothing that they can spare from their own household wants. Whatever is produced on their small holdings that can be turned into *reals* finds its way into the capital, no matter how small the quantity of each article.

At a later hour the country folk make their appearance on purchase bent; the serving women of the well-to-do householders of the city, and women of the poorer class, wander up and down the rows of venders, squatting in the streets, buying of one some fruit, of another pot-herbs, of this one eggs, of that one sugar; here a chicken is added to the day's supplies, there a few live crawfish are selected from a net full of the wriggling creatures. Thrifty housewives, too, who have more confidence in their own skill in bargaining than in the ability of a deputy—or, perhaps, distrustful of the latter's honesty—are seen making their purchases, followed by the servant girls, who are always crowned with the inevitable head-piece.

These market institutions are unique, and may be divided into three classes, namely, the covered market, the open-air market, and an intermediate hybrid which wears the distinguishing features of the two above mentioned.

The first is the market proper. It occupies a whole block and is protected by three large roofs. These great sheds extend the whole length from east to west, leaving, however, wide spaces between them exposed to the sky.

A continuous roofed building forms the outside portion of this market place. Along three sides of it are small shops opening on to the streets and also into the interior, so that the lessees of these have the double advantage of being able to expose their goods on stalls on the inside, and also to present a shop doorway on the street. The interior is thickly packed with stalls in close rows, in which are placed wide flat baskets containing the wares. Other baskets of the kind rest on low, four-legged stools, and, lastly, many are placed on the ground without any other support.

The entrances, which are wide and proportionately long, are at the four corners, but being flanked by stalls covered with cheap attractive "notions" of all kinds from foreign factories, are so thronged during the busier portion of the day that one has difficulty in making his way through the crowd.

In the interior you observe that, with few exceptions, the venders are women, with or without babies and small children, and that most of the purchasers are of the same sex. The stalls which flank the interior are occupied by articles of wear and domestic use. Beautiful silk scarfs and five-cent pocket handkerchiefs have equal show in the matter of display and arrangement.

The central part is the provision department. Here every article of consumption finds place—cereals and vegetables, fruits and meat, coffee, chocolate, sugar, etc.

The passages between the rows are so encroached upon by the less pretentious stalls, that but little space is left for the public. Purchasers crowd along these narrow ways, driving close bargains with the saleswomen. The newly arrived foreigner is preyed upon without compunction, and until experienced he will always be a victim in these transactions. The edible articles are at the southwest corner; in front of the entrance and along the streets may be seen ox carts and pack mules that have been driven in from the country, loaded with produce; for the market women find no room within the covered market. The cartloads of boneless meat, cut into strips and chunks and brought from the slaughter-house outside the city, do not afford appetizing sights.

SAN SALVADOR MARKET SCENE.

Across the street is another smaller market. Here are sold bread, sweet cakes, maize, beans, rice, native brown sugar, cheese, coffee, and cacao, etc. A particular feature of this market, which may be regarded as a supplement to the larger one, is the restaurants, or kitchens, where the country folk, the cartmen, and muleteers refresh themselves.

A variety of viands is turned off on their simple hearths, conspicuous among which is the *olla podrida*, a stew of many component ingredients; there are fried meats, too, and messes wet and dry, soups, beans, *tortillas*, and hominy, ripe plaintains and bananas fried or boiled in lard—both of them delicious—coffee, chocolate, etc. Customers are supplied with seats and table-board, boxes and packing-cases for the most part serving for chairs and tables. Genuine specimens of the latter luxuries, however, are seen here and there; but one realizes that care is taken not to extend too much table-comfort to the same individual.

After all, the open-air market is the most characteristic institution of its kind, and is especially attractive to the newly arrived foreigner. The two streets lying on the east and west of the great market are appropriated by the market-women from the country. On these thoroughfares they squat in rows, two or three deep on each side, with or without a piece of matting or sacking between them and the cobble-stones, their baskets of market stuff in front of them. They are closely packed together, and extend so nearly to the middle of the street that there is barely room for the passage of a cart. Vegetables and fruits are the principal articles sold by these poor women, though other truck finds its way into the mart, such as sugar, candles, and home-made sausages; here and there, too, is an earthen-ware brazier with a pot over the live embers, containing hominy or some liquid concoction. In the portico opposite the great market are stalls whereon articles of wear and "notions" are exhibited, while above them, suspended on the walls, are gay-colored scarfs, kerchiefs, ribbons, and neckties. All along the curbstones of the adjoining streets are seated other hucksters, who sell cheap dry goods and native cigars. These may be considered as offshoots from the two main communities. Finally the ambulatory dairies should not be forgotten. They consist of from a couple to half a dozen nanny-goats tethered together and driven about the streets by their owners, each one of whom carries in his disengaged hand a little glass, holding about a gill, and a tin of water. These milk-sellers find many customers among the market-women, who are sure of their *medio's* worth of milk being free from adulteration; for it is drawn in their presence, the milker from time to time moistening his fingers with the water in his can to assist him in the operation—but this is not San Francisco.

In conclusion there remains to be briefly described that intermediate institution which partakes of the characteristics of the covered and open-air markets. The illustration gives a fair representation of it. In an open square, immediately to the north of the main market street, are erected on frameworks of rough, undressed poles, numerous open sheds, the roofing of which should be seen to be appreciated in its make-shift construction. Old matting, sack-cloth, rubber-packing, tin, corrugated and flat sheets of iron gathered from castaway material—all are used in roofing these primitive structures. Some of the roofs are capable of keeping out the rain when it falls straight down; but when wind and rain combine they sweep through the place. Fortunately the mornings are almost always fine in San Salvador the year round, the rain rarely falling until the afternoon, and generally not until the evening. The business is confined to the sale of fruits and vegetables—articles not damaged by stormy weather—and to supplying the inner man with refreshment.

In conclusion, it may be stated that in several of the principal thoroughfares poor women may be seen seated on the curbstones and squatting on the pavements of the porticoes, with their baskets before them containing native sweetmeats, cigaritoes, common cigars, a little fruit, and huge calabashes holding two or three gallons of different kinds of beverages prepared from fruits and sold by the glass to thirsty wayfarers.

This condition of affairs is certainly food for thought for those whose situation in life is at variance therewith. It simply resolves itself into the trite maxim that no matter how lowly we may be there are others who are far worse off.

TWO ANCIENT ENGLISH CASTLES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

AMONG the ancient baronial castles which fittingly crown so many of the commanding hills of England, some still furnish residences for their owners, but far more are in ruins. Of the latter few are more picturesque or have played a more important part in the history of Britain than Kenilworth. There was a Castle at Kenilworth before the Norman conquest, but it perished in the wars between the Saxon, Edward, and Canute the Dane. Henry I. bestowed the manor of Kenilworth upon Geoffrey de Clinton, who was the King's Treasurer and Chamberlain, and also Chief Justice of England. Geoffrey built the *Donjon*, or Keep, the strongest and still the most imposing part of the Castle, and to this day a spot near by is called "Clinton's Green." Unlike most of the Norman *Donjons*, this one has no underground prisons, the soil beneath being solid and showing no sign of arches or excavations. The Keep was unusually massive, with towers at its four angles, and had round-headed windows that later were replaced by square-headed ones. Though its northern side has suffered from the depredations of those who used it as a quarry whence to derive stones for the construction of other buildings, the rest has defied the hand of the spoiler and the decay of Time, the staircases in two of the towers, and the well which supplied the defenders of the Castle with water, being still uninjured.

Geoffrey's heir bore the same name as his father, and stood high in the King's favor; his wife was Agnes, daughter of his powerful neighbor, the Earl of Warwick. He gave large grants of lands to the monks of Kenilworth, and his successor, Henry de Clinton, added to these gifts. He yielded to King John most of his rights in Kenilworth, which continued thenceforward to be the property of the Crown until Henry III. gave it to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. But Simon, by joining the cause of the Barons—in those days the champions of liberty against the encroachments of royal prerogative—ruined his fortunes, and died with his son Henry on the battlefield of Evesham. The King and Prince Edward then besieged Kenilworth, which held out for six months, the defenders using, among other implements of war, great stone balls weighing nearly two hundred pounds, some of which have been dug up. Eventually the brave besieged yielded to famine, and marched out carrying their weapons with them. The King gave the captured fortress to his son Edmund, whom he created Earl of Lancaster.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

In 1279 Edward I. produced at Kenilworth a magnificent spectacle of knightly sports and military exercises, the tournament being under the supervision of Mortimer, the Earl of March, who sumptuously entertained a hundred knights and a hundred ladies, many of whom were distinguished representatives of French chivalry. The guests spent their days in tilting, and military sports of every kind, their evenings in music and dancing, and their nights, after the ladies had retired to their "bower," in wassailing together. The hall in which so many great banquets were held was of splendid proportions, being ninety feet long, and forty-five feet in height and breadth; its windows were richly molded and traceried, and beneath it was an equally large hall for the servants and retainers. In the Presence Chamber of Kenilworth the weak Edward II. gave up his crown, in favor of his eldest son, to a body of barons, bishops, and knights. During the Wars of the Roses, Kenilworth Castle kept changing hands, being now in the hands of the Yorkists, and now in those of the Lancastrians.

In 1414, while Henry V. was spending some time at Kenilworth, the Dauphin of France, by way of jesting allusion to his sportive habits, sent him a tun of tennis balls to play with, an incident immortalized in Shakespeare's famous lines in the first part of King Henry V., and with which, no doubt, most of our readers are quite familiar.

Before his accession to the throne, and while still Duke of Cornwall, the future Henry VIII. repaired and embellished the Castle, adding a suite of apartments known as "Henry VIII.'s lodgings." Through the ill-fated Edward VI., and "bloody" Mary, Kenilworth descended to "the Virgin Queen," who gave it, with all the broad acres and privileges thereto appertaining, to her favorite, Robert Dudley, fifth son of the Duke of Northumberland. The Queen conferred on Dudley the Order of the Garter, and created him Baron Denbigh and Earl of Leicester; he was also Master of the Horse, Steward of the Household, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford. He was a man of elegant manners, and fond of lavish expenditure; he also affected to be both a pious and pure man. His first wife was Anne, daughter of Sir John Robsart; his second was Douglas, the daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham. But becoming greatly enamored of Lettice, the Dowager Countess of Essex, he disowned Douglas and married Lettice; and still looked for another.

During Leicester's time Kenilworth was probably at the height of its splendor; he spent large sums in repairing and beautifying it, adding the north gatehouse, the gallery tower, Mortimer's tower, and a suite of apartments named "Leicester's Buildings." On the south and west sides the Castle was defended by a lake, and on the other two sides by a moat; its embattled wall enclosed a space of seven acres, and beyond the lake was a great park where red and fallow deer and game of many kinds might be hunted. A most brilliant reception was prepared by Leicester for Queen Elizabeth, who visited Kenilworth, attended by the ladies of her court, thirty-one barons, and four hundred servants. There were devised in the Queen's honor many elaborate allegorical figures and groups drawn from Greek and Roman mythology; and Latin odes, after the learned fashion of that day, were composed to fit the great occasion. For nearly three weeks hunting, bear-baiting, music, dancing, acting, displays of fireworks, sports, exercises, diversions, and entertainments of every kind went on.

At Leicester's death Kenilworth passed to his brother, the Earl of Warwick, and then to Leicester's son, Sir Robert Dudley. But James I. compelled Sir Robert to sell the great estate to the Prince of Wales at one-third or one-fourth of its real value, and even that inadequate price was never paid in full. When Prince Henry died Prince Charles received the Castle and manor, which on his succeeding to the throne he made over to Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, and his two sons. After the victory of the Parliamentarian party, Oliver Cromwell gave Kenilworth to ten of his officers, who, with a characteristic disregard of beauty and romantic associations, proceeded to drain the lake, to strip the Castle of its furniture and decorations, cut down and sell the timber, and even raze the walls to make merchandise of the stones. They divided the great park into farms, and built houses for themselves out of materials torn from the Castle. But in 1660 the King came into his own again, and the Cromwellian interlopers made themselves scarce. King Charles II. gave the reversion of the manor to Lord Hyde, whom he created Baron Kenilworth and Earl of Rochester. Later, the estate came by marriage into the family of the Villiers, Earls of Clarendon.

ARUNDEL CASTLE, SUSSEX.

Let us now turn to an inhabited Castle. Not far from the well-known watering-place, Brighton, is Arundel, one of the prettiest towns in Sussex, and one of the best examples extant of the old feudal town grouped about a great baronial Castle. Through a fertile valley courses the River Arun, from whose banks the town climbs up steep streets to the eminence crowned by the ancient Castle, the home of his Grace of Norfolk, Premier Duke of England, and thirty-fifth Earl of Arundel. The principal inn at Arundel is the Norfolk Arms, and as the visitor wanders about the town he becomes more conscious than he has perhaps ever been before of the real greatness of an ancient and powerful British baron. Of an ancestry as distinguished and a lineage as noble as the royal family itself, and even more intimately associated with the history of England than the reigning house of Hanover, the Howards of Arundel are striking figures. They have always been Catholic, the Duke of Norfolk being the recognized head of the Catholic party in England, and the elegant church of St. Philip de Neri being the gift of the family to the Catholics of Arundel. The Castle is of great antiquity, having been given by William the Conqueror to one of his barons, and having come into the possession of the Howards through the marriage of Lady Mary Fitzalan, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Arundel, with Thomas Howard, the fourth Duke of Norfolk. Though Arundel is one of the oldest Castles in Great Britain, yet, having been almost continuously inhabited by its owners, it has from time to time been added to and adapted to modern needs, so that, grand as it is, it is essentially a home—a place from which splendor has by no means been permitted to take the place of comfort, nor magnificence to drive out conveniences, which are the foundation of the modern home.

THE CAMERA AND ITS WORK.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

LITTLE did Messrs. Niepce and Daguerre suspect what they were doing for the young people of to-day. It has not been long since a photograph gallery was a place of mystery to the majority of mankind; in fact, it remains so still, though there is scarcely a home in which at least one member of the family does not possess some kind of a photographic instrument, and many houses contain "dark" rooms fitted up with the various accessories and necessities for finishing pictures.

The camera "fiend" is certainly ubiquitous, for you see him or her everywhere and under all circumstances. When a person takes to photography nothing is sacred to them, and they are constantly on the alert for "subjects." The amount of money annually expended on "plates" and "paper," to say nothing of "developer," "toning solution," and "fixitives," would cause a poor man to bow to the earth in very awe—or disgust—if he knew the figures. There is no fad more expensive nor any that possesses more fascination.

With camera or kodak in hand, particularly if the operator is awheel, time, place, and Mother Grundy are forgotten, and the thought has often occurred to me that if somebody would only "snap" the "snapper" it would constitute an undeniable answer to the old saw:

> "Oh, wad the power the gift to gie us
> To see oursels as others see us,"

and perhaps compel a few of the snap-shottists, if I may coin a word, to pay some attention to the eyes and opinions of the public.

If we, our homes, and our very goods and chattels, are not sacred to the camera fiend now what will the future reveal? There are people who are dreading the time when the X-ray will expose the fact that their bones are crooked and their bodies awry, and still others who are wondering how soon this mysterious power will have been developed sufficiently to make public the innermost thoughts that teem in their brains.

When one gives himself up to the enchantment that lurks within the camera, his waking hours are filled with longing and his leisure moments either with taking pictures or seeking something to "take."

If nothing else is available, he experiments with his friend's baby, provided he has none of his own, or the neighborhood cat. He catches the baby in all sorts of poses, and is lifted into a perfect Heaven of delight if he can snap the little fellow as he is caressing his constant companion, a big, black dog.

When everything else in the vicinity seems stale he induces a couple of his young gentlemen friends to habit themselves in their sisters' gowns, and he then amuses himself, not to speak of the appreciative audience taking in the situation from convenient windows, by posing the unfortunate youths in attitudes

ON THE HALF-SHELL.

which he flatters himself would make admirable subjects for the colored posters advertising a theatrical troupe.

Experience counts for much in photography, but the person who wishes to secure perfect results in out-door work must be a student of Nature.

He must know the value of light and shade, and realize that some special point or object which will catch the eye is a necessity in his picture. Every pretty scene will not make a pretty photograph, while sometimes the most commonplace things, which would escape the attention of an uninterested or unobservant person, will strike the artist photographer, and he knows no rest until he has secured the coveted view. It may be but the bending limb of a tree, or the glinting of water through interlacing branches, or a few sleek cows quietly chewing the cud under a spreading oak, but if the composition is good the picture will be charming, and when admiring friends express surprise that he found a picture where they saw nothing out of the ordinary, he will congratulate himself that he possesses the gift of artistic sight which reveals to him

BACK-YARD VAUDEVILLE.

the beauties of the every-day world that are hidden from those who are of somewhat denser vision.

The taste of the public is becoming highly educated in this respect, and the demand for something new, yet always bright and interesting, must be satisfied. This is an education in itself, for if the public discriminates, so must the editor and the artist. The man or woman who does not care to read will always look at the pictures in a periodical, if they are attractive, and it is for this reason that publishers have made illustration a prominent feature of the magazines.

THE TRAVELER has become famous because of the beauty of its illustrations, though its word pictures are just as crisp and fresh and charming, and yet there are probably but few people who realize the amount of effort, and oftentimes hardships, which were necessary to procure the photographs.

Perhaps there were weary miles to be traveled on foot because the point could be reached in no other way; streams to be forded and mountains to be climbed; hunger and thirst to be endured because the exposure must be made at a certain time in order to secure the best light, and it was impracticable to carry a lunch; brambles tore the clothes and scratched the face, and, then, when a whole day had been spent in procuring two or three exposures, perhaps the negatives would prove failures and the experience would have to be repeated, if those particular views were necessary for illustration.

HOW BILL EVANS RODE FREE.

BERTHA A. CLOUGH.

"Yes?" said Bill, as he tipped back a little further in his chair and drew in a long whiff of tobacco, "Yes? Then I never told you fellers 'bout the time I rode free?"

"Well, fellers," said Bill—"A little somethin' to clear my throat, *if* you please," he remarked to the store-keeper, who was bar-tender as well, and was now lounging negligently beside the stove.

"Well, fellers," he repeated, as, drinking his whisky at one swallow, he passed back his glass for more, "you know, early in the fifties, I was ranchin' it in Arizona. I'd been there nigh about two years, an' I just naturally ached for a change of air. 'Twas in July, an' hot! A man could git a sunstroke settin' on a cake of ice, as easy as he could a bite if he stroked a rattlesnake!

"Well, one day I made up my mind I couldn't stand it any longer, so I packed my outfit, took all the pile I'd saved, and, askin' the boss for six months' leave, started on the stage next mornin' for old 'Frisco. It went through once a fortnight with the mail and didn't carry many passengers as a rule.

"'Twas cool in Frisco, though, with the trade winds from the ocean blowin' across to meet the breezes from the bay. The little town I'd left three years ago was growin' into a big city fast; an' I hung round there an' did the town, 'til I begun to think I was gettin' pretty well done myself. I'd doubled my money many a time, but I always lost it again. You see, I was green to city ways in those days—no match for the sharpers that filled the place.

"I'd just won enough to pay my way back, though, and with that in my belt, I was walkin' along Market Street one evenin', my mind made up to leave next day, when I heard footsteps behind me. Before I could turn I felt a blow on my head, an' the next thing I knew I saw the fog liftin' from the bay, an' 'twas mornin'!

"Everything was gone, naturally, but I'd made up my mind to go home an' I was goin'; so I went round to the office 'bout an hour before the stage started to see if I could work 'em for a free ride.

"I noticed there seemed to be somethin' up; an', when I'd told my story, the boss says:

"'You're just the man we want. Can you drive?'

"'Everything from a kangaroo to a mule,' says I.

"'Then take this stage back to Phœnix, and I'll give you free passage and board on the trip. Our driver, Jim Wilson, got his left arm shattered last night an' he can't drive her back alone, for there sometimes is likely to be a little trouble, an' a man with one arm ain't much good in a fight.'

"'I don't know how honest you are,' says he, 'but I give him orders to shoot on the spot if you try any games; an' Jim's a sure shot—even with one hand.'

"I might have told him, 'so was I,' but I didn't, 'an we started off.

"Jim carried his left arm in a sling. I didn't like his looks much, for he was one o' those hang-dog sort a fellows, always scowling, an' didn't talk but little.

"We jogged along all right though, 'til the second week out. We was right in the middle of the Mojave—nothin' in sight but sand and sage-brush—when I happened to glance up and saw Jim's arm was out o' the sling.

"'Arm better?' says I. But I knew then what I had suspected before, that his arm wasn't hurt no more'n mine was.

"'Yes,' he growled.

"Then he said, straightening up and looking at me:

"'My pal an' I have arranged this thing. If you let him have the boodle you're a live man! If not'—his hand was on his revolver, but I didn't wait for him to finish, an' I didn't waste good shot on him, neither!

"I was drivin' with my left hand, but my right had been on the knife in my belt for the last three minutes, an' I let him have it where he needed it most.

"He rolled off the seat like a log, an' not a minute too soon; for I heard the galloping of horses' feet, an' saw a cloud of dust comin' towards me! I layed the whip on the animals an' away we went!

"Pretty soon I heard a rifle shot, an', when I turned to look, saw that I was losin', but that I had only one man to settle; so I pulled up an' waited. When he got within shootin' distance I raised my revolver just as he was raisin' his, and fired—once! He didn't return it, an' I drove on.

"Well, when I got into Phœnix, there was the driver I'd rode to 'Frisco with a waitin' to take the stage back; and I found that there was a hundred thousand in gold dust, besides the mail, stowed away in the concern I'd brought in; so I went back with him, an' we found Jim an' the other feller a waitin' for us on the road. The company gave me five thousand as a reward."

AMONG THE RESORTS.

EASTERN visitors, anxious to escape the rigor and severity of the Eastern climate, will soon begin to arrive at sunny Southern California. For years this section of the State has been a veritable Mecca for pilgrims beyond the Rockies. It is not surprising that it should be so, for, in the winter time, it enjoys one of the most superb climates on the face of the earth. In addition to that, Southern California has a host of attractions for the visitor—beautiful drives, delightful seaside resorts, mountain railways, and fertile valleys.

Just about this time of the year the hotels and resorts of the South are going through their usual renovating, preparatory to the winter's business.

Los Angeles is the diverging point for all tourists who visit this section, and the Hollenbeck Hotel has long been recognized as the main headquarters for the tourist. Since its present management took hold of it, nearly four years ago, it has made the most phenomenal progress, and to-day is, no doubt, the most popular, as well as most prosperous, hostelry in the South. Each year Messrs. Bilicke & Co., the proprietors, spend many thousands of dollars on improvements and modern conveniences, until to-day the Hollenbeck is strictly first-class and up-to-date in every sense of the word. Again, its location, in the very heart of the city, is a natural convenience. The general attention and universal courtesy extended toward its patrons, in connection with its many other advantages, have done much to popularize this hotel.

There are many who would likewise be interested to know that just opposite the Southern Pacific Depot there is an excellent little hotel known as the New Arcade Depot Hotel. A number of tourists prefer to be convenient to the railway station instead of going up town. To such as these, the New Arcade Depot will be found to be strictly first-class in every respect, bright, cheery, sunny rooms, and most important of all, the rates are extremely reasonable.

The Nadeau Hotel, once more under the management of H. W. Chase, still stands at the corner of First and Spring Streets, and is doing an excellent business. It is conducted on the European plan, and has always been recognized as a well-managed and pleasant hotel.

Out of Los Angeles many interesting jaunts may be made, and there are a large number of beautiful hotels and comfortable resorts that are well worth a visit.

SKETCHES NEAR SAN DIEGO.

Pasadena, only eight miles away, enjoys the distinction of having one of the finest hotels in the State, the Hotel Green. It is a magnificent, four-story structure, under the management of Mr. J. H. Holmes, and its interior equipment certainly cannot be excelled on the Coast. A large number of tourists make this their headquarters for the entire season, and we understand that a large number of applications have already been made for rooms during the coming winter. The rest of the hotels generally consider the inquiries at the Green as some index to the prospective trade for the season.

Up on the hill at Pasadena is the Painter, a pretty, homelike hostelry conducted by a gentleman of the same name. Here it is quiet but enjoyable, every effort being made by Mr. Painter to make his guests contented and happy. The register lying on the desk is proof positive that he has succeeded.

Of the seaside resorts is the well-known Santa Monica, surmounted by the imposing Hotel Arcadia. Santa Monica has always been a popular place, and being only an hour's ride from Los Angeles, receives a very large share of the tourist patronage during both the winter and summer months.

Again, there is Catalina Island, with the beautiful little town of Avalon just at the base of its high bluffs, completely free from even the mild ocean breezes that course along its shores. Catalina has been improved upon each year, until to-day, with its host of attractions, its splendid climate, its phenomenal fishing, its hunting, boating, and bathing, it certainly ranks foremost among the seaside resorts of this Coast.

Palm Springs is another delightful health resort not very far from Los Angeles, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. To those who wish a quiet, restful place and health resort combined, Palm Springs will be found to fill the bill.

One of the delightful trips in the South is over the surf line of the Southern California Railway, between Los Angeles and the incomparable San Diego with its equitable climate of world renown and one of the most beautiful harbors on the Coast. The Hotel Brewster is the best hotel in the city. It is often familiarly termed the "Little Brewster," more from the pleasant associations which one may recall after a visit there, than from its size. It is situated in the center of the city, and Mr. O'Brien, its proprietor, is acknowledged to be one of the most affable and courteous hosts in the State. Those visiting San Diego should, by all means, make their headquarters, while in the city, at the Brewster. It is especially remarkable for its neatness and the uniformly thorough system of its management.

The famous Hotel del Coronado, just across the bay, is in its customary prosperous existence, and those who have not visited it for some time since will find some remarkable improvements have been made, not only in the hotel itself, but in the extent of beautiful driveways that have been established within the past two or three years. The management is still under the direction of Mr. E. S. Babcock, which, for those who have known him, is at once a guarantee of the manner in which this hotel will continue to be conducted.

The Hotel Florence still stands upon Florence Heights above the city, and will no doubt retain its share of the tourist trade this season. It occupies a picturesque position, overlooking the Bay of San Diego, and has just been leased by E. E. Nichols & Son.

BEACH SCENE, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

Taking it all in all, the attractions of Southern California are both numerous and diversified, and nearly all of them may be reached over the lines of the Southern California Railway. In this connection it is but justice to state that this railway company has done much toward the development of this part of the country in the pleasure-resort line. They are liberal in their advertising and in the character of their inducements to foster trade over their lines, and certainly deserve much credit for the acknowledged popularity of the South.

It is reported that El Paso de Robles Hot Springs have been doing a splendid business this season. Those who have never visited this famous resort should not fail to include it in their itinerary. It enjoys a dual advantage in the fact that it is both a pleasure and a health resort. The table at the hotel has always been considered par excellence, and much attention is given by the manager, Mr. E. F. Burns, to the entertainment of his guests.

The Hotel St. Nicholas, on the corner of Market, Larkin, and Hayes Streets, this city, has made, perhaps, the most phenomenal success of any hotel in San Francisco. Since its control by Ira R. and J. H. Doolittle, together with the management of Major Jos. Knowlton, Jr., it has advanced with astounding rapidity. The characteristic feature of the hotel is what may be termed its exclusiveness, in that every precaution is taken to reject the patronage of any whose general character and reputation may be in any wise questionable.

The Hotel Vendome at San Jose has been doing an excellent business during the past season. It always does, and the indications point to a splendid winter trade from the tourist element. The Vendome is one of the representative hotels of the Coast, and deserves all the encouragement that it regularly receives. Mr. Geo. P. Snell, the manager, is still in charge, and is as energetic and courteous as ever.

Not far from San Jose are the well-known Pacific Congress Springs, which, this year, are under the direction of J. F. Pfetch, a young man of tact and ability. Many thousands of dollars have been spent on the premises since he became connected with the Springs. For those who desire a couple of weeks' restful and enjoyable outing, they will find these Springs a most delightful place to visit.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

Mr. C. H. Harris, a genial gentleman and wealthy ranch owner in Texas, whose uncle, Mr. Isham Harris of Tennessee, has been for many years in the United States Senate, is fond of a joke, and on his last visit to San Francisco told me the following story on himself:

"One of the most annoying, and at the same time amusing, incidents in my life occurred at the time I held a contract to build one of our railroads down there. I had occasion to go to Dallas for the purpose of paying off a large force of men. In my valise I carried a check for $19,000 for that purpose. On the journey I had to spend all the ready money I had with me, and the consequence was that when I arrived at Dallas I was 'broke,' so far as coin in pocket was concerned. I had traveled on a freight train and by the time we pulled into Dallas I looked pretty rough, being tired, dusty and hungry, with three days' beard on my face. It was 3 A. M., and imagine my surprise and disgust when the hotel clerk refused to give me a bed on credit. Nor would he believe me when I told him who I was. Of course I had friends in town, but I couldn't wake them at that unholy hour, and I was too mad to show my check to a clerk who wouldn't take my word as to my identity. So I actually tramped the streets till daylight, with that $19,000 piece of paper in my valise. I had plenty of funds as soon as I could get a telegram home to El Paso, and my Dallas friends wanted to club that clerk; but, after all, he wasn't so much to blame, for I must have looked more like a tramp than a respectable citizen. It was rather rough on me, though."

Charmingly feminine are the furbelowed waistcoats worn this summer. The tailor-made girl's love for frills, and her pent-up longings for fluffy flummery in the drygoods line, find expression in the elaborated waistcoat, which gives a graceful and exceedingly attractive finish to the dullest and most humble of gowns. Three distinctly different waistcoats are, to all practical purposes, equal to the same number of gowns, at a merely nominal expense, for almost any girl with a knack at sewing, and an artistic appreciation of materials and colors, can evolve some very dainty designs in this adjunct to the wardrobe feminine. Even an ugly suit can be redeemed in this manner. Grass linen waistcoats are exceedingly pretty and fresh looking, and are best arranged in blouse fashion. Embroidered grass lawn guipure in ecru shade may be fulled over this, or the guipure may be placed over a foundation of the same color and bordered with narrow revers of itself. A very effective trimming is Honiton lace extending lengthwise of the front. The grass linen varieties are so numerous that they will harmonize with almost any gown. It is surprising what ingenuity can accomplish. A girl with a single solitary frock can make a really stylish appearance—if she have the necessary knack and even a very small amount of the necessary coin.

By all odds the most unique and startling recipe for the preservation of beauty and the attainment of longevity has been given to the world by an English lady, who avers that her ninety years of life and her well-preserved facial charms are entirely due to the fact that during an extended residence in Constantinople, while her husband was at court there, she learned to subsist on soup and to smoke cigarettes. This is rather shocking, but since the majority of womenkind would—to use an absurd comparison—be willing to die in order to live long and be always charming, the soup-cigarette cure may yet become the rage. The W. C. T. U. should send a committee across seas and across lots until it finds that venerable English person and persuades her to cease prescribing such curative and beautifying dissipations as soup and cigarettes.

When a man runs away from his wife and is accompanied in his flight by another woman than she whom he has promised to love, honor and cherish until death or the divorce court do them part, the public usually heaves a sympathetic sigh in reading the news thereof, and softly says, "Poor thing!" Now, wherefore, poor thing? It would seem that congratulations were in order. Surely to be rid of such a recalcitrant spouse is an unmixed blessing, and ought to bring deep joy to the girl he left behind him. Take for instance the case of one Oscar Neebe, the Chicago rioter, who, upon being pardoned, celebrated his release by eloping with another man's wife, whom he had known but two weeks. I tender my felicitations to Mrs. Neebe.

"Charlie had a windfall the other day," said some one to his friend in passing. "Windfall," I repeated to myself as I went on up the street. "Now where could such an expression have originated, to signify good luck?" The more I thought about it the more mystified I became. Windfall. What could it mean? It haunted me by day and pursued me by night, and just as it threatened to make a monomaniac of me—when my friends began to flee at my approach and reason was tottering on its throne—I solved the problem. All things come to those who ask questions, and one fine day fate cast me in the way of a learned man who let the light in upon my cranium. How I venerated that superior being he will never know. Said he:

"The origin of 'windfall,' dates from the time of William the Conqueror. It was at that time a criminal offense to cut timber in the forests. Only such could be gathered as the wind had blown down. Hence a heavy wind-storm was regarded by the peasants as so much good luck, and thus was evolved the modern application of the term."

Li Hung Chang, who by the way is one of the shrewdest men of affairs of the present time, and who turns the tables neatly upon his interviewers by cross-examining them in the most approved American-reporter fashion, was once heard to express a profound dislike for the European newspapers. This in a measure explains why the distinguished traveler brought his visit among us to such an untimely end. It was no doubt the American newspapers. He was not long among us, but still 'twas long enough to acquire a large-sized horror of them, compared with which his aversion for their English contemporaries must be as mild as a glass of skim milk. He probably could not stand the ordeal of which he got a foretaste. Hedged round and about by iron-clad customs of the Orient, our free and easy newspaper ways must have been a revelation to him. It is not difficult to understand why he should flee from the prospect of having seventeen hundred papers print seventeen hundred different portraits of him in countless editions and no two portraits alike. His celestial soul, perhaps, revolted at the certainty of hearing his voice in every phonograph that he might tap with a nickel, in speeches that he never uttered, expounding sentiments that he never expressed. Possibly he was pursued by nightmares of finding reporters dropping down upon him through skylights, waylaying him by day and camping on his trail by night. Perhaps, too, he was haunted by dreams that the newspaper artists, not content with remolding his features into new and strange shapes, would fall upon his cue and ornament the pages of the Sunday edition with coupon guess contents as to the precise number of hairs it contained; would make life-size drawings of his ears, and decorate the supplements with his feet. He may have known by some prophetic instinct that each day's mail would bring 1139 requests for his autograph, 992 letters of enquiry as to who was his favorite poet, 1001 burning desires to know the secret of eating rice with chopsticks. Depend upon it, Li had his reasons for making his escape. He will not be obliged to read an average of sixty-six columns a day of things he did not say, and the purport of which he cannot even surmise. Mr. L. H. Chang's Mongolian head is level, very level.

Another blow stern science deals:
  Beneath its searching rays
The luckless oyster now reveals
  Bacilli to the gaze.

That microbes lurked within a kiss,
  Was sad to learn, I trow,
But never such a grief as this—
  Oh, *must* the oyster go?

Lost, one by one, the joys we prized!
  What will we women do
When ice-cream soda, analyzed,
  Reveals bacilli, too?

Parrot stories are always interesting, more or less, and the wickeder the bird the more amusing the story is apt to be. Occasionally, however, a parrot of excellent behavior and respectable breeding will furnish entertainment of the most laughable description, as for instance that of the English showman, an anecdote concerning which was told me the other day. This showman owned a parrot that, to the admiration of the crowds, imitated perfectly the voice and words used by him when inviting the public to step inside the booth. One day the bird got lost and was being searched for when a loud noise was heard in the woods, caused by a chorus of wild screeches. Arriving on the spot the searching party found the unfortunate Poll perched on the branch of a tree, shorn of nearly all her feathers, and completely surrounded by a flock of shrieking crows, viciously pecking at her with their sharp beaks. It is almost as pathetic as it is funny to relate that, in perfect imitation of the showman's voice, the poor bird was saying: "One at a time, gentlemen! Don't crush so, please! Take your time! There's plenty of room!"

Have you ever been behind the scenes of a theater? No? Then take my advice and do not go. It is a blow to your ideals. Instead of finding that actors and actresses are gay prosperous personages whose lives are one round of applause, bouquets, glitter and glare, ease and fairylike splendor, you learn that they are the hardest worked people in the world, not even excepting newspaper people, and that there is no profession so heartbreaking in its disappointments, so elusive of success, so great a strain upon the nervous system as the theatrical profession.

Seated in your cushioned chair, relaxed for an evening's entertainment, idly scanning alternately your program, and the house through your opera-glass, with the easy consciousness that nothing whatever is expected of you excepting to sit still and not wear too large a hat; critical of the passing show before you, impatient of defects, and coldly dissapproving when actor or actress falls short of perfection; wondering why the curtain should be a moment or two slow in rising—alas, you do not realize how graceless you are in your lack of charity. This is because you have never been behind the scenes.

It is a hard, hard life. Think of the daily rehearsals which mean hours upon one's feet—hours that frequently count two and three o'clock before genius in the form of a star, or humble utility in the form of a super, can appease its hunger. Such a thing as regularity of meals is of course unknown to the luckless Thespian. Every nerve is strained in an endeavor to please the public. They throw themselves upon the mercy of the world in general and the dramatic critics in particular. Fancy having to be flayed alive, empaled upon the point of a sharp pen, dipped in vitriolic ink, and roasted to a rich beautiful brown in the columns of a paper! No, thanks. One begs to be excused from the ordeal. Unhappy actor! Thrice wretched actress! There is no balm in Gilead for such as you, whether you woo your art conscientiously, or murder it ruthlessly.

If you have ever stood in the wings, screened from that sea of upturned faces, serene in your own security, and watched an actress go through a scene, leaving the stage with a smile upon her lips that freezes the instant she makes her exit, with nerves keyed up to the highest tension as she speeds breathlessly away to her dressing-room for the space perhaps of five little moments—if you ever saw this without a thrill of compassion for the one who has passed through such an ordeal, then, indeed, you must have a door-knob somewhere in your breast instead of a heart. Especially fatiguing are matinee days, which mean double work. When one takes into consideration the unhealthy excitement that continually surrounds an actress's life, it is a matter of wonder that she does not go to pieces some fine day with a snap and a quiver.

Late suppers, late hours, perpetual motion. Surely these are not conducive to repose of mind nor sweetness of disposition. After all, is it any wonder that actors and actresses marry and fight and divorce, and marry and fight again, and yet again? Is it surprising that they rasp each other's nerves? That they delight in throwing each other out of the window and indulging in all sorts of eccentricities as an escape-valve?

"If I could write," said Louise Thorndyke-Boucicault to me one night behind the scenes, while yet the applause of the house was sounding in our ears above the murmur of the orchestra, after she was out of audience range, "if I could write I would not stay five minutes on the stage." Just as if the critics wouldn't pursue you to your lair all the same, my dear actress. For the writer, like the actress, has the world for an audience. True, her personality is not in evidence, and the public knows not if her eyes be gaslight green or melting blue; whether she has inky fingers, wears goggles, or is as fair as a poet's dream. Nevertheless, the writer is in a less degree a target for criticism. The odd thing about it is that the criticism usually comes from people with addled brains who could not write three lines grammatically to save their obscure, inconsequent lives, while the dramatic critic is nine times out of ten a competent one.

Apropos of Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault, one night she was on the stage when the propertyman had failed to put a sheet of paper in its accustomed place, its duty being to serve as a letter from which she was supposed to read a message of love sotto voce to the audience. It was a front scene, and "faking" an impossibility. Something desperate had to be done and the lady did it. Swooping down upon the hidden and startled prompter she tore a leaf from his open book and the scene went smoothly on with scarcely any one the wiser for her narrow escape.

Apropos of Mr. Astor and the wealth that he has taken across the seas, the Woodland *Democrat* makes the following practical suggestion:

"If Mr. Astor should spend all his money in becoming an English lord, he could easily recoup by marrying an American heiress."

ITEMS.

The new transatlantic steamer "Pennsylvania," which the Hamburg-American line are building, will be the largest freight carrying vessel in the world, having a capacity nearly double that of any similar vessel now afloat. The measurements of the "Pennsylvania," which is being built at Belfast, Ireland, are as follows: Length, 568 feet; beam, 62 feet, and depth, 42 feet. Her displacement will be 20,000 tons and her dead weight carrying capacity will be between 13,000 and 14,000 tons. She will be equipped with quadruple expansion engines giving a combined horse power of 7000. A speed of from 14 to 15 knots is expected to be developed. The "Pennsylvania" is expected to be launched in October, and she will ply between New York and Hamburg.

The frontispiece in this issue of THE TRAVELER will be recognized by those who appreciate art as one of the finest that has ever appeared in the journal, and it is but justice to give credit to the engraver who made it. It is the work of the Sunset Photo and Engraving Co. of 131 Post Street, San Francisco, and none will deny that it reflects on them much credit. They have recently added a most extensive line of modern machinery to their business until to-day they no doubt have as fine a plant for this work as can be found west of Chicago. A careful study of the frontispiece is evidence of their capabilities and character of workmanship.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

"My father," said the small boy to a visitor who was calling on his mother, "is a great man. He knows what time it is without even looking at his watch."

"What do you mean, Tommy?" asked the visitor.

"Oh! when I holler out and ask him what time it is in the morning he always says it's time to get up. And when I ask him what time it is in the evening, he always says—Time to go to bed, Tommy."

UP-TO-DATE LAW POINTS.

WM. C. SPRAGUE.

Few things are absolutely certain either about law or about automatic machines, but the decision of Judge Colston, at Edinburgh, Scotland, that the abstraction of butter-cotch or chocolate from a "a nickel-in-the slot" machine by some other means than the deposit of the customary coin does not constitute theft, and the reasons upon which he bases his decision are both surprising and interesting.

Judge Skelton of Dallas, Tex., has adopted some of the methods of Solomon in his work on the bench. Several negroes were recently brought before him charged with vagrancy. They looked well fed, but were not much on style when it came to dress. The testimony against the first one tried made him out a chronic vagabond. But he was permitted to do a little swearing on his own behalf, and when he held up his hand to be sworn, Judge Skelton thought he saw corns in his hand and had him come nearer for a more minute inspection, with the result of finding that his palms were calloused and his fingers stiff as if from work with pick and shovel. "You are discharged," said the Judge, who, turning to the officers, said: "I am sufficiently up in the science of palmistry to tell whether a man is a laborer or not, and while the indications are against this negro, he is no vagabond." The prosecuting attorney insisted that the corns were obtained in climbing over back fences, but the Judge stuck to his Solomon-like decision and discharged the accused.

NEW GOLD.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

[*Written for "The Traveler" by Frank Dearborn.*]

After all the joy and gladness
Of a holiday,
Came a little sigh of sadness
From my child at play;
Followed by a deeper grieving,
While his playthings he was leaving,
To be placed away.

For this day he had been longing,
Time had gone too slow;
Now among the queries thronging,
This he wants to know:
And he asks between his drumming,
Why the good-times long in coming
Should so quickly go?

And the little eyelids tremble,
'Twixt the joy and fears;
All in vain can he dissemble
Swiftly rising tears;
Like the birth of poet-sorrow,
When he sees each glad to-morrow,
Ashes of the years.

While the flowers fade and wither,
Sweet is the perfume,
Linking old and new together,
Rising from their tomb;
Fairer flowers bloom forever,
We should lose their fragrance never
In a present gloom.

Though the ending of each morrow
Bring us bitter pain,
Still the end of deepest sorrow
Is to joy again;
For the morrow never-ending,
Joy with grief no longer blending,
Wait we not in vain.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

[*Written for "The Traveler" by Prof. J. P. Marron.*]

The happiest life on this earth is with sorrow
And heart-breaking trouble beset;
But the worst of all troubles are those which we borrow,
They burden the spirit with debt.

So let us be cheerful whatever appears,
And manfully meet all misfortunes and fears;
The sunshine of happiness beaming through tears
Makes a rainbow of hope for us yet.

A bright shining face is a gladness to view,
And in others sweet smiles will beget,
And kind words of friendship tho' ever so few
With other kind words will be met.

So let us be cheerful and happy and gay,
In brotherly love keep contention away,
And should little discords appear—as they may,
Just let us forgive and forget.

UPON MY FAN.

MINNIE MCINTYRE.

Upon my fan, with courtly air,
A couple, nonchalant and fair,
Move back and forth, with dainty grace,
Smiling into each other's face,
As if they found love's heaven there.

No sober thoughts disturbed the pair—
She with high heels and powdered hair,
He, with soft, ruffled frills of lace—
Upon my fan.

Ah, who would not these days forswear,
And stiff brocades and buckles wear,
In that idyllic time and place,
When Louis XVI. reigned a space,
And love with flowers pelted care
Upon my fan?

The Poet (reproachfully)—So you didn't take the trouble to read my poem? What a poor opinion you must have of me.

The Girl—Think what an opinion I might have had of you if I had read it.

THAT REMINDS ME.

"I FORGOT THE BUTTER." *Lou photo*

"And now, my son," said the loving father, "as you are about to go in business for yourself, it is well for you to remember always that honesty is the best policy."

"Yes, papa," said the high-browed youth.

"That honesty is the best policy. And," continued the old man, "if you will study up on the laws, you will be surprised to find how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

A young bachelor, who had been appointed sheriff, was called to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said, "Madam, I have an attachment for you."

The widow blushed, and said his attachment had been reciprocated.

"You don't understand me; you must proceed to court."

"I know it is leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting."

"Mrs. P., this is no time for trifling, the justice is waiting."

"The justice! Why I prefer a parson."

Nell—I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything.

Bell (sweetly)—You couldn't get into them, my dear.

Edith—I cannot realize, my dear, that you are a mother.

Kate—Can't you? Come and spend a day with me and you will.

An Irishman, during the Belfast riots, was waylaid by a party of roughs and was asked what his political views were. He did not know to which side his interrogators belonged, but he surveyed their weapons and then answered, "Gintlemen, I am of the same opinion as that gintleman over there with the big shillelagh."

"Where did you go this summer?" asked one business man of another.

"We boarded in the country.

"Was it expensive?"

"Not very. We got a good deal for our money. My wife got the rheumatism. My boy, Tommy, got his leg broke, and little Mamie got poisoned with ivy, and all we paid was ten dollars apiece."

Boy—The teacher says that ducks fly at the rate of 200 miles an hour.

Father—That's nothing. Pheasants fly at the rate of a thousand miles an hour.

Boy—How dy'e know?

Father—I've tried to shoot 'em.

"This beefsteak is so tough, the knife won't go through it."

Restaurant Keeper (shouts)—Waiter, another knife for this gentleman

"I see you are in black; are you in mourning for a friend?" was propounded by one friend to another in the street the other day.

"No, I am in mourning for my sins."

"I never heard that you lost any," was the instant and keen reply.

Helen—Do you think a woman ought to work for her husband?

Kitty—I don't know; a little perhaps.

Helen—I mean after she gets him?

Kitty—The idea! Certainly not.

Upholsterer—Madam, this is a fine reception chair. Our latest design. Try it, please.

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SWAIN'S

In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

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REMINISCENCES OF A NATURALIST.

LORENZO G. YATES, F. L. S.

NUMEROUS reminiscences of old times were brought back by a recent trip from San Francisco to Alviso. The route was entirely new to me although the surroundings were very familiar, made up of bay, marshes, foothills, and mountains, through and over which, in years gone by, I had made many excursions and camping expeditions in search of shells, minerals, fossils, plants, and other objects of interest.

The placid surface of the bay with its fringe of dark evergreen trees, which, from a mirage effect, appear to be growing in the waters of the bay, the numerous piles of salt at the various salt works looming up like immense white tents against a background of green, and the abundant evidence of human industry, were in strong contrast with a rough voyage on the Pacific Ocean of a few days previous.

On this day the bay was an unbroken flood of sunshine, and the encircling mountain ranges, over which rested heavy clouds with silver linings, looked like an immense mirror set in a framework of emeralds and other gems, presenting an exquisite play of colors, from the darkest green of the Coast Range, with its covering of redwoods, the foothills in some places nearly black with their natural growth of chaparral, and patches of lighter green of the pasture land and cultivated ground, varied by the yellow stubble and the varying shades of the ripening grain, to the rich brown tints of the bare and barren surfaces of the Contra Costa Hills. As I looked around the vast amphitheater there was scarcely a canyon, gulch, or mountain peak which did not remind me of some expedition or incident in my past life. In the distant east Mission Peak brought to my mind a certain hot summer day when, with a friend, I attempted to scale its almost perpendicular southwesterly face in search of fossils, and became discouraged by the numerous rattlesnakes encountered; a canyon near-by where I had made a successful hunt for rare snail shells; another, where in company with another friend we spent a Fourth of July, and ended up by finding an entire jaw of a mastodon and a fossil molar of an extinct species of elephant; and lower down, near the salt marsh among the willows, where I had collected land shells and held inquests upon the dead bodies of murdered men and women, and men who had been found drowned; then the Alviso Hills, where I had spent many days and portions of many nights crouched in a hunter's blind shooting ducks and geese.

Then in the marsh I could trace the course of a slough on which I had fished for sturgeon, and, at low tide, gathered quantities of the gregarious and luscious oyster, or dug in the banks for the still more delicately flavored hermit, the Pholas or Borer, which furnished the most essential ingredient for many an old-fashioned clambake; and, in close proximity, the low deserted sites of old Indian rancherias which had rewarded patient search and labor by numerous interesting relics of the aboriginal inhabitants.

Looking over the summit of the first mountain range, the pine clad summit of a portion of the Mount Diablo Range brought vivid recollections of hunting and capturing the fleet-footed deer, and the suppers of fresh deer liver, the many meals of quail—not on toast, but fried, roasted, or, best of all, baked in the hot ashes of the social campfire; the long tramps on foot or horseback for the additional deer or the possible grizzly, mixed with recollections of successful trout-fishing, lively encounters with the gally-nipper—a bloodthirsty insect as large as a bumble-bee; hair-breadth escapes from the dreaded rattlesnake, and a night spent at a point which I could distinguish in the distance, where two of us were kept awake all night by the attention of a Californian lion, which was so much interested in us that he passed back and forth, like a sentinel, in the bed of a creek close to our camp, and every few minutes came so near that we could hear his footsteps as he passed in the dry, gravelly creekbed.

Other localities were remembered as having furnished fine mineral specimens, and lines of fences in the valley where many nights had been spent shooting the swift-flying widgeon as they came up from the bay to feed in the grain fields. Turning to the opposite side of the bay I was reminded of hours and days spent in botanizing in the Coast Range; the hunts for snail shells among the wooded slopes; the magnificent growth of ferns in the canyons; the cool water of the brooks, and the pleasant shade of the tall redwoods on the distant summit; a successful fossil hunt back of the San Bruno Hills.

Passing the old pier at Dumbaston Point brought back the incidents of "the boom!" when the town of Newark was started, with free rides, free picnics and accessories, and a free and easy time generally.

I was rudely awakened from these pleasant reveries by the discovery that the steamer had made a sudden turn and run her nose into the muddy banks of the slough, where she seemed to have settled down for a quiet time. I settled back to my reveries while the crew scrambled about among rudder chains, stern-wheel buckets, and ropes, in their work of replacing the steering gear. Eventually the steamer pulled herself out of the mud and headed for Alviso Landing. The narrowness and crookedness of the sluggish stream, and the effects of a strong wind which was blowing up the bay, caused us to fetch up in the mud several times before making a successful landing at the head of navigation, where the stage was waiting to carry us to San Jose, seven miles distant.

A correspondent of THE TRAVELER writes us some further information about the volcanic region on the Lower Colorado River, and graphically describes the character of the eruptions as follows:

"The convulsions of the large volcano on the outskirts of the valley last only a few minutes, and then ensues a period of rest varying from thirty-six to seventy-two hours. It takes twenty-four hours, however, for the ejected matter to cool sufficiently to permit of again approaching the crater. What the large volcano does is repeated on a smaller scale by all the other active volcanoes; and, as they are countless in number, it follows that the din of eruption is continuous and well-nigh deafening. Taken altogether it is a most awe-inspiring scene. The air is always murky with smoke and steam; and cinders, particles of dirt, and ashes drop so incessantly that one is covered with dark, yellow dust in a very few minutes.

"The most unusual curiosity in this strange, uncanny land by the Colorado River is what the naturalists in California call a lake of ink. Scientific journals have discussed time and again what this lake of ink really is. It is a great pool of black writing-ink, more than anything else. It is situated about half a mile from the large volcano just described, and lies flush with the ground. It is about an acre in area. The surface of the lake is coated with ashes from the volcanoes to the thickness of about half a foot, and the explorer in those parts who is not looking out for this freak of nature would be very apt to walk into it. Surveyors have found that the lake is some three hundred yards deep in some places, and no bottom can be found in others. There is nothing but theory as to the source of the supply for the lake, but no one seems to know the component parts of the acre of black fluid. The Indians say it is composed of the blood of bad Indians, who are suffering in their hell amid the volcanoes. Samples of the lake have been brought to Yuma and Los Angeles for test and examination. It has been found good for common marking purposes. Cotton goods that have been soaked with the strange, black fluid keep their color for months, even when exposed to the sun, and the goods have a stiffness that is somewhat like weak starch. A gallon of the lake fluid was sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington the other day for analysis." Curious formations of this character are always a source of interest to the general public as well as scientists, and the latter will await impatiently the result of the analytical report.

ABOUT BEARS.

Very few people know that bears take their regular baths whenever it is possible, and that they are naturally fond of water; but such is the fact.

They roam over the mountains and through the forests, dig open decayed logs for ants and worms, and secure all the hornets' and bees' nests they can, and tear them in pieces, and eat the young grubs, not infrequently being stung by the old bees. They pick berries of all kinds and eat them, and by this part of their living they appear to belong to the dry land animals; but the truth is different.

Bears are very fond of fish and are expert fishers. They show more cunning and instinct, if not reason, in their methods than many a chap I have seen about the lakes. I once came suddenly upon a large bear in a swamp. He was stretched out upon a large shell of a pine-tree lying across a brook which ran through the swamp from the mountains up north. He was so interested in his sport that he did not discover me until I had approached very near him, so that I could see exactly how he baited his hook and what he used for bait. After I had stood a minute watching him catch and eat fish, he discovered me and appeared to have urgent business in some other place; for he at once leaped into the thick underbrush and made himself scarce. I had no gun with me, as I was setting bear traps and had a heavy load to lug.

The way he did it was this wise. There was a large knot-hole in the shell of the tree he was lying on, and he put his paw through that and into the water underneath and opened his great paw; then the trout and other fish would gather around and nibble at the inside of his paw, when he closed it so quickly as to secure his fish, which he immediately ate, all but the head; and I counted thirteen fish heads in one pile on the log. I set my trap in his path, for he had a well-beaten road from and to his fishing chance; and the next time I tended the trap, the old fellow was caught.

CAT DRINKING. F. V. Morris photo.

Bears also feed on frogs which they catch in the forest brooks, where they love to wade and wallow. They often swim narrow places in the lakes between shore and islands, to and from; also across rivers, and they are considered good swimmers. The young cubs unhesitatingly follow the mother bear into lake or river.

A bear will sometimes sink when shot while swimming in a lake, but not while the breath is in the body. I remember once that a man by the name of Leverett shot in the Cupsuptic Lake, Maine. The party rowed up to take the bear into the boat as he was floating on the surface. The guide took hold of the bear and the animal opened its mouth to bite him, and he let go and the bear sank.

A party of gentlemen from Boston with a guide from Upton were rowing up the Magalloway River when they saw a bear and three cubs swimming the river. They gave chase and came up with the lot of them. When they got near, the old bear inferred they were trying to capture the cubs, and she came near capsizing the boat; but they shot her. Two of the cubs got ashore; but the guide jumped into the river and secured the other cub, which they could not catch while in the boat. They finally landed and got the other two, but they had quite a circus.

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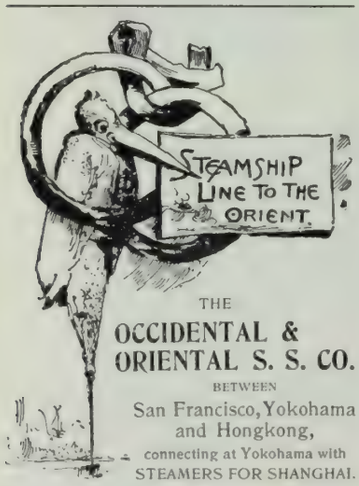

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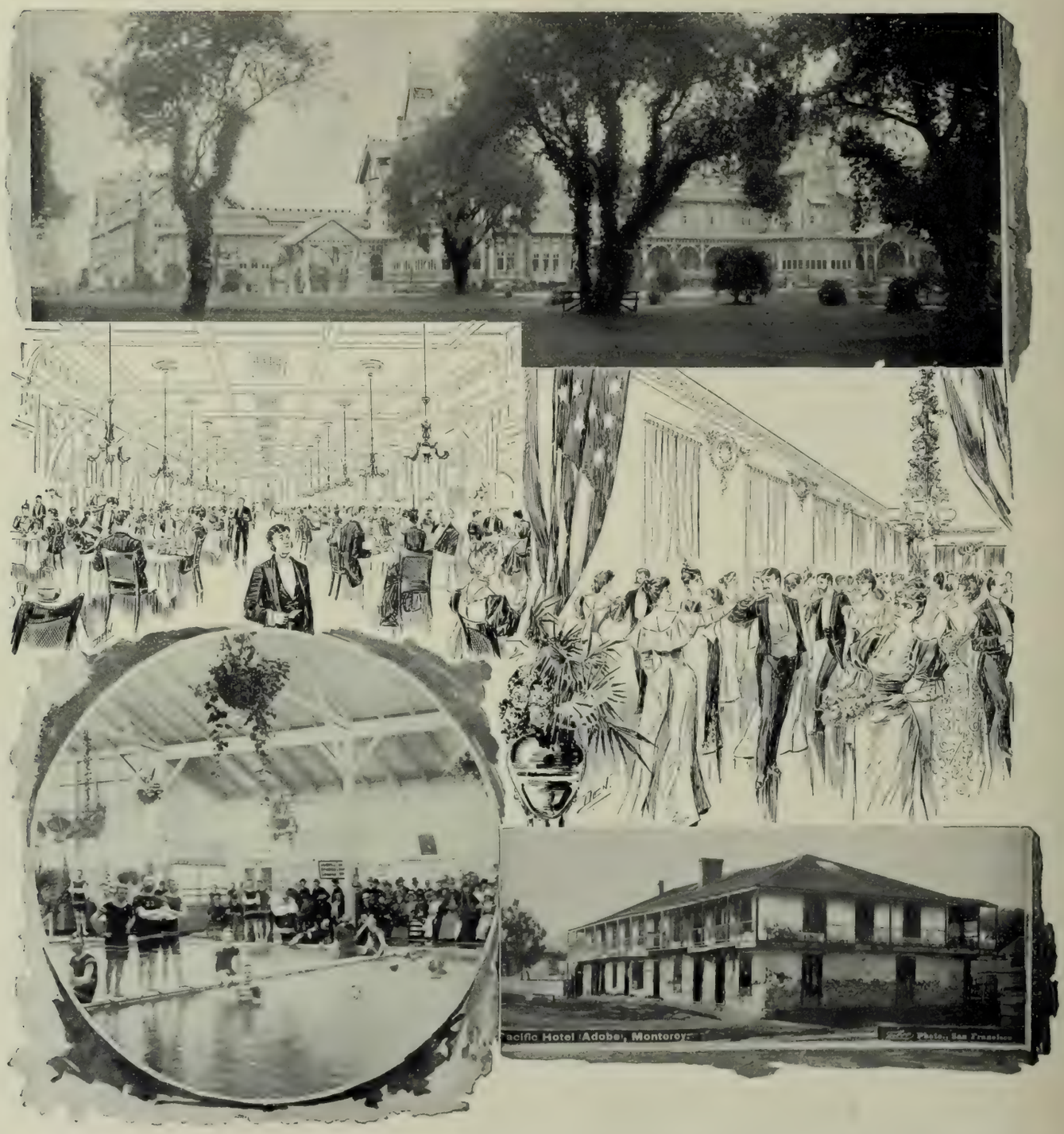

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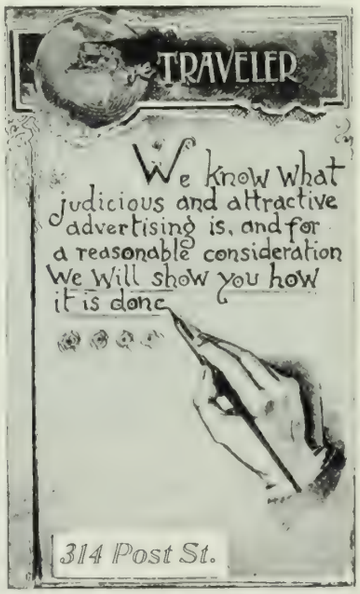

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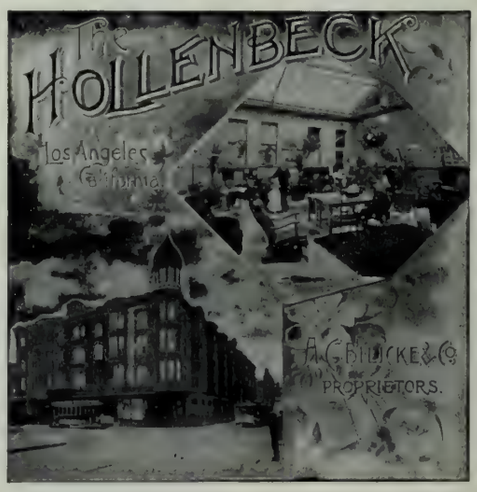

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1896. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 314 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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nducted in connection with THE TRAVELER will furnish, *without arge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, ilway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or rite to us at any time.

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"THE CRISIS" is the title of our frontispiece this month, and is a reproduction of the famous oil painting originally bearing the aption of "The Doctor." This work was executed y Lukes Fildes, a member of the Royal Academy of ondon, England, and was represented there a few ears ago, where it received the most phenomenal raise from the art critics, and was accorded first lace over all other competitors.

The picture is at once fascinating, and engenders a athos from all of a sentimental disposition. Those ho know what it is to be blessed with beautiful hildren in whom is concentrated their whole store of ffection and devotion, can better understand the eauty of this conception. The picture explains tself. The little child lies in the foreground upon n improvised couch, the best that the condition of ts parents warrants; the fatal fever is at its height; he general surroundings indicate the poverty of the ather and mother, but when the last straw of hope has almost vanished they call in the best-known physician of the city, hoping that his acknowledged skill will save their little one. The father and mother in the background give every evidence of their distress. The former is anxiously watching every quiver of the lip of the physician, every change of countenance, looking for the slightest ray of hope in the expression of the doctor. The mother shows her despair, but, still clinging to some possible signs of encouragement, she bows herself in grief awaiting the passing of "The Crisis."

Look at this subject intently, reader, and, whether you may be father or mother, can you repress a tear?

ONCE more we wish to state that the subscription price of THE TRAVELER will be $1.50 per year, beginning with the issue of January 1, 1897. Attention to this fact is called to the announcement elsewhere in our advertising columns. Since

A LAKE COUNTY PAPOOSE.

we made our first announcement to this effect we have received a number of letters and heard many remarks passed on the policy of this move, and we are gratified to state that in not a single instance we were informed that the move was unwise, unwarranted, or unjust. On the contrary, we have been informed that it was surprising that this had not been done before. THE TRAVELER stands to-day as the leading monthly paper of the coast, without any exception, and the character of its work, its engravings, its reading matter, and general typographical excellence places it at the top of the list of Pacific Coast journals and magazines.

Our experience has proven that the class of readers on THE TRAVELER'S subscription list are of the very best; they are people of taste and people of means. They represent the intellectual and the artistic, and if present indications are any index to the result, we not only know we will retain all our old patrons, but gain many new ones.

THE title of the December number of THE TRAVELER will be "Marine and Christmas" number. If we do say it ourselves, this will be probably the most artistic number of THE TRAVELER that has ever been issued. It will be about twice the size of the regular issues, and will contain a general review of the marine interests of the coast.

We might add especially that we will publish two of the inside pages in colored half-tones in connection with a description of the Samoan Islands. The illustrations are very striking, and depict the characters and country just as they are in life. There will likewise be a complete review of the defenses of San Francisco Bay, the Life Saving Service, the Light House and Signal Service, a review of our modern battle-ships, and a large number of other interesting articles in keeping with the subject.

THE Venezuelan question, the Cuban question and the late lamented Armenian question, have within the past few months very forcibly drawn the attention of public men to that subject of international law known as the doctrine of intervention. Few questions in the whole range of international law are more difficult than those connected with the legality of intervention. Even in the case of fully sovereign states, and in regard to the conduct of the most powerful of them, restrictions upon unlimited freedom of action may be imposed temporarily by events and circumstances, but they do not form permanent legal incidents of the political existence of the communities subjected to them. The right of independence conferred by international law upon each sovereign member of the family of nations naturally involves complete liberty on the part of every state to manage its affairs according to its own wishes; but sometimes another state, or group of states, when it is engaged in internal struggle, or external conflicts, interferes to compel the state to do something which of its own volition it would not do, or to refrain from doing something which preferably it would do. This is what we mean by the term intervention, and history is full of instances of it.

Intervention, however, to be clearly understood, must be distinguished from mere advice which a friendly state may give without any idea of compulsion; from mediation by a third power at the request of one or both of the parties to the dispute, where there is no promise to accept the terms proposed by the mediator or any intention on its part to enforce their acceptance; and, finally, from arbitration, which is the determination of a question which the contestants have agreed to refer to an independent tribunal whose award they have beforehand agreed to accept.

PREHISTORIC RUINS IN ARIZONA.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

PEOPLE who are interested in archæology and ethnology have long had their attention directed toward the ruins of the cliff-dwellers in Northern Arizona and in Southern Colorado by the important researches made by the expeditions under the direction of Frank Cushing, and also under the patronage of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The literary magazines and newspapers have published a vast amount of information about the lives, environments, origin, and remains of the strange little people of the cliffs, but there are comparatively few persons, outside of Arizona and New Mexico, who know that in Southern Arizona there is a field for study of archæology and telinology far more interesting and of wider range. So eminent authority as Major J. W. Powell, recently of the United States Geographical Survey, is quoted to the effect that the Aztec remains in the Gila Valley, within a radius of thirty miles of Phœnix, offer a stupendous field for research by ambitious archæologists. The field has all of the weird mystery that envelops the age of the cliff-dwellers, and there are, besides, abundant evidences of a more complete civilization and extensive mode of livelihood. Conservative estimates put the population of the races in the Gila country at fully 2,000,000.

The Gila field of study of Aztec remains has been but little explored, because of its comparative inaccessibility, the intolerable dry heat there during two-thirds of each year, and the total lack of water where it is wanted. The mining prospectors, who have tramped for years over all the mountains and through every valley in the Territory, have given no heed to prospecting in the localities of the prehistoric remains in the Gila country, because, no water existing, it would be useless to attempt to develop a mine there, even on good surface indications. An expedition under Frank Cushing did some work near Los Muertos (which is known in the Southwest as the Pompeii of Arizona), but, with the breaking down of his health, all exploration by a scientist in the Gila country came to an end. The area in which these remains of a vast race of prehistoric people are to be found is some three hundred square miles. It extends from the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers eastward to the Superstition Mountains, and from Phœnix on the north almost to the Mexican line on the south. Near Casa Grande the most extensive Indian remains are to be found. Hundreds of acres

AZTEC RUINS NEAR CASA GRANDE.

there strewn with pre-Columbian relics show that comparatively no attention has been given them by explorers and students.

South of the Gila there are some mountains, but they are fewer and of less altitude than those to the north. Though mountain and plain are alike desert, there seems to have been a smaller flow of lava, and though the mountains are of igneous formation, only in a few instances do they show extinct craters, and the valleys and mesas are wastes of sand once cultivated by these people.

It is the land of the mirage. The reflecting power of the dry air is something wonderful, and last week at one time, without moving out of my position, I witnessed three of the most complete mirages I ever saw during my long experience in the desert. On one side rose a city with towers that reached to the clouds, while on the other was portrayed a portion of the desert breaking off into what appeared to be a vast forest, and it seemed so real that I imagined I could see the limbs sway by the force of the wind.

This country is a ruin from one end to the other. All parts of it bear unmistakable evidences of irrigation canals several hundred miles long, and built with exactness and skill, and of cities of 30,000 and 40,000 population. One can walk for miles, and every foot of the sandy surface is more or less mixed with pieces of broken pottery from the size of a dollar up to as large as one's hand. The paint is still on these pieces, and is not in the least faded, though it has lain exposed for countless ages. In the particular locality of Mesa City and Tempe an overflow from the Gila in some distant age has washed against the ruins until they have crumbled down and spread out level with the country. In many places the ollas and other earthenware may be picked up on the surface, due undoubtedly to the action of the water on the surrounding earthen walls of the buildings.

Back ten miles from the Gila River the ground is higher, and was once the site of a city, as portions of the wall by which it was protected are still standing more than twenty feet in thickness. Inside are the mound-like ruins of the houses, which, being less durable, have crumbled down. The buildings must have been very large, for in some instances the mounds are 300 feet in length by 200 feet in width and 20 in height. The dimensions of the space inclosed by the wall are about 50 miles by 3, though the evidence is very strong that the overflow destroyed much more than half of the ruins. Seven miles south of the Mexican town of Mesa is the ruins of a great structure that must have been a public hall or priest assembly house. The walls and roof seem to have been crushed together by some extraordinary force, and to have formed piles of debris. Immense wooden beams are still extant in the remains, and there are literal wagon loads of stone mortars, painted jars, ollas, and jugs in a whole and broken condition in the debris, where they have probably lain for several centuries. Not so much as a pickax has ever been thrust into the mass of ruins.

Much of this low land is very little higher than the present bed of the Gila, and at one time a branch of that stream must have flowed into the basin and formed a natural reservoir. There is an altitude about ten feet greater at one point between the basin and the river, and the formation here is a kind of sandstone, which shows unmistakable signs of having been cut by artificial means, perhaps with the idea of assisting the entrance of the water by enlarging the passage.

In this depression, which is about two miles each way, there are no evidences of buildings having existed, further than the bits of pottery, which are not so numerous as at other places, and might have been deposited there in the wash of the overflow.

Five canals lead out of the basin, all on the south and west, which confirms the belief that it was once a reservoir chiefly formed by natural causes, and

AZTEC RUINS AT CASA GRANDE.

which these people used to store water to provide against the periods of drought. If the depth had been very great in this basin it would have caused an overflow on the west, which must have been prevented by a mud wall or dam, though if such a structure existed there is no longer any evidence of it. Its absence, however, is not conclusive that it never existed, for the great overflow of the river would have swept it away as a feather before a storm.

The prehistoric city is laid out north and south—at least in a majority of instances the streets run to the cardinal points. The walls seem to vary a little from this rule, in fact are crooked in places, as if they might have been constructed for the support of bastions or other towers of defense. This city and the one containing an old fort further down the river are the only ones that the writer ever found showing any evidences of preparation for warlike offense or defense. It seems that the races who lived in this Gila country were either so numerous that they feared no attack, or they had no enemies with which to contend. In the history of any country, either ancient or modern, its fortifications are the strongest and most durable of its structures, and if these people had any preparation of the kind, such evidence would surely exist as is found at Acoma and other points in New Mexico.

Everything points to the proof of the theory that the pueblos of New Mexico are much more modern than the ruined cities of the Gila Valley, and in all probability at the time of their existence the prevailing conditions were quite different, and it was unnecessary to protect the people against the incursions of enemies.

South of Phœnix on the mesa are the ruined corrals or stockpens in which their animals were kept. Many finds prove the purpose for which they were used. What the animals were is not so easily determined, but on slates found in ruins south of the Salt River are splendid figures of llamas, now only grown in Central and South America, and used as beasts of burden there. These pens might have been for the purpose of securing their herds of sheep; and without the finding of these slates, on which the figures cannot be mistaken, one would be inclined to that opinion. As it is, however, the solution is not difficult.

In the ruins that have best withstood the exposure of the ages, many interesting specimens of the ceramic art have been found. Ollas of all shapes and sizes, urns containing the ashes of the dead, which were either placed in mausoleums or kept in the houses of friends, and jars partly filled with parched corn and beans were found in a remarkable state of preservation and should prove of great interest to scientists.

seems as if the entire city had been swept by a ood and the earthen houses melted down, or they ere shaken by some terrible earthquake and toppled to a thousand fragments, giving the inhabitants arely time to escape. Few of the skeletons that the nateur diggers in the ruins have taken out show gns of mutilation or have broken bones, but their rehistoric owners appear to have died of suffocation some natural cause that left no mark upon the ame. In working in several spots where bones have een found, deeper digging has brought to light unually large quantities of bone meal, as fine and light gunpowder. In one spot near Tempe several tons bone meal have been found recently, lying in what ppears to have once been a trench some seventy feet ng and two deep, nine feet below the surface of the nbaked earth.

The edges of the deposit of bone dust were broken nd uneven, so that it could not have been made as a lace of burial. Does it consist of the decayed bodies animals, or is the dust that of human beings? If e latter, was it the result of funeral rites, or were e bodies deposited there by some great flood that ame over the land without a moment of warning?

The majority of the skeletons discovered in the ila Valley, during the meager attempts at exploraon, are found in good condition, and it is, therefore, ot easy to reconcile this fact with the finding of the reat deposits of bone dust. If the destruction of e millions of pre-Columbians who dwelt here was rought about by fire from volcanoes, the people ished to what seemed to them places of afety, and left their homes almost tenantess. Perhaps ages afterward the great flood hat deposited the granite wash throughout e country came and swept the skeletons nto lower places, where they remained wet r a long while, and were subject to rapid ecay.

One of the most interesting of recent disoveries is a slate, now in the possession of r. C. J. Dyer of Phœnix, and on which are oth pictures and writing that may sometime row much light on the many questions ith regard to this strange region. The slate as found at a depth of eight feet, and was vidently in a dwelling, for in the same uilding were discovered cooking utensils nd skeletons of both children and adults, as the catastrophe that destroyed them had aught them in the performance of their aily household duties.

Near the same place other inscriptions are ound on the mountain sides, but they are all characers with none similar to that on the slate. Of course ny opinion as to the meaning of the inscriptions ould be more or less theory. So far the inscriptions f these people have baffled the scientific world. here is little question that the writing of this peole will some day become intelligible to us, but until hen their history and the time of their existence ill be more or less of a mystery to the civilized orld, and little else than theory will account for heir strange and total extinction.

HYPNOTISM IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

W. A. CROFFUTT.

It is about a year since I first found out that I could nesmerize some young people of my acquaintance. The domination of them proceeded by easy stages; first, closing their eyes against their wills; then preventing them from rising out of their chairs; then controlling all their voluntary muscles. During this preliminary control they were entirely conscious of what was occurring, and freely expressed their astonishment at their inability to open their eyes, to move, or what not, and were filled with profound amazement when they discovered that they had lost the use of their tongues and could not speak. This muscular control is the first stage, and is shortly followed by illusions imposed by the mesmerizer, in which all the senses play tricks with the subject, failing in their office as faithful sentinels and conveying false impressions in every direction.

At my reception of last Tuesday night quite a number of notables assisted. Senators Ingalls, Platt, Morgan, Spooner, and Harris were present with their families, with some half a dozen Congressmen, General John C. Black, Commissioner Oberly, Governor Colman, Public Printer Benedict, Generals Stevenson and Bryant, Assistant Secretary Muldrow and others.

TRANSFERRED TO DREAMLAND.

Six sensitives responded, and as one by one they passed into thraldom, losing their identity in the land of dreams, it became obvious that the experiments were entirely new to several of the assembly. Questions were invited, and conversation with the mesmerized was permitted. The latter was unsatisfactory, of course, as a sensitive fully mesmerized is only vaguely conscious of his real surroundings and unable to converse coherently.

The doctors of the Pension Medical Board were deeply interested and inquisitive, and Doctor Ward attempted to talk with a young gentleman who was personating Senator Edmunds.

"Where are you at this moment?" said the Doctor.

"Here, on the Senate floor," said the sensitive. "What right have you here?"

"Don't you know that you are not on the Senate floor at all?" said the Doctor, "and that you are not Mr. Edmunds, and you are likely to be arrested?"

A "STONE IDOL." *Chas. Lent photo.*

"See here!" exclaimed the mesmerized man to me, excitedly, "this man is as crazy as a bedbug. He ought to be put out!"

The Doctor laughed. The sensitive man advanced upon him menacingly, and I had to recall him to the other side of the room by another imperative suggestion.

"It is very odd," said Senator Ingalls. "They seem to be conscious of incongruities and contradictions, while their present condition is an inversion of all reality."

"It is like a dream," said Mrs. Senator Spooner, whom I knew twenty years ago in Madison, Wis., as an exceedingly capable and interesting schoolteacher.

I concurred that it was exactly like a dream; for, as in a dream, only the unreal appeared to be true. A mesmerized person will reason with his accustomed accuracy; will perform correctly a problem in mathematics; will remember poetry, sing, make speeches, write essays, as will a person in a dream or in an insane asylum.

SELF-MESMERISM.

In fact, we are all mesmerized once a day—at night, when we go to sleep—for sleep is self-mesmerism. The only difference is that a person asleep is generally unresponsive. Somnambulism and insanity seem to me exactly analagous to mesmerism, and I have a theory, suggested by my thousands of experiments, that many, if not all, lunatics are in a trance, imposed by some shock or some strange combination of circumstances, and that, if an ingenious operator could find the key to it, they could be aroused and let out of thraldom into freedom. Of course this is an audacious guess, and I am not certain that it is correct; but it is certain that my sensitives are all temporarily lunatics. They live for hours at a time in the roseate realm of hallucinations, and at any moment they can be instantly led out of dreamland by the hand that locked them in. While dwelling there they are happy in their very thraldom. They do not know their own name, or age, or sex, or nationality, or color, but will accept any suggestion from the operator. They do not know where they are, and if they move they fall over chairs, knock down lamps, tread on spectators, and run against the wall without seeing it. I could make any one of my sensitives fight with anybody, or commit suicide, or jump down a well or off the roof of the house headlong, but not one of them could find the door if the house were afire without being led to it.

AN ENCHANTED CARPET.

We made a trip to South Africa on "an enchanted carpet," which I evoked from a rug lying at the door—sailing over seas and ships, to the great terror of my companions—and there we fought with tigers and caught ostriches for their feathers. A young lady of the party had her sympathies deeply touched by the wretched condition of the people, and wanted to do something for their relief. General Cutcheon, member of Congress from Michigan, asked a good many questions as to the condition of the sensitives, and ascertained that neither they nor the mesmerist were fatigued by the experiments, even by the simultaneous oratory induced by an unsatisfactory and noisy game of poker, where three mesmerized young men played with a phantom, whom I introduced to them as "Mr. Smith, of Kalamazoo," and whom they requested, solicited, abjured, and commanded to "put up his money where they could see it," and whom at last they treated with violence when he failed to exhibit his wealth after he had stayed in. They knocked the shadowy specter off his chair and wiped the floor with him, to the great amusement of the unseen audience.

One of the sensitives, Mr. Anderson of the Interior Department, I rendered cataleptic, paralyzing one side so that he could have had an arm or leg amputated without pain.

In its service as an anesthetic lies the real use of mesmerism, so far as at present known, even to Professor Carpenter, its most accomplished master, but it certainly yields to the intelligent observer heaps of harmless fun.

On August 1, 1891, T. D. Connell, a well-known Ohio business man, was shot in a Pullman car near Waynesborough, Va., and died a few days thereafter.

The motive for murder or the identity of the murderer never became known. The attack was so quiet that even some of those who occupied berths adjoining Connell were not cognizant of what had taken place.

The executor of Connell instituted suit in the Richmond Circuit Court against the two companies named for $10,000 damages. The plaintiff claimed that it was the duty of the defendant companies to use due and proper care that the plaintiff should be safely and securely carried and protected from injury while on the train.

The defendant demurred and the court sustained it. The Supreme Court affirmed that demurrer, Judge Kenneth, the president of the court, writing the opinion. He holds that the injury to the deceased was from extraordinary causes, which the defendant could not have foreseen nor well guarded against. It is not even shown that the companies' employees knew or supposed that such danger was imminent to Connell and consequently were not responsible.

The court said that this was one of the first cases of the kind ever considered by it or by any other tribunal in the State. It certainly was an extraordinary case.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEWIVES.

MARY C. RIPLEY.

EVERY room must be "colonial" at one time, seventeenth century French at another, Napoleonic, or modern, just as fashion dictates. Walls are somber and dark through one decade, and gay and bright through another. Hangings are heavy and costly at one time, light and diaphanous at another. In a way fads influence every class, for the habit of imitation controls the taste of the middle classes. Historical crazes, for instance, are indisputably valuable, for in order to compete with other designers the artist must study up the period and introduce unthought-of novelties.

Apropos of periods in decoration: A progressive spirit actuated the owner of a little home in New York, not long ago, to make use of each passing fad and freak of fashion by arranging one corner of her drawing-room in the prevailing style. Her tea-table corner, however, was her joy and delight. At one time a Louis XV. screen, with its unmistakable scrolls and flowing lines, served as a background for a table. Sèvres cups and saucers, bearing the mark of the period when the king owned the Sèvres factory, were a choice heirloom which appeared when her corner was decked in honor of that sovereign. A few bits of furniture displayed the curved lines and ormolu brass ornamentation known as "Rococo," and a tiny painting after the style of Watteau was hung on the side wall over the tea-table. The linen doilies were embroidered with baskets of flowers, and the little tea-gown worn by this enterprising hostess was an old brocade in style of La Pompadour. Modern Sèvres, in imitation of that used by Napoleon, adorned the little tea-table, ornamented by an occasional ormolu wreath. An old Empire chair held the little hostess when she donned her short-waisted gown and gave a "Josephine Tea" to her admiring friends. She sat herself down in a huge old colonial chair to work upon a sampler and await her guests. Ingenious indeed were these methods of securing effects, and suggestive to all who feel it worth while to make the modern home a fitting sequel to the ages that have preceded it.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Every detail of home-life is receiving its share of attention; colleges are adding departments of domestic science; practical subjects are being discussed by women in their clubs; and daily and weekly papers are giving space to the discussion of the most vital questions bearing upon home-life. Women were never so busy as they are now with outside matters, and yet housekeeping was never so truly an art and never so well managed as it has been since women of affairs have undertaken to prove that the most efficient housekeepers are those who have learned the secret of so systematizing the duties of life. It is by no claptrap methods that housekeeping is to be simplified, but by an intelligent comprehension of the needs of the case, and a conscientious determination to conquer difficulties, and as far as possible solve all problems.

EMPIRE STYLE.

The National Household Economic Association, with its far-reaching aims, purposes to establish a branch in every city of the country, and already in Eastern cities such branches have been formed and are now working most successfully. The Association has made a survey of the whole field open to women, and has dignified the most trivial service by placing it in a department by itself, and by inducing women to become proficient in what they have attempted to do. The departments in some of the "Household Economics Clubs" are very numerous, and housekeepers can supply themselves, by application to the Club Secretary, with trained help for any purpose whatever. Training schools are connected with these clubs, and are frequently endowed, so that scholarships are free. With a record of fine work accomplished the H. E. Club in Syracuse has classified its departments in a way worthy of imitation. Beginning with the more menial methods of earning a livelihood, "House-cleaning," "Sweeping and Light Cleaning," and "Family Cooking by the Day," there follows a department under head of "Party Service," including "Catering for Luncheons," "Attendance on Dining and Dressing Rooms," "Attendance for Door," "Writing of Invitations, Addresses, etc.," and "Piano Playing for Dancing." Then comes the domestic art of sewing, under heads of "Dressmaking," "Making of Children's Clothes," "Fine Sewing of all Kinds," "French Accordion Plaiting," "Making of Buttonholes and Embroidery," "Mending and Cleaning of fine Laces," "Mending of Eastern Rugs," "Quilting and Tying of Comforters," "Sewing of Carpets," and "Knitting Mittens and Slippers," etc.

Showing need of still further skill and education, there are departments of "China Decoration," "China Mending," "Painting in Oils and Water Colors," "Decoration in Water Colors, Menu and Dinner Cards, etc.," "Making of Lamp Shades, Photograph Frames, etc."; and still higher education is needed by those applying for opportunity to give instruction on the "piano, banjo, mandolin, and violin," in the "languages," in "physical culture," and in all the "English branches."

"Governesses," both resident and visiting, enter their names on the club list, and "chaperones" can in the same way make known their qualifications. In a perfectly organized H. E. club papers are read on all of the subjects of interest to "Home-makers" and "Home-helpers," in which the evolution of the house and all in it is traced, and progress from ancient to modern methods noted.

WITH THE CHAFING-DISH.

An appetizing relish for the midday luncheon may be easily concocted by an amateur cook:

"Eggs á la caracas."—Free two ounces of smoked beef from the fat, and rind and chop very fine; add one cupful of canned tomatoes, using as little liquid as possible; ten drops of onion juice; one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika (or a dash of cayenne); a little cinnamon; two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and one tablespoonful of butter. Put in the chafing-dish and stir well, and when smoking hot add three eggs well beaten; stir until of the consistency of scrambled eggs. Serve with this dainty lettuce sandwiches and olives.

THE HOME CALENDAR.

The thirty-first of October, well known by all pleasure-loving young people as "All Hallow's Eve," or "Hallowe'en," is said to be a relic of paganism, and to be connected in no way with the church observances of the following day. The belief regarding All Hallow's Eve is, that the supernatural has power over the natural at that time, and that, in one way or another, the unseen forces must be pacified, and their influence sought for good luck through the coming year. Legends have come down to us to indicate the ways and means that should be employed to make "Hallowe'en" the jolliest sort of a celebration. In preparing for the entertainment country folk have the greatest opportunity, for a big open fire is almost necessary for the nut-cracking, which must be in this wise: Three nuts must be placed on the hearth in front of the fire. The young girl desirous of settling her fate names two of these nuts after her lovers. If a nut jumps or cracks, that lover will prove unfaithful. If it begins to blaze, that lover for whom the nut was named has lost regard. If the nut named after the girl and one named for a lover burn together, they will be married.

After the lassiés have stepped forward to discover their fate, and have retired with either pleasure or distress, the lads are called forward by the "guidwife" to try their fate in the "Dishes of Luggies." One dish with clear water, and one with muddy water, and one empty dish, are placed on the hearth. The lads are blindfolded and then bade to walk forward and touch the water in the dishes with their fingers. If the lad dips into clear water he will marry the maiden upon whom his thoughts are fixed while he is trying the experiment. If he touches the muddy water he will marry a widow, unknown to him at the time. If he touches the empty dish he will remain a bachelor. Again the lassies are called to the front, and a hand mirror given to each one, and also an apple. Slowly they begin to eat their apples, looking steadily in their mirrors. The faces that appear in the glasses, looking over the shoulders of the maidens, are to be the husbands decreed them by fate. Much sport generally ensues, as those who particularly desire to honor the lassies are apt to steal up with the spirits to steal glances from the happy eyes reflected in the mirrors. As this whole ceremony is performed very silently, the suppressed laughter of the lookers-on provokes great merriment. Melted lead dropped into water is an old method of discovering some future happening, as the lead is supposed to take significant shape while cooling in the water.

COLONIAL STYLE.

THE NEEDLE.

Many stitches will be necessary to equip womankind for the coming season, for though less thought and time will be spent upon sleeves, skirts are to be trimmed, and the fashionable maidens and matrons are to have their charms enhanced by the lavish use of the softest velvets.

Birds of all feathers are flocking together to settle upon my lady's winter hat, and many women who have pledged their faith to the Audubon Society will be obliged to pacify their consciences in some way or other, or else appear unmindful of la mode.

The unprofessional conduct of a number of the members of the New York bar in the matter of attempts to get clients in damage suits has finally become such an abuse that Magistrate Cornell of the Essex Market Police Court has felt it necessary to ask one of the members of the bar to call the attention of the Bar Association to the subject. A number of New York law offices seem to watch the papers every morning for accidents out of which damage suits can possibly be manufactured and then send their agents to see the parties and endeavor to get the case. A woman was recently knocked down and run over by a wagon on Essex Street, and shortly after the papers came out her husband was besieged by agents of over a score lawyers who wanted to take his case. So persistent were they that several of them engaged in a fight over a dispute as to who saw him first. One lawyer, finding that his agent had no chance in the rush, thought to steal a march on his fellow-attorneys and their agents by instituting a suit while the others were trying their wiles upon the husband, so he brought an action for $10,000 damages and notified the husband by letter that suit had been begun and that he would consider himself entitled to one-half of any money realized from the suit. This cool proceeding did not quite suit the husband or the attorney whom he had personally engaged to look after the matter, and the result was that they applied to Magistrate Cornell for a warrant for the attorney's arrest.

THE BIG TREE GROVE.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

IMAGINE, if you can, stepping from the garish sunlight, the bare slopes, the noise and distraction of the train, into the solemn stillness, the cool duskiness, the sublime vastness, of this most perfect of the works of the Creator.

Around the house, which offers the conveniences of parlor and dining-room, the earth is swept clean, and tables and benches give evidence to the fact that "basket parties" frequently visit the spot.

It is pleasant to leave this cleanly garnished, civilized part of the grove and wander off into its solitudes; to gaze upward along the straight strong trunks to where the knotty, abbreviated branches jut out aggressively from the parent stem; to catch glimpses of blue sky with floating, fleecy clouds in the intervals of space between the foliage; then to wonder what manner of seed so large a tree would produce, and in answer to the thought, to poke and rake among the heaps and layers of dead leaves and twigs that cover the cool earth.

The grove is not composed entirely of redwoods, but a few specimens of maple, fir, pine, oak, sycamore, madrona, and laurel are found also.

The big trees cover an area of sixty acres, which is owned by the Welsh estate. Contrary to popular opinion the trees are not of the same variety as those composing the Sequoia Groves of Mariposa, Tuolumne, and Tulare Counties. The species there seen is the *Sequoia gigantea*, while that represented in the Santa Cruz Grove is the *Semperverian gigantea*. The trees are never, unless by other than Nature's planting, found in the same locality, though a peculiarity common to both species is the tenacity with which they cling to life. Though cut and marred and burned until their grace and symmetry have been destroyed they remain hale and hearty, defying alike the elements and the instruments in the hands of men. Even after they have fallen they wither slowly, and decay fights hard for supremacy.

Think of a living tree with a hollow space within its trunk 14 by 16 feet in size! It was in this natural apartment that General Fremont and his party camped while exploring the surrounding country. For six weeks in the year 1846 this was their home. Later it was occupied by a trapper and his family, and several of his children were born in the recess of that towering tree. The holes that he cut to admit light and air may still be seen, but the stovepipe no longer protrudes from one of these apertures, that its blue smoke might curl upward on the odorous air. The tree bears the name of General Fremont, and is 46 feet in circumference and 275 feet high.

It seems very strange that the desire to see one's name before the public permeates the majority of people; as evidence of this is the vast number of cards tacked up on the trees. The inside walls of General Fremont are papered with them, while on what seems almost inaccessible heights on The Giant, Jumbo, General Grant, and scores of others, are to be seen the little squares of white cardboard.

If whirling gusts of wind sweep through the pillared aisles of the grove in the waning of the year, what a strange and motley collection of leaves they will twirl from the gnarled trunks, and what a come-down it will be for some of the best known names in our land.

The memory of Jumbo is perpetuated in the tree which bears his name, for on its trunk are huge protuberances which bear a marked resemblance to the head of an elephant. The tree is a Jumbo in size, too, rising to a height of 270 feet, with a girth of 48 feet.

The largest single tree in the grove is the Giant, 60 feet in circumference and 300 feet in height at present. He used to reach 75 feet nearer to the clouds, but some years ago a sportive wind beheaded him.

One of the most peculiar growths is that of the group known as Ingersoll's Cathedral, named by Colonel Robert Ingersoll. It is composed of several trees so welded together as to seem but one, the whole measuring 95 feet in circumference and 300 feet in height. It offers seating capacity for a limited number and one may choose the height at which he wishes to rest.

One of the trees, familiarly known as "The Boss," was found by careful computation to be over 1000 years old.

Among other trees of note are the "President Harrison," 65 feet in circumference and 265 feet in height, named by two different parties from Indianapolis; the "Daniel Webster," which is 40 feet around and 275 feet high. This tree was christened by Mr. T. H. Smith of Boston, Mass., who had affixed to the trunk a marble slab bearing its name. The Young Men's Christian Association group was named by the Y. M. C. A., and is 78 feet in circumference while they tower upward for 300 feet.

The grove was first opened by Colonel Hooper, and he it was who bestowed the names on "The Giant," "Jumbo," "The Three Sisters," "General Castro," "General Fremont," "General Grant," and "General Sherman," the latter 46 feet in girth and reaching a height of 250 feet.

Thus have our Nation's heroes been commemorated by monuments more enduring than those fashioned by the hand of man and more typical of the memories which will be kept green in the hearts of succeeding generations.

In the "Three Sisters" we see three trees separate in their height, yet joined at the roots, towering to a height of 200 feet. Charred and scarred are they from battles with fire and the elements, yet sublimely indifferent to it all in their victory.

The "Nine Muses" are slender lissome trees, looking as if they had crept among the grizzly giants unknown to them, and hoped, by keeping well together, to remain unnoticed.

There are not many young trees and comparatively few fallen ones; it is only around the prostrate trunks that the young trees are found, as though Nature, in her sorrow at having laid low one of her noblest creations, sought to make recompense by raising up a number of others.

The guide has the history of the trees at his tongue's end, and can be very facetious if he tries. A few weeks ago the Women's Press Association visited the grove in a body, but their awe or enthusiasm could not dampen the ardor of the old soldier. He was proud of the grove, and showed its especial points to their best advantage.

Prone on the ground lay a massive tree-trunk. Once it had been tall, straight, and beautiful, and even in its fall it had preserved its noble contour. A lady expressed a desire to know its name, but he remarked sadly that it had never been christened.

"Call it the 'New Woman,'" cynically suggested a dainty young member, with a saucy toss of her head.

"It wouldn't be appropriate," the old fellow answered dryly, though with a twinkle in his eye, as he pointed to the circle of young trees. "She's got too many young ones." And so the fallen beauty remains nameless.

In Santa Cruz is a club of gentlemen who are ardent lovers of Dame Nature, and every summer they hie themselves to the Big Tree Grove for a "high jinks." They call themselves "The Bango Club," and they know how to appreciate the good things of life. Their Chinese cook understands his business, and his camp fire annually glows in the shade of the group of trees that has been named after the club, and which, during their stay, is virtually theirs.

The drive to and from Santa Cruz is very lovely, following the windings of the San Lorenzo River through a canyon which is extremely picturesque in every part. The road is kept in excellent condition, and the plashing of water, the chorus of the leaves and the twitter of birds make pleasant music in the ears of him who hears the sounds made by Nature's Choristers.

When the confines of the grove have been passed, the redwood trees decrease in size, but a greater number of other varieties is observed.

THE GENERAL FREMONT, WITH GENERAL, MRS. FREMONT AND DAUGHTER.

THE GIANT. THE NINE MUSES.

THE MAZAMAS AT CRATER LAKE.

W. W.

ON AUGUST 11th our party, numbering about thirty, most of whom were Mazamas, left Portland for Ashland, at which point we took wagons for Crater Lake, where the third annual outing of the Club was to be held.

The first day's journey was dusty, hot, and disagreeable, and evening found us at a place called Hunts, where we camped for the night, some beneath tents, and others in the open air under blankets, and after our fatiguing journey it is needless to state that we slept most soundly until morning.

The second day brought us to the Lake of the Woods, where we camped at night, about a mile from the lake. In the evening quite a discussion arose as to the advisability of ascending Mt. Pitt. The rocky, snow-clad heights were alluring to look upon, although they were twelve miles beyond us; but, as there were neither guides nor trail, we naturally hesitated at the undertaking, and further, the marshes on the borders of the lake, which we had expected to find dry, were absolutely impassable. The indications were that it would take at least a day to reach the timber line.

However, we determined to make the attempt, and late in the afternoon we reached a rocky spur of a mountain. Frequently our horses stumbled and missed their footing, and we determined to make no further progress that day. We termed this point the Camp of the Rocks. We were up very early the next morning and began the ascent of the mountain.

Mt. Pitt seemed perfectly symmetrical as it appeared from the Lake of the Woods, with the exception of a ragged shoulder on one side, quite a distance below the summit, and breaking the evenness of the acclivity. Occasionally we skirted a precipice that dropped over hundreds of feet below us. Bluffs were ascended, huge boulders of perhaps twelve or fifteen feet in diameter surmounted, till at last we reached the summit, nearly ten thousand feet above sea level. Northward we saw enormous snow-fields from our point of vantage, while just below us extended a great crevasse. Smaller openings indicated that Mt. Pitt, as well as Mt. Hood and Ranier, contains dangerous chasms for the careless or venturesome visitor.

Looking toward the south we could very plainly see Mt. Shasta rising in its majesty far above the elevation at which we stood. It seems hardly necessary to enter into a graphic description of the magnificent view from the top of this great mountain. Those who have climbed to enormous heights can better appreciate the grandeur of the scenery encompassed within the radius of our vision.

The descent of the mountain was, of course, much easier than the ascent. For a portion of the distance we had a delightful coast, sitting down in the snow. We "took a reef" in our short skirts, grasped our sticks firmly in the right hand, and started ourselves with our heels. The progress was slow at first, but the speed was greatly increased as we struck a steeper slope. On we went, over ruts and small projections, laughing at times, and at others serene with the consciousness of our position, until a rocky ledge appeared not far below us. Then, with a prompt pressure on our sticks, accompanied by steering with our spiked heels, we stopped, breathless with excitement and exhilaration, on the edge of the moraine.

Tuesday night we camped at the foot of the mountain which forms the setting of Crater Lake, and in the morning we made the ascent to the summit.

It would be difficult to describe with any degree of accuracy or satisfaction the wonder and beauty of Crater Lake, of which so comparatively little has heretofore been known. The old name of the lake, "Majesty," seems to convey its description in a single word. It is said that at one time an old hunter, trailing a deer, came suddenly and unexpectedly upon the brink of this lake. He gazed for a moment over the precipice into the blue waters below (which, by the way, are said to be about fifteen hundred feet in depth), and then, startled at what appeared to be unusual and strange in its general appearance, he turned and ran into camp, a mile or more down the mountain. Picture to yourself a beautiful, blue sheet of water, about six miles across at its widest part, surrounded on every side by precipitous cliffs varying from one to two thousand feet in height, and sloping from forty-five degrees to the perpendicular. The mountains that surround it are all of a thoroughly rugged character, some capped more or less with extensive snow banks, and over this pretty gem the most deathlike silence reigns at all times.

Wizard Island, about two and a half miles away, rises 851 feet above the surface of the lake. From the formation of the banks of Crater Lake it is evident that it justly deserves its title. Geologists tell us that at a comparatively recent date a snow-clad peak as high as Mt. Shasta stood where the lake now remains. It is difficult to imagine the tremendous natural evolution that must have taken place to transform a huge mountain into this beautiful lake, as it stands to-day. The rocks, through their interpreters, the geologists, have told many an interesting tale, but how much they have revealed of the origin of Crater Lake is something that will have to be added to our history at some later date.

We rowed across the lake about three miles to Wizard Island. We ascended to the summit of the cinder-cone, and coasted down the snow that partly fills the crater. We inspected a lava flow that had overrun the hillside, and endeavored to form a bridgeway to the land. The frost had broken the surface of the lava-beds into numberless fragments of all sizes and shapes. We then made our way back through the glaring sunlight, and finally reached the top range on the other side of the Island.

It is strange to say there are no fish in Crater Lake, the reasons for which our most learned biologists have been yet unable to determine. It may be possible that the Fish Commissioners will some day try the experiment of stocking Crater Lake with trout, and there seems to be no good reason why they should not flourish in this delightful, fresh, and healthful water.

Legendary accounts tell us that for many years no Indian would look upon Crater Lake. It affords abundant interest for those botanically inclined, as along its borders may be found a great variety of wild flowers and plants of quite rare specimens.

Had space permitted I should have been glad to have gone into further details in the description of this wonderful lake; and I may say that it was with much regret that our party broke up camp and gazed for the last time on its deep azure waters as we journeyed down the mountain side on our return trip.

A WEEK ON MT. HAMILTON.

MARION HILL.

VERY glad we were to stagger around upon our cramped legs just to assure ourselves that there was no longer any hard feeling between them and us! The long, long stage ride was over, and we were on top at last. "On Top" is the grandly esoteric way in which the genial astronomers of the Lick Observatory refer to their star castle. To reach it we had taken a stage ride, which, though it had lasted but a few hours, had apparently cut across several zones. Do you remember those weird pictures in geographies showing the varied vegetation of a high mountain, from a luxuriant clump of banana trees at the base to nothing on a stick upon the snow-capped summit? Well, truth is as strange as geographies—we had gone through it all, from the warmth of the smiling Santa Clara Valley to the icebound crest of famous Mount Hamilton.

My fellow travelers were hurried to the visitors' hall, to be hastily stuffed with information and sent away again (for there are no stop-over privileges), but I, who had a friend at court, swaggered about with the conscious superiority of one who had come to stay a week.

And the climates that that week got together and presented to me! One day was mid-winter—frost on every leaf, a sullen sky broken by livid, salmon-colored streaks, thermometer way down below Dixie, desolation everywhere! Another day it rained. Oh, the dreariness, the wetness, the hopelessness, of that rain! Away down below us creeks boomed and roared through the cañons, upon whose tree-tops we could hear the rain-drops patter as they fell. Next, perhaps, we would have a summer day, and birds, fancying themselves high up in the air, circled below us where little white clouds floated beneath our gaze like puffs of smoke across the ravines. Then, one morning was foggy. That does not mean that *we* were in fog, no, indeed; but rolled up to the summit was a level flooring of dense, white vapor upon which the brilliant sunshine poured until it dazzled the eyes like a snow-bank. As we gazed, tiny crests of the Sierra Nevadas broke through this sea of vapor like islands in an ocean, then the higher peaks loomed into view, then the nearer hills, then the trees, next the road, afterward the cañons, finally the great, warm, sleepy valley peered up at us from the depths, and the fog was gone. Once we had wind for a change, a wind that shrieked and howled and tugged and tore and raced away screaming and banged back again and battered anything it could find, like all the harpies let loose. It was wonderful. All this weather in a week, mind you, a week consisting of seven short days.

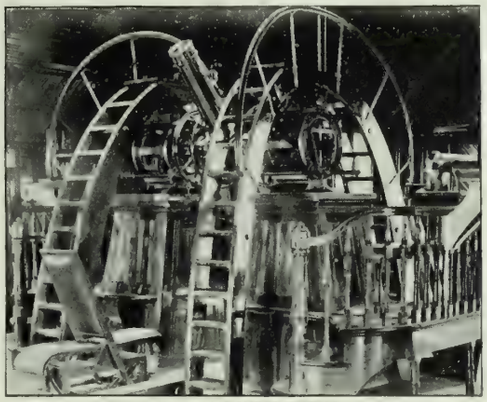
In that week I wandered around Mt. Hamilton feeling like a Jules Verne tourist miles above the world and indifferent to how things went on below.

Wander as you may, it seems impossible to hide from the far-seeing eye of the mountain—the observatory dome. It gives you quite a shock at first—this constant sense of being spied upon—but gradually you become accustomed to it, and finally grow into the habit of glancing up for a sight of your bald-headed friend at the end of each tramp you take, you know he will be in sight somewhere and you will find a pleasure in looking.

Let me hint to botanists that there is much pleasure waiting for them in the dark haunts of these wonderful cañons. There are mosses of infinite variety; there are fungi of odd make-up, some as yellow and mushy as fallen custard; there are ferns in abundance. What glories in flower life await the student I will leave for one to tell who visited the locality in the flower season. Not that I missed the bright-hued blossoms, no, indeed, for the red roots and branches of the abounding manzanita furnished color enough for a Turner sunset.

There is room for the geologist, too; loads of room. For two days I went about with a hammer, chipping off things and finding nothing, as is the pastime of amateurs, but those great masses of stratified rock must harbor fossils and other drolleries, I am sure.

One day provided me with an excitement which I mistook for a fossil fern. It was delicately traced



MERIDIAN INSTRUMENT.

upon a mighty piece of stone which I lugged for miles, all the way to the door of one of the astronomers in order that he might set upon it the seal of his approval. He put a moist thumb upon it instead, and wiped the fern all out, and then expected me to be grateful to him for undeceiving me.

These astronomers are awfully nice chaps, just as friendly and full of fun as if they didn't know anything. I tried to be scientific with them but they wouldn't let me. I am afraid I started in badly by asking them why Mount Hamilton was chosen for the observatory site when the neighboring Kepler and Copernicus are both so much higher, and they were obliged to explain that Hamilton had been the highest by many feet but that its crest had been removed to make standing room for the vast observatory buildings. All round good fellows they are and no mistake. One of them discovered a telescopic comet while I was there. The others patted him on the back and made so much of him that I was crazy until they let me view the find. They let me look at it through the 12-inch equatorial. A telescopic comet looks no more imposing than a comma that got smeared before the ink dried—a dreadfully insignificant thing, but I disguised my disappointment for honor's sake.

Of the great telescope let a worthier pen discourse. The ponderous thing, so delicately poised, nevertheless, as to shift at the touch of a child's hand, filled me with an awe unspeakable; and I was always glad to creep out of its mighty shadow, either to consort with the friendly 12-inch, or to roam in the starlit splendor of the silent night.

LICK OBSERVATORY.

The beauty of life "On Top" is its strangeness. The night is waking-time and wonder-time. You never dream of going to bed. You stroll around under a heaven blazing with stars which seem nearer than they ever were before—you fancy that you can hear them throbbing. You step to the edge of a cliff and see lying in the depths of an immeasurable distance and darkness the fairy lights of three cities. You glance up to the night-wrapped, somber buildings which stand by themselves under lonely heaven, and you fancy you can hear the heart-beat of progress in the mighty hush. It is an experience of "high life" which it will take many years of sordid city life to efface.

In the daytime there is not a spot from Alaska to the De Lessep's canal that a man with a spy-glass will not claim he can see. Maddening thing, a spy-glass. Some one observes something extraordinary through it and hands it to you. As it wobbles in your grasp, patches of sky and earth skip about and change places with each other till you reel with giddiness. When something finally does condescend to remain still and let you have a look at it, you cannot see it as well as you could with the naked eye. And the owner of the glass keeps nagging you with: "Caught it?" "Got it?" "See it?" until you have to lie to get any peace at all.

Ah, that week! I soaked in knowledge at every pore and it has all got away from me but scraps. I knew the length of the monster telescope in inches; its weight in pounds (also kilometers); its cost; knew the diameter, circumference, perimeter, radius, and everything else of the dome; went down cellar and made myself familiar with the dimensions of the lonely, awful grave down there—in a word had as pleasing a collection of statistics as ever a man gloried in. Where are they now? Wandering in Elysium, I expect, with every date of childhood except 1492 and sometimes w and y.

What do I know now? Nothing; except the terrestial fact that I had a fine view of the world in the perspective usually reserved for balloonists; and the celestial fact that the smaller the moon gets the more you can see of her through the telescope. That is all. Yet once I could have made quite a handsome bluff at describing the Fauth Chronograph, or a filar micrometer.

That week on top. How restful it was. Is there a virtue in the pure atmosphere of a mountain height that rids the heart of "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness"? To him who stands upon the summit, how puny seems the strife in the toy towns beneath him! The whirr of the humblest insect at his feet is louder than all the busy life of cities. How right and easy do justice and truth and all nobleness appear! How strongly do we feel that men and women are our brothers and sisters after all, and have a sturdy claim upon our help and sympathy!

Perhaps when we visit the grand places of earth, we carry away something of greater value than those figures and measurements and price lists that we so inevitably forget. Let us hope so. There is consolation and reprieve in the thought.

A correspondent in the London *Times* says that with exception of the short narrow gauge line to Paknam, the railway now under construction from Bangkok to Khorat is the only railway in Siam. It is to be the first of a vast ramification of lines designed to distribute civilization to the most distant portions of the kingdom. That the construction of the railway to Khorat should be persisted in is a matter of the highest importance to Siam. No hopes are held that the railway will pay as a commercial speculation, but hopes are entertained that, in the awakening of Siam, that fatal unsteadiness of purpose which has characterized her actions in the past may give way under better guidance to some continuity of action, and the railway, having been begun, may be finished. There is no reason why the railway should not be completed, and when it is Siam will have made her best effort so far to escape from her state of semi-barbarism.

HAUNTS AND HABITS OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

NORTH AMERICA and especially the United States is the home of the rattlesnake. It belongs to one of the families of viperine snakes, being distinguished from the ordinary vipers by the large "pit" or depression beneath the eyes and the remarkable caudal appendage. Its color is usually a dull light brown, with markings of a darker tint, and the head is flat and triangular in shape. There are no teeth on the upper jaw, but the cavity is filled with a pair of backward-pointing fangs, which are grooved for the emission of the venom. Though formidable in appearance, the forked tongue is harmless, being used mainly for a feeler.

The curious rattle on the end of the tail, by means of which it gives warning of its presence, is composed of a series of scale-like joints, set loosely one within the other, and numbering from five or six to twenty. A new joint is added at least once a year just after the creature changes its skin, so the number of rattles does not indicate the age, as is generally supposed, but the number of times the skin is shed. As the tail is tapering, the last ring or "button" is, of course, the smallest, and is sometimes worn off by friction with the ground. On warm, quiet days, the noise produced by the rattle can be heard at a considerable distance; but no sound can be made in wet weather, if the spaces between the divisions become filled with water.

When reposing, the rattler lies in a loose coil, with the head lying flat and the tip of the tail elevated in the middle of the loops.

It is usually sluggish in its movements, unless irritated or cornered, when it seems to fairly dilate with rage, hissing ominously, while fire flashes from the steel-blue eyes.

A deadly sort of vapor is then emitted from the mouth, and has the effect of an anesthetic upon the rabbits, field mice, birds and other small animals on which it feeds, explaining the so-called "fascinating" influence.

Rocky, sunny localities are generally the habitats of these serpents, though they may be met with almost anywhere, sometimes congregating in caves or dens, scores or even hundreds together.

When about to change their skin, they are stupid and half blind, owing to the thickening of the epidermis over the eyes, and are then especially dangerous, as they strike right and left without apparent aim.

Their cast-off garments, being delicate of texture and handsome in design, are often manufactured into purses, belts, note-book covers and other trinkets, prized by travelers as souvenirs of mountain tramps.

They have a most annoying trick of hiding in the warm, deep dust of country roads, to the peril of passing teams. So the experienced driver keeps a sharp lookout, and when he sees a smooth, sinuous little trail, ending abruptly between the wagon-ruts, he unceremoniously routs out the wily rascal and kills him with his whip.

Among the many varieties of rattlesnakes, one of the most curious is the "side-winder,"—so-called from the fact that it not only glides forward in the usual manner, but also from side to side, with a series of remarkable jerks.

Above the eyes are two horn-like protuberances, which add greatly to its uncanny appearance, and produce the effect of a very high forehead.

It is a native of California, Arizona and Mexico, especially frequenting the desert wastes of famous Death Valley in Inyo County; and is even more to be dreaded than the ordinary rattler, as it is smaller in size and about the same color as the surrounding sand; while in its habits it is quicker and more stealthy, often springing upon its victim from the shadow of the dusty sagebrush.

It may not be generally known that the beautiful deer and antelope are great exterminators of rattlesnakes—jumping repeatedly upon the coiled reptiles, with the tips of their slender legs drawn closely together in a bunch and cutting them to pieces with their knife-like hoofs.

Another snake-killer is the odd-looking road runner or "chapparal-cock"—a large, long-tailed bird, which belongs to the cuckoo family and inhabits low hills and valleys mainly in the southern part of the State, though it is also found in the Coast Range in Alameda County.

Upon discovering a sleeping rattlesnake, it is said to pluck off the fleshy, spiny leaves of the prickly-pear cactus, which grows wild in semi-tropical sections, and place them in a circle around its intended victim, after which it arouses it with a sharp nip from its long, curved bill. The prisoner, of course, immediately assumes the offensive, striking madly at the nearest object, which happens to be the bristling hedge. Naturally its mouth becomes filled with stinging spines, and this so alarms and enrages it that it strikes again and again, until, in pain and desperation, it buries its fangs in its own flesh and dies the death of a suicide, pecked viciously by its heartless foe. As to the cures for snake bites, pure whisky is the principal remedy, though inordinate quantities produce disastrous results. It may also be successfully administered to domestic animals, especially if the wound is bandaged with permanganate of potash. A remedy tried with great success for the bites of venomous snakes in Australia is ordinary ammonia, which, hypodermically applied, is a valuable stimulant that has brought sufferers back from the last stages of insensibility. Anything that will prevent the poison from entering the general circulation—whether it be cauterizing the surrounding flesh, or using suction or an improvised tourniquet—will frequently prove effectual, if no time is lost in the operation.

The Sierra orchid, known as the "rattlesnake-plantain," derives its name from the fact that the leaves were formerly used by the Indians to apply to wounds made by these serpents.

Diminutive doses of the diluted venom are said to have a highly exhilarating effect; and the flesh is declared by eccentric epicures to be tender and delicious.

THE CANADIAN MOOSE.

FRANK BAIRD.

Perhaps no article on the Canadian moose would be complete without some reference to at least a few of the many interesting experiences met in the sections where the moose is plentiful. Two of these experiences are given. They illustrate some of both the odd and the interesting in the moose. Let the hero—if the term may be allowed—tell his own story in each case:

"It was a crisp, cold day. The wind blew sharply down from the northwest as I drove along. The snow was three feet deep on the level. For a fortnight no new snow had fallen, and though the forty-mile road over which I had to travel was through an almost unbroken wood, I found the road good, very good. I had got an early start, and by eleven o'clock I was through dinner at the half-way house, and was again on my journey.

"I had just crossed the widest heath on the road and entered a stretch of deep woods that extended some seven or eight miles, when, of a sudden, I heard a sound of galloping hoofs on the hard road behind me. I turned. There, there close on my rear was a giant stag in mad pursuit. I involuntarily raised my arm to lash my horse. But ere I could do so he was off. Had he caught the sound and realized the danger? He must have, for his sudden start almost jerked me from the sleigh.

"In a twinkling the distance between us doubled, trebled, then—could it be—it was getting less. The moose was coming up, up. I could hear his feet on the hard road; I caught his occasional short, mad roar, and was it fancy or something else, that told me I could feel a warm breath?

"On we flew! On and on! My horse's feet scarce touched the road. I looked back again. A fiendish roar met my ears as I turned. The huge brute's breast hung white with crusted foam. His tongue lolled from his mouth, and his great bursting nostrils showed fiery red. I had not seen the like before. The stag's action was a mystery. I had known the Canadian moose for years, but I had never known him to act like this. Was the chase something real or a dream?

"I felt my position, but I did not feel afraid. Why, I cannot tell, I never could. We were almost out of the long stretch of woods before I again turned my face forward. I thought, Would my horse stumble in the first drift of the heath and the beast rush upon me? That would be the end; it must be. And in two minutes more I would be on the heath. I raised myself and threw all my power of speech into one long yell to my fleeing horse. Then I settled to my seat and bent forward. For several minutes I did not look back. When I did the moose was gone. He had come to the heath but would come no further."

Another interesting experience is related by the captain of one of the steamers that ply on the Grand Lake. Here is the captain's story:

"We were steaming up the widest part of the lake one day in September, when, from the wheelhouse, I noticed something about two miles ahead, moving slowly across the steamer's bow. As we came nearer I took the object to be a large drifting pine stump. Not until we were within half a mile of it could I get myself to believe the object, three miles from land on one side and two on the other, was an animal. I put my wheel down a little and ran closer. Then there was no room for doubt, the object was the head and horns of a huge stag.

"He had got well across our bow and in to the right. I was a little doubtful of the depth of the water, still, I took the risk, and ran within some two hundred yards of him. As we came directly in line with him, I raised my rifle and fired. At the report the passengers rushed to the fore deck, and the stag wheeled full about. His head was erect, and his huge antlers and massive neck showed well from the water as he balanced himself for a moment on the steamer's long, low swell. I raised my rifle to fire again, but I couldn't; my prey looked too grand and too helpless. Again, what glory could there be in shooting such game to sink to the bottom of the lake? I would take him alive.

"I pulled the bell at my side and reversed the engine. In ten minutes a boat had been lowered, and we were close on the stag's rear. He had turned and was keeping his former course. But on our coming closer he again faced full about. He came toward us. The blood showed on his neck, and I noticed a bullet hole in his left ear. His head was thrown back, and his great antlers touched the water behind. At length he stopped swimming, but continued violently blowing, and threshing the water into foam with his fore feet. As we advanced he reared to strike; but our boat was large, and we were on our guard. In a few minutes he was close lashed underneath our oars, and was taken rearing and plunging to the steamer's side."

Miss Scraggs—Yes, once when I was out alone on a dark night I saw a man, and, oh! my goodness, how I ran!

Little Willie—And did you catch him, Miss Scraggs?

THE BROWN TRITONS.

ANGUS GAINES.

LET me see, what have you caught?" I asked of the little boys who were coming up from the creek. One of them replied, "Water lizards," as he held up a tin can full of dirty water. The water in the can was too dirty for me to see anything very distinctly, but two little animals were swimming around and around in it and restlessly whisking their fin-like tails. I tipped the can on one side, and a flat head with a brown, rounded snout was poked up inquiringly.

"Look out," said one of the boys, "if they bite you, you'll die; they're poison."

"Oh, no," I replied; "they are harmless little brown tritons. They never hurt any one. Will you give them to me?"

"Yes, we just caught them to play with and were going to kill them so that they wouldn't poison anybody. Will you keep them in your aquarium?"

"No," I replied; "come with me and see what I will do with them."

I led the way to the creek, and soon had my shoes off and my trousers rolled up in true boyish fashion. Finding a little inlet beside the stream where the shallow water spread out over the smooth white sand, I gently poured the water out of the can and allowed the animals to escape. Soft, clumsy little fellows they were, shaped somewhat like lizards, but with weak, helpless-looking legs and awkward toes, so much like bits of jelly that you could almost see through them. The under parts of their bodies were gray, mottled with brown, and their backs were dark brown, dotted over with pink spots, bordered with black. Their tails were rounded, except toward their tips where they were flattened for convenient use in swimming.

Glad to escape from the can, they darted around the little pool of clear water, trying to get away from us entirely. Sometimes they walked upon the bottom, moving with a strange, writhing motion, but using their feet all the time. Then they would rise from the bottom and swim, striking out with their tails and merely using their legs to balance themselves while swimming.

My young friends watched their queer movements with delight and readily admitted that they were too pretty to kill; that is, if they were not poisonous. To satisfy them on this point, I caught one of the tritons in my hands and put my finger against its lips to show them that it would not try to bite.

Of course it made no attempt to do so, and I was calling their attention to the fact that, although it had but four "fingers" on each "hand," it had five toes on each foot, when the little creature straightened itself out with a sudden spring, and, slippery as an eel, slipped between my fingers and dropped into the water. Darting around the little pool, it glided between my bare feet and disappeared in deeper water. Where was the other? We looked for it in vain, for while we were examining the first one its companion had escaped.

Next day I returned to the creek alone and, sitting in the deep shade on the gnarled roots of the great sycamore, I divided my time between reading and watching the tritons in the water beneath. During the summer vacation I spent many days in that way, and those little animals were a never-failing source of amusement to me.

Rippling down over the mossy rocks, circling around a great fallen log, spreading out over a wide bed of white sand, and finally racing through the deeper pool beneath the roots of the huge tree, the creek furnished an endless variety of hiding-places. Sometimes one of the tritons would lie for hours half-hidden beneath the edge of a loose stone, and then, when I had almost concluded that it was dead, it would give a sudden spring and dart away. At other times they would swim in a leisurely fashion through the deeper water, sinking from sight, then slowly rising again until their flat heads and rounded noses would protrude above the surface, and then, catching sight of me, they would whisk away and vanish among the roots and stones at the bottom.

I frequently saw them come out on the rocks to enjoy the fresh air, and they would even travel around among the grass and ferns, but they never ventured very far from the water, for they had no way of defending themselves and knew that they must stay close to their hiding-places. Although they could run very fast, and even seemed to jump about, they did not use their weak little legs much, but seemed rather to move by writhing their bodies about, almost like the snake, which travels very well with *no* legs at all.

They were hungry little fellows, and it was seldom indeed that a fly or other small insect that ventured near one of them escaped. One day I was watching a spider running across a beautiful cluster of moss near the water's edge when a triton, hidden in a little tunnel in the moss, darted out, caught and ate him, and then drew back into her tunnel. Quick as she was, I noticed that she had something wrapped several times about her body, like a scarf or sash. She stayed nearly hidden in that bunch of moss almost all the time, and whenever I saw her I wondered how such a slippery animal could have got anything twisted around her. At last I caught her to find out what it was, and found that it was a long string of very small eggs. This was her way of carrying her eggs to take care of them until they were ready to hatch. Although I had formed a very high opinion of the tritons, I was much surprised at this evidence of their intelligence and love of their young.

NATURAL BRIDGE, SANTA CRUZ.

Brown tritons are distributed all the way from Maine to southwestern Arkansas, and, although they are not found in every creek, they are often quite numerous in favored localities. I hope that some of the boys and girls who read this article will make their acquaintance and find out how their eggs are hatched and how they treat their little ones, for these are things of which we are still entirely ignorant.

WORK OF WAR DOGS.

RENE BACHE.

The War Department is seriously contemplating the training of dogs for use in the army. Abroad they have been found most valuable in campaigning, and many German regiments already have canine contingents. In fact, the animals are considered an essential part of the fighting organization, and are as carefully drilled as the men. Before long all of the great foreign military establishments will have troops of four-legged soldiers, and it will not do for this country to lag behind.

Dogs, properly selected and educated, make the best sort of scouts and the most capable carriers of orders in the field. They are particularly useful for transmitting information, in conveying messages from advanced patrols, and in maintaining communication between posts and pickets. Also, they do excellent work in hunting up missing men. Their natural qualities of docility, watchfulness, speed, acuteness of senses, and affection for man render them conspicuously adaptable for military service. No regiment ought to be without a dog squad.

Several breeds of dogs are found highly suitable for military purposes, notably poodles, shepherd dogs, and bird dogs. The kind does not matter so much as the quality of the breed, which must be pure. No mongrel makes a good war dog. It is only in a well-bred dog that the valuable qualities above mentioned are developed in a superior degree. Poodles are the cleverest of all dogs, and are first-rate campaigners when young; but, unfortunately, they are apt to lose interest in their work after a certain age. The shepherd dog probably comes next to the poodle in respect to intelligence. It is hardy and alert; but very frequently it exhibits a lack of affection for its master, that makes training a difficult task.

All points considered, bird dogs make the best war dogs. They unite the good qualities of the poodle and shepherd dog, and are distinguished by a lively sense of duty and a devoted attachment to their masters. Under proper training they soon lose their inclination for hunting, and take up their military duties readily and with interest. It is required of a war dog that he shall pass through a general preparatory course of training. Choice may be made between two methods, one severe and the other gentle. The animal may be kept by itself and half-starved, so as to compel it to surrender unconditionally to the master's will. Or the treatment may be wholly by kindness, cultivating a mutual confidence between dog and master, and developing the beast's intelligence. The latter method is considered decidedly preferable; it is more humane, and it produces much better results.

The training of the dog detachment is managed by an officer who has special expertness in such matters. He selects assistants from among the corporals and privates, and gives them lessons in the art of training. It is his duty to buy the dogs, to distribute them among the companies, to supervise the breeding and rearing of pups, and to see that the animals are properly cared for and fed. The properly educated war dog must carry messages with certainty, running back from advanced patrols to detachments in the rear, and then returning. It is required to do this sort of work with such efficiency as to maintain communication between sentinels and stationary detachments. The animal must be taught to give notice to sentinels of the approach of strangers. Some dogs will show an aptitude for hunting up missing men, and may be trained for that particular duty.

The business of training war dogs has been reduced to a perfect system. There is a complete course of canine pedagogy, with lessons as carefully formulated as those of grammar and arithmetic for children. The dog's intelligence, like the child's, is developed step by step. The lessons pass gradually from the simple to the difficult, and care is taken never to demand more of the animal than is intelligible to him. When he understands what is expected of him, the next thing is to fix in his mind what he has learned by constant practise before passing to another subject. Imperfect learning is avoided.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN PLUNKETT FERGUSON

It appears that the famous Nethersole Kiss has not been exaggerated. Mr. Leicester, the young English actor who supported the gifted and vehement Olga last season, is not in trim to repeat the ordeal, and positively declines to come to America this year. Now the critics are saying in explanation of this that his indisposition is in reality severe nervous prostration, from which the actor is only just recovering, and which was brought on directly by the "Carmen" Kiss in which he was compelled to participate every evening; that the extreme warmth of this part of his duty, coming immediately before the frost which settled down upon the production as soon as it was brought out in London, gave Mr. Leicester a severe cold in the head. An American actor, now, would never have let a little thing like that interfere with his health, never.

Who is it comes to you with outstretched hand,
Bestowing on you smiles serene and bland,
And fain would serve you early, oft and late?
The candidate.

Who tells you that he seeks to own the earth
For the mere joy of giving you a berth?
Who utters falsehoods at a frightful rate?
The candidate.

Who, when election day at last is o'er,
Forgets he ever saw your face before,
And coolly, calmly, leaves you to your fate?
The candidate.

"Three is certainly my unlucky number," said a young man whom I know, wandering into the editorial lair with his hat jammed savagely down upon a corrugated brow, and the corners of his mouth pointing toward his tan shoes, whose polish reflected the gloom above them.

"What has happened?" I answered, sympathetically. "Has your third girl refused you, or your one girl declined your heart, hand, and fortune for the third time, or——"

"Worse than that," he interrupted, frowning at my frivolity as only a man can whose trouble is that which affects the pocketbook and not the heart. "If you want to listen to a hard-luck story, I'll tell it to you. Then you will understand why three is my hoodoo number. I called on a young lady a few evenings ago, in whose drawing-room was a piano with celluloid keys. Just as I had taken my departure and lit my cigar, she recollected that she had a letter she wanted me to post for her, and I stepped into the house again to wait while she ran upstairs for that confounded missive. It so happened that I stood with my back to the piano, and cigar in my fingers. How was I to know about those celluloid keys? Well, if you think it takes long to melt celluloid, just apply the fire end of a lighted cigar to it. I sent a piano man around next day to repair the damage, and he charged me three dollars to put in a new key. My next break was with a watch. Called on a sick friend, to do the Good Samaritan act by way of atonement for my other sins, and he asked me to wind his timepiece for him. I managed to smash the mainspring and crystal, and otherwise injure it, and the jeweler charged me three dollars for repairing it. The next evening, at a party, I was passing my dancing partner a cup of chocolate—you know how crowded these parties are—when a chump in a swallow-tail polka'd into me, and over went the refreshment on to her sleeve. She was perfectly angelic about it, because it was his awkwardness, not mine—but her dressmaker sent around a bill for three dollars. This morning a lady, who sits opposite me at table where I board, asked me to get two seats for her at the theater for this evening, giving me three dollars. I shuddered when I took it, but, of course, couldn't refuse to do her the favor. When I went to hand the tickets to her at noon, they were gone—lost out of my vest pocket. I wouldn't have minded the money so much, but you ought to have seen the look she gave me when I told her about it—as much as to say that it was a fairy story and that I had spent the money. It was the worst insult I ever received. My salary isn't due till to-morrow, so I have had to borrow the money to buy more tickets. Now I am wondering what will turn up next," and, with a sigh, he wandered out again, to battle once more with an unkind fate.

A late bicycle invention is a nickel-in-the-slot bicycle-locking device, the idea of a Providence, R. I., man. It is described as a black enameled box, three by four inches. Attached to one side is a small, strong chain, and it can be fastened to a post, fence, or wall. A rider wheels up, takes the chain, runs it through the wheel, fastens the loose end to a bolt, shoves the bolt back into the box, and it snaps sharply. A key is then turned, and the only way the bicycle can be stolen by a thief is for him to smash the entire outfit. When the owner wants to release his wheel he has to drop a nickel in the slot, take the key of the lock from his pocket, and unturn the bolt. The lock cannot be picked. There is but one objection to it, and that is its positive refusal to operate for the rider who is "broke."

That Miss Hattie Hashagan, the New York artist, should want to change her name is not surprising. Hashagan, with accent on the Hash, is not as euphonious as it might be. That she should elect to wed is not surprising, either, marriage being a feminine habit since Eve lured Adam to his doom. But that Miss Hashagan should become Mrs. Thunder Cloud, and that she should marry a full-blooded Sioux, or, for that matter, any other variety of Indian, passeth understanding. Granted that Mr. Thunder Cloud has dropped his war whoop, buried his tomahawk, and consigned his head feathers to the depths of a Gotham ash-barrel. He is an Indian, nevertheless, and there is a well-grounded belief that the good Indians are all dead ones. Mr. Cloud has been making a living by posing as a model in scenes representative of frontier life, and it is said that Miss Hashagan has been his most liberal employer. This suggests a problem as to the adjustment of matters financial in their household. Six-foot braves are supposed to have healthy appetites. Will Mr. Cloud hereafter work for his board in the studio where his wife woos fame and fortune? One may be forgiven a little curiosity upon this subject, the circumstances being so unusual. If a man marry a woman upon whom he is dependent for a salary, who, then, foots the bills of butcher, baker, and electric-light maker? Who pacifies the landlord? Who propitiates the grocer and appeases the coal man? There is another view of the case, too, which must appeal to every housewife in the land. The American liege loves not to have his American stomach an aching void, and when he is hungry he is apt, very apt, to be cross if his inner man be not promptly catered to. Nor does one blame him. But just imagine encountering the wrath of a stalwart brave when the buffalo meat is overdone, or being lifted by the back hair and tomahawked when dinner happened to be five minutes late! One can occasionally find an American man who will submit to being henpecked, but who ever heard of a henpecked Indian? Fancy having to be massacred on such slight provocation as a hole in the conjugal sock or a batch of soggy bread! Or twitted about the kind of sage-brush pies your Sioux mother-in-law used to make! Horrible!

The public will watch with some interest the domestic career of this ill-mated pair. It is proverbial that no Indian will work who can get somebody to support him. Miss Hashagan that was may yet wish that the only Indians peopling her studio were the harmless and peaceable ones on canvas. A Sioux husband may prove something of a luxury in hard times. There may be a tragic ending to this dime-novel romance. For what can be more tragic than the heart-break of a misguided woman?

Reproduction in half-tone of a painting by a well-known Eastern artist recently hung at an exhibition—the picture, not the artist—sets one to thinking about the headgear worn when the world was young. The subject is "Rest in the Flight into Egypt." In sentiment and treatment it is a charming and beautiful picture, and one infers that its coloring accentuates its sympathy, but Joseph's hat quite upsets one's Biblical theories. While not strictly up to date, and distinctly not a Derby nor yet a Fedora, it is precisely the sort one sees in pictures of the European peasants of to-day. Joseph's coat of many colors is a historical part of his wardrobe, but the hat of a Joseph has heretofore eluded fame. It is puzzling, to say the least of it. One would naturally expect Joseph to be a trifle behind the times in these little details. Is this another form of the realism in art that we hear so much about?

In cold surprise she looked at me
Above her feathered fan;
"I never in my life," said she,
"Was kissed by any man.

"Your supposition is unkind—
Nay, more, it is absurd."
But even as she spoke, behind
Her fan a sigh I heard.

Her words were very plain, and I
Can understand her pride
(She was a Boston girl). But why
Do you suppose she sighed?

"The rocky road to Dublin that we hear so much about must be rather rough traveling," said a Los Angeles man to me recently, "but when it comes to rocks I don't believe there could be any more of them to the square mile in that celebrated part of Erin than I clambered over the first trip I made to Modjeska's tiny cabin, about fifteen miles up Shrewsbury Canyon. Modjeska, you know, came to Southern California nearly twenty years ago, with a colony of Polish immigrants, who couldn't speak a word of English among them. They settled some miles out of Santa Ana on such patches of ground as they could secure, and went to raising chickens. Madame Modjeska and her husband, the Count Bozenta, built for themselves a rough, little hut, with but a single room, and buried themselves for months in the most inaccessible spot imaginable, about as easy to get at as an eagle's nest. But Modjeska had genius that solitude and incessant study alone could develop. They practically lived out of doors, doing their cooking in the most primitive manner under a tree, where they had constructed a rustic table around the trunk, their stove being a makeshift such as campers use—some pieces of sheet-iron propped together, with an aperture on top over which to set a tea-kettle. Modjeska wrestled with the English language and studied in this remote retreat, always in the open air, with only her husband and the wild birds for an audience at rehearsals. It was lawn Shakespeare without the lawn. Finally she ventured out into the world to win the fame and fortune for which she had made such heroic efforts, and the little cabin was sold. A chum of mine bought it for a place to camp in during the summer, and that is how I happened to sleep for a week in the little cabin that was Modjeska's first California home. I shall never forget the time we had getting there. We had to scramble up the bed of the creek for the greater part of the journey, there being no road whatever. Actually, and by count, we crossed that creek seventy-two times before we sighted the cabin, and maybe we were not tired! There were quail in abundance, so we had a fine supper by simply sitting in the doorway and popping away at them, afterward cooking them on the rusty Modjeska range. The actress has become justly famous since those days, and I'm glad of it. She is a charming woman in private life, and a lady of perfect breeding.

How it happened I don't remember, but the conversation turned on horse racing. A pretty girl who sat opposite me at luncheon sighed. "Well," said she, "one thing certain, I shall never lose another dollar at the races. One experience of that kind is quite enough, I assure you. To go through a whole season without a new gown is sufficient punishment to cure any girl of such folly as betting money on horses that don't win. If you go near a race track you're lost. There's an excitement about it that you simply cannot resist. First thing you know, you've lost your head. Second thing, your money. Your only safety lies in staying away. I had a lesson at the last races that I think will keep me away from the track the rest of my natural life."

"Will you kindly explain what it was?" I asked, picking up the fork that I had laid down in sheer amazement. It's a trifle disconcerting to learn that the most demure girl in your list of acquaintances has dropped her pin money in bets on flying steeds, and can give you sage advice upon turf topics.

"Ever been to the races?" she replied, answering one question by asking another. I admitted that I had never had that thrilling pleasure.

"Then you can't possibly realize how exciting it is," she answered. "Of course, you imagine that you would keep perfectly cool, and all that sort of thing. But just wait till you get into the midst of it. The first and last time I ever went was with papa. A friend of his who was visiting us, and who has plenty of money to throw away, took us out riding and into the track grounds. Such an idea as betting money on the races had never entered my head, but when papa's friend and everybody around us was putting up money I was seized with a wild desire to try my luck. I had fifty dollars in my purse that I had been saving up for weeks to get a new gown with. 'With the price of one gown,' said I to myself, 'I'll make enough money to buy twenty gowns. What could be easier?' So, with visions of a perfectly stunning wardrobe in my mind's eye, I commenced to gamble—yes, that's exactly what it was, although it sounds horrid to say it—and didn't stop until every nickel in my pocket was gone. Of course, papa tried to prevent me, but I wouldn't listen to him, and I even had the nerve to beg five dollars from him when my last cent was gone. I was *so* sure I could win it all back again. Instead of scolding, papa only laughed. 'Remember,' said he, 'no more gowns this season if you lose your money, which you surely will,' but I wouldn't listen to reason. I can't describe to you how I felt when I realized what an idiot I had been. When I got home I went up to my room, had a good cry, and made faces at myself in the glass until I felt better. And that is why I mean to stay away from the races, now and forever."

It would be better for a large number of San Francisco young men, and for the cash boxes of their employers, if they, too, would be as resolute as that demure little girl, and abjure the race track "now and forever."

ITEMS.

Would you care to pass an agreeable half hour in the study of human nature? Then stroll into the Mechanics' Library on Saturday after the matinee. Many types of men and women are in evidence. The real lovers of books, be it men or women, have hidden themselves away in an alcove or corner, as far from the "madding crowd" as possible, and are lost to everything on this mundane sphere except their author. The scientific scholars, happy in their eternal researches; the bibliophiles, who are usually mounted on step ladders ransacking the shelves; the constant, earnest workers, whose shoulders are most always stooped; the young clear-eyed, rosy-skinned boys and girls from the various schools, with ponderous tomes in their hands from which they are seeking information which bears directly upon their daily lessons, are each a distinct class in themselves, and furnish entertaining thought to the observer who is interested in following the trend of these various children of men. But the brightest, prettiest, and most active figures in this living picture are the women and girls who come in with their matinee bags on their arms and the chatter of the play upon their lips.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Mr. Chas. B. Bradford, Room 403, No. 487 Broadway, New York, has just published a very unique volume entitled "Haunts of Wild Game," under the authorship of Isaac McLellan. Nearly two hundred pages in verse describe most interestingly the haunts of the finny tribe, and wild animals. Those who are real lovers of sport in all its branches will find this a remarkably entertaining volume. Price $1.50 postpaid.

It is no vain boast that THE TRAVELER makes in regard to the beauty of its pictures; they are as near perfect as the reproduction of the photograph can be made. As an example, take "Trout Fishing Near Highlands," on page 39, even the quality of the foliage is preserved and the lights on the shallow water. The editor announces that the subscription price will be raised next year from $1 to $1.50 a year. No one can complain of this advance, for the magazine is cheap at the new rate.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Out of 929,770,909 passengers carried on British railways last year the total number killed by accidents to trains was only 5, or 1 in 11,202,509 journeys. The number injured in train accidents was 399, or 1 in 838,387, many of the injuries being very slight. Yet the number of these accidents was considerable, 69 being officially inquired into, of which all but 13 were collisions. On board a train as a passenger is evidently the safest place in which to be about a railway; for on and around the railway tracks, generally from their own carelessness or that of others, apart from accidents to passengers on trains, British railways in the same time killed 1087 persons and injured 8919 more. Of course, a large number of these unfortunates were employees, who expose themselves to constant danger in order to protect their passengers, and yet reckless travelers and trespassers on railway grounds form a considerable part of the killed and injured. It is surprising to note that the killed include 96 suicides, and that this is less than the number, 116, who took their own lives by the aid of railways in the previous year. Altogether the safety of travel on the modern railway is marvelous, and contemplation of the facts is very reassuring.

Artistic advertising is the road to success. THE TRAVELER does this kind of high-grade work, and the character of it is shown herein. Ask us for estimates of any kind.

NEW GOLD.

IN STEVENSON'S
"A Child's Garden of Verses."

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Frank Deardorf*]

Lingering in this garden fair
With the little child of air,
All the by-ways still are sweet
That beguiled his weary feet;
And where sighs let fall o'er flowers
Breathe to us of gentle hours,
Deeply in each bloom we find
Fairest fragrance of his mind.

With the wooing wind that springs
Softly over chorded strings,
Comes a low, enchanting tone,
As from realms to earth unknown;
Then while through the heart and brain
Thrills the sweet and gentle strain
Each may feel within the breast
'T was the tone he loved the best.

Underneath a deep blue sky
Lands of Play forever lie;
Summer-suns with smiles of gold
Leave their stories to be told;
So in beauteous golden haze
He enshrined his childhood days;
Here in beauty he unfurled
All this little Garden-world.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-jumpin'!
If it hails, or if it snows,
Keep a-jumpin'!
'Tain't no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on the line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
Keep a-jumpin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-jumpin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-jumpin'!
'Spose you're out o' every dime?
Gettin' broke ain't any crime.
Tell the world you're feelin' prime
Keep a-jumpin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-jumpin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-jumpin'!
See the wild birds on the wing;
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like singin'—sing!
Keep a-jumpin'!

—*Whifflets.*

Much have I spoken of the faded leaf,
Long have I listened to the wailing wind,
And watched it ploughing through the heavy clouds,
For Autumn charms my melancholy mind.

When Autumn comes, the poets sing a dirge:
The year must perish; all the flowers are dead.
The sheaves are gathered; and the mottled quail
Runs in the stubble, but the lark has fled.

Still Autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,
The holly-berries and the ivy-tree,
They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's hair;
Those waiting mourners do not sing for me!

I find sweet peace in depths of Autumn woods,
Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened moss;
The naked, silent trees have taught me this:
The loss of beauty is not always loss!

—*November Atlantic.*

Daughter (in tears)—Oh, papa, why did you throw Reggy down the front steps?

Father—Why, you didn't think I was going to throw him up the front steps and into the house again, did you? You're as hard to satisfy as your mother.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Taber photo.

Tom—I don't know whether she sings or not.

Jack—She doesn't; I heard her.

"Do you think the bicycle will ever supplant the horse?"

"Possibly, but it is more likely to supplant the ballet."

"Don't you think Footlight is a clever actor?"

"Clever? Well, I should say so. He hasn't paid the landlady any money for six weeks!"

The question of the propriety of riding a wheel to church will probably remain an open one until the Pope issues a bicyclical on the subject.

"Well, old man, I've spent every cent of money I have in the world on my doctor."

"Does he know it?"

"I guess he does. He has pronounced me as sound in body and limb."

Fair Manageress—Excuse me, sir, but guests without baggage must pay in advance.

The Guest—All right. I'll be back in a moment.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going out to buy a trunk."

"What you want to do," said the physician to his patient at a certain West End hotel, "is to perspire freely."

"I'm afraid it can't be arranged," was the reply. "If this hotel's manager hears of it, he'll have it charged extra in the bill."

Guest (sarcastically)—I want to pay this bill, but I believe that you have made a slight error in my favor. I've been reading over the extras and I can't find that you have charged me anything for telling me that you thought it might rain.

"You seem to have grown thin while on your vacation."

"Oh, that's because of the bad roads!"

"Are, then, the roads in the country so bad?"

"No, there are plenty of good roads in the country, but on the good roads a man can't walk, they are so crowded with bicyclists."

"I second the motion," said the man on the rear of the tandem.

"I shan't be long," as the man said who was about to have both his legs amputated.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "what is meant by nutritious food?"

"Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair-oil in this bottle?

Mamma—No, that's glue.

Tommy (nonchalantly)—Then I expect that's why I can't get my hat off.

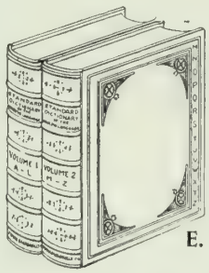
She—Do you get on better with your wife nowadays?

He—Oh, yes; we have arranged that one of us shall be out when the other is at home. We are very happy!

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

317-319 KEARNY STREET.

DEFECTIVE VISION is the cause of about 95 per cent of all headaches, neuralgia and dizziness, which are often attributed to ill-health. Properly fitted glasses, in such cases, will give immediate relief.



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AGENTS FOR

STANDARD DICTIONARY

AND OTHER FIRST-CLASS PUBLICATIONS.

Sample Pages Free.

E. D. Bronson & Co.

933 MARKET ST.

SWAIN'S

In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

SWAIN BROS.,
Proprietors, SWAIN'S RESTAURANT,
No. 213 Sutter Street, City.

J. W. MONROE'S

Sparkling

Apple Cider

Made in the Eel River Valley, the greatest apple producing district of California.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure

JOHN BUTLER, Gen. Agent,
7 SUTTER STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Mills located at Fortuna, Humboldt Co., Cal.

MOVED. We have moved the agency for our Homeopathic Medicines and Supplies to . .

119 Powell Street,

And have appointed MR. WM. A. BROOKS General Agent for the Pacific Coast.

BOERECKE & TAFEL.

The Pioneer Homeopathic Pharmacy.
Established in 1835.

KODAK AGENCY.

Developing, Printing, Reloading and Repairing.
WM. O. BACON,
Opp. Mechanics' Institute, 18 POST STREET, S. F.

EL BONITO HOTEL,

DUNCAN'S MILLS, CAL.

Newly built and furnished. Scenery and climate unsurpassed. Boating, Bathing, Fishing and Hunting unequaled. Rates, $8 to $12 per week; special rates to families. G. W. MORGAN, Prop.

CONCERNING BOOK TITLES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

"What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

OUBTLESS it would; yet many people have been induced to buy "Red as a Rose Is She" by its pretty title, which seems to promise pleasant reading. In the case of a book there is a great deal in a name. First, it would be confusing to have two books with the same title. Secondly, as titles are copyright, it is necessary to avoid selecting one that has been already chosen; for to do this would be to render yourself liable to an action for infringement of copyright, and perhaps to the payment of substantial damages. In the United States the titles of books and other compositions which it is desired to protect are entered in the office of the Librarian of Congress, and an author would not be permitted to copyright a title already appropriated. In Great Britain evidence that a title has been copyrighted is provided by registering it at Stationers' Hall.

The choice of a good title is very important as regards the financial success of the book. Authors devote great pains to selecting such a title as will excite the curiosity or attract the attention of book buyers. Charles Dickens was very careful in choosing a title for a new story, and used to say that he could never work contentedly at a tale until he had decided on its title. It was his habit to make up a list of possible titles, and to submit them to his friend Forster. For the story that we know as "The Tale of Two Cities" no fewer than twenty-one titles suggested themselves to his fertile mind, and the comparative merits of all these were seriously weighed. The title of another of his stories—"Hard Times"—was chosen from a list of fourteen.

Inasmuch as publishers are, from their experience, more likely than authors to know what sort of a title will sell a book best, they are naturally even more anxious than the author about it, and often suggest an alteration of the author's title. It was the publisher who suggested "Mill on the Floss" as the title of George Eliot's novel, a great portion of which she had written with the title of "Sister Maggie." The publisher's title certainly is more attractive than the author's, and it could never have been foreseen that the hasty compiler of a book-list would conjoin George Eliot's romance and John Stuart Mill's political treatise thus:

Mill, on Representative Government.
Do. On the Floss.

Several works on Christian charity bear very amusing titles, as: "Buttons and Button-holes for Believers' Breeches;" "Crumbs of Consolation for the Chickens of the Covenant;" "High-heeled Shoes for Those Who Are Dwarfs in Sanctity," and "Sixpenny worth of Divine Spirit."

The author of "The Blazon of Dances, Where May Be Seen the Misfortunes and Ruin Arising From Dances, from Which No Man Ever Returns the Wiser, or Woman the More Modest," would evidently, had he lived at the present day, have been the founder of a Society for the Suppression of Waltzing as a dangerous vice.

Modern religious writers usually choose as titles for their lucubrations short Biblical phrases, such as: "Green Pastures," "Still Waters," "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," "A Table in the Wilderness," and so on. This splintering and slivering of the grand language of the Bible to furnish titles for mawkish booklets is a practise that has been carried to the utmost lengths by the class of petty writers on religious topics.

As some of the examples already mentioned show, alliteration is a device very commonly employed by authors casting about for taking titles. It was employed by the old writers to at least as great an extent as it is by modern authors. An old volume, dated 1624, is entitled "Christian Catholic Catechised; Penned for the Private Benefit of the Parish of Little Kimbell, in Buckinghamshire." Better still is this: "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, The Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David." It is easy to find examples of alliterative titles, but it is sufficient to mention Tobias Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" and "Roderick Random," Charles Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby," and James Payn's "White Wings," a yachting romance, and the "Chronicles of Carlingford."

MRS. H. K. DROUILLARD OF SAN DIEGO. *Taber photo.*

One of Mr. Ruskin's works, "A Treatise on Sheepfolds," misled by its title many people, who supposed that it had something to do with rural life and the management of sheep, whereas it really is a discussion of various religious sects. Nor had a book entitled "Ploughing and Sowing" anything to do with agriculture, but was a record of a benevolent lady's operations among the poor of her neighborhood.

"An Essay on Irish Bulls" was bought by many individuals and societies under the impression that it would furnish useful hints on the breeding of bulls. It was, of course, a discussion of the form of witticism known as a bull. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" has been bought by many sailors, who were attracted by its nautical title.

Histories, biographies, autobiographies, and reminiscences may probably be considered the easiest books to name, as in these cases the most obvious titles are the best, and give the most correct idea of the contents of the books.

Next in order to historical and biographical books in facility of naming come books of travel; it is easy to entitle your book "Travels in Burmah," "A Year in China," "A Tour in Mexico," and so on. But writers are not always content to choose such simple titles, and so we get a book of travel in old Mexico entitled "Our Sister Republic," and of experiences in Hayti named "The Black Republic." A traveler in Scandinavia entitles his record, "In the Land of the Midnight Sun," a picturesque and not inaccurate title; and a tourist in Alaska names his narrative "The New Eldorado," which may sound picturesquely, but is uninforming and verbally inaccurate. "The Pearl of India," which sounds like the title of a novel, turns out to be an interesting record of a tour in Ceylon. "Through and Through the Tropics" is the result of an effort to invoke "alliteration's artful aid."

Novels are probably the hardest books for which to frame good titles, and at the same time a novel owes more of its success to a fortunate title than any other kind of book. "Lady Audley's Secret" is a taking title, as also is "The Indiscretion of the Duchess," and doubtless the catchiness of these titles has disposed of many copies of the novels. Miss Braddon has been very successful in hitting upon taking titles for her stories; there is a kind of weird attractiveness about "The Trail of the Serpent" and "Dead Sea Fruit." "The Headless Horseman" and the "Woman in White" are both alliterative and sensational. Rhoda Broughton's "Cometh Up as a Flower" and Beatrice Harraden's "Ships That Pass in the Night" have picturesque titles, but "A Mild Barbarian" and "A Bachelor Maid" are merely mystifying.

A study of the titles of books shows us that the question of the relative position of the two sexes is by no means a new one, for in 1620 there appeared a book entitled "The Man-Woman, or, a Medicine to Cure the Staggers in the Masculine-Feminines of Our Times." The reply to this was entitled "The Womanish Man to the Man-woman." In 1683, too, as in 1894, critics were complaining of the display of female form permitted by fashion, for we find a book entitled "England's Vanity, or, the Monstrous Sin of Pride in Dress, Naked Shoulders, and a Hundred Other Fooleries."

Exceedingly short titles have sometimes been given to books. In one instance the "title" was the book. A certain Duke d'Epernon had been appointed Governor of Provence. His enemies prepared a book entitled "The Great Deeds, Works, and Valor of M. d'Epernon in His Journey to Provence." The title-page was printed in large characters, but the book was blank. When the seller was remonstrated with for selling a book with nothing in it, he replied: "How could I print anything in the book? M. d'Epernon has done nothing." On this principle it has been suggested to give as a booby prize at a whist tournament a blank book entitled "What I Know About Whist."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On November 1, 1896, the **STERLING BICYCLE** *will be represented on the Pacific Coast by*

A. C. NICHOLS & CO.,

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS AND LEATHER DEALERS

400-404 Battery Street, Corner Clay, San Francisco.

Who will handle the wheel as PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

They will be provided with a complete stock, and a full line of Sterling parts, and will be in the same position to take care of our patrons as our Branch has been.

Wait for the **'97 STERLING.** It will be better than ever.

STERLING CYCLE WORKS,

274 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

CURIOUS STORIES OF WHIST.

Lord Sligo was at a card table when the news was brought to him that his magnificent residence was on fire. He stopped only a moment to ascertain whether or not his presence could be of material service on the scene of the conflagration. Finding that it would not, he calmly took up the hand which had been dealt him while he was talking with the messenger, and resumed play.

A case where a single game of whist was responsible for a good deal was that in which G. H. Drummond of the famous Charing Cross banking-house of London lost £25,000 at a single sitting to Beau Brummel. When his loss became known to Drummond's partners, they decided that a gambler was an undesirable associate in a business requiring for prosperity the confidence of the public in its managers. They therefore forced him to retire.

What is known as a Yarborough hand in whist is one in which there is no card above a nine spot. The name given to this hand is derived from a certain Lord Yarborough, who used to offer the attractive but very safe wager of £1000 to £1 that a hand of this sort would not be dealt. He may have worked out the chances or he may not, but the fact is, such a hand occurs only once in 1827 rounds. It is said that Yarborough won his wager many thousand times.

At the Union Club of Boulogne some years ago the dealer dealt the twenty-six red cards to himself and partner and all the black cards to their opponents. When we come to realize that the odds against such a round of hands are eight billion to one, we must admit this was a very remarkable deal.

Metternich, the great Austrian statesman, owed to a single game of whist the greatest sorrow of his life. One evening, while he was engaged in his favorite game, an express arrived with despatches from Galicia. He placed the papers on the mantel-piece, and went on playing all that night, and far into the morning. When the party broke up he was horrified to learn that upon his immediate reply to the despatches depended the fate of two thousand innocent persons. Had Metternich loved whist less passionately, history had never recorded the infamous Galician massacre.

WHEN WORK FITS WOMAN.

Edward W. Bok, in February *Ladies' Home Journal*, considers editorially "When Work Fits Woman," a text under which he enters emphatic and vigorous protest against the mad rush of women to seek employment in mercantile and manufacturing establishments. The article is evidently inspired by the recent public utterances of one of the largest employers of women in Pennsylvania, who, in raising his voice against this evil, asserts "that more wrong has been done to thousands of girls who have gone into our commercial houses than the world dreams of," and urges young women who are seeking positions, to engage as domestics, where they are safe from danger, where their surroundings would be elevating and congenial, and in a field which greatly needs them. Mr. Bok emphasizes these utterances and goes farther, saying: "The fact cannot be disputed that no single factor in modern life is doing so much to degenerate our young womanhood as this mad race on the part of girls, impelled by necessity or not, to go into the business world. These may sound like strong words to the ears of some, but to those who are really cognizant of the immensity of the evil results that are being wrought, they will simply fit the case and not go beyond it. In altogether too many of our commercial and industrial establishments, stores and factories, the men into whose hands is given the power to employ and control girls are not fit, from a moral standpoint, to herd swine. And yet thousands of our young women are allowed to go from their homes to work under the influence of these men and in the atmosphere vitiated with them. And why? Simply because it is considered more 'respectable' to be employed in an office, store, or factory than to be engaged in domestic service. The very word 'servant' has a taint about it that the majority of young women dislike, and from which they flee. But what else are they in business establishments than servants, pure and simple? There can be no difference but an imaginary one. That is all. Far less leniency is shown in our business houses to women employees than is shown, as a rule, in our homes to domestic help—infinitely less." Mr. Bok further argues that if the mistress would seek to elevate domestic work, to treat servants with greater consideration, and to have the daughters of the family show some active interest and participation in household work, better, more intelligent, and more reliable women would be attracted to the kitchens of our homes, and the destructive rush of young girls to work in stores, counting-houses, and factories, would be largely checked, and a modern evil to a great extent curtailed.

A friend of mine who lately returned from abroad tells me that he dined one day in what is probably the oldest restaurant in all London. It is called Crosby Hall, is located in Bishopsgate Street, and was built more than five hundred years ago. Of course it has a history, having once been the palace of Richard III., and also the residence of Sir Thomas Moore. Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney have dined there, and the spot has been made use of by no less a personage than the Bard of Avon, who laid there the scene of Richard's plots for the murder of the young princes. It is much frequented and liberally patronized by bankers and merchants.

Speaking of London, my friend, the tourist, says that a very amusing story is going the rounds there about Sir Morrell Mackenzie and the authoress whose nom de plume is John Strange Winter. It seems it was by this name that she was introduced to the great physician, whose knowledge of therapeutics is much more extensive than his acquaintance with military novels.

"John Strange Winter?" he repeated, curiously, after the introduction.

"Oh, yes," was the smiling and reassuring reply, "I am 'Bootles' Baby.'"

Sir Morrell gave her a searching look out of the corner of his professional eye, and then sought a friend.

"Do you see that poor, demented woman over there?" he said, confidentially. "It's really a sad case, my dear fellow. Hallucination, you know. Introduces herself as a man and thinks she is a baby."

It is just as well to treat inanimate objects with respect, and not to force oneself upon their attention. While sorting rags in a paper mill in Maine recently, an operative found a small metallic sphere, which he prodded with his pen knife. In the explosion that followed he parted with considerable of his anatomy. And yet there are people who contend that ignorance is never bliss.

THE SCORCHER.

ROBERT GRANT.

O youth, who, bending forward, rides apace,
With melancholy stamped upon your face,
Pursuing pleasure with a frenzied eye,
Yet mocked by her, however fast you fly.
Are you aware how horrible you look?
No guy invented for a picture-book
Was ever a more painful sight than thou,
Lord of the bent back and the anxious brow.

Oh, sit up straight and try to wear a smile!
Be less intent to pile up mile on mile.
Enjoy the prospect as you glide along,
The trees, the sunshine, and the robin's song.
To us who view you scorching day by day,
Bent on your bar in such an awkward way,
You are the homeliest thing on earth, my lad.
Oh, sit up straight, and make the landscape glad!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

HOTEL ROSE.

J. H. CLANCY. *VENTURA, CAL.*

American Plan. Strictly First-Class in all its appointments. Free 'bus to and from all trains. Free sample room. Special attention to commercial tourists. Rates the same as all first-class hotels.

OUR SOCIETY BLUE BOOK

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Invaluable for sending circulars to a selected list of names for the Holiday Trade. Price, Five Dollars.

CHARLES C. HOAG, Publisher,
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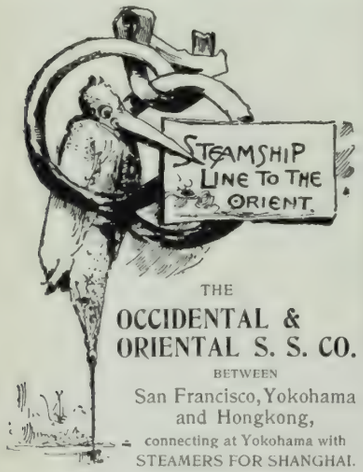
London, Chatham, & Dover RAILWAY.

A. THORNE,
Formerly at H. B. Claflin & Co's, New York,
American Representative in England,
LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY,
VICTORIA STATION, LONDON, S. W.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

Telegrams: Caldover, London.



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OCCIDENTAL & ORIENTAL S. S. CO.
BETWEEN
San Francisco, Yokohama and Hongkong,
connecting at Yokohama with
STEAMERS FOR SHANGHAI.

Steamers leave wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shangai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

SAILING DATES:

COPTIC.....Tuesday, November 3, 1896
DORIC (via Honolulu)....Thursday, Dec. 10, 1896
BELGIC.....Tuesday, December 29, 1896
COPTIC (via Honolulu)...Saturday, Jan. 16, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1897
DORIC..... Tuesday, February 23, 1897

NOTE.— Purchasers of cabin passage tickets, single-trip or twelve-months round trip, from San Francisco to Yokohama, etc., or *vice versa*, may stop over en route at Honolulu, and resume journey by a succeeding O. & O. S S. Co. steamer. On twelve-months round-trip tickets but one stop-over will be allowed, that is, on either the outward or the return journey, as passenger may elect.
Purchasers of such tickets may travel from San Francisco to Honolulu, or *vice versa*, upon an Oceanic S. S. Co. steamer, if desired.
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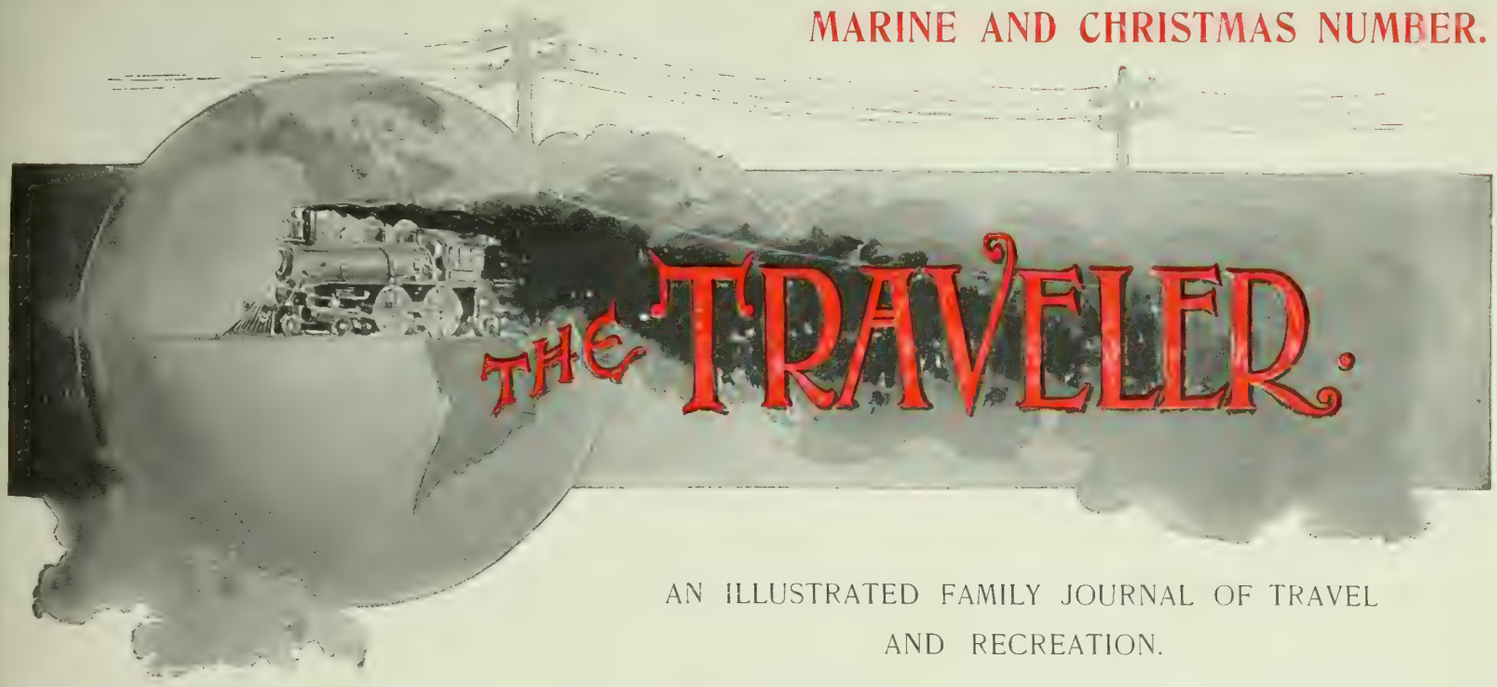

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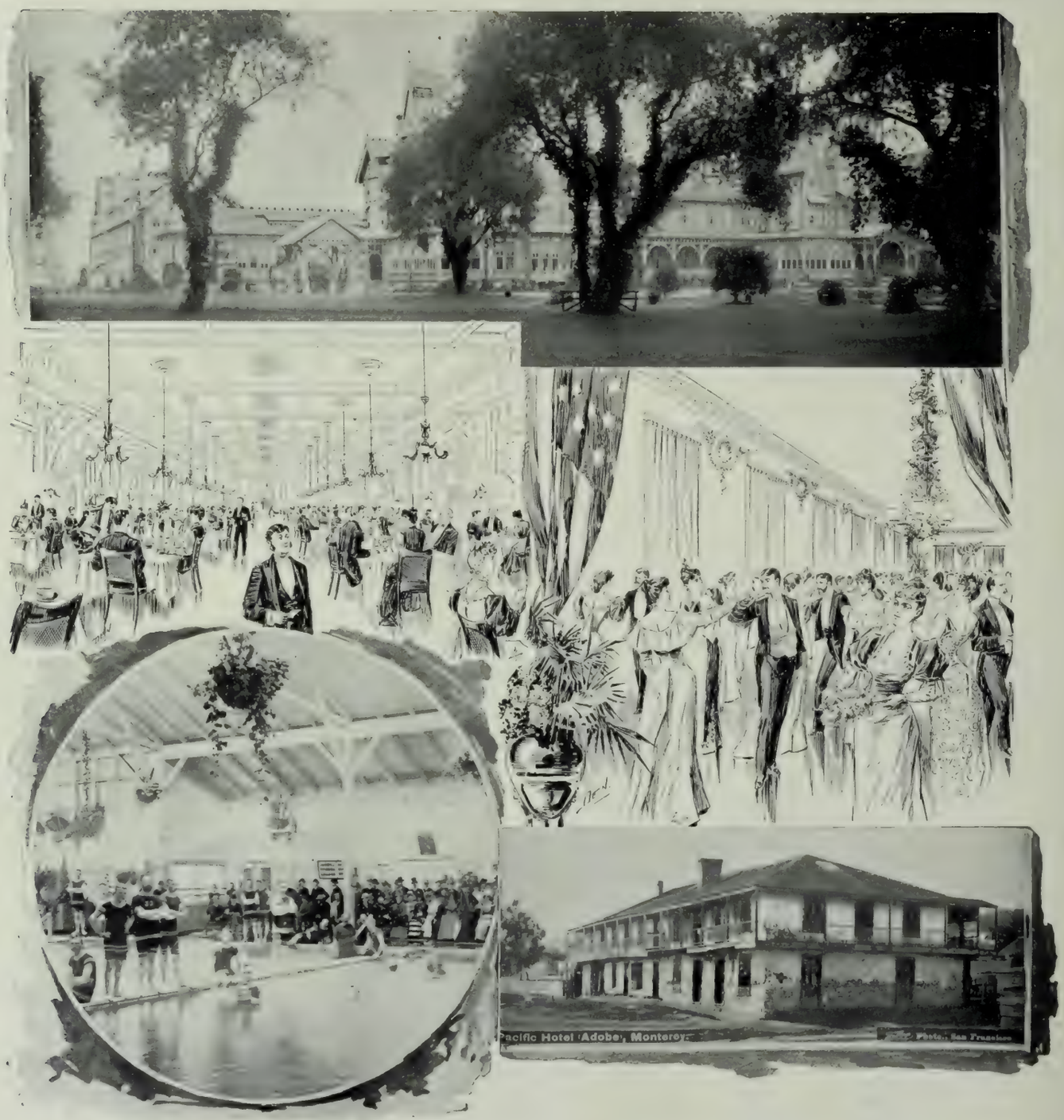

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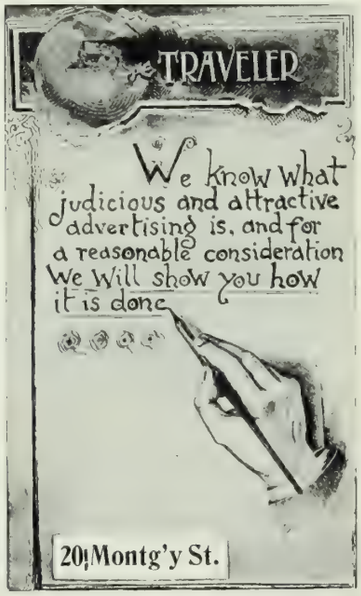

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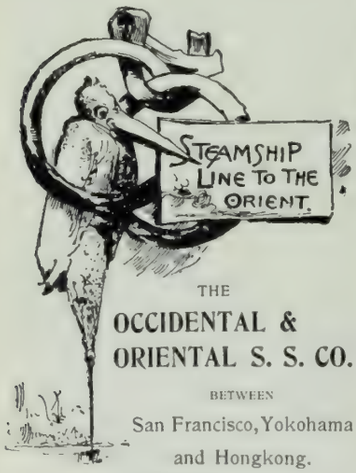

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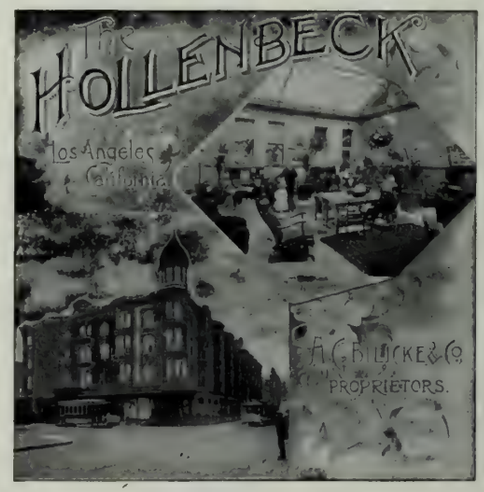

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1896. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 72 RUE BLANCHE, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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REMOVAL NOTICE.

The office of "The Traveler" has been removed to 20 MONTGOMERY ST., S. F.

A WORD ABOUT THIS NUMBER.

In giving to the world the Marine and Christmas Number of THE TRAVELER, it is hoped it will meet with the appreciation and enjoyment of our many readers. No expense or pains has been spared to produce not only a highly artistic and interesting work, but its aim has been likewise to embody the latest and most accurate information concerning the most important branches of both the Commercial and Naval Marine. The illustrations are all new, elaborate, and profuse, and the biographical sketches of those who are actively engaged in the progress of these tremendously important interests are in themselves a history of their growth.

Those desiring a quantity of extra copies for mailing to their friends in various parts of the world can obtain them at any news stand, or at the office of THE TRAVELER.

As previously announced the subscription price of THE TRAVELER, beginning with the next issue, will be $1.50 per year. Now is the time to subscribe if you want to take advantage of the $1 rate.

OUR UNPROTECTED COAST LINE.

The Pacific Coast is sadly deficient in coaling stations. Within the past generation England, France, Russia, and Germany have made remarkable encroachments on the Pacific Coast. All of these powers have obtained "coaling stations" in the Pacific waters, and it is noticeable that these islands are also of great value as commercial points and for strategic purposes. It would seem that the Pacific Coast is gradually being enclosed on all sides. Excepting Neckar Island, near Hawaii, there is nothing between this Coast and England except the islands in the Santa Barbara Channel.

The Hawaiian Islands are correctly considered the "key of the Pacific," and, naturally, all foreign encroachments gravitate toward the "key" that overlooks the entrance to the Pacific Coast and the rich treasures within the "Golden Gate." There are no intervening coaling stations between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands, a distance of more than two thousand miles. This is the reason why the fleetest ships are required for service in the Pacific waters. Owing to the lack of intermediate coaling stations the battleships must have extra large coal carrying capacity.

It will be recollected that only a year or two ago England assumed a "protectorate" over Neckar Island, and dispatched a war vessel to take possession of the uninhabited spot. The Hawaiian Government dispatched a vessel also, and, reaching there first, prevented the English from landing. Consequently the Island remains in statu quo, in the possession of the Hawaiian Government.

A CAPTAIN'S GIG OFF MARE ISLAND.

The acquisition of this Island would have brought Great Britain within four days of San Francisco.

Within the last five or six years England has acquired several islands in the Pacific for "coaling stations," on her march toward the Golden Gate. First, she established a "protectorate" over the Gilbert Islands, then the Ellice Islands, Phœnix Islands, and a small unnamed group between the Phœnix and Samoan Islands, also the Washington, Christmas, and Fanning Islands. These latter are about midway between the Samoan and Sandwich Islands. This brought her lines to within about fourteen hundred miles south of Honolulu—three days sailing. Her latest acquisition, however, was Johnston's Island, seven hundred miles nearer. This gradual encroachment, and her attempts on Neckar Island, indicate the energy of England in acquiring "coaling stations" on the direct line to the Pacific Coast.

The "key" of the Pacific, which Neckar Island and the others of the group are called, not only protects the Pacific, but commands Australia, Asia, and the several seas connecting with the Pacific Ocean. With a naval fortress on one of these islands no hostile fleet could safely cross the Pacific, and no fleet could menace the Pacific Coast, for when once beyond, or within the "key," their coal supplies would be cut off.

Practically, Pacific Coast commerce is "hemmed in." Entering the Pacific on the northwest by way of the Straits of Magellan, a vessel must pass the Falkland Islands—a British "coaling station," strongly fortified.

They are likewise intrenched at Esquimalt and Halifax on the north, and at Cape Horn on the south.

These strategical points were mainly gained under the guise of acquiring "coaling stations" for the benefit of commerce. This has been in line with her policy of acquisition, inaugurated with her numerous "chartered companies" for the control of territory and the extending of commerce. By this means she has acquired islands and established "coaling and naval stations," until she has circumnavigated the globe and has the commerce of the Pacific Coast practically in her power. This is certainly food for serious thought.

Our seacoast on the Pacific extends from San Diego on the south to the western extremity of the Aleutian Islands (excepting that fronting the British territory), and England has managed to advance her coaling stations to our very doors.

To guard our coast effectively we must have the fleetest of battleships, in consequence of the absence of coaling stations. There should be at least two in San Francisco harbor, the main objective point, one at San Diego, one in the northwest, on Puget Sound, and one each in China, Japan, Australia, Central America and Chile, also another off the Florida "keys."

THE DEFENSES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ONE of the lieutenants of the Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., J. D. Miley, has given me much assistance in preparing the following article, and he has pointed out three things as necessary to the proper defense of a harbor: First, that the guns, forts, mortar-batteries and defensive works should be so placed that an enemy's vessel cannot come within battering distance of them; second, that the war-vessels and merchant-ships within the harbor should be protected; and third, that the principal channels of ingress should be closed. In one of these respects the harbor of San Francisco is comparatively easy to defend; it has only one entrance from the open ocean, so that the batteries which are intended to prevent an enemy from entering the harbor serve also to protect the vessels lying at anchor within it.

In recent times, however, the size of guns, the weight of powder charges, and the velocity and penetration of projectiles, have been so greatly increased that guns of a caliber of twelve inches and upwards have ranges of from twelve to fourteen miles; and, though their power of penetrating protective armor would not be great at those distances, the shot and shell hurled by them would prove terribly destructive to private property and buildings. If an enemy's ironclad vessels can come within ten or twelve miles of the center of the city, they can bombard it. In two hours the city would look as though a Kansas cyclone had passed through it.

The chief things, then, to aim at in planning the defenses of the city are, to keep the enemy's fleet at a distance of six or seven miles outside the Heads, and to prevent it from forcing its way through the Golden Gate, which lies between Fort Point on the south and Lime Point on the north, and is not quite one mile wide.

Not only are the guns of modern battleships of great power and range, but their protective armor is so strong and thick that it may be necessary to employ revolving iron turrets for the defense of important harbors; such turrets being made thick enough to be impervious to the fire of the largest guns carried by any ships afloat, and armed with guns of the same size and power as the battle-ship. The projectiles from such guns would pierce the armor of any vessel at a distance of two or three miles, and would fatally injure the turrets in which her guns are worked. Few of such towers are in existence, and in the United States there are none.

The harbor and city of San Francisco have two lines of defense; a first or outer line, and a second or inner line. The *outer line* includes Fort Winfield Scott and the batteries between Fort Point and Point Lobos on the south side of the Golden Gate, and the batteries between Lime Point and Point Bonita on the north side.

Fort Winfield Scott is a casemated work, begun in 1853, and completed about two years later; but, though it was built in accordance with a system of defense acknowledged at the time of its construction to be the best, and is still of some service, it is utterly unsuited to cope with a modern ironclad fleet armed with guns of long range and great penetration. A masonry fort, such as Fort Scott, is almost useless wherever the water is deep enough to permit men-of-war to approach within battering distance; its scarp walls are too weak to protect the guns mounted in its casemates, and the casemates themselves are not capacious enough to admit guns of sufficient caliber to keep strong ironclads off. Weak by construction, Fort Scott has become even weaker through neglect. The mortar in the joints of the scarps is considerably disintegrated, and many of the bricks are eaten away by the weather and the sand driven against the structure by the strong westerly winds. It is armed with forty-five 10-inch and 8-inch guns, mounted, of which thirteen are rifled, and the rest are smoothbores. The latter are practically useless against an armored battleship.

Lying on the beach near Fort Scott are many old-fashioned smoothbore guns, and the carriages on which to mount them. The carriages are not half strong enough for their purpose, and the guns are preserved only because of the government's unwillingness to part with anything. As far as utility is concerned, they might just as well be sold for old iron or thrown into the bay. As weapons of offense or defense they are worthless. There are also on the northern shore of the Presidio Reservation, looking toward Sausalito, several 8-inch converted rifles, which I have seen termed "guardians of the bay." They are merely a saluting battery, and form no serious part of the defenses of the harbor.

On the hill crest above Fort Point, and between it and Point Lobos, is a line of batteries, which are placed out as far as possible in order to keep an enemy's ships at the greatest possible distance from the city. These batteries are armed almost entirely with 12-inch breech-loading mortars, which are much cheaper weapons to construct and use than breech-loading rifled guns. Both 12-inch mortars and rifles fire projectiles weighing 1000 pounds, but the cost of manufacturing a mortar is only about $7500, and a charge of only 80 pounds of powder is required for it; whereas a breech-loading rifle costs about $50,000, and takes a charge of 450 pounds of powder. There is a further advantage in favor of the mortar. The projectile leaves its muzzle at an angle of from 45 to 60 degrees of elevation, and with a velocity of 1020 feet per second; after going up in the air for one and a half or two miles it turns and comes down point foremost, gaining speed at every foot of its descent, until it strikes with a velocity almost precisely the same as that which it had on leaving the muzzle of the mortar. If the gunner's calculations have been correct, the projectile strikes the most vulnerable part of the vessel—the deck, which is protected by only six inches of plate, the sides having armor of from 20 to 25 inches in thickness.

On the other hand, the projectile from a breech-loading rifle leaves the muzzle at a low angle of elevation, with an initial velocity of 2100 feet per second, and though at a thousand yards it would pierce 27 inches of armor, at a distance of five miles it would penetrate hardly five inches. The range of a 12-inch rifle is much greater than that of a 12-inch mortar, which is about six miles. The batteries between Fort Point and Point Lobos being about four miles from the center of San Francisco, the fire of ships carrying guns of a less range than ten miles would not reach the center of the city.

It has been said that mortars are economical weapons to construct and to fire: so they are, individually, but owing to their lack of accuracy, it is necessary to group them in batteries in the following manner: At each of the four corners of a rectangle 140 by 265 feet, pits are excavated; in each pit are mounted four mortars, arranged in a square, and at a distance of thirty feet from each other. The mortars themselves, and the interior of the rectangle containing the magazines, are effectually protected from the enemy's fire. In firing a mortar-battery the officer in command takes up his position where he can observe the movements of the enemy. From his charts, tables, and instruments, he determines the elevation for a trial shot, and sends his order by telephone to the gunners. When the first shot is fired, he watches where the shell falls, and makes his calculations accordingly. As soon as he gets the range, he orders all the sixteen mortars to be fired simultaneously. The projectiles then cover a space in the water equal to the rectangle on which the mortar-battery stands, that is, of 140 by 265 feet. The chance of striking a vessel with one of the projectiles, which would go right through her from deck to keel, is thus a pretty good one. A 12-inch mortar-battery of sixteen mortars fires 16,000 pounds of metal and 1280 pounds of powder at one discharge, so that it is not so surprisingly cheap after all.

As it seems impracticable to construct mortars of a greater caliber than twelve inches, and as there is a danger space of about four miles between the range of the mortars and that of the most powerful guns on

ALCATRAZ ISLAND AND GLIMPSE OF FORT POINT.

shipboard, it is evident that mortars cannot be relied on exclusively to defend the city. It is necessary to have some weapon of great penetrating force and long range. A 16-inch breech-loading rifled gun throws a shot of 2350 pounds about sixteen miles, and is a most effective weapon. The plans for the defense of San Francisco, in addition to one hundred and forty-four 12-inch mortars, include ten 16-inch breech-loading rifles. Of the former, some are to be on Point Bonita, but most of them will be distributed along the shore between Fort Point and Point Lobos, and a few on some high ground to the southward of the Ocean House. The United States Government does not possess as yet any plant capable of manufacturing such monsters as these 16-inch rifles, and, pending its acquisition of such a plant, the 12-inch rifles already in position play an important part in the defenses of San Francisco.

The weapons in position at Fort Winfield Scott and on the bluff above it are as follows: 15-inch battery, seven guns mounted; 12-inch mortar-battery, sixteen breech-loading mortars mounted on spring return carriages; 12-inch breech-loading rifle battery, two guns mounted in barbette; 10-inch breech-loading rifle battery, two guns mounted on disappearing carriages; the pneumatic "dynamite" battery, consisting of three 15-inch guns, mounted, from which charges of 100 pounds of any high explosive may be fired.

The "dynamite" guns are fifty feet long, and the force being obtained from compressed air are really gigantic popguns. The pressure of compressed air is so remarkably even that there is no danger of the explosive bursting prematurely and dealing death and destruction to men and property near it. Adjacent to the battery, which in its present condition cost $200,000, are a power-house and engines, put in by the Fulton Iron Works, to compress the air. Though the air is cheap enough, the projectiles used in actual warfare are so expensive that the United States Ordnance office is very loath to furnish them for purposes of trial.

Let us now go over to the north shore of the Golden Gate, to which the name of Lime Point is given. The proposed defenses there include a casemated battery, the site for which was excavated in 1867 and 1868, on Lime Point proper, and detached barbette batteries on the Cliff above the Point, at Gravelly Beach, Point Diablo, Point Bonita, and Point Cavallo. The barbette batteries were under construction between 1870 and 1876. It may be explained that guns in barbette are mounted behind parapets in such a position that if a shot from an enemy's vessel misses the edge of the bluff it will pass clean over the guns and the gunners.

Some years ago it was suggested to the Government to blast at the base of Lime Point hill and prepare a site for a casemated fort with iron shields, or for an iron fort, but the work has never been begun. The available defenses at Lime Point consist of one 12-inch breech-loading rifle mounted on a barbette carriage, and three 15-inch smooth-bore guns, mounted.

If an enemy's vessels found it impracticable to lie off in the open ocean and shell the city, they might decide to force a passage through the Golden Gate, which, owing to the depth of the channel, cannot be securely closed by torpedo-lines. Against such an attempt the mortar-batteries would be of very little avail, but the vessels would come within range of the 8-inch and 10-inch rifles at Lime Point and Fort Point, which, being at a height of from two hundred to four hundred feet above the water, would deliver a plunging fire upon their decks.

But in foggy weather these batteries would be practically useless. An enemy might then, with certain precautions, slip through the Golden Gate into the harbor. In such case the second or inner line of defense of the harbor would become of great importance, for on that would depend the safety of San Francisco, and of all the valuable places on the Bay. The *inner line of defense* consists of a battery on Point San Jose, within the limits of the city, some small batteries on Angel Island, and the batteries on Alcatraz. During the Civil War two temporary earthen batteries were built at Point San Jose, (which is about one and three-eighths miles from Alcatraz, and is usually named Fort Mason, or Black Point), and three on Angel Island, but the platforms and magazines are decayed, and the gun-carriages have been condemned.

Alcatraz alone remains, and is the most important point of the inner line of defense. Batteries in position there could deliver a fire reaching to the Golden Gate, covering the channel leading to the city, and crossing very effectively with the fire of the batteries of the outer line, and of those of the inner line on Point San Jose and Angel Island. At present Alcatraz has only three 15-inch smooth-bore guns, which are scarcely worth reckoning among the defenses of the harbor. But when the fortification of San Francisco harbor shall have been completed in the manner proposed Alcatraz will be a strong point. Allowing one hundred yards to each gun, instead of the usual one hundred and fifty yards, "the Rock" will have six heavy rifles looking westward, which will be most formidable to a hostile vessel that under cover of a fog ventures through the Golden Gate.

IN THE CHANNEL.

The channel between Alcatraz and Angel Islands is one and three-fourths miles wide and cannot be covered efficiently unless strong batteries are constructed on both islands. The Board of Engineers for the Pacific Coast long ago devised plans for the construction of earthen batteries for heavy guns in barbette on the south and west shores of Angel Island, those on the west commanding Raccoon Straits, which lead to San Pablo Bay, the Mare Island Navy Yard, the Arsenal at Benicia, and the mouth of the Sacramento River. But the Board's recommendations have not yet been carried out.

As the outer line of the Harbor cannot, owing to the depth of the channel at the Golden Gate, be defended by torpedoes, it is the more necessary that the inner line of defense should be supplemented by torpedoes and submarine mines. There already exists a depot for the storage of torpedoes, and a firing-room fully equipped with the necessary electrical apparatus. Though their locations are military secrets, the torpedoes will be so arranged as to be fired either by contact with the enemy's vessel, or at the will of the officer in command of the firing-room.

The report of the Board of Fortifications and other defenses in 1886 recommended that two harbor defense vessels and eighteen torpedo-boats should be built for exclusive use in the Bay of San Francisco, which is said to be second in importance only to New York Harbor. Up to the present moment the only result of the recommendation to be seen is the "Monterey."

The same Board also suggested plans for earthworks, guns, torpedoes, electrical appliances, torpedo-boats, and other defensive works, the total cost of which was estimated at about eleven millions of dollars. So far the amount expended in this work is between one and two millions of dollars. Thus it is apparent that the task of rendering San Francisco reasonably secure from attack has scarcely begun.

OUR BAY LIGHTS AND SIGNALS.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THERE were, generations ago, kind-hearted people who would build beacon-fires on high cliffs in order to warn mariners of the dangers of the coast, or guide them safely into the harbor. That was before the age of lighthouses, and poor "Jack" had a hard and anxious time of it when he drew near shore, for he could never be quite sure whether the beacon was a friendly light by which he might steer with safety, or a false flame lit only to lure him to destruction.

To-day the system of lighthouse service is almost perfection, and not only does the seacoast of every civilized country afford protection on account of its numerous and thoroughly catalogued lights, but navigable bays and rivers are also well provided for in this respect.

In localities where fogs prevail the lights are supplemented by bells and whistles. Where the building of a lighthouse is impracticable lightships are anchored and thus the proximity of sunken rocks or dangerous shoals is revealed to the craft which ply along regular courses.

The master of the ship recognizes his position by the characteristics of the light, or the intervals between bells or whistles if the night be shrouded in rain or fog.

LIME POINT.

Each station has its own particular signal, and these are catalogued in book form for the convenience of shipmasters and pilots. Sometimes the light is characterized by successive flashes of white light, with an intervening steady gleam of the flame; or there may be varied flashes of clear, bright red succeeded by a steady white light that shows for a certain length of time. Thus by the number and color of the flashes, as well as the latitude and longitude, the sailor recognizes the light station.

San Francisco Bay is provided with eight distinct lights. A list of the lights provided for San Francisco harbor would not be complete without reference to the stations on Point Bonita, at the north side of the entrance to the Bay.

It has what is termed a fixed white light, and its rays shine forth clear and steadily from its height of one hundred and twenty feet above sea level. Like the majority of these light stations Bonita Point possesses a low white tower with a black lantern, which surmounts a substantial dwelling, also white in color, as this is the characteristic hue of all signal stations. Lower down on the rocks, almost overhanging the water, is the steam siren which sends out the first warning of an approaching fog.

The lighthouse and fog-bell on Fort Point differ somewhat from the other harbor lights and signals. The tower rises about twenty-seven feet above the western angle of old Fort Winfield Scott, and all around it frown suggestive implements of war. Its light is particularly noticeable and interesting from the fact it is the only light in the Bay which shows flashes of red. For the space of a minute it shines forth white and clear, and during the next minute four beautiful red flashes follow each other at regular intervals. On a bastion of the historic old building hangs the fog-bell.

The most pretentious fog-signal station is that of Lime Point, directly across from Fort Point, and the hoarse cry of its steam whistle follows closely on that of Point Bonita, thus giving the cue to the smaller stations within the harbor as the fog comes rolling relentlessly in. From here signals are given by means of the whistle to the life-saving station, which warns them that a vessel is in distress.

The lighthouse on the summit of Alcatraz Island stands on a higher altitude than any of the harbor lights, being 166 feet above sea level. Its tower building is 36 feet in height, and the brilliant light is seen at a distance of 19 nautical miles. This station also has a fog-bell in connection with it, which is situated about four hundred feet from the house.

To passengers on the Oakland ferry-boats the lighthouse and fog horn or bell on Yerba Buena, or Goat Island, as it is commonly called, are well known, and on dark nights its welcome gleam is like the touch of a friendly hand, while the hoarse tones of its whistle have relieved the anxiety of many a heart when the fog on the Bay was so thick "you could almost cut it." This station also possesses a bell in case the whistle should be temporarily disabled. The structure containing the signals is built on the very edge of the cliff, but the keeper's dwelling, which is quite commodious and attractive, stands somewhat higher up on the hillside.

Two other lights familiar to those who patronize the Alameda ferries are those situated at the entrance to the Oakland harbor, one in line with the prolongation of the north jetty, the other at the end of the south jetty.

The two lights at the mouth of the San Bruno dredged channel in the southern part of the Bay are similar to that at the south jetty, being tubular lanterns suspended from an iron crane attached to the service hut on the small platform which is supported by four very substantial piles.

On Angel Island there is only a fog-signal station, which was established in 1866. It contains a bell, which, like the others, is struck by machinery. This bell machine is a curious piece of mechanism, and is operated by a weight, which descends much as do the weights of a clock, and, like a clock, is wound by hand.

FORT POINT. *From Official Photo, U. S. G. S.*

East Brother Island is situated in the strait which connects San Pablo Bay with San Francisco Bay. On this Island is quite a pretentious station consisting of a lighthouse and fog-signal buildings which contain a thirteen-inch steam whistle and a bell. The lighthouse is thirty-seven feet in height, and was built in 1874.

On Mare Island is still another lighthouse similar to these already described, and a bell of the same description. This station was established in 1873, and stands at an elevation of seventy-six feet.

POINT BONITA. *From Official Photo, U. S. G. S.*

Another light which guides the pilots of river steamers or belated fishing craft on their winding way is located in the marsh at the southern point of Roe Island, about seven miles above Benicia, in Suisun Bay. This light, from an elevation of forty-three feet, can be seen at a distance of twelve miles. The fog-bell is placed on the end of the little wharf, and the house itself, a small but substantial structure, after the style of the smaller buildings of like purpose, is built upon piles driven deep into the unstable mud.

The lights, with the exception of that at Fort Point and the tubular lanterns, are fixed white. The lenses are exceptionally fine, having been made in Paris, France. The lights are from large brass lamps having circular wicks, and only the finest mineral oil is burned in them in order to secure a brilliant, clear, and steady flame; it is estimated that, as it streams through the lenses, about sixty-candle power is attained.

For fear the oil may burn too low before morning fresh lamps are substituted at midnight, thus securing an even flame all night.

Many of the keepers are men of family who are comfortably situated in these little homes furnished by the government, though the life must necessarily be a lonely and monotonous one. The children of the keeper of the Goat Island station are conveyed across the bay morning and evening to and from school in San Francisco, as there are not a sufficient number of children on the island to establish a school there.

Salaries range from $500 to $800 per annum, together with provisions. The highest salary paid in the Californian district is $1000 a year to the keeper of the light on St. George Reef, a very exposed and dangerous station on the northern coast.

The Lighthouse Inspector for the Twelfth (California) District is Captain Frank Courtis, Commander, U. S. N., a courteous gentleman and a very efficient officer. The vessel used in his quarterly visits to the stations is the lighthouse tender "Madrona." On these visits stores are delivered, repairs attended to, and other necessary matters receive proper attention.

Some idea of the magnitude of the lighthouse system of this district may be had from the fact that service, stores, etc., last year amounted to $48,000.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

OUR SEA-GULLS AND THEIR WAYS.

NO VIEW about the bay is complete without a flock of sea-gulls, wheeling around the wharves and anchored vessels, or following in the wake of a fishing-smack. These birds have become very familiar to passengers on the Oakland ferry-boats, and, as they flap patiently alongside of the upper deck, many a cake or cracker finds its way into their capacious craws. An especially delectable morsel gives rise to shrill screams and wild headlong plunges, and, it is safe to say, it never reaches the water.

Stalking jauntily along the roofs of the warehouses, rocking lightly on the miniature waves, or lost in meditation upon the summit of some weather-beaten, barnacled pile, they are at once companionable, entertaining, and picturesque. Even on a dull foggy day

they harmonize with their surroundings, forming, with their quaker garb, a symphony in gray, and floating airily over the white-caps during southeastern gales, they seem the very spirit of the storm.

Gulls are very common most of the year all along the California coast, but they retire inland during the early summer months to the shores of lakes and large water-courses.

The adult birds are a pale pearl-gray in color, with yellow legs and a whitish breast, the plumage of the younger ones being somewhat darker on the upper surface and varied with deeper shades.

Their chief characteristic is their insatiable appetite, and they seem not only to "eat to live," but literally to "live to eat."

When the egg-hunters make their periodical visits to the Farallones, in order to secure the eggs of the murre (another species of sea-bird), for the markets of the San Francisco water front, the wily gulls are said to fly just ahead of the collectors and to break open with their bills as many eggs as possible in the deserted nests, returning to the rookeries after the sound specimens have been gathered and enjoying a delightful feast.

Sometimes troops of gulls follow ocean steamers far out to sea in hopes of obtaining choice scraps thrown out from the kitchen portholes, and often they may be seen pursuing shoals of small fish, clamoring greedily the while.

The nest of the gull is made on the ground or bare rocks, or, when they congregate in vast numbers, even in stunted sagebrushes. It is roughly composed of dry grass, sticks and a few feathers; and the eggs, which are usually three or four in number, are deposited about the middle of May. In color these vary from a bluish-white to a deep brown, and are spotted and blotched with dark markings, while in size they are about two and a half inches in length by one and a half in breadth.

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

The vulture, or condor, of California, bears the proud distinction of being, next to the famous condor of the Andes, the largest known bird of flight; and is claimed by some scientists to equal, if not to exceed, in size its South American rival, as from tip to tip of the outspread wings it measures from eight and a half to ten and a half, or even eleven, feet, while its height is that of a half-grown child.

In early days these mammoth birds were exceedingly numerous all along the region of the Pacific Coast, from Northern Oregon to the mouth of the Colorado River; but their habitat is now restricted to isolated mountain peaks in the southern part of the State, and they are becoming so rare that their total extinction is only a question of a few years' time.

Mr. Lorquin, the well-known taxidermist, has asserted that a large condor was shot in pioneer San Francisco, in the neighborhood of what is now Bush Street, near Grant Avenue.

Though stuffed specimens are seldom found in ornithological collections, a good one may be seen in the museum of the California Academy of Sciences.

In food, habits, and manner of flight, this vulture resembles the turkey buzzard, with which it often associates. Its color is a brownish-black, with patches of white beneath the wings; and the bare, yellowish neck is surrounded by a fringe, or collar, of long narrow feathers, while dark circles define the small keen eyes.

From the end of the beak to the tip of the tail it measures about fifty-five inches, and the average weight is from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

As the claws are comparatively straight and blunt, they are not well adapted to clinging to the rounded branches of trees; so when at rest these birds usually perch upon jagged rocks or on the brink of beetling precipices.

They have an ungainly walk; but their flight is most majestic, there being no perceptible movement of the wings, even if they are observed through an opera glass. Soaring upward, in a series of wide circles, they finally become a mere speck in the zenith, where they remain poised for hours, especially before a thunder-storm.

But let a hunter bring down a deer or rabbit within their range of vision, and leave it unprotected, and in a twinkling they swoop down from the ether, and the game is soon reduced to a skeleton.

The condor is said to make no real nest; either piling a few sticks loosely together, or depositing its eggs in hollow logs or stumps, or in the deserted nests of eagles or buzzards.

The eggs, which are one or two in number, are of a pale greenish-blue or grayish-white, and their dimensions are about two and a half inches in diameter by

From "By Semitropic Seas."

four and a half inches in length. So rare have they become that very large prices are offered by museums for perfect specimens.

The young vultures are awkward creatures, resembling the adult birds in general form, though they are covered with a soft, fluffy, whitish down, much like that of a fledgling owl.

If taken soon after hatching, they can be easily tamed; but develop, with increasing size, a most abnormal appetite—a medium-sized condor in a zoological garden having been known to average a large sheep a day.

They can, however, exist for several weeks without food, owing to their enormous muscular strength and great tenacity of life.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

LILLA W. SICKLER.

Modern literature, it is said, lacks in good descriptive writing. Foremost among California writers who have won a distinguished reputation along this line,

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

is the subject of our sketch, Mrs. Emma Seckle Marshall. While her productions have included every class of literature, from stories to poems, and from essays to biographies, the major portion of her time has, for the past few years, been devoted to travel, that she might interpret Nature in her various forms and spirits.

The readers of THE TRAVELER have not been without opportunity to judge of her literary style.

Mrs. Marshall has written many poems, in many moods, from the dainty fancy of "Queries" to the stately measure of "The Snow Plant," which first appeared in the pages of this magazine, and which attracted wide attention and many favorable comments. It is indeed a masterpiece.

She has, at various times, contributed to the *Youths' Companion, Leslie's Weekly, Overland, Household, Housekeeper, Woman's Work,* and other periodicals, besides doing a large amount of syndicate work.

It will doubtless interest the reader to learn that California has the best claim to having inspired and developed the high and noble sentiments, the earnest thought, the intense enthusiasm, which grace both the prose and poetry of this gifted writer.

She recognizes, too, the benefits to be derived from unity of purpose and interchange of thought as afforded by the various associations of writers. She was one of the first women received into the California Editorial Association, and a charter member of the Southern California Editorial Association, also of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association.

She has many fine social qualities, and a winning personality. In her home she is most hospitable. Being well versed on many subjects, and having the gift of expression, she is a charming conversationalist. Though not a demonstrative woman, there are depths to her nature, as is evinced by her devotion to the few friends admitted to her intimacy, for one of her strong virtues is steadfastness in friendship, a characteristic we all admire, but few of us possess.

She refutes the assertion that literary women are neglectful or careless of home duties. In addition to the labors in connection with her career as a professional writer, Mrs. Marshall directs her own household affairs and looks carefully to the education and training of her son and daughter, with whom she invariably spends "The Children's Hour."

"LOOKOUT" STATION, POINT LOBOS.

KATHIE HILLYER.

ABOUT two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the waves, at the base of Point Lobos, which guards one side of the entrance to San Francisco harbor, stands a low, many-sided building, with windows all around it, and a door giving entrance from the land side. It is a singular structure.

On the roof is a queer contrivance, which is really two short iron bars crossed in the middle, and having a flat cup on each end, revolving as the wind strikes the cups.

Within the building there is much that gives rise to conjecture. Occupying a position in the center of the room is a huge telescope that may be moved at will, and here the marine reporter of the Merchants' Exchange, John Hyslop, scans the horizon for incoming ships. He is a character worthy a place in Californian history, and is a perfect encyclopedia of facts concerning the sea, its ships, and his environment. He looks young, but despite his slender build and weather-beaten complexion he gives one an impression of determination and accuracy.

When the speck on the horizon has taken shape the reporter telephones the name, position, condition, as near as he can determine, and distance out, of the ship, to the Merchants' Exchange, for this is the association that supports this station, and also the one on the seawall, at the foot of Powell Street, though the duties of the reporter at the latter place are somewhat different from those of John Hyslop.

As soon as the telephone message is received by the Exchange, the man at the wharf is notified to be on the watch for the vessel. When she is within convenient distance he goes out in his boat, boards her, receives an account of her voyage, takes a manifest of her cargo, and makes note of whatever is worth reporting to the Exchange, where these records are carefully preserved.

From daylight to dark the reporter is at his post, and in case of anxiety regarding an overdue vessel he passes the long hours of the night at his telescope. If the atmosphere is clear he can distinguish a steamer eighteen miles out, a sailing vessel at from fourteen to sixteen, and if the craft is an old timer, and has passed through the Gate many times, he can name her at twenty miles; but if heavy fogs prevail he cannot see her at all until she is within three or four miles of his perch.

In connection with this matter there is an interesting fact to be noted, and this is the reason that lighthouses are placed at a lower altitude than formerly.

POINT LOBOS SIGNAL STATION.

Sometimes, when the writhing masses of mist are impenetrable from the station on the hill, the reporter goes down to the little house on the edge of the sea, below, and looks out *under* the fog, from this point of vantage he has a clear and uninterrupted view of the pulsing gray waves. The distance is judged by the apparent proximity of ships to the different buoys or those points of coast line that are within range of vision.

The methods of signalling are very interesting. If an incoming vessel signals for a tug, a pilot, or orders, the reporter notifies the Merchants' Exchange, and their reply is signaled to the ship. The International Code of Signals is used, except in cases where the private flag of some company flies from the masthead.

This occurs when a tug bringing in a vessel desires to send another tug, belonging to the same company, to the assistance of a vessel known to be still outside, or in some similar case.

The other duties of the reporter consist in keeping a record of the velocity of the wind, by means of electric wires connecting with the little whirling machine on top of the house, which registers every mile on blanks prepared for the purpose.

A word regarding the pilot and tug service will not be amiss here. There are twenty pilots in the Pilot's Association, and about four boats, each of which carries three pilots when out on a cruise. The boats go out in pairs when on the lookout for vessels needing their assistance, but if they do not secure a ship in four days they must return and allow the others to have an equal opportunity.

OUR LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

COLLISON FLEMING.

When the wind and the rain beat furiously against window panes, people fly for shelter and gather around the fireside to laugh and be merry and defy the elements.

Sometimes they say, "Heaven pity the poor souls exposed to this weather," but many of them do not know that out on the ocean beach, from dusk to daylight, patrolmen are plodding along, beating their way against the savage gusts, peering out over angry breakers, and straining their ears for the sound of the booming of cannon which would tell them that somewhere out on the whirling waste of sea a vessel was in danger and lives in jeopardy.

For six miles is the beach thus patroled, the beat commencing at the Cliff House. In darkness or moonlight, under clear skies, lowering or weeping clouds, it is the same. At the end of each two miles the patrolmen meet, exchange greetings, possibly chat for a moment or two, and then return over their lonely routes.

Two life-saving stations are situated on this beach, four miles apart, while a third stands on the bay shore at Fort Point. These stations are all equipped with the latest devices for live-saving, and certain days each week are devoted to practise with the various apparatus; though, fortunately, there is seldom the necessity for putting this practise into real action.

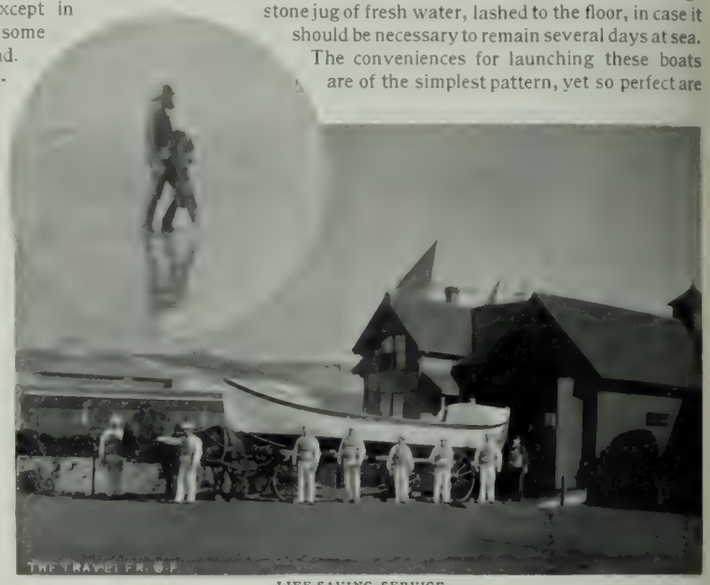
In case it is impossible to launch a boat over the breakers on the beach, an extra boat-house has been built and furnished near the Presidio.

The crew at each station numbers eight men and the keeper, and the equipment, in each case, consists of a self-righting and self-baling lifeboat, a fine surf-boat a life car, a breeches buoy, and the beach apparatus, the latter including a small cannon, projectiles, lines, signals, etc. The signals embrace the flags of the International Code for use in daylight, and colored lights and rockets at night. These are also supplemented by the booming of cannon.

The lifeboats are 30 feet long, 8 feet in breadth, and weigh 3700 pounds. The one at the Fort Point station is somewhat different in construction from the others, but possesses, nevertheless, the same necessary qualities.

In order to insure lightness and buoyancy these boats are not only provided with capacious air chambers, but are lined with cork, and filled, below the water-line, with bags of tules, and each contains a large stone jug of fresh water, lashed to the floor, in case it should be necessary to remain several days at sea.

The conveniences for launching these boats are of the simplest pattern, yet so perfect are they that in six minutes from the time a signal is received, calling for assistance, the boat is in the water.



LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

If a wrecked vessel carries a large number of passengers, and it is impossible to use the boats, the life car is called into requisition, as it will hold from four to five persons. If, however, there are comparatively few people aboard, the breeches buoy is sent over, and one or two people are thus brought off each trip.

These are both operated by means of the beach apparatus. A shot carrying a fine line is sent through the rigging, and by means of this the "whip," as it is called, is hauled on board and made fast to the masthead by a pulley. This whip is an endless rope, which, at the shore end, is attached to a high crotch pole also by a pulley.

Thus a means of communication and transportation is established. The car and breeches buoy are run on an immense hawser, which has been sent over to the ship by means of the whip, and also fastened at the masthead. The buoy is the simplest device in the world, and consists of a large, round life-preserver, to which is attached a pair of short, stout canvas breeches.

The life car is a deep but small boat, covered with taupaulin, that is, though perfectly ventilated, entirely water-tight and buoyant.

In a tiny house upon the crown of Point Lobos a man is constantly on the lookout for signals of distress. From his perch he has an uninterrupted view of the Golden Gate and the ocean, and his eye is quick to detect the slightest signal that could be construed into a call for assistance.

The officers in charge of the Twelfth District, California, are the Superintendent of the service, Major T. J. Blakeney, of whom every man in the service speaks in terms of the highest respect, and his able associate, Captain W. C. Coulson, superintendent of construction and assistant inspector.

There have been comparatively few wrecks in this locality, and but three or four that were really catastrophes; the chief of these, perhaps, was the bark "Atlantic," which was wrecked on the Seal Rocks about ten years ago. Out of her crew of thirty-eight men but eleven were saved.

The efficient work done by the boats from the life-saving stations during the recent disaster which befell the "City of New York" is yet fresh in the memory of the public.

There are few situations in life more fraught with danger, or requiring greater courage, strength, and endurance than that of the life-saving service, for here are men ready at a second's warning to risk life, limb, and health to face danger and endure discomfort, it may be torture, in an endeavor to rescue those who are total strangers, perhaps speaking another tongue.

THE NAVAL REVOLUTION.

J. M. SCANLAND.

NAVAL architecture and naval armament have improved more rapidly within the past quarter of a century than at any other equal period in the history of the world. Prior to the construction of the iron-clads "Merrimac" and "Monitor," during the late war between the States, our Navy was composed of cumbrous wooden ships, not one of which could stand a five minutes' firing from one of our modern line-of-battle ships. The construction of these iron-clads was a rapid stride in naval armament, and their effectiveness revolutionized the navies of the world. Old models were discarded, the science of naval architecture was more closely studied, and improvement has been made in every detail. Improvements have been made ever since the construction of some of our modern cruisers only a few years ago, and in a few years the American Navy will be superior to that of any country in the world. Our monitors, steel cruisers, and line-of-battle ships compare favorably with those of other countries, but our sea and coast defenses are more limited. Our advance in architecture and superior armament is more rapid than that of most European nations. As an evidence of the superiority of our cruisers, Japan has just contracted for two battle-ships—one to be made at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco.

Before the naval revolution our men-of-war were unwieldy wooden structures, poorly protected by a few inches of railroad iron; the guns were mainly of smooth-bore, muzzle-loading, and it usually required sixteen men, and a boy, denominated the "powder monkey," to handle one gun. The shells were hollow and round, and were not one-hundredth part as effective as the sharp-pointed projectiles now in use. About eighty or one hundred pounds of powder were generally used in making a charge; but now two hundred and fifty pounds are used, and the projectile is sent whizzing for a distance of ten miles. The shell weighs five hundred pounds, and is ten inches in diameter. The new improved gun used by the monitors and line-of-battle ships is the steel-rifled cannon, breech-loading, mounted on a revolving turret. These turrets turn about two hundred and fifty degrees, so that the enemy can be reached from almost any direction without waiting for the vessel to be turned. A modern monitor such as the "Monadnoch" has two ten-inch guns in front, or "forward," and two ten-inch guns at the stern, or "aft," as nautically expressed. In an engagement these guns can be wheeled around so as to "feel of the enemy," whether he is forward, in the rear, or on either side of the vessel. In addition, there are two batteries of four-inch rapid-firing guns, and two batteries of six-inch rapid-firing guns on each side, which can be brought into play, and by the revolving of the turrets the guns can be turned in almost any direction. In addition, there is a battery of two one-inch guns about midships of each "fighting top." This is something like a smoke-stack and mast combined. The steel cylinder is hollow, and reaches up about thirty feet, on which is a platform for the battery and the two men who fire the little guns. They fire with a rapidity of sixty a minute, if the gunner is expert and rapid. The capacity of the gun is about a mile. The object of the battery is to fight off torpedoes, a boarding party, and to pepper any and everything in sight below. During an engagement the gunner climbs up to his platform by steps inside of the "fighting staff."

The large ten-inch guns can be fired at the rate of one shot per minute. The ammunition is "fixed,"—the powder being placed in a shell of steel and copper composition, upon which is placed the sharp-pointed projectile, which has the appearance of a rifle ball, only that it is about two feet in length. The breech-loader is opened with one motion, the charge lifted from the carriage by hydraulic power and rammed into the gun. The breech is closed with one motion, the gun is sighted, a button is touched, and out goes the projectile at the speed of 2000 feet to the second.

Hydraulic power and electricity have added greatly to the rapidity of handling guns on war vessels. Under the old system the firing of a gun required much more time and a larger number of men, and, as the revolving turret was then unknown, firing was necessarily delayed often in order to get within range, as maneuvering constituted an important feature of an engagement.

The "Vermont," a four-decker, the largest of the old-style man-of-war ships, carried one hundred guns and about six hundred men. Her entire armament would not be as effective as one of the smaller batteries of any one of our monitors of to-day. She could train her one hundred guns on the "Monadnock" for a week, at a distance of a few hundred yards, and this modern monitor, with her nine-inch solid steel plate armor, would not "feel it." The armor would not be pierced, and it is doubtful whether modern projectiles from modern guns would have any serious effect.

The "Oregon," which is the largest of the modern battle-ships, has not near so many guns, nor such a large crew as the "Vermont" carried. She has a crew of about two hundred men, and her two largest batteries are four twelve-inch guns and two ten-inch guns. Still it can be safely asserted that the "Vermont" could not stand one broadside from this modern battle-ship, and stay above the water.

After the construction of the war-time monitors, the new cruiser followed, and then the huge line-of-battle ship, all of steel, and provided with the latest improved steel rifle guns and revolving turrets. The vessels are less bulky, but larger and of course better built and more durable. There is scarce a vestige of the olden-time equipment now in use. Electricity has supplanted the murky oil-lamp, and hydraulic power that of muscle, thus reducing the former quota of men. The piloting apparatus is moved by steam instead of by hand as formerly, and instead of the usual speaking trumpets and other slow methods of conveying orders, electric buttons are used, and the captain can stand at one point and give commands to men at all points in the vessel, and receive answers in the same manner. The alphabetical signals by colored lamps is another improvement. The modern vessel is of a much prettier model, and lighter and more cheerful in the interior than the old, and better accommodations are provided for the sailors. Owing to improved appliances, the work of a sailor is lighter, there is not so much to do, and he has more time for drilling and spinning yarns, a pastime which is second nature with a sailor.

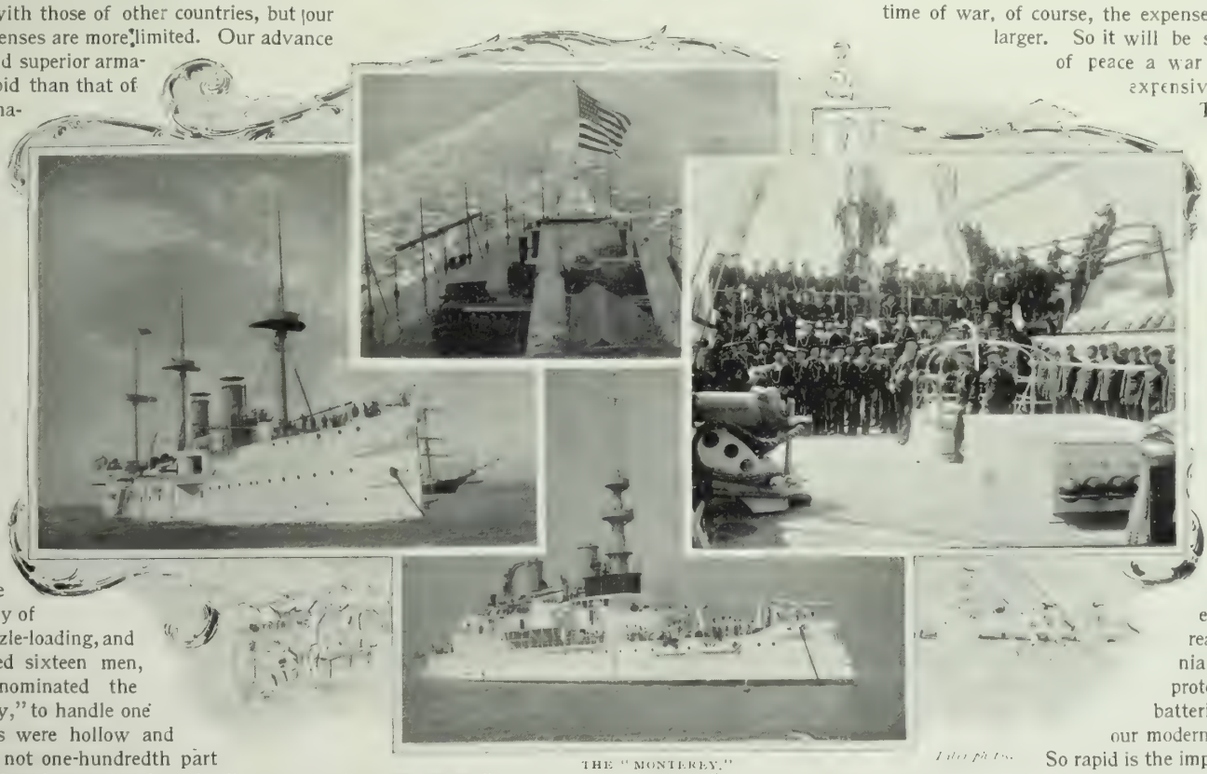
A modern line-of-battle ship costs about $1,000,000. The yearly expenses are about $250,000. But, in time of war, of course, the expenses would be much larger. So it will be seen that in time of peace a war vessel is a most expensive necessity.

The monitors are constructed for coast defense, and not for sea engagement. In case of invasion by a foreign fleet, the line-of-battle ships would steam out to the Golden Gate and give the enemy a few broadsides as a matter of form. Then the monitors would steam out and take up the line of fight, aided by the land-batteries, should the enemy get within reach. The California Coast is well protected by our land batteries and also by our modern monitors.

So rapid is the improvement in ship-building and armament, that no sooner is one completed, than another is contemplated on a newer and better model, with greater power. Many of the inventions in guns and improved projectiles are the work of our naval officers, who have made many valuable additions to the naval armament.

Should we make such rapid strides in the construction of war vessels and superior guns for the next few years as we have within the past generation, America will rank all other countries in naval armament and construction.

The vessel now building at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, for the Wilder Steamship Co. of Honolulu, is a cargo and passenger steamer, especially adapted for the inter-island trade, and to carry 600 tons of cargo on a draft of 13 ft. 6 in. It is to be schooner rigged. The passenger accommodations will be under a long bridge in the middle of the vessel. She will be fitted with all modern appliances, and is to make a speed, loaded, of 9½ knots. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Length on water line, 175 ft. Length over all, 183 ft. Beam, moulded, 29 ft. 11 in. Beam, extreme, 30 ft. Depth, moulded, 14 ft. 10½ in. The vessel is constructed of steel throughout, and will be classed in the first division of Bureau Veritas.



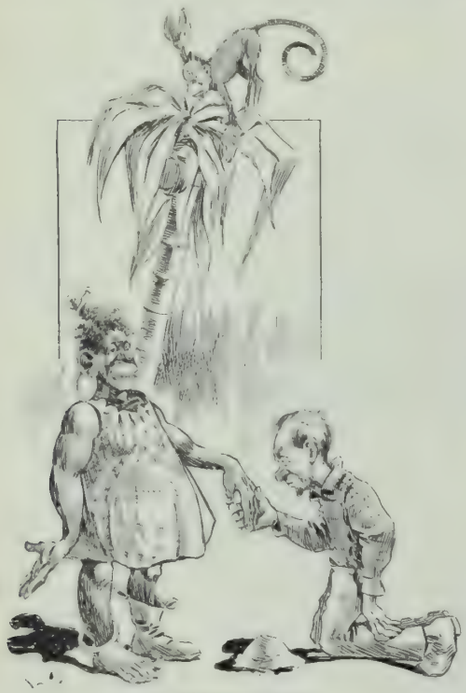
CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO." THE "MONTEREY." THE "OREGON." U. S. SLOOP OF WAR.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE SAILORS.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

DOUBTLESS a life on the ocean wave is largely a game of chance. A sailor's sense of humor is also a curious thing. What there is in his hard, rough-and-tumble existence to develop it is a mystery. A Russian lad who had, years before, fled from the land of the great white Czar when scarcely big enough to handle a belaying pin, and stowed himself away in the hold of a merchantman, once told me how he had lost the forefinger of his right hand. It had frozen while he was aloft in the rigging of a whaler in the Arctic.

"I never knew the difference," he said, "and went right on with my work, my finger as good as dead all the while! Now would you think a man could be such a fool, miss?" and he chuckled as he cheerfully surveyed the place where the missing digit should have been. He had a name that sounded something like Ivan Tobascosauceovantovich, as near as I can remember—or some such abbreviation of the dictionary.



A TROPICAL WOOING.

With all his faults, the sailor has always a warm corner in his heart, no matter how grizzled and gruff he may be, for the spot he has called home; and it is on Christmas Day that his thoughts turn to the customs of childhood—to the days before he had reefed a main topsail or taken a bird's-eye view from the yardarm over miles of watery waste. No sea has been wet enough to quench the enthusiasm that the thought of Christmas at home awakens in his weather-beaten breast.

How would you like to spend Christmas Day on a sailing vessel off Cape Horn among the icebergs, with a monstrous mountain of ice, three hundred feet high, to keep the ship company? A blue-eyed sailor boy related to me the other day how he and the crew observed Christmas on board under these circumstances.

"When the day came round we all felt sort of lonesome-like, and so we thought we'd have an imitation Christmas, tree and all. How to get the tree was what bothered us. We were not in sight of land, and so I had to make one."

"Make one?" I echoed. I had heard of the Indian fakirs who grow fruit trees to order while you wait, but miracles wrought by a sailor were something new under the sun.

"Oh, it was easy enough," said he, "but it took quite a bit of time. I had learned cabinet-making as a trade before I went to sea, so I was used to whittling, and made a Christmas tree with my jack-knife out of some of the ship's lumber. I carved the leaves and made branches and twigs, and when it was done gave it a couple of coats of green paint. When night came we lit it up with candles, sang songs and told yarns and made the best of it. The steward wanted to do his share, but he had nothing but canned goods, so all he could give us in the way of an extra dish was ice cream."

"Where did the cream come from?" I asked, shivering.

"To tell the honest truth, ma'am, it wasn't much of a success, that ice cream, for it was manufactured out of condensed milk and snow—not exactly what you would call a rich dish, but we ate it all the same. The toughest Christmas dinner I ever had, though, was a mess of whale, chopped up with salt pork. We were frozen in, that winter, up in the north, among the icebergs, and our ship we had packed all round with snow, that being warmer than ice, which does damage to the vessel when it touches it. You see there is a layer of whale meat next to the blubber that is very good for boiling. It can be turned into a sausage machine afterward, same as you would make hash, and eaten with vinegar."

Imagine this odorous delicacy as a substitute for turkey, done to a tender, golden brown and served with the crimson and time-honored cranberry!

It does not require much courage to capture and slay the turkey that you have been fattening for his fate in the back yard during the few December days that lie 'twixt him and his inevitable destiny, but if you had to travel a hundred and fifty miles over a desert waste, and run the risk of being made a Christmas meal of yourself en route, the occasion would be fraught with more or less excitement, and bravery would be extremely necessary for the success of the undertaking. Many a ship's crew in the frozen regions of the north has dined on deer at Christmas time, that being the only fresh meat obtainable in that region. The animals have retreated inland, until now a deer dinner frequently involves a three-hundred-mile trip ashore and back. The journey is made with sleds and dogs, eight or ten of the latter hauling the vehicle, and the exploring party is a volunteer one, made up among the crew. A "saddle" of deer means the hindquarters of the animal, and this portion only is considered eatable, the rest being traded off to the natives, who use it in various ways. Twenty saddles is considered a fair catch for a ship load, the meat being stewed for serving.

Whether the Yule-tide finds them at sea or in port it is Uncle Sam's men who fare the best at dinner. In the navy, Jack's holiday repast is a decidedly elaborate affair, and no nation in the world is so liberal with its rations on that or any other day as that which floats our glorious flag. Not only is Mr. Jack Tar regaled with plum duff. Beer, wine and cigars are luxuries which he is permitted to enjoy, if he is willing to pay for them. The Government provides the dinner. Christmas is about the only day in the navy when the solemn rite of holystoning the deck is dispensed with. On almost every craft that rides the water, however, the day is observed by a general cessation of work, if in no other way, Just what the program may be on board a pirate ship I cannot say. I have not yet had the pleasure of interviewing a crew of that kind, and my acquaintance with piratical customs is therefore limited.

A CHRISTMAS FEAST OF WHALE HASH WITH BLUBBER ON THE SIDE.

I used to know a sailor who was a most accomplished economizer of the truth, but his stories were as delightful as they were unbelievable. Compared with them the "Arabian Nights" paled into commonplace insignificance. So vivid was his imagination that he grew to believe his own stories. One of them concerned an adventure on Christmas Day, when, according to his testimony, he went ashore on the coast of

Africa, slew a roaring lion before breakfast, had a fight with a band of natives in which he caused them all to bite the dust, wooed and won a dusky belle, bought his picturesque bride from her mercenary parent for nine yards of gaudy calico and a flask of fire-water, basely deserted her, and swam back to his ship under cover of darkness, pursued by the enemy in the shape of howling savages. Rather a lively Christmas, that.

Sweet potatoes at twenty-five cents apiece were the Christmas portion of the crew of a ship that entered the port nearest Fort Fisher on the Atlantic coast one winter during the war. She hailed from one of the islands of Scotland, floated no flag, and belonged to no country, and had a precarious time dodging danger among the war vessels she encountered. Provisions were very scarce, and the men were glad to find even potatoes when they landed, nothing but salt pork being left in their supplies. They were devouring their meal when a vessel sighted them and sent a shell their way, scaring them so badly that they put to sea again, utilizing for fuel their remaining boxes of pork, their coal being exhausted. I have wondered about the sequel of this story, which never has been told, the conversation being cruelly interrupted at this critical juncture.

If the sailor be a captain as well, and have his wife with him, his Christmas is much more homelike. Sometimes he gets a Christmas gift in the shape of a bouncing baby, as was the case with a captain who married a San Francisco girl two years ago. But at its best the sailor's Christmas is none too happy when it finds him on the bounding billow. These sailors in the aggregate are a merry set, and when the hardships they endure are considered, can one blame them if they celebrate Christmas not wisely but too well, when on land?

SOMETHING ABOUT TELEGRAPHY.

FRANK P. MEDINA.

TWO gentlemen, one elderly, the other young, were passing the office of the Postal Telegraph Company, when the younger man said: "By the way, it has never been my good fortune to visit the operating room of a telegraph company. I should very much like to see the operators at work."

"That can be easily arranged," replied his companion, "Superintendent Storror is a friend of mine, and I am sure he will welcome a visit from us. Let's call on him to-morrow."

Now, the elder gentleman was a prominent physician of San Francisco, who in his early days had been closely identified with telegraphic interests in the United States, and who had kept himself well informed on telegraph matters, scientific and practical, up to date. And so it is not surprising that he was able to give, on the occasion of their visit to the Postal Telegraph Company's operating-room, on the following day, a very good explanation of the things they saw. Mr. Storror received them cordially and told them to make themselves at home.

"Each operator hears only his own instrument," explained the doctor, "a faculty not easily acquired. Messages are transmitted by telegraph by means of a hammer alternately falling on a sounding anvil and striking against an upper limiting stop, the hammer being operated on its downward stroke by an electromagnet, and on its upward stroke by a spiral spring. The electromagnet is under the control of the operator at the distant station, who opens and closes the circuit by means of a key. A single downward stroke quickly followed by an upward stroke is called a 'dot'; if the upward stroke is slightly delayed, the signal is called a 'dash,' and the interval between an upward stroke and the succeeding downward one is called a 'space.' Dots, dashes, and spaces are the elements that form all the characters, and are combined in such ways as to arbitrarily correspond to the letters of the alphabet and the numerals."

"I should think it would take some time to become expert at picking out these signals rapidly."

"It does, indeed. After several years of practise operators can handle them at the rate of thirty or forty words a minute, but press despatches are now transmitted at a much more rapid rate. Commercial messages are never abbreviated in the course of transmission; every letter is duly sent by its corresponding signal. But in press despatches a code of arbitrary abbreviations has of late years come into use, which enables an operator to send as rapidly as the most expert typewriter can transcribe."

"How far can telegraph circuits be worked?" he asked.

"The length of telegraph circuits," said the Doctor, "is limited principally by the escape of the current over the insulators to the ground. There is always some escape, but when this infinitesimal amount is multiplied by the tens of thousands of poles and insulators in a long line, it becomes very much in evidence. Do you see those two young men on our right? They are working a duplex circuit, the first stretch of which is twelve hundred miles long."

"That is quite a stretch."

"Oh, no; the exact truth, I assure you. Although this is one of the longest circuits in the world, it cannot be said to be the limit; indeed, at times it has been practical to extend it five or six hundred miles farther. Now, by a peculiar device, messages are sent for much longer distances, and the two men are working direct with Chicago."

"Is the nature of this device easy to understand?"

"Quite easy. It consists in making the receiving instrument at the end of each of the component circuits operate by its electromagnet the transmitting key of the next succeeding circuit. That is, at the intermediate stations, an electromagnet operated by the operator at the initial station, takes the place of a telegraph operator. Therefore, while wet weather may decrease the workable length of the component circuits, San Francisco can be kept in direct communication with Chicago by increasing the number of these intermediate 'repeaters,' as they are called."

Here Mr. Storror took occasion to compliment the Doctor on the accuracy and fullness of his knowledge.

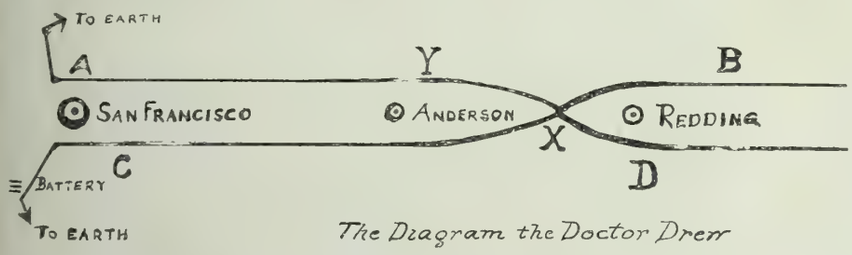
"Well," said the Doctor, "I do not permit myself to get rusty on these matters. Ah, some wire trouble," he exclaimed, as Chief Operator Swain made his way to the switch board. "Let us watch this. I think you will find it interesting."

They moved to a point near the switch-board, and the doctor continued, in a confidential whisper:

"The trouble is a cross between two wires. From some cause, two of the wires have been brought into contact, so that the signals sent on one interfere with the signals sent on the other. Mr. Swain is now testing to locate the place of this contact."

They watched the proceedings for a few minutes, when the doctor resumed:

"The trouble is between Redding and Anderson. One of the wires has been opened at Redding, and also at Anderson, and although the contact still remains, it can cause no trouble to the other wire, since it has been removed from its connection with the earth. By separating the wire, Redding can work north and Anderson south on one wire, while the other wire is just as good as ever. Only the short piece between Redding and Anderson is out of service."



The Diagram the Doctor Drew

"And do you know how Mr. Swain discovered the position of this contact to be between Redding and Anderson?"

This was the proudest moment of the Doctor's life.

"Simple as can be," he replied. He drew a few lines on a scrap of paper, of which the diagram is a reproduction.

"Let A B represent one wire, and C D the other, and let X represent the point of contact. When there is no contact at this point, current will flow on A B from San Francisco to the earth at the far end of the wire, and similarly on C D from San Francisco to the far end. But when contact is made at X the current that starts from San Francisco on A B may cross over to C D at X, and either come back to San Francisco on C D or go on to the far end of C D. Now suppose Mr. Swain has Redding break the circuit of one of the wires, say A B, and at the same time he cuts in on A B a detecting instrument like the ammeter that you saw him use, putting A B to earth at San Francisco. You can readily trace the metallic circuit from San Francisco along C D to X and back along A B to the earth. But when Anderson breaks the circuit at Y, the current that flows through this circuit is interrupted. Therefore the cross is between Redding and Anderson. *Quod erat demonstrandum*," (which was to be proved), and the Doctor laughed heartily.

Just then a messenger came in with a call for the Doctor.

"A talafoom from your office, sir," said the boy.

And so the old gentleman was forced to resume once more the professional role.

"Good-by," he said, as the two hurried out; and the influence of his beaming smile seemed to linger for a long time on the dynamos he had touched.

TALOFA, SAMOA!

CHARLES S. GREEN.

Many people have but a faint idea of Somoa—in spite of all that has been said and written about it—as a resort for tourists.

The journey to Samoa is made by the means of modern travel, a pleasure both in experience and in memory.

Indeed, it is not a very long trip, counting by the present time-table; for one may go from New York to San Francisco in a little over three days, and on the fifteenth day from San Francisco may sail into Apia harbor—less than three weeks all told—a journey shorter by nearly a fourth than the trip from New York to San Francisco by Panama.

Samoa, like the Hawaiian Islands, is a group of islands built by volcanic forces. They are thirteen in number.

The middle island of the three, Upolu, is the most interesting, though not the largest, for on it is situated Apia, the port of entry, and it is the seat of government.

On a nearer approach a beautiful waterfall, some four hundred feet in height, is used by mariners as a valuable landmark in making the harbor. Soon the little whaleboat of the pilot is seen bobbing up and down on the great swells, and when that worthy is taken aboard, he heads the steamer straight for the line of surf.

Soon a swarm of boats surrounds the great black hull, and all is bustle and excitement. There are the natives to be studied, in the swarming canoes, each with its outrigger.

Savaii is the largest of the group, and lies farthest west. It is about twenty by forty miles in extent, and has but one harbor. The people live on the coast; for the density of the bush and the rough nature of the volcanic rocks that make up the interior are not inviting to travel, and there is no record that either white man or native has crossed the three ranges of mountains that make the backbone of the island.

The cocoanut meat is cut into strips about four by six inches, drying down to about half that, and these are packed in burlap sacks, each containing from sixty to seventy pounds.

Upolu, the middle island of the group, is the home of nearly all the white population, and is the seat of government and of commerce. It is forty-five miles long by about fourteen broad, but is of less regular shape than Savaii, and contains about five hundred and eighty square miles.

The natives, it is hardly needful to mention, have been crowded away from the water front. Their huts are more numerous on the side of the town lying on the marshy land at the rear, for Apia is built on a bank of firm land between a marsh and the bay.

The third of the larger islands lies about forty miles east of Upolu. Tutuila, seventeen miles long and two hundred and thirty in circuit, is interesting to Americans, containing the harbor of Pago Pago, ceded to the United States as a coaling station.

The other smaller islets of the group stretch along the same east and west line, the farthest about sixty miles from Tutuila, or lie under the shelter of the larger islands, mere broken off fragments.

There are two seasons in the Samoan climate, the hot and rainy, January, February, and March, and the dry season. The second is the best time for visiting the group. The thermometer seldom registers over eighty-two degrees, and seldom below seventy-two degrees, except high up on the hills. This uniformity of temperature as well as its mildness renders the climate peculiarly favorable to persons whose lungs are weak. In spite of its tropical climate the nights are cool.

The native animals of Samoa are few and small, the only sport in the hunting line is furnished by wild pigs, ducks, and pigeons.

But, after all, the most interesting thing about Samoa is the people.

In the six days mentioned as the shortest possible stay in making a quick round trip, something may be done if the voyager is energetic in employing the scanty time. The Samoans are a noble race, simple,

honest, affectionate, and, above all, hospitable. They have strict ideas of etiquette.

Americans generally have gained a pretty good idea as to the physique of the Samoan from the specimens they saw at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. They know the warm brown skins, the bushy black hair, except where it is stained a dull golden brown by the plentiful bleachings with lime. They have heard their songs, their dances with beating of clubs and spears in time to the music; have seen the comely women and their gentle swayings in rhythm with the more active dances of the men. They know, too, their costumes.

Besides they wear an abundant coat of cocoanut oil —which causes them to glisten as if varnished—and the men are tattooed. Tattooing is the ceremony that the Samoan youth goes through when he assumes the *toga virilis*, only this toga is not a flowing robe, but a sort of breeches tattooed on the brown skin in small zigzag blue lines.

The *tapo* of a village is a maiden, sometimes the daughter of the chief, sometimes only of good but not chiefly family, chosen often from a very early age, five years old or so, to act as a sort of perpetual Queen of the May. She is given a retinue of attendants, generally the dwarfs or misshapen persons, who are not able to fight or labor. She is adorned with the most elaborate mats of *tappa*, beautifully figured, and so many of them on great occasions as to be quite a burden, but they represent the wealth of the village. She leads all the processions of the people in their many ceremonials, as that bearing the taxes or tribute to the king, and she goes at the head of the village contingent of warriors when they march to battle. Should she be struck by a flying bullet in this service, it is gravely mourned by the foe, for they would never dream of trying to hurt a woman. Her term of office is during good behavior or until she is sought in marriage, or rather until a marriage is arranged for her by the talking men, or elders, of the village. Her own wishes are seldom consulted; she must pay the penalty of her greatness by marrying the man picked out for her, whose help in war will be of use to her people. During good behavior means a good deal in her case, as envious rivals are on the watch to detect any slip that might justify her deposition. The train of attendants is needed by her rather as witnesses in her behalf in case of a false accusation than as a safeguard from any physical harm. It is her duty to welcome strangers, to see that they are served with all the rites of hospitality, and given a good impression of the village.

LEUMANUTAFU'S HOUSE, APIA.

MAUAI'A'A.

SAMOAN TAUPO GIRL.

The foreign residents vary their diet. They have all the range of tropical fruits, and occasionally can get a cut of *bullimacow*—Samoan for beef. This name was the result of the first shipment of cattle to the island. When the natives asked the names of the primal pair, they were told it was "a bull and a cow"—and *bullimacow* it has been ever since to them. "Peasoupo" is another main dependence of the white people. It is the generic name given by the natives to all canned goods—from which it is easy to infer that the first importation in cans was pea soup. Fairly good servants can be had at low wages, though it may require a little patience at the start to get the native to understand the use of all the *tongafitis*—

inventions of the evil one—connected with foreign housekeeping. They are easily managed and always interested and faithful so long as they stay, but are like children in many respects, having to be humored, and being subject to whims, when they may suddenly dismiss themselves from your service with no ceremony whatever—sometimes leaving a comparatively large sum due them in wages.

OLOSEGA—NATIVE VILLAGE.

There seems to be but little crime among the natives—an occasional murder done in a burst of ungovernable rage, but little else, where they have not been taught evil ways by white influence. Perhaps their honesty is a little dependent on their curious customs as to ownership. They live, or did live until white men's ideas as to *meum* and *tuum* were forced upon them, in a sort of communistic fashion, completely so as between members of the same family. Anything acquired by one belongs to all. A native may make a fine canoe, but when it is finished a kinsman may express a desire for it, and it is promptly given to him. Food, in especial, is common property, and no native would think of denying any neighbor that asked, a portion of what he had to eat. This patriarchal simplicity is passing away, but enough still remains to be quaint and curious in the studying of it, and it must be said too, enough to make it difficult to get the Samoans to adopt habits of industry. They will not labor on the plantations, because anything that they buy with their wages must be shared with their less industrious kinsfolk. The result is that natives from other islands have been brought to Samoa in numbers as laborers.

For nearly eighty years the Tongans were in disputed possession of the country and held the coast line of the three largest islands, depriving the original inhabitants of the fisheries and of the use of the sea water, which was much used in their cookery. During this period the Samoans built many substantial roads over the roughest sort of country, and the remains of these great works are still to be seen in many of the inland districts. In many cases they are used to this very day. The dry stone walls are built so carefully that the rocks still maintain their original positions, though doubtless shaken by many a mighty convulsion of nature in an age when phenomena of this sort were far from uncommon.

In consequence of their dread of the white men and their ships, the Samoans never dreamed of resisting anything that was demanded unanimously by the three consular powers, England, Germany, and the United States.

White men, during the hostilities, could go and come amid the fighting men, from one line to the other, and take no harm, their only risk being from a random bullet.

The Samoans were well armed with modern guns, supplied them at great profit by traders, but they did not know how to use these weapons very well and wasted many times a man's weight in lead for every one killed. The supply of ammunition ran low when the fight had been long continued, until a single cartridge cost as much as twelve cents.

The battles went on with great shouting and tremendous rattle of musketry, but with little loss of life, and the whites and the women came and went at will during the fight but little concerned about it all. The Samoans still practise to some extent the old custom of taking the head of a slain enemy as a trophy.

So much has been said and written about the great hurricane of 1889, and it has been commonly credited with results of so great importance that even so cursory an account of Samoa as this must contain mention of it. This was not the first of Samoan hurricanes. They come once in six or seven years at the time of the vernal equinox, between March 5th and 25th. On March 25th, 1883, eight ships had been destroyed by a similar storm.

The great waves that poured into the harbor straight from the north rather gathered than lost force, and all the ships were tossing to and fro, so that they collided with each other, and tore away bowsprits, smokestacks, and spars. All were steaming to relieve the strain on the anchor chains.

And here we come to one of the thrilling events of the storm. The "Calliope," the English ship, had more powerful engines than any of the others—for the Americans', especially, were of a wretchedly antique character. Threatened on the one side by the "Olga" and on the other by the "Vandalia" dragging down upon her, she cut her cables, put on a full head of steam, and slowly gathering way, steamed out of the harbor right in the teeth of the gale.

The "Vandalia" next struck the reef in a vain attempt to reach the beach where the "Nipsic" lay. She sunk, and many of her crew were lost.

The "Trenton" began to part her cables, and to come drifting stern first down the harbor. To escape her helpless lunges the "Olga" was forced to cut loose from her moorings, and to beach herself near Matautu; where she had the best beach of all the stranded ships. Then the "Trenton" bore down on the sunken "Vandalia" and threatened the helpless sailors clinging to her masts. But this was turned into a means of deliverance, for by quick and skilful work all these men were got to the "Trenton's" deck, and she rolled up to the side of the lost "Vandalia" and sank to the gun deck by her side. After daylight on the following day, the 16th, lines were safely got to the "Trenton," and all her crew but one was saved.

Nothing has done more to bring Samoa to the knowledge of the world of late years than the residence there of Robert Louis Stevenson. His reason for going there, and for staying there after he had once tested its benefits, was that he had a bronchial affection that threatened to involve the lungs also. While he stayed in the mild and equable, yet bracing, climate of this tropic sea-girt isle he was comparatively well. He could go and come with other people, could ride horseback, and could enjoy life, besides accomplishing a vast deal of work in his chosen field. When he left Samoa it was to grow worse and worse as the steamer went farther and farther from it, until by the time he reached San Francisco or Sydney he could but crawl wretchedly to his hotel, there to go to bed and stay until a steamer was ready to carry him back to his ocean home.

ITU O TANE, SAFUNI RIVER, SAVAII.

A MARINE RETROSPECT.

W. V. BRYAN.

MINGLED with the past history of the various craft that have traversed the waters of the Pacific in by-gone days is an element of romance and reverence that is made even more intense and interesting by a comparison between the old historic hulks and the modern steamships of the present day. Many of these old-time vessels have passed out of existence, and in most cases there is but a fragmentary history remaining, gleaned from the old argonauts and mariners who bore so influential a part in the progress of the maritime interests of the Pacific Coast.

Early Californians will best remember the steamer "Beaver," carrying with her the honor of being the first steamer to sail across the Atlantic, and the pioneer of the Pacific Coast. She was constructed on the Thames in 1835, over sixty years ago, and since that time a generation has come and departed. She was a side-wheeler, of course, carrying independent engines of 35 horse-power each. The best of material was used in her construction, and relics taken from the wreck are still in a state of excellent preservation, as indicated by the various useful ornaments into which they are now being manufactured.

Built and equipped at a period when the problem of steam marine navigation was in its incipiency, it is hardly to be wondered at that this little steamer, which was destined to traverse two oceans—one of them scarcely known outside of books of travel—should be an object of deep interest from the day that her keel was laid until the date of her departure.

For many years she plied between Oregon and British Columbia, in the fur trade, until 1888, when she ran on the rocks at high tide, and, in spite of all attempts to save her, she became a total wreck.

It would be a stupendous undertaking to record an authentic account of the marine development on the Pacific Coast. The old "Beaver," "The Lot Whitcomb," and other odd craft of a contemporaneous period, would seem strikingly insignificant in comparison with our magnificent vessels of to-day, caparisoned like the modern private cars of the Vanderbilts and the Astors, and more splendidly regal than the most elaborate and exaggerated descriptions of historical grandeur.

Almost a century ago marked the epoch when mariners gave any attention to the commercial advantages of the Pacific Coast, and dating from that period the sea-faring industries really had birth. Few are alive to-day who can recall the chapters of marine history prior to 1850, in which year the old steamboat "Columbia" made her first appearance. She was a small side-wheeler, but 90 feet long, 16 feet beam, and about 4 feet depth of hold. The glory of the first steamer, "Columbia," had but begun to wane, when the steamer "Lot Whitcomb," a much more pretentious craft, was launched in December, 1850. She was 160 feet long and 24 feet beam, and although she made many trips in the Northwest, she was finally consigned to service on the Sacramento River.

In 1855 the steamship service between San Francisco and the northern points was performed by the Pacific Mail steamers "Columbia," "Republic" and "Fremont," while the "America" and "The Peytonia" were running in opposition. The "Columbia" continued on regular runs between San Francisco and northern ports, touching at Crescent City, Port Orford, and Trinidad, being occasionally relieved by the "Republic" and the side-wheeler "California," the latter being the first steamship built for the Oregon trade, and the first American steamship that entered the Pacific.

The year 1856 brought no great changes in the marine business, and comparatively few additions were made to the fleet of steam and sailing vessels.

While the mining excitement was at its height in 1858, most of the steamships ran from San Francisco to Victoria and Bellingham Bay without stopping at intermediate ports, but as patronage subsided they again touched at Astoria and Portland both ways.

But one might go on almost indefinitely recording the marine history of the coast from 1850 to the present day were it not for the fact that such data must needs be entertaining only to those who are conversant with or interested in the early history and growth of the service. Such a record necessarily involves personalities. However, the foregoing, commencing with the steamer "Beaver," gives some outline of the character of vessels that were in service during the early periods, and the modern ships of to-day when compared with these old-timers, show the tremendous contrast and advancement that has taken place during the past forty-six years.

To-day, we have connection from San Francisco with Japan by two lines of steamers, with the Hawaiian, South Sea Islands, Australia and New Zealand, with all coast ports north and south, and with all principal cities on the coast of Mexico and Central America, to say nothing of the splendid service to the land of the Midnight Sun, Alaska, and its wonderful isles.

For many years the equipment of the splendid Atlantic liners has been quoted as the finest on earth, but within the last decade it is not too much to say that the Pacific service, particularly to the Orient and Australia, is in every respect equal, if not superior, to that on the other side of the continent.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER "BEAVER."

Experience, comparison, and competition have brought about this condition, but regardless of its source, it exists nevertheless, so that the experienced globe-trotter hails with delight his connection with the Oriental and Australian service.

The changes in size and accommodations on the coast vessels have been gradual. First, the side-wheel steamer was fitted with staterooms for passengers below the spar deck, and rarely exceeded 1000 tons register. As the demand increased, the hurricane deck, with its roomy promenade and comfortable quarters for passengers, together with a large increase in the size, took the place of the smaller vessel, and later still, the side-wheel has been crowded off the ocean, and has been replaced by the now splendid iron and steel screw steamer; modern in every particular, large in proportions, with luxurious accommodations equal to our best hotels. Electric lights take the place of the old oil lamps, and refrigerators enable the table to be supplied at all times with the luxuries found on shore, without regard to length of the voyage, beautiful bath-rooms, and lavatories that rival any, are to be found on the floating palaces. To make a voyage now on any well-equipped ocean steamer is to enjoy a comfort never dreamed of in the early days of the steamship. The speed to-day has reached the marvelous rate of twenty miles per hour as against the average of seven and a half to eight knots in the early history of the coast. The Atlantic liner will often cover a distance of nearly 500 miles in the twenty-four hours, and our Pacific ships will approach 400 miles in the twenty-four hours, and keep the same speed for days at a time. The vessel of to-day steadily ploughs its way through the heavy seas, throwing the spray high over her spars without the slightest inconvenience to crew or passengers.

THE OLD STEAMER "PANAMA," 1869.

ALASKA IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

The development and success of our Pacific Coast industries should be at all times an engaging subject. To sketch the growth of any branch of industry is to supply the reading public with matter of extreme interest. Especially is this so in the West, where all growth has been conspicuously devoid of the humdrum pace which characterized most development in the East. Less than half a century has served to transform the western portion of our country from an almost trackless and unknown wild, barred, seemingly forever, from the Atlantic Slope by the formidable Rockies, into one of the most productive and famous regions of the world. Along the shores of the Pacific, where hardly fifty years ago only the monotonous murmur of the waves and the cries of the sea birds broke the pristine silence, to-day great cities rear their lofty walls and call to their portals the people of all countries and climes. The ships of all nations enter their harbors, bearing to us the products of the East, the antipodes, the far North and the South. Industry's thousand, brawny hands are wielded to accomplish a thousand ends, and a civilization in advance of that of many of the world's oldest nations makes its abiding place here. From the icy shores of far Alaska to the prolific, sun-loved tropics life and activity are rife, and here the world's commerce and industry are rapidly centering. Every year sees the birth of some new line of enterprise, which brings us nearer the goal of preeminence. The growth of the canning industry on the Pacific Coast has been exceedingly rapid. From an insignificant commencement some twenty years ago it has developed into one of the foremost factors in the wealth of the West, furnishing employment to thousands of people, and sending its product to all parts of the civilized world. In the Columbia and Fraser Rivers salmon canning was first carried on on an extensive scale, and the outputs of the great plants located along those rivers have been, and are, justly celebrated; but of late years much more prolific grounds have been discovered, and bid fair, both as regards the quality and the quantity of their outputs, to surpass all others. Of course we refer to those of Alaska, and an emphatic illustration of the growth of the industry there is furnished in the history of the most famous of the companies operating in the northern waters, namely, the Alaska Improvement Company, of San Francisco, Cal.

KARLUK, ALASKA IMPROVEMENT COMPANY'S CANNERY IN 1895.

FISHING BOAT, KARLUK RIVER.

The Alaska Improvement Company was incorporated under the laws of the State of California in 1887, and is among the largest of the enterprises having their headquarters in San Francisco as salmon canners, with offices at No. 3 Stuart Street. The officers of the Company are: President, Mr. James Eva; Vice-President, Mr. B. H. Madison; Secretary, Mr. J. Pentecost; General Superintendent, Mr. H. J. Barling.

After several years of various success the Company entered upon a more prosperous career in 1892.

Some idea of the growth of the salmon-packing business may be gleaned from the fact that while this Company packed 25,000 cases in 1889, with a yearly increase up to the present time, there is every reason to believe that their pack of 1896 will reach 100,000 cases. They are packers of the "Canoe," "Ensign," "Hatchery," "Kadiak," "El Modelo," and other brands of salmon, and there are few brands better or more widely known than these. Their canneries are located at Karluk, Kadiak Island, Alaska, and at Ugashek River, Behring Sea, Alaska. The equipment of the canneries includes every modern appliance. They have been designed with a view to rapid and perfect work, and no canneries on the Coast can eclipse them in either of these respects we have mentioned.

The many buildings are all spacious, substantially constructed, and supplied with every machine or appliance that can in any way facilitate operations and perfect the output. The completeness of the equipment has been further augmented by the erection of large plants for the manufacture of the cans and boxes required for packing the salmon. These plants are most modern in their appointment, and though the output of the canneries is doubled annually, they will be able to supply the cans and boxes for years to come without further additions. Not only does the Company save a great expense by the possessing of these factories, but also avoids delays, which were bound to occur, despite the utmost precaution, when the cans had to be shipped from the factories of the States to headquarters. The extent of their operations may be better understood from the fact that they employ some 350 men, thoroughly skilled in their various lines, at the highest wages, besides a fleet of vessels consisting of the steamers "Kadiak," and "Alaska," steam launches "Delphine," and "Corinne," the barque "Harvester," schooner "Premier," and numerous lighters, fishing-boats, skiffs, and dories. They have been increasing the capacity of their plants at both Karluk and Ugashek, and during the month of April, 1896, it was this Company that constructed the steamer "Kadiak" in the short space of twenty-three days. The building of this steamer has proved a valuable acquisition to the Karluk Station. Some of these vessels are maintained to transport supplies to the canneries and return with cargoes of canned salmon. They are mostly of large tonnage, modern in design and equipment, and add materially to the fleet of the Pacific.

BARK HARVESTER, LOADED FOR CANNERIES.

The superiority of their product is best proven by the rapidly increasing demand for it. Though scarcely ten years in operation the Company to-day controls a patronage that is much more widespread than that of many of the oldest canning enterprises of the Continent. Each year has shown an almost phenomenal increase in the volume of the output and expansion of the territory covered, until to-day, not only through all parts of the United States are their brands known and sold, but also through many foreign countries. The export trade is developing very rapidly, and almost from the outmost confines of civilization the demand may be said to come. For general excellence their brands are without superior, and the success with which they have met is the result of merit and untiring energy alone. The salmon of the Alaskan waters are admitted by all to be superior to those found further south, and this advantage, together with the fact that the utmost care is exercised in all departments, from the time the fish are landed in the Company's boats until the cans are labeled and boxed for shipment, accounts for the immediate success the goods met with. A feature worthy of special mention is the cleanliness that pervades all departments. Skilled foremen personally supervise the operations.

KARLUK, ALASKA IMPROVEMENT COMPANY'S SALMON CANNERY IN 1896.

Liberal and reliable methods control all their operations, and these have contributed greatly toward the Company's popularity. The officers of the Company are all widely known, and their names are the strongest guarantee of its high standing and responsibility. Messrs. Eva and Pentecost devote their time to the Company's interests in San Francisco, while the canneries are under the general supervision of Mr. H. J. Barling, a gentleman of many years' experience in the salmon industry. He is ably assisted by Mr. A Colvin at the Behring Sea cannery.

It is to such enterprises as the Alaska Improvement Company that San Francisco owes her present prominence in the industrial and commercial world.

THE "CITY OF PEKING."

Among the many commanders who sail from this port none are more esteemed than Captain John Tremaine Smith of the steamship "City of Peking." Captain Smith was born in Cornwall, England, in 1852, and was educated in the Naval School at Greenwich. This is one of the most celebrated schools in England, having been founded by Queen Anne for the sons of naval officers. When seventeen years of age Captain Smith was apprenticed to the famous London firm of George Marshall & Sons, for their merchant service, and served for three years on the barque "Havelock" and the ship "Berkshire." He was then made third officer of the "Berkshire," leaving her the next year to join the "Weltshire" as second officer, and transferring the following year to the "Cambridgeshire." He was then appointed first officer of the sailing vessel "Middlesex," trading between London, Sydney, San Francisco, and Liverpool, and filled that position for three years. He came to San Francisco in 1879 as first officer of the "Berkshire," and resigned his position with her to join the American merchant service. From that time up to 1882 he was first officer of several large sailing ships running to New York and other ports. In 1882 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as third officer of the "Rio de Janeiro," plying between this city and China ports, and in that capacity made three voyages. He was then made second officer of the "City of New York," and after one trip was promoted to first officer of the "City of Sydney," which position he

CAPTAIN T. TREMAINE SMITH.

successfully filled for five years. During that period he had command of the steamship for one voyage, owing to the illness of the commander. After leaving the "City of Sydney" he was first officer of the "China" for one year and in 1892 was made commander of the "Rio de Janeiro." In October, 1895, he received his present command. Captain Smith's career in connection with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has been one of steady advancement, until to-day he commands the largest ship of their fleet. He is one of the most thoroughly posted and ablest of the Company's commanders, and his services are very highly valued.

Captain Smith inherits his love for the sea, since for generations back his ancestors have followed this

"CITY OF PEKING."

life, many of them gaining enviable distinction. When Sir Francis Drake sailed from Dover to meet the Spanish Armada one of the corvettes or small warships was in command of one of Captain Smith's ancestors. During the memorable Siege of Sebastopol Captain Smith's father commanded one of the English frigates. Captain Smith has thoroughly identified himself with this country. He is an American citizen and takes an active interest in all things pertaining to our country's welfare. He has hosts of friends in San Francisco.

G. G. TRASK.

Among the marine officers who make their headquarters in San Francisco, none are more deservedly popular than Mr. G. G. Trask, chief officer of the steamship "City of Peking."

The "City of Peking" is one of the handsomest and largest steamers in the Pacific Mail Company's service, plying between San Francisco and China.

Chief Officer Trask is an old master mariner and is well known on the coast. Mr. Trask was born in the State of Maine in the year 1847, and there received his early education. From his youth Mr. Trask had loved the sea, and in 1863 his first voyage was made on a vessel sailing from New York. In 1874 he was appointed commander of the sailing vessel "Bohemia," which he remained master of for thirteen years, afterwards being transferred to the "Northampton," which he commanded for three years. Mr. Trask

G. G. TRASK.

remained commander of two sailing ships for the same company for sixteen years, during which time he sailed to all quarters of the globe. This service has been of especial benefit to him, in giving him a thorough knowledge of navigation and seamanship of a practical nature. In 1890 Mr. Trask came west to San Francisco, soon afterwards entering the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as third officer on the steamship "Acapulco"; afterwards was transferred to the steamship "Colon" and appointed chief officer in 1892, and in 1893 was transferred to the steamship "City of Peking." Few officers have seen so varied an experience as Mr. Trask. He has visited all climes; shipwreck and dangers have often threatened him, but he always reached port in safety. Mr. Trask has hosts of friends in all parts of the globe, and he is one of the best disciplinarians on the water, always having his crew well in hand.

He is one of the most able officers in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to-day, and is very popular with those who know him. It is hardly requisite to add that social attainments are "sine qua non" in a position of this character.

MR. WM. McCLURE.

One of the most popular of the officers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. William McClure, chief engineer of the "City of Peking." Mr. McClure was born in Manchester, England, in October of 1832, and in that city received his education. When eighteen years of age he came to New York City, and entered the employ of the Novelty Iron Works there. After serving his apprenticeship with that Company he was employed in some of the leading iron works of the East until April, 1864, when he came to San Francisco and entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship

WM. M'CLURE.

Company. He began as water-tender and third assistant engineer of the steamship "Colorado," filling that position until June, 1866, when he was made second assistant on the "St. Louis." From January until May of 1867 he was employed in the Company's shops at Benicia, but in May returned to the steamship "Colorado" as first assistant engineer. In November, 1868, he was transferred to the "Montana," returning to the "Colorado" again in November, 1869. In July, 1870, he was made chief engineer of the "Montana," transferring to the "Sacramento" in October of the same year, and going back on the "Montana" one year later. In January, 1874, he was made chief engineer of the "China," filling that position until October, 1875, when he transferred to the "Colorado." In May, 1876, he was transferred to the

"Dakota"; in July, 1878, to the "Alaska"; in December, 1878, to the "China"; in September, 1880, to the "Granada," and in August, 1881, received his present appointment. The "City of Peking" is the largest ship in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet, and one of the most popular.

CHARLES A. LUTZ, M. D.

One of the ablest and most esteemed surgeons in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Doctor Charles A. Lutz, of the steamship "City of Peking." Doctor Lutz was born November, 1855, in Philadelphia, and in the public schools of that city received his education. After a course at Fewsmith's Academy he entered the University of Pennsylvania in 1873, graduating in March, four years later, with the degree of M. D. He then served for one year in St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, as intern, and as most of the cases treated there are surgical, he gained some very important experience in that branch of medicine. Immediately after his graduation on March 12, 1877, at the University of Pennsylvania, the oldest medical college on the continent, he immediately began practise at Orwigsburg, Schuylkill County, Penn., and continued there for something less than a year. In 1879 Doctor Lutz was appointed surgeon on board the American Line steamship "Illinois," resigning later on to accept a similar position on the "Zealand," of the Red Star Line. In 1882 he entered the Mercy Hospital at Pittsburg, as resident physician, remaining there fifteen months. He then resolved to come west, and reached San Francisco in 1884. He engaged at once with the Alaska Gommercial Company, and left for Alaska as surgeon on the steamship "St. Paul." For some time he cruised round the Alaska Coast attending to the Company's employees, after which he was placed in charge of St. George's Island, a sealing post. After three years were spent on St. George's Island, he was transferred to St. Paul's Islands, where he remained until 1890, when he returned to San Francisco, returning from there East to Defiance, Ohio, where he practised medicine for some time. While in Defiance he received a telegram from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company offering him the position of surgeon on the "City of Panama." He accepted the offer, and after one year on the "Panama" was transferred to Barracouta, then to the "San Blas," and later to the "San Jose." He again served on the "City of Panama" and the "San Blas," and in May, 1895, received his present appointment on the "City of Peking," trading between San Francisco and China and Japan. The "City of Peking" is the

DOCTOR CHARLES A. LUTZ. *Schoene photo.*

largest steamship of the Pacific Mail fleet, and the position is therefore one of special importance. Doctor Lutz's varied experience, however, has given him a knowledge of surgery and medicine that few physicians possess, and he is invariably successful in the treating of his patients. In 1893 he passed a Civil Service examination before the U. S. Board of Examiners for the position of physician for the Indian Service, and received an average of 84.72 per cent. A government place was tendered him at Phœnix, Ariz., which he declined. Doctor Lutz and his family reside in San Francisco, where the Doctor is widely known and esteemed both socially and professionally.

MR. EDWIN T. OSBORN.

One of the best known and most popular of those in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. Edwin T. Osborn, purser of the steamship "City of Peking." Mr. Osborn is a native son of San Francisco and was born in June, 1868. After a thorough course in the public and high schools of this city, Mr. Osborn entered the employ of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in 1887 as clerk. He at once found favor in the eyes of his employers and steadily advanced in their service until 1891, when he resigned to accept a position with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He began as storekeeper on the "San Jose," but was shortly afterwards made freight clerk on the "Colima." He filled this position until March, 1895, when he was promoted to his present important office. To say that Mr. Osborn is popular with the traveling public is by no means fully expressing the esteem in which he is regarded. Whole-souled, genial, and possessed of that happy knack of pleasing, Mr. Osborn makes friends of all with whom he comes in contact, and he numbers these by the legion. He is also a man of marked busi-

E. T. OSBORN.

ness ability, and though one of the youngest of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's employees, he is one of the ablest and his services are very highly valued. On land as well as on sea, Mr. Osborn is popular and has hundreds of stanch friends and well-wishers in San Francisco.

MR. W. S. CHANDLER.

Deservedly popular, both with his employers and the traveling public, is Mr. W. S. Chandler, the chief steward of the steamship "City of Peking." Mr. Chandler was born in London, November 9, 1829, and in that city received his education. After successfully engaging in business there and elsewhere for some time, he came to San Francisco in 1852. The gold fever was still raging at that time, and like everybody else Mr. Chandler took it. He followed mining until 1864, when he joined the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; that was in August, and his first position was that of waiter on the steamship "Golden City." He rapidly advanced, however, and in 1867 was made chief steward of the steamship "Colorado." Since that time he has been transferred from ship to ship until he has covered almost the entire fleet. Each step was one higher, until in 1889 he was made chief steward of the "City of Peking," the largest steamship the Company owns. This wide experience has thrown Mr. Chandler in with thousands of travelers, and the fact that nothing but praise is spoken by these people when he is mentioned shows the efficient and careful manner in which his duties are performed. A chief steward, like a Western editor, is either very highly esteemed or utterly despised by the passengers, for it is in his power to make life very pleasant or the

W. S. CHANDLER.

direct opposite for them. But it is needless to add that Mr. Chandler does his utmost to cater to the varied wants of the passengers, and the fact that the "Peking" is one of the most popular vessels in the Trans-Pacific service attests to his capacity. Mr. Chandler certainly lives under a very lucky star. He was on the "City of San Francisco" when she was lost, and also on the "Prince Alfred," and in neither instance were any lives lost. Mr. Chandler and his family reside in San Francisco, where they have hosts of friends.

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD.

At 212 and 214 Market Street are located the salesrooms of Sherwood & Sherwood, who are among the foremost of the importers and shipping and commission merchants of the West. They occupy a spacious and handsome four-story building, which in its appointment and equipment is one of the most complete in the city. They are importers of and wholesale dealers in staple and fancy groceries, wines, liquors, imported and domestic, and their stock includes the choicest products of home and foreign manufacturers and producers. They are Pacific Coast agents for the following world-famous firms: Moet & Chandon, champagnes; Crosse & Blackwell, English groceries; E. & J. Burke, Dublin porter, Bass' ale, whiskies, etc.; Epps' cocoa; Colman's mustard; Schlitz' famous Milwaukee beer; Ross' Belfast ginger ale; Fleischmann's gin; Chalmers' gelatine; Houtman's Holland gin; Fry's cocoas; Day & Martin's blacking; Joule's stone ale; Monogram and Old Saratoga whiskies; Curtice Bros.' preserved meats, fruits and vegetables; etc., etc.; and for Kentucky and imported whiskies, California wines, Havana cigars, etc. They maintain branch houses in Los Angeles, Portland, and other cities, and control a trade drawn from all parts of the Pacific Coast, while they export largely to Mexico, Central America, Hawaii, China, and Japan. A very large marine trade is done, many of the leading ocean lines drawing their supplies largely from Sherwood & Sherwood. The active management of the business devolves upon Mr. H. H. Sherwood, and to his efforts much of the firm's success is due.

It is gratifying to know that a progressive concern of this character has been enabled to capture the trade of the Pacific Coast which they so justly deserve. Their policy, however, has been first-class or nothing throughout, and there is not a single agency they control that does not represent the acme in its line.

CAPTAIN WM. B. SEABURY.

Captain William B. Seabury is a native of New Bedford. He commenced his marine service at Philadelphia while a boy, in the sugar trade with Brazil. After service from New York, he joined in 1864 the steamship "Ocean Queen," and the following year joined the "Baltic." In 1874 he was made captain of the "Arizona," and in 1875 commanded the "City of Panama" for four years. While with the Pacific Mail he had charge of all the large steamers owned by that Company, and superintended the building of the steamship "China," nearly every detail of her construction being left to his judgment. He took command of her as soon as she was completed, and has since run her between San Francisco and China.

J. W. SAUNDERS.

One of the best known officers entering the port of San Francisco is Mr. J. W. Saunders, chief officer of the steamship "China," the finest steamship in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company plying between San Francisco and China. Mr. Saunders was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1850, and received his education in the public and private schools of that city. He went to sea at an early age, and has seen service in almost all parts of the navigable globe. He first entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company six years ago, and has been on the "China" for five years. Mr. J. W. Saunders is one of the most efficient officers in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He has hosts of friends, and is well liked by the traveling public and his brother officers.

C. H. BRICKWEDEL, JR.

One of the best liked officers in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is C. H. Brickwedel, Jr., purser of the steamship "China." He is likewise one of the oldest associates connected with this Company, having begun his service as storekeeper on March 2, 1878, on the "old" steamship "China." He subsequently was connected at different periods with the "Alaska," the "Dakota" and the "City of Tokio."

In July, 1880, he was promoted to freight clerk on the "Tokio," which was afterwards lost in 1885. In September, 1886, he was further advanced, taking the position of purser on the steamship "Starbuck," and also served in the same capacity on the "China." He was subsequently transferred to the "City of Peking" in March, 1892, and finally to his present position on the "China" in January, 1895.

His success is somewhat identical with that of other progressive men in the Steamship's service. Starting at the lowest position he has made his way to the very top of that portion of the Steamship's service with which he is connected. No man in the service stands higher in the estimation of his fellow passengers, or in that of his employers, than Mr. Brickwedel, and it is said of him at headquarters, that he has never made a mistake in his accounts.

SPRING TOURS TO THE ORIENT.

Cook's annual spring party (under personal escort, with all necessary expenses included) will leave San Francisco by the steamship "China" on Thursday, March 4, 1897. This will be an especially interesting trip, and if those interested in obtaining full particulars will call upon, or write to, Thos. Cook & Son, No. 621 Market Street, San Francisco, they will be cheerfully furnished with all data concerning it.

INMAN SEALBY.

One of the stanchest and fastest steamships of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company's fleet is the "Coptic," of which the commander is Mr. Inman Sealby, R. N. R. Mr. Sealby was born in Maryport, Cumberland, in October, 1863, and after a thorough education in the public schools of his native town decided that the life of a seaman should be his. He first shipped in 1879 on board the barque "Esmeralda," owned by the White Star Line, and after serving one year as an apprentice joined the "Dawpool," on which he sailed for seven years. During that time he had risen step by step from apprentice to second mate, and was successfully filling that office when he was transferred to the sailing vessel "Copley," as first mate. He was for one year on the "Copley," when he accepted the same berth on the "Houghton Tower," where he remained until he joined the steamship "Cufic" as second officer. After that he was first officer on the steamships "Tauric" and "Adriatic," and was then transferred to the Pacific trade, and joined the "Oceanic" as first officer, remaining on the latter ship until she was returned to her builders in Belfast, in May of 1895. He came to San Francisco again to join the steamship "Coptic" as first officer. So successful was he in his last position that in January of this year he was made commander of the "Coptic," and is to-day one of the ablest and most trustworthy commanders in the Occidental & Oriental Company's service. Few navigators have a more complete knowledge of the seas than Captain Sealby. During his seventeen years' experience as a sailor he has nine times circumnavigated the globe, and a remarkable fact is that through all this he has never met with an accident of a serious nature. This may in a degree be attributable to his lucky star's guidance, but is much more due to his own thorough seamanship. Brave to face all necessary dangers, careful to avoid all unnecessary risks, temperate in all things, and possessed of a perfect knowledge of navigation, Captain Sealby's rapid advance has only been the reward of true merit, and the future must hold for him rank much higher than his present proud position.

ROGER CROSS.

Mr. Roger Cross, Chief Engineer of the steamship "Coptic," of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Line, is justly proud of the fact that his steamship beat all previous time records in her passage from Yokohama to San Francisco in August of this year. Mr. Cross has filled his present position with the Company since January, 1895, and is one of the most popular officers in their fleet. He was born in Fleetwood, Lancashire, England, on July 1, 1867, and served his engineering apprenticeship at the Harland & Wolf Engineering and Ship-building Works, Belfast, Ireland. After six years as an apprentice he embarked as second engineer of the "Mona's Queen," of the Isle of Man Steamship Company. After some time in that service he joined the White Star Steamship Company as sixth engineer on board the steamship "Brittanic." He was fourth engineer on that steamship when he was appointed third engineer of the "Cupic." He was then made fourth engineer of the steamship "Majestic," grading up to second engineer of the same. At this time he was offered a position with the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, and came to San Francisco, overland, where he joined the "Oceanic" as second engineer. He was then made chief engineer of the same steamship, and filled that position until the end of 1894, when he went to Liverpool, England, and brought out the steamship "Coptic" for the Company. He has ever since been chief engineer of that steamship. Though but a young man Mr. Cross is one of the ablest engineers entering the port to-day. Natural ability and wide and varied experience have made him a complete master of his profession, and this knowledge is further augmented by his perfect trustworthiness. Never during his entire service has the slightest accident happened to the vessels he controlled, and the utmost reliance is placed in him by the Company whose interests he so ably guards. Mr. Cross has hosts of friends.

ROBERT GORE.

Among the marine engineers who make their headquarters in San Francisco, none is more esteemed than Mr. Robert Gore, first assistant engineer of the popular steamship "Coptic." Mr Gore was born in Liverpool, England, in 1858, and was educated in the public schools of that city. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed for a term of five years to the celebrated marine engineers, Messrs. Fawcett & Preston of Liverpool. After serving his apprenticeship, he entered the service of Messrs. Bibby & Co. as third engineer of the steamship "Cyrenian" on the Mediterranean and Boston route. In 1880, while second engineer of the steamship "Castillian," he resigned to enter the National Steamship Company's service as fourth engineer of the steamship "France," and in 1882 he joined the Guion line as fourth engineer of the "Wyoming," and was second engineer of the same vessel when he resigned to enter the service of the White Star Line in 1891 as fourth engineer of the ocean greyhound, the "Majestic." He remained on her for four years, and, when he left to join the "Coptic," was third engineer. He was promoted to the position of first assistant engineer of the "Coptic" on the occasion of her leaving Liverpool for San Francisco to engage in the Trans-Pacific service.

Mr. Gore is the right hand of the chief engineer, and is a fine executive officer. He is thoroughly skilled in marine engineering, and his ability as an engineer is unquestioned. Mr. Gore is married, and, when in port, resides in Alameda.

C. LACY GOODRICH.

Among those who are well known to the traveling public on the China route none are more popular than Mr. C. Lacy Goodrich, purser of the favorite steamship "Coptic," Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company. Mr. Goodrich was born in 1868 in historic Baton Rouge, near New Orleans, and received his early education in Nevada. He came to San Francisco in 1880, where he finished his education. He afterwards was employed in the wholesale dry goods business, first starting as entry clerk, then stock clerk, and finally as commercial traveler, in which position he was very successful, owing to his genial disposition and his thorough commercial training. Desiring a change and having a decided predilection for a life on the ocean wave, he resigned his shore position to enter the service of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company. As storekeeper on the steamship "Belgic," serving in the same capacity on the "Oceanic" and "Gaelic." He then returned to the "Belgic" as freight clerk, and in 1894 acted as purser for one voyage, and in June, 1895, received his well-merited promotion as purser of the "Coptic." Mr. Goodrich is the youngest purser in the Company's employ, although not in experience. His promotion has been gradual and deserved, and it is only just to add that he is perfectly conversant with every detail of his important post.

On shore as well as afloat, Mr. Goodrich is held in esteem, and to his pleasing manner, both with the traveling public and his brother officers, his popularity is justly due.

DOCTOR JAS. MOLONY.

Doctor Jas. Molony, surgeon of the steamship "Coptic," was born September 30, 1867, at San Francisco, therefore being a Native Son of the Golden West. He graduated from the Pharmacy Department of the University of California, and in 1887 from the Medical Department thereof. In 1890 he went to sea on the steamship "Oceanic," and subsequently joined the popular "Coptic" in March, 1895.

Doctor Molony stands high in his profession, and is well liked by all his associates.

Fitz photo.

CAPTAIN CHARLES L. GREEN.

Among the most popular of the captains entering this port is Commander C. L. Green of the steamship "State of California." Captain Green was born in Sweden in 1860. From his earliest recollections the life of the sailor held the greatest charm for him, and when scarcely eleven years of age he ran away to sea on the "Alice D. Cooper" sailing ship bound for Philadelphia, and after arriving there he spent eight years on different American ships running from that port to all parts of the world. In 1879 he sailed for San Francisco, coming round Cape Horn, and on his arrival here entered the employ of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. From a common sailor before the mast, he worked his way up until in 1884 he was made first officer of the steamship "Santa Cruz." In 1890 he was given command of the steamship "Newport," and in July, 1896, he was made commander of the steamship "State of California," one of the finest steamships of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's fleet. During his twenty-five years' experience Captain Green has sailed in all the navigable waters of the globe, and though still a young man there are few, if any, commanders more thoroughly versed in seamanship than he. He is one of the most trusted employees of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and in San Francisco he and wife, who, by the way, is a native daughter, are very highly esteemed, and have hosts of friends.

AUGUSTUS H. KRESS.

One of the most esteemed officers in the service of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company is Mr. Augustus H. Kress, the chief engineer. Mr. Kress was born in Maysville, Kentucky, in 1850, and was educated in Chicago. He served his apprenticeship as a machinist in the Michigan Central Railroad shops at Michigan City, and on leaving there came to San Francisco; that was in 1868. He was employed as a machinist with the Union Iron Works. In 1872 he entered the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's service as oiler on the steamship "Ventura," and after filling that position for ten and one-half months received his license as assistant engineer from the State Board. He was assistant engineer on the "Ventura," and was chief engineer of the steamship "Pelican," for three years in the Costa Rican Navy. He served the government with satisfaction, and came back to San Francisco, and was appointed assistant engineer of the "Santa Cruz," and shortly afterwards appointed chief engineer of the same steamship. He was next transferred to the steamship "Santa Rosa," then to the steamship "San Vincente," and in 1880 retired from the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's service to accept the Superintendency of the Arctic Steam Whaling Company's fleet. He remained with that Company until 1886, when he joined the steamship "City of Pueblo" as chief engineer, retaining that position until 1893, when he was transferred to the steamship "State of California, and has ever since performed efficiently the duties of chief engineer of that popular steamship. Mr. Kress is one of the most skilled marine engineers entering this port, and one of the most popular men in the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's service. He has always taken an active interest in marine affairs, and was for two terms President of the Marine Engineers' Benefit Association, Number 35. Mr. Kress and his wife reside in San Francisco, where they have hosts of warm friends.

JAMES E. BYRNES.

A native son of San Francisco is Mr. James E. Byrnes, the popular purser of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's steamship "State of California." Mr. Byrnes was born in this city in 1857, and, after a thorough education in the best public and private schools, took a commercial course at Heald's Business College. When nineteen years of age he entered the employ of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company as freight clerk on the steamship "Constantine." He was

transferred some months later to the "Salimus," and afterwards became purser on that steamship. In 1878 he filled the same position on the "Constantine," and in 1880 was transferred to the steamship "Orizaba."

In 1882 he received his present appointment on the "State of California," and has always performed the duties of that important office so efficiently that to-day he is one of the most trusted and esteemed of the Company's employees. For twenty years he has been identified with the Company, and no purser that enters this port is better known nor more popular with the traveling public than he. He is a man of exceptional business ability and thorough knowledge of his particular line, and couples with these qualities a genial manner that makes all with whom he comes in contact his friends. Mr. and Mrs. Byrnes reside in San Francisco.

CAPTAIN J. H. RINDER, R. N. R.

One of the best known commanders entering the port of San Francisco is Captain J. H. Rinder, steamship "Belgic," Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company. He was born in Wellbourne, Lincolnshire, in 1859, and received his education at Christ's College, Finchley, near London. He was afterwards apprenticed to the firm of Messrs. Cotesworth, Lyne & Co. of Liverpool, owners of the clipper vessels sailing be-

tween Liverpool and San Francisco. In 1889 he gained his first command, and in 1890 joined the service of the White Star Line as fourth officer, and in 1891 was promoted to the "Oceanic" as second officer, and was subsequently chief officer of the steamship "Gaelic" for three years, gaining command of the "Belgic" in 1895. Captain Rinder has been sailing to the port of San Francisco for the past twenty-one years. He has a thorough knowledge of seamanship, and is extremely popular with the traveling public and his brother officers. Commander Rinder is rated as captain in Her Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve.

JOHN RICHARDSON, R. N. R.

Among the ablest and most esteemed of the chief engineers that enter the port of San Francisco is Mr. John Richardson, chief engineer of the steamship "Belgic," Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company. Mr. Richardson was born in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, in 1860, and received his education there. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Messrs Rutherford & Lambert, engineers and millwrights. and served four and a half years. He then went to Liverpool, where he served a further term of two and a half years as apprentice in the White Star Steamship Company's shops. He first went to sea in 1881 as sixth engineer of the steamship "Britannic," and was fifth engineer when he left to join the steamship "Germanic" as fourth engineer; after that he was made fourth engineer of the steamship "Baltic." In 1885 he was promoted to third engineer of the steamship "Belgic," and held that position until 1890, when he returned to England, and, after some time on

shore, rejoined the steamship "Britannic" as third engineer. Six months later he was promoted to first assistant engineer, and in 1895 made three voyages in her as chief engineer, pro tem. In March, 1896, he received his present appointment as chief engineer of the steamship "Belgic," joining her at San Francisco. During the whole of Mr. Richardson's career, no accident has ever happened to the engines in his charge that could not easily be repaired at sea. He has been in the White Star Steamship Company's service for over seventeen years, never having left their employ since he was an apprentice. He is thoroughly versed in all details of his profession, and is one of the most skilled engineers in the Company's service.

Mr. Richardson while in port resides with his family in San Francisco, where he has hosts of friends and well-wishers. He has the rating of engineer in Her Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve.

RICHARD C. DE WINTON, R. N. R.

One of the finest steamships entering the port of San Francisco is the steamship "Belgic," Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, Mr. de Winton being her chief assistant engineer. He was born in the old town of Brecon, South Wales, in 1862, and received his education in Trinity College, Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed for a term of five years to Messrs. De Winton & Co., marine engineers, etc., of Carnarvon. After gaining a thorough knowledge of his profession he first went to sea in 1883 as third engineer of the steamship "Cincora," Mediterranean service of

Messrs. Richards, Mills & Co., Liverpool; two years later he was promoted as chief engineer of the steamship "Chongar," and in 1886 was sent to Marseilles, France, as resident engineer of the Company, which position he filled with entire satisfaction until 1892, when he resigned to enter the service of the White Star Steamship Company as fourth assistant engineer of one of their finest Atlantic vessels, the steamship "Majestic"; he also served in the same capacity on the steamship "Cufic," and later was appointed third engineer of the steamship "Runic"; he was also second engineer of the same ship. In 1894 he came to San Francisco to join the steamship "Oceanic" as third engineer, and subsequently first assistant engineer. He returned to England in the "Oceanic" in 1895, and in August of the same year was again sent out to San Francisco to join the steamship "Belgic" as first assistant engineer, which position he now occupies. Mr. De Winton is a skilled engineer in every sense of the word, and is very popular with his brother officers. He holds the rank of engineer in Her Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve.

CAPTAIN HARRY SMITH, R. N. R.

Of the most popular commanders who sail from San Francisco none is more in favor with the traveling public than Captain Harry Smith of the steamship "Doric," Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company. Captain Smith was born in Aldershot,

Hampshire, England, in 1857, receiving his education in his native town. At the age of fourteen he determined to adopt the sea as a profession, and with that end in view his parents apprenticed him to the firm of

Balfour, Williamson & Co., of Liverpool, the noted owners of the West Coast Clipper service; first sailing in the clipper "Peckforth Castle" he gradually rose in the service until at the age of twenty-five he was given command of the "Chepica." He remained with the same Company until 1883, when he resigned to join the White Star Steamship Company as fourth officer of the steamship "Republic," two months afterwards being promoted to the steamship "Doric" as third officer. In 1891 he was made commander of the "Cufic," he also commanded the steamship "Gothic" and steamship "Britanic," and previous to gaining command of the "Doric" was captain of the steamship "Georgic," the largest twin-screw steamship afloat. Early in 1896 he received his present command, bringing the "Doric" from Liverpool to San Francisco, through the Straits of Magellan, without the slightest mishap. Captain Harry Smith holds the rank of Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve Service. He is a most popular commander, and passengers once crossing the Pacific Ocean in the "Doric" are always eager to reembark in her if traveling that way again. Captain Smith's career has been singularly free from accidents, and during the time he has been on the sea has sailed in all navigable waters of the globe, and is one of the most experienced and capable commanders in the service of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company. He resides in San Francisco when in port and has hosts of friends there.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

"Father Allen," as he is most popularly called, is the chief engineer of the "Doric," the finest steamship in the service of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Line. He is one of the best known engineers sailing out of San Francisco. Mr. Allen was born in the Isle of Man, in 1843, and received his education in the public schools there. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed for a term of six years to the engineering firm of Messrs. Marsland & Co., Burnley, and afterwards served a year as improver with Messrs. Fawcett, Preston & Co., Liverpool, his last service on land being with the celebrated firm of shipbuilders, Messrs. Laird & Co., Birkenhead. In 1867 he entered the service of Messrs. Bibby & Co., and went to sea as third engineer of the steamship "Tiber," and in 1871 was made chief engineer of the steamship "Bohemian," at that time the largest steamship afloat. He held this position for seven years. In 1878 he entered the service of the White Star Steamship Company, and was sent from Liverpool to San Francisco to join the first steamship "Belgic"—Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company—as chief engineer. After being chief for four and a half years, he was

made chief of the "Oceanic," remaining on her until in February, 1895, he took the "Oceanic" home to Liverpool. Shortly afterwards he was appointed chief engineer of the steamship "Doric," then undergoing extensive alteration. When completed he returned in her to San Francisco, and has been chief engineer of the "Doric" ever since. Mr. Allen, or "Father Allen," to give him the name he is most popularly known by, has traveled over one million miles while in the service of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company, having made more trips across the Pacific Ocean than any other chief in the service. This, together with the fact that no serious accident has marred this record, places Mr. Allen in the foremost rank of skilled marine engineers of to-day. Owing to his genial nature he has hosts of friends, both in Yokohama and San Francisco, and is one of the most trusted officers in the employ of this influential Company.

W. LANG CHAPMAN, M. D.

The senior surgeon of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company is Doctor W. Lang Chapman, surgeon of the steamship "Doric," the finest steamship in the service of the Company. Doctor Chapman was born in New York City, in 1857, and toward the close of the war in 1864, came to Portland, Or., with his father, Army Surgeon James A. Chapman. His father was elected Mayor of Portland for three different terms, and was exceedingly popular. Doctor Chapman received his early education in New York

and Portland, and afterwards attended the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, graduating from there in the class of 1881-82 with the degree of M. D. In 1883 he went to the Cœur d'Alene region, and was interested in mining there for some time. He then returned to Portland where he successfully practised his profession until, in 1887, he came to San Francisco, and was appointed surgeon of the steamship "Belgic" by the late Governor Leland Stanford, who at that time was President of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company. While in Hongkong, in the fall of 1889, Doctor Chapman was taken seriously ill, and was invalided home to San Francisco. Fully recovering his health, in February, 1890, he was appointed surgeon of the steamship "Gaelic," remaining on that ship until in February of the present year he was transferred to the steamship "Doric." Doctor Chapman is the senior surgeon of the Trans-Pacific service, and is very popular with the traveling public, possessing in a high degree those attributes that are so essential to success in the practise of his profession. He is a prominent member of the California Wing Shooting Club, and is known as an expert shot in it. He is extremely fond of shooting and fishing, these being his favorite pastimes while in port. Doctor Chapman has hosts of friends, and is deservedly popular on shore and afloat, because of his personal attainments, his professional ability, and his standing as an expert sportsman.

CAPTAIN GEORGE MacKINNON.

One of the most popular officers in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's service is Captain George

Taber photo.

MacKinnon of the steamship "Colon." Captain MacKinnon is a son of "auld Scotia," having been born in Glasgow in 1849. In the public schools of that city he received his education. Deciding to follow the life of a seaman, he apprenticed himself when fifteen years of age to the barque "Zircon" of Liverpool, and sailed in that vessel for three years. From 1869 until 1873 he was employed on various deep-water vessels, and in these sailed almost all the navigable waters of the globe. In 1873 he first came to California and the next five years were spent on vessels coming to San Francisco. In 1878 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company on the steamship "Colenna," and steadily worked his way up until in 1893 he was given command of the "City of Panama." In October of the next year he was transferred to the steamship "Colon," which he still commands.

Captain MacKinnon is married to a native daughter of the Golden West, and he and his wife have hosts of friends in San Francisco.

JOHN J. McSTAY.

One of the finest steamships of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet is the "Colon," and her Chief Engineer, Mr. John J. McStay, is one of that Company's ablest and most popular officers. Mr. McStay

is a "true born American," having first seen the light of day in New York City in 1850. In the public schools of Gotham he received his education, and when fourteen years of age was apprenticed to Messrs. John Roach & Sons, where he served five years. He afterwards worked with that firm two years, and then accepted a position with Robert Hoe & Co., printing press manufacturers, with whom he stayed three years. In August of 1874 he came to San Francisco from New York in the "City of Pekin," of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet. He was then employed as oiler on that steamship, but he steadily advanced until in 1876 he was appointed Junior Engineer. In 1887 he was made Chief Engineer of the "San Jose," and in June, 1893, was promoted to the steamship "Colon." Mr. McStay's long experience in New York with the celebrated firms above mentioned, and his subsequent experience in steamship work, have given him a thorough knowledge of his profession. Not the slightest accident has ever occurred to a ship with which he has been connected. Mr. McStay is married to a native daughter, and he and his wife reside in Alameda, where they have many friends.

DOCTOR FISHER R. JORDAN.

One of the ablest and most highly esteemed of the surgeons in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Doctor Fisher R. Jordan, of the steamship "Colon," plying between this city and Central America. Doctor Jordan was born in Bangor, Maine, in 1873, and after a thorough collegiate training in the schools of his native city he came west in 1893 with his parents, who now reside in Oakland. Upon his arrival here he entered the Cooper Medical Institute, from which he graduated with high standing in 1895. During his course at Cooper Institute Doctor Jordan took advantage of the opportunities offered by the various hospitals here, visiting both those of the City and County and the Lane Hospital regularly. Through attending these institutions he was enabled to witness and take part in many important and interesting surgical operations, thus gaining knowledge which has proven invaluable in his practise. In January of this year Doctor Jordan received his appointment as surgeon on the steamship "Colon," and exceptional success has crowned his efforts in this important capacity. More serious cases than usually fall to the lot of a steamship surgeon have been attended to by Doctor

Jordan this season. In August he had charge of General Young, C. A., and so successful was his treatment of that gentleman, that he was able to make the trip to New York from Guatemala by water, alone. Doctor Jordan, who had been attending the General, finding his services no longer required, crossed the Isthmus of Panama and returned. On a later trip, a lady suffered extremely from cancer of the stomach, and under the Doctor's skilled care enjoyed a freedom from pain she had not known for months. Though one of the youngest practising physicians on the Coast, Doctor Jordan is one of the ablest. Besides a thorough knowledge of medical science, he possesses that kindly sympathetic nature so essential in the care of the sick, and his services are highly valued by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. In social and medical circles Doctor Jordan is very highly esteemed.

CAPTAIN ROBERT R. SEARLE

Few of the steamship commanders entering the port of San Francisco can claim an experience extending over as many years as Captain Robert R. Searle has spent in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company alone. After years of experience in almost all the waters of the globe, Captain Searle entered the service of the Pacific Mail Company in 1860, and has ever since faithfully served in the interests of that Company, until to-day he is one of the most trusted and valued commanders. He is at present in charge

of the steamship "Newport" plying between this city and Panama. Captain Searle holds the position of shore captain of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

MR. A. BOYCE JONES.

One of the ablest of the officers in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. A. Boyce Jones, chief engineer of the steamship "Newport." Mr. Jones was born in Westchester County, N. Y., in 1840, and received his education in the schools of New York City. He was then apprenticed to the Franklin Iron Works, remaining five years and gaining a thorough knowledge of mechanical engineering. He then joined the Albany Line of Hudson River steamers as oiler, and in 1860 was made assistant engineer of the "City of Albany," which had been acquired by the United States Government to act as a transport. In 1863 he was promoted to chief engineer of the "Seneca," a transport on the James River, and filled that position until the close of the war in 1865. Mr. Jones then joined the Mallory Steamship Company as second engineer on the steamship "Euterpe." He was subsequently first assistant engineer on the "General Sedgewick" and of the "Victor," and in December, 1868, became second engineer of the steamship "Costa Rica" (Panama Railroad Company). Three months later he was raised to first assistant engineer, and in 1871 was made chief engineer of the steamship "Salvador." The Pacific Mail Steamship Company took over the steamships of the Panama Railroad Company in 1872, and at the request of the new Company, Mr.

Jones maintained his position on the "Salvador." In 1874 he transferred to the steamship "Ancon"; in December of the same year to the "Costa Rica"; in 1875 to the "Honduras," and in December of the same year to the "Salvador" again. He remained on the "Salvador" until 1882, when he was transferred to the "City of Panama," and in 1890 to the "Newport," having charge of her from the time she left Newport News. On the out trip the "Newport" did not stop once, except by orders, until she reached Panama. This is a record that few steamships have claim to, and proves not only the trustworthiness of her engines, but the skill of the engineer.

Mr. Jones's wide and varied experience has given him an enviable knowledge of his profession and placed him second to no engineer in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. His career has been exceptionally free from accidents, owing far more to his care and vigilance than to "chance" or "good luck." Mr. Jones is one of the Company's most valued officers and has hosts of friends both on land and sea.

MR. WILLIAM ALVORD ALLEN.

Although a young man Mr. William Alvord Allen, purser of the steamship "Newport," is one of the best

known and most popular of those in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Mr. Allen is a son of Silas M. Allen, formerly of Buffalo, and was born in Jefferson County, N. Y.

After a thorough course in the public and high schools of that county, he came to San Francisco. From early associations on Lake Ontario, he formed a liking for the water, and shortly after arriving here, he took a trip to China, and, after crossing the Pacific Ocean, he became infatuated with sea life, and at the age of sixteen, he entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as storekeeper on board the steamship "Great Republic," plying between here and China; he afterwards changed to steamship "Alaska," also running to China; then to steamship "Granada," plying between here and Panama. After being with the Company for a short time, he was made freight clerk, which position he honorably filled till he was promoted to his present important office. Mr. Allen's first trip in his present office was made on the "Colima," to Panama, with Captain Searle. After serving some time on the "Colima," he came on land again and remained for some years, but preferring the ocean life, he was appointed to the position of purser again on the steamship "San Jose," afterwards changing to the "Zealandia," to fill the same office. September 17th of the present year he joined the steamship "Newport," the elegant passenger boat of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. To say that Mr. Allen is popular with the traveling public is by no means fully expressing the esteem in which he is regarded. He is a young man of marked business ability, and, on account of his affable and courteous disposition, is popular with all he comes in contact with, and he has many stanch friends in San Francisco.

THOMAS MORTENSEN.

No commander in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is more deservedly popular than Captain Thomas Mortensen of the steamship "City of Para." Captain Mortensen was born in Denmark in April, 1852, and after a thorough course in the Gymnasium School finished his education with private tutors. He preferred the life of the seafarer to all other professions, and began his career in that line as apprentice on the barque "Catharina," plying on the China coast. After two years in that service he joined the English tea clipper "Ocean Gem," running from Amoy to New York. He sailed out of New York three years, and was second mate on the "Industry" when he returned to Denmark to pursue a course of study in the Nautical Academy, receiving his certificate as master. Returning to New York, he was appointed officer of the ship "Top Gallant," and came in her around Cape Horn to San Francisco. That was in 1876, and he was only a few days in this city when he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as quartermaster. His ability was soon recognized and he steadily rose, step by step, until he was made com-

Marceau photo.

mander of the steamship "Colon" in 1893. Later he received his present appointment, and now commands one of the noblest ships entering this port. Through all his years of service Captain Mortensen has met with no serious mishaps. In fact, he may be said to be one of the few commanders whose lucky star never fails him. An instance proving this occurred when he was first officer in charge of the steamship "City of Peking." When fourteen hundred miles from this port the "Peking" broke her main shaft and proceeded under sail to San Francisco without the slightest mishap other than delay in reaching her destination. No other instance of this kind is on record. A refined gentleman, a brave and trustworthy seaman, Captain Mortensen has hosts of friends on land and water, and is one of the most esteemed commanders in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's service. His wife is a native daughter of the Bay City, where Captain and Mrs. Mortensen reside.

ELMER J. CHRISMAN.

One of the finest steamships on the Panama route, Pacific Mail Steamship Company, is the steamship "City of Para," whose popular purser is Mr. Elmer J. Chrisman. He was born in Ohio in 1864. His first employment was as clerk with the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway Company, at St. Paul, where he gained a thorough knowledge of clerking. He afterwards came to Sacramento, Cal., where he was clerk in the machinery department of the Southern Pacific Railroad. On November 1, 1894, he entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as delivery clerk on the Pacific Mail Dock, and in April, 1895, was appointed freight clerk of the steamship "Acapulco," and in September of the same year was promoted to purser. Since that time he has been purser of the "Zealandia" and "Washtenaw," and in March, 1896, was made purser of the steamship "City of Para," which position he now holds. Mr. Chrisman is thoroughly versed in his duties, and, owing to his genial nature, is extremely popular with the traveling public.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH CATTARINICH.

Captain Joseph Cattarinich of the steamship "Acapulco" is one of the most popular commanders in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Captain Cattarinich was born in Lussin, Austria, in 1854, and received his education in his native town. His love of the sea led him to adopt the seaman's life, and when twelve years of age he joined his first ship. In 1877 he received command of the barque "Pratel" and retained that position until 1882. During that time he sailed to China, to India, to the Black Sea ports and Atlantic and Pacific Ocean ports, gaining a thorough knowledge of almost all the navigable waters of the globe. Resigning his command he went to Colon, Colombia, and was in the Panama Canal Company's service, after which he came to San Francisco. That was in 1885, and he was but a short time in this port when he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He joined the service as quartermaster, and has steadily advanced ever since, until to-day he commands one of the best ships of the Company's fleet. In 1888 he was made first officer of the "Rio Janeiro," filling that position until October, 1895, when he was given command of the same vessel. In January, 1896, he was made commander of the "City of Panama," only to be again promoted on July 25th to the command of the "Acapulco." The "Acapulco" is one of the most popular steamships entering San Francisco, and with Captain Cattarinich (who has hosts of friends here) in charge her future popularity must be far greater. Captain Cattarinich's wide experience on all seas, in all climes, has made him conversant with every detail of his important calling. Brave to face all necessary danger, cautious to avoid all unnecessary risk, and temperate in all things, Captain Cattarinich's services are highly prized, as they might well be, by the Company employing him.

Tyler photo.

DR. JULIUS J. ROBERTSON.

Doctor Julius J. Robertson was born March 25, 1861, at Camp Floyd, Utah, and after a thorough collegiate education began the study of medicine under Doctor Francis L. Galt, who was surgeon of the noted steamship "Alabama" when she was sunk by the United States warship "Kearsarge" off the coast of France. In the fall of 1880 he entered the University of Louisiana, where he remained a year, transferring then to the University of Virginia, from which he was graduated in June, 1883. He then spent nearly a year at Bellevue Hospital, New York, taking at the time a course at the Polyclinic Institute. Leaving New York, he went to Salt Lake City, and from there to Grand Junction, Colorado. At Grand Junction he was superintendent of the Indian school for one year, after which he was appointed physician of the same institution. He was then transferred to the Western Shoshone Agency, Nevada, where he remained for two years. On January 20, 1892, he was appointed surgeon to the steamship "City of Panama," afterwards serving in the same capacity on the steamships "San Blas," "San Juan," and "City of Sidney." In March, 1896, he received his present appointment on the steamship "Acapulco." Doctor Robertson's career has been exceptionally successful, and he ranks to-day among our ablest ship surgeons. Doctor Robertson has hosts of friends in San Francisco and through the Coast country, and is deservedly popular and esteemed.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM JOHN RUSSELL.

In the year 1843, in the quaint old town of Strangford, County Down, Ireland, Captain Russell was born. From earliest boyhood the sea was full of romance for him. His first experience was with the British Transport service in the Black Sea during the Crimean War. While there he underwent great hardships at Balaclava, and was afterwards shipwrecked near Sansoum, the scene of some of the recent

Armenian massacres. The Captain considers the Armenians a peaceful and generous people, he and his shipwrecked companions being treated with the greatest kindness during their stay among them. He was present at the Siege of Sebastopol, and in 1857 joined the British Navy, remaining in that service until 1861, when he went to Chile to join the Chilean Navy, leaving which he was appointed mate of a vessel trading on the Chilean Coast. Following this he became identified with the United States Navy on the Pacific Coast for some time, and from 1865 to 1868 acted as third and second officer, respectively, in vessels engaged in the East Indian and South American trade, afterwards serving for a short time with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. In 1869 Captain Russell entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as quartermaster of the "Golden City," and in the same year was made third officer. In 1870 he joined the Panama Railroad Company's steamer "Guatemala" as second officer, being promoted shortly afterwards to chief officer of the "Salvador." He remained in the Company's employ until they turned their ships over to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, in whose employ he was reengaged. In 1876 he was given command of the "Salvador." He has also commanded the steamships "Honduras," "Costa Rica," "South Carolina," "Clyde," and the "San Juan." He left the Company in 1884 to

accept a shore position at San Jose de Guatemala as factor or manager of the Companie de Agencies, and also acted as United States Consul and Agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He returned to San Francisco in 1887 owing to ill health, and was placed in command of the Pacific Mail steamer "Acapulco," and since that time has commanded the "San Juan," "San Jose," "City of Rio de Janeiro," "City of Para," and then back to his present command, the "San Jose." Captain Russell is one of the most genial commanders entering the port of San Francisco, and such is his popularity that those who have ever made the voyage to Panama with him are always anxious to sail in his company again. He is a thorough navigator, and is possessed of those qualities so essential to a commander. He has hosts of friends in San Francisco, and, speaking the language of the Central American, is most popular with the Spanish population.

GEORGE ANKERS.

One of the most popular officers in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. George Ankers, chief officer of the steamship "San Jose." Mr. Ankers was born in the City of New York, in 1849, and received his education in the public schools of that city. He first went to sea at the age of thirteen in a sailing ship bound for Buenos Ayres. After making two voyages he entered the United States Navy when

fifteen, serving with the Atlantic Squadron, and was present at the blockade of Charleston and Georgetown, S. C. His next experience was in the Merchant service, where he speedily rose from able seaman to first officer, sailing in various ships until in 1877 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in New York as quartermaster of the "Crescent City," and in July of the same year he was transferred to San Francisco, being promoted to the position of third officer of the steamship "Carolina." Mr. Ankers afterwards served as chief officer of the steamships "City of Tokio," "City of Sydney," "City of New York," "City of Rio de Janeiro," "City of Peking," "San Blas," and lastly, the "San Jose." His ability as a seaman is unquestioned, extending to all known quarters of the globe, and, from his varied experiences on the sea, he has gained a wide range of nautical knowledge. Through his genial nature Mr. Ankers readily makes friends, and is very well thought of by his brother officers.

JOHN A. ARVIDSON.

Mr. John A. Arvidson, first officer of the steamship "Starbuck," was born in Denmark in 1857, where he received his early education. When seventeen years old he landed in New York. From his boyhood Mr. Arvidson had loved the sea, and his landing here decided to follow the fortune of the seafarer.

In 1874 he made his first voyage on a sailing vessel from New York, visiting nearly all the ports in the world. From 1880 to 1887 he was in the employ as third officer, of the Nepion, Yokohama & Shanghai Steamship Company in Japan, plying between Yokohama and Shanghai. While in this Company's employ he was raised to first officer. In 1887 he left this Company in American deep-water ships to various ports until 1891, when he came to San Francisco and entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as third officer on the steamship "City of Sydney." He afterwards was transferred to the "Colima" and made second officer; then to the "Acapulco," and in November, 1894, he was appointed chief officer of the steamship "Costa Rica," transferring to the steamship "Starbuck" September, 1896.

Mr. Arvidson makes a first-class officer in every respect, always having his crew well in hand.

C. B. PARSONS.

Among the popular officers in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. C. B. Parsons, chief engineer of the steamship "Starbuck."

Mr. Parsons was born in Watertown, Canada, in 1860, and in that city received his early education. When yet a young man he came west to San Francisco, and a short time after coming here he entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, in 1883, as oiler on the steamship "Colima," where he remained for one trip to Panama; he was then transferred to the steamship "Granada," on which he remained for two years; then transferred to the "Colima" again, which ship he remained on for two years, transferring afterwards to the steamship "Acapulco," and remained on her for twenty-two months; after which he was transferred to the steamship "New York," and filled the position of assistant engineer on her for four years; at the end of this time he was transferred to the "Colon," filling the same position for one and a half years. In July, 1895, he was made chief engineer of the steamship "Starbuck," which office he still holds. Mr. Parsons is a skilled engineer, and his services are highly valued by the Company, he having been in their employ for the past thirteen years, which in itself is the most flattering testimony to his ability and standing, as all officers connected with the P. M. S. S. Co. are advanced or retained on individual merit alone. Mr. Parsons is a young, affable gentleman, and is well liked and respected by his fellow-officers.

CAPTAIN JAMES M. DOW.

Ca ain James M. Dow, commander of the steamship Costa Rica," Pacific Mail Steamship Com-

pany, was born in New York City in 1848, and in that y received his education. He soon showed his ling for the sea, making his first voyage at the a of sixteen on the sailing ship "Ivanhoe," remaing on her for two and a half years, and he al served eighteen months on the "Volunteer." In 18 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company' service as quartermaster of the steamship "Gre Republic" on the China route, and in 1874 was ade third officer of the steamship "Nevada," being romoted to the position of chief officer of the steamip "Wilmington" in 1884. He also served in the ame capacity on the steamship "Willamette" and amship "New York." In 1891, while in Panan, he was given command of the "Crescent City," bringing her to San Francisco, and, on his return t Panama, he took command of the "Clyde." He ha also commanded the "Starbuck. He gained his psent vessel, "Costa Rica," in June, 1893.

Dung the whole of Captain Dow's career he has never et with any accident, which is accounted for more his nautical skill and thorough seamanship than re good luck. Captain Dow is very popular with e traveling public, and is well known and esteem by all who know him.

CAPTAIN JULIAN H. BROWN.

A rue-born American" is Captain Julian H. Brown the popular commander of the steamship

Thors photo.

"Aztec of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet. aptain Brown was born in Lennox, Mass., in Nov nber, 1849. After a thorough education in Bangor, Me., he entered the Annapolis Naval Academy in 1867. Two years later he resigned and joined a sailing vessel in Portland, Me. Since that time his life has been upon the seas, and he has sailed over almost all the waters of the globe. In November, 1870, he arrived in San Francisco in the ship "Matchless" as third mate. He soon rose to first officer, and for fourteen years filled that position on sailing vessels entering this port. In 1887 he joined the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as quartermaster on the "San Juan," and in May of the following year was made first officer of the steamship "Acapulco." In November of 1893 he was given first command of the steamship "Starbuck," and filled that position until May, 1895, when he became commander of the steamship "Aztec." Though still in the prime of life, Captain Brown has had experience of which few of our oldest seamen can boast. He has six times circumnavigated the globe and has never met with any serious accident. Thoroughly posted on all things nautical, brave to face all necessary dangers, cautious to avoid all risks, and temperate in all things, Captain Brown is most ably adapted to fill his present important post, and during his years of service with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has enjoyed the highest regard of its managers and made hosts of friends in many lands. Especially is he popular in San Francisco, where he and his family reside. Captain Brown's steamship is engaged in the South American trade.

Imperial photo.

RANSFORD D. BUCKNAM.

Among the most popular of those in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. Ransford D. Bucknam, chief officer of the steamship "City of Sydney." Mr. Bucknam was born in the State of Maine, in 1869, and in the schools of Bucksport, Me., received his education. Irresistible were the attractions of "a life on the ocean wave" to him, and when hardly twelve years of age he ran away to sea, and from that time until at the age of eighteen he returned home a captain he never saw his parents nor his native town. In those six years he followed the sea continuously, with the exception of a few months spent at a navigation school, and passed through all the stages of a seaman's life, from cabin boy to commander. In 1889 he went to the Great Lakes and began steamboating there. He was for some time captain of the "Canisteo," resigning that position to enter the service of the American Steel Barge Company, builders of the celebrated "Whaleback" steamships. In the spring of 1891 he successfully commanded two of these, the "Wetmore" and "Calby," bringing them through the Great Lakes, shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence River, and landing them safely at Montreal. This feat has never been accomplished by any other commander. Soon after Mr. Bucknam was appointed Marine Superintendent of the Whaleback Company on the Atlantic Coast, operating five whalebacks running to the West Indies and Mexico. His headquarters were then at Boston, and taking advantage of the educational advantages that city affords, and by attending night school and private instruction, he completed his education. He is thus fitted to assume the highest marine position attainable, and possesses a United States Local Inspector's certificate of the highest grade as commander. Captain Bucknam commanded the "City of Everett," the first whaleback ever built on the Pacific Coast, when she made her initial trip to San Francisco, having come to the Pacific Coast in the fall of 1895 to superintend her construction. He successfully commanded her on the Panama route until July, 1896, when she went out of commission, and since that date he has been first officer on the "City of Sydney." Few commanders of twice his age and more have had the varied experience of Captain Bucknam, and few, if any, are more thoroughly versed in nautical affairs than he. Young, genial, and brave, he possesses all the characteristics that command admiration, and he numbers his friends by the legion.

MR. PAUL ROSSITER.

One of the officers in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is Mr. Paul Rossiter, chief engineer of the steamship "City of Sydney." Mr. Rossiter was born in Ireland, but came to America when quite young. He was educated in the schools of Paterson, N. J., afterwards entering the employ of the Paterson Steam Engine and Millwright Works, where he remained until 1863. For the next year he was with the Novelty Iron Works; then for the same period of time with both the Hessler Marine Iron Works of Brooklyn, and the New York Steam Engine Works. In 1866 he entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as oiler on the steamship "Arizona," running to Colon; promoted on the "Arizona" as third assistant engineer. He remained with that steamship until 1869, with the exception of one trip to Europe in the Company's steamship "Ocean Queen" as third assistant engineer. He next joined the steamship "Ariel" as second assistant engineer, and in her sailed to the China station. In China he transferred to the steamship "New York," being appointed her first assistant engineer. In October of 1870 he was made chief engineer of the steamship "Ariel," and for the next five years acted in that capacity on the various ships of the China branch route of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. In January, 1875, he joined the steamship "Alaska," and since that time he has been on many of the Company's steamships sailing out of San Francisco. With his wife and family Mr. Rossiter resides in San Francisco, where he has many warm friends. It is hardly necessary to add that the position of chief engineer is a most important one, and requires the ut-

Marrinan photo.

most skill, knowledge and caution, and it naturally follows that those in the service of this company must command these traits to maintain their assignments.

CAPTAIN RASMUS JEPSEN.

Captain Rasmus Jepsen, the popular commander of the steamship "Eureka," was born in Denmark in 1854. From his earliest recollection the life of a sailor had the greatest charm for him, and when only fourteen years of age he went to sea. He first shipped on a vessel sailing out of Liverpool, and during the next five years he made voyages to all parts of the world. When nineteen years of age, he came from Glasgow to San Francisco, and from this city shipped in the schooner "Ocean Pearl." After one year with that vessel he returned to San Francisco and entered the service of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and has been for the past twenty-one years one of the most trusted and esteemed employees of that Company. His first command was on the steamship "Gypsy," then the steamship "Coos Bay," and on May 8, 1895, he took charge of the steamship "Eureka." Nine years ago he passed his master's examination before the San Francisco Board of Underwriters and Inspectors. Sailing, as he has, in all waters of all climes; serving, as he has, in every capacity from seaman to commander; and possessing, as he does, those sterling qualities requisite for success, Captain Jepsen is to-day one of the ablest commanders entering this port. Though the sea is said to be a fickle mistress, she has been constant to Captain Jepsen, giving him a guiding hand in every danger. He has never met with any serious accident. Captain Jepsen and his family reside in this city where they have hosts of warm friends.

THE STEAMSHIP "PERU."

The steamship "Peru" is a Native Daughter of the Golden West, having been launched at San Francisco in 1892. Her Captain, Daniel E. Friele, has maintained command of her since her birth, and was formerly connected with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's service for many years prior to his present position.

Mr. Koughan is the chief officer, and ranks high in the estimation of those he represents as well as of his co-workers.

ARTHUR A. O'NEILL, M. D.

Doctor O'Neill is a native of San Francisco, and was born in 1869. After receiving a thorough education at the Sacred Heart College, he entered the Cooper Medical College in 1888, from which he graduated with

the degree of M. D. in 1891. The same year he was appointed interne of St. Mary's Hospital, which position he held for two years, when he resigned to accept the position of surgeon in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's service. In December, 1893, he was appointed surgeon of the steamship "San Blas" on the Panama route, and in January, 1894, was transferred to the steamship "Peru," plying between this city and China, which office he at present holds. Doctor Arthur A. O'Neill is very popular with the traveling public.

CAPTAIN ROBERTS.

Among the marine captains who make their headquarters in San Francisco none are more popular than Captain Roberts of the steamship "Farallon." Captain Roberts was born in the Isle of Jersey, on September 12, 1850. When fourteen years old Captain Roberts made his first voyage to Brazil, and, returning to Liverpool, he reembarked on a vessel bound for the coast of Africa. In Africa he was taken down with yellow fever, and was compelled to stay on land for three months. On recovering he sailed in a vessel bound for Marseilles, and from that port to Montevideo, and thence back to England. His next voyage was to India, Cape Town, and Australia. Nearing Australia the vessel was dismasted and was towed into Melbourne. That was in 1868, when the gold fever was raging, and Captain Roberts remained in Australia one year, engaging in mining with great success. But his old mistress, the sea, wooed him back, and in 1869 he sailed for California. From California he sailed to Alaska, Mexico, Central America, Honolulu, and other ports. In 1872 he was made mate of a large vessel, and steadily rose until, in 1875, he was commander and part owner of the "Industry." Afterwards he commanded and was part owner of the "Norwester," the "Gussie Klose," "Una," and the "General Banning," and he still owns the last-mentioned vessel. In 1884 he received the command of the steamer "Surprise." His first trip in the "Surprise" was to the coast of Mexico, where he was taken down with yellow fever. After his recovery, and on his return, running to Mendocino coast ports for a year, then taking her to Honolulu where she was sold. He then built the steamer "Emily." While Captain Roberts was commander of the "Emily," the steamer "Bawnmore" was disabled off the California coast. The "Emily" took her in tow, and, after pumping the water from her at Caspar, brought her to San Francisco, a distance of two hundred miles. Being overworked, he sent the "Emily" out in command of another captain, but she never returned, being lost at the entrance to Coos Bay.

After the loss of the "Emily" he was in command of the "Homer," running to Puget Sound ports. In 1893 he bought the steamer "Farallon," which he now commands. She is a modern passenger and freight vessel, of 500 tons burden, and plys between this port and Humboldt Bay, Coos Bay, and Yaquina Bay, connecting there with the O. C. & E. R. R. for Portland and all points in the Willamette Valley. Few commanders have seen so varied an experience as Captain Roberts. He is one of the most esteemed of our mariners, and has hosts of friends in all parts of the world. He has many important marine interests here.

E. LEWIS McNOBLE.

There is no officer in the service of the California Navigation and Improvement Company more trusted and esteemed than Pilot E. Lewis McNoble, pilot of the steamship "T. C. Walker," plying between this city and Stockton. Pilot McNoble was born in Railroad Flats, Calaveras County, California, in December, 1870, and was educated in the public schools of that district. When sixteen years of age he left school and engaged in gold mining in different parts of the State until 1890, when he went to Stockton, entering the service of the California Navigation and Improvement Company as night watchman. He filled that position for one year, when he was appointed wheelsman, and successfully performed the duties of that office for two years and a half. During this time he had been giving close attention to the study of navigation, and in 1894 he successfully passed the examination before the Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers and was granted a license to act as pilot. In April of this year he was appointed pilot of the California Navigation and Improvement Company's steamship "Mary Garrett," and in July was transferred to the "T. C. Walker." The "T. C. Walker" is probably the most popular steamer on the Stockton-California Route, and of her officers none are better known or more popular than the subject of this sketch. He possesses that genial nature that makes for him friends of all with whom he comes in contact, and though the youngest licensed pilot on San Francisco Bay he is one of the ablest. His ship has never met with the slightest accident, and this is a greater honor than it may at first sight seem to be, since the pilot of a river steamer has really more responsibility than if he were on an ocean craft. The least error on his part may mean the total disabling of the steamer. Mr. McNoble is a member of the Masters' and Pilots' Association.

CAPTAIN CARL SAULIT.

One of the most trusted and efficient captains in the service of the California Navigation and Improvement Company is Mr. Carl Saulit, captain of the steamship "Mary Garrett," plying between San Francisco and Stockton. Captain Saulit was born in Rija, Russia, in 1862, and received his education there, and at the age of sixteen adopted the sea as a profession, first sailing before the mast in the brigantine "Johanna," of Rija. He left Rija in 1880 as able seaman, and sailed to Cardiff, and from Newport sailed to Valparaiso, again returning to England. He sailed for New York, and after remaining there some time shipped to China, and from there to Portland, Oregon, and in 1886 came to San Francisco. He then entered the employment of the California Navigation and Improvement Company as deck-hand, and gradually worked his way up from wheelsman to captain by his own unaided endeavors. It was in March, 1891, that he obtained his first certificate as pilot, and in March, 1894, passed his examination before the local board of Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers for master's certificate. Captain Saulit is one of the most popular captains in the service, and fully merits the position he occupies to-day. He is married and resides in Stockton, where he has hosts of friends as well as in San Francisco.

CAPTAIN H. H. WATSON.

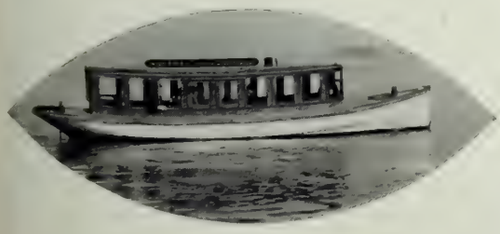
One of the pioneers of San Francisco, and one who has been very closely identified with the shipping interests from the very outset, is Captain H. H. Watson, marine surveyor, whose offices are at 303 California Street. Captain Watson has practised his present profession for thirty years, and is the ablest exponent of this important line of business on the Pacific Coast.

He was born in Boston, Mass., and at the age of thirteen years went to sea, and for years followed the life of a sailor, filling all offices from cabin boy to

commander. He commanded many large sailing ships, and in these made trips to all parts of the world. He circumnavigated the globe as master of a ship, and had returned from his second voyage seven weeks before he was twenty-one years old. Captain Watson came to California before the gold fever of 1849, and when he was nineteen years old had command of the first ship that ever went round Cape Horn with "San Francisco" on her stern. This was in 1850, and the vessel was bound for the Sandwich Islands for a cargo of whalebone, and from there set sail for New Bedford. Thirty years ago Captain Watson abandoned the life of a sea rover, settling down to the practise of marine surveying. Ever since that time he has been agent for the "Record of American and Foreign Shipping," and lately was appointed United States agent for the British Corporation for the Survey and Register of Shipping. This is a new organization, established in opposition to Lloyds, and the main offices are at Glasgow. Captain Watson also does the surveying for most of the grain ships. He is thoroughly conversant with all the details of land surveying, and assisted in running the lines of the Sacramento Valley Railway. He is an ex-Pilot Commissioner, and was a commissioner for the training-ship "Jamestown." The Captain resides with his family in Oakland. Both in that city and in San Francisco he has many important interests, and ranks among our most influential business men. Captain Watson is a descendant of a fine American family. His grandfather's brother, Elkano Watson, was in the suite of Benjamin Franklin at the Court of King George, in 1783, when the charter was signed granting the independence of the United States from Great Britain. He has in his home at Oakland his grandfather's commission, signed by John Hancock, as a Colonel of Infantry in the War of the Revolution; also, his father's commission as a Captain of Artillery, signed by J. Madison, in the War of 1812, and also has the sword which was presented to his father by the Province of New York for meritorious conduct at the battles of Trenton, Preston and Monmouth. Captain Watson is justly proud of his ancestors, and few citizens of San Francisco or Oakland are more highly respected than he.

AN ENTERPRISING COMPANY.

The San Francisco Laundry Association has been doing business in this city for about thirty years, and has a reputation second to none for a high grade of laundering, making a specialty of gent's shirts and collars, but giving equal care and attention to every class of work. Their steam plant on Eddy Street, near Fillmore, is fitted up with all the latest improved



S. F. LAUNDRY LAUNCH.

machinery, and furnishes steady employment to not less than 250 white men and women. During the present year this Company has placed a fine gasoline launch on the bay, and is prepared to collect and deliver washing to steamers, shipping, etc., charging the same prices for this as for the city service. The launch is becoming as familiar a sight on the waters of the bay as are their handsome wagons about the streets of this city.

HENRIX & FRASER.

The firm of Henrix & Fraser, sailmakers, at 46 Clay Street, was founded twelve years ago by Mr. J. K. Fraser, and in 1890 he admitted into partnership Mr. E. Henrix. They are manufacturers of sails and flags of all kinds. The excellent character of their work has placed Henrix & Fraser in a foremost position. The premises are equipped with every modern appliance, and a large number of workmen find employment. Mr. Fraser is a practical sailmaker and supervises all work, while Mr. Henrix looks after the finances and the outside business. Mr. Henrix has sailed to all parts of the globe. He followed the life of a seaman since 1858. He has many marine interests, being part owner of eight large deep-water ships which sail to all foreign countries.

CHRESTOFFERSEN & TWAY.

This flourishing firm was founded in 1883, and to-day controls a larger business than many houses that have been operating for almost half a century. They are shipsmiths and their shops are at 20 Bryant Street. Here they occupy one of the most complete establishments of the kind in the city. It was erected this spring, and is 40x100 feet in area, while the equipment includes all the most modern and improved machinery that can in any way facilitate operations or perfect the output. Electricity supplies the motive force. On an average seven skilled workmen are employed, and the trade comes from San Francisco and the Coast. The output includes anchor-tripping hooks, timber hooks, cargo hooks, heavy and light fishhooks, swivels of all kinds, steam light hangers, light and heavy forgings, patent travelers, heavy shackles, heavy claws, etc., etc. All work is of the highest order and invariably gives complete satisfaction. They include among their permanent patrons almost all the ships entering this port, and each year sees the volume of their trade expand, and the hold upon public confidence grow firmer. Messrs. Anthony Chrestoffersen and Ephraim F. Tway comprise the firm. Both are young men of business ability and experience. They are thoroughly practical, being masters of every detail of their business, and they personally supervise all work. They are well known and rank among our most progressive business men.

L. FOARD.

A leading ship-chandler of San Francisco is Mr. L. Foard, whose salesrooms are at 9 and 11 Market Street and 3 and 5 Steuart Street. For twenty years he has been in business here, and to-day controls a large portion of the marine trade of the city as well as making extensive shipments to various parts of the Coast. He buys direct from the leading home and foreign manufacturers, and the large stock carried represents the choicest products in ship-chandlery and naval supplies. Mr. Foard is one of the old residents of San Francisco. He has many interests here and is a public-spirited and progressive citizen.

TAYLOR, ADAMS & PRITCHARD.

Though but twelve years established this firm to-day occupies a leading place among the enterprises of its kind in San Francisco. They are importers of all kinds of tin, agate, enameled, copper, and sheet-iron ware, stoves and ranges. Steam fitting and plumbing is their specialty. They cater especially to marine work, and have executed contracts for many of the largest steamers entering this port. A few of the steamers they have done work on are the steamships "Columbia," "State of California," "Albatross," "Bear," the "Charleston" and "San Francisco," and the man-of-war "Alert." The work has in every instance given complete satisfaction. Their premises, located at 12 and 14 Market and 9 and 11 Sacramento Street, are modern and complete. The stock is large and select, an especially fine display being made of the M. & D. wrought-steel ranges for hotels, steamships, etc., etc., for which the firm has the Pacific Coast agency. A large number of expert workmen is employed, and promptness characterizes the execution of all contracts, and liberal and reliable methods control their operations. Messrs. E. F. Taylor, L. O. Adams, and F. L. Pritchard comprise the firm. They are business men of marked ability and wide experience and rank among our most influential citizens.

JAMES A. McMAHON.

Twelve years ago, under the style of B. McMahon & Son, this enterprise was founded, and in 1894 Mr. James A. McMahon became sole proprietor. They are contractors for railroads, grading, bridges, wharves, pile foundations, etc. The enterprise has been exceptionally successful, and to-day they do more wharf work than any other firm in this city. Some of the contracts they have executed include: Powell-street wharf, Lombard-street wharf, Lombard-street slip, Washington-street wharf, Mission-street wharf, five of the ferry slips, and they are at present rebuilding the Folsom-street wharf. They also built the Port Costa Lumber Company's wharf at Port Costa, which is 240 feet wide and 2800 feet long, being the largest wharf on the Coast. As samples of the bridge work done by Mr. McMahon, we may mention the steel span across the Consummes River, in Sacramento County, which is 220 feet in length, being the largest single steel span in the State; the Fourth-street drawbridge, being one of the two bridges west of the Mississippi that turn by steam; and the railroad bridge across the Pajaro River, at Watsonville, Cal. The Eureka, Montague Railroad, Colusa and Lake Railroad, and the Pajaro Valley Railroad, will serve as illustrations of the work done in that line. They also had the government contract for removing three sixty-ton guns from the railroad cars to their different destinations, one being placed at Lime Point Hill and the others at Fort Point. The successful execution of this contract reflects the highest credit on the firm, and illustrates the high order of engineering skill attained by Mr. McMahon. Mr. McMahon is a young man of wide experience and exceptional ability, and is one of the most expert engineers on the Coast.

THOMAS CHRISTIE.

Well known among the many devoted to marine work in our city is Mr. Thomas Christie, ship and machine blacksmith, die-forger, anchorsmith, etc., etc., whose spacious, well-equipped premises are at 14 Howard Street. Six years ago Mr. Christie founded this business, and from the outset has been successful on account of the excellence of his work, until to-day he stands among the leaders in his line, counting among his permanent customers the leading steamship lines, canning companies, bridge companies, and wharf builders. A specialty is made of *manufacturing anchors*, and in this line he stands without equal. Several expert assistants are employed, and all work is guaranteed to give the utmost satisfaction. Mr. Christie is a young man of wide experience and ability. He came to San Francisco from the East in 1888, and has ever since been engaged in his present line. He has many important interests here, and is one of our most esteemed and progressive citizens.

SWAYNE, HOYT & CO.

Travelers arriving from the Orient, or other foreign ports, are generally more or less perplexed and anxious about the methods in vogue in putting their collection of curios and knicknacks through the customs at San Francisco. There are many who do not know that Swayne, Hoyt & Co., at 426 Battery Street, San Francisco, make it their special business to attend to all matters of this kind. They attend to everything, including forwarding of goods to any address, attending personally to duties at the Custom House, and can save tourists both time and dollars. They are thoroughly reliable and should be engaged by all who may need this character of service. Those who have ever passed through the annoyance of custom house inspection can at once appreciate the value of an intermediator of this kind, and especially when they are not conversant with the "red tape" in vogue at the Port of San Francisco, where much embarrassment is caused the novice or the really foreign visitor.

SAN FRANCISCO LAUNCH CO.

In this century of invention and discovery, when more wonderful things have been drawn forth from the darkness enveloping our realm of manifestation than for ages previous, and exhibited to the gaze of a mystified world, it is not to be marveled at that a higher standard of excellence is everywhere obtaining, increasing with every year as new wonders are brought forward to be examined by the lamps of human reason.

In every profession and calling this is true, and the latest invention or improvement that science has generously given is absolutely demanded by an increasingly critical public.

In the shipbuilding line is this especially so, and we may observe from day to day how large rewards are offered by corporations and governments for vessels capable of greater speed than those of their kind. Throughout the civilized world nation vies with nation in this respect, and every device that the fertile brain of genius vibrates to is eagerly grasped by builders of vessels and applied with hopes for wonderful results.

"Satellite," owned by Dr. V. P. Buckley, 35½ ft long, 6 ft. 8 in. beam, 15 H. P., speed 12 knots per hour.

Standing foremost among their competitors in the construction of launches and sailing yachts, in fact, boats of every description, from a canoe to a one-hundred-and-fifty-foot yacht, sail or power, is the San Francisco Launch Company, whose place of business is located at Stockton and North Point Streets, occupying a two-story building, which they have just erected for the business, having a dimension of 70x175 feet in area. This building is fitted up with all modern machinery and devices known to the business.

Incorporated June 1, 1896, under the laws of the State of California, having been formerly in Seattle, where they were engaged in the same line of business for a period of seven years previous to coming to San Francisco. The eminently satisfactory results obtained in their business has gained for the Company a far-reaching reputation for excellent work, many of the yachts being the fastest of their kind ever built. Among them is the "Satellite," thirty-five and one-half feet long, which has attained the remarkable speed of twelve knots per hour, constructed for Dr. V. P. Buckley. This trim, little craft is considered by authorities to be the fastest afloat on the Pacific Coast for its size. They also built the yacht "Lucero," which is a perfect specimen of the yacht-builder's art, for Charles Fair, being in length one hundred feet, and having a record of fourteen knots an hour—pretty fast traveling for a vessel of its proportions. The yacht "Minerva," also built by the above Company, has a record for speed which speaks highly for the excellent workmanship of the firm. Only twenty-three feet long, nine and three-quarter knots an hour is accredited to her. Mr. C. L. White is the fortunate owner. All of these yachts are likewise fitted with Union Gas Engines. The number of fast boats designed and built by the Company is very numerous. Scores of them could be mentioned, both in the city and on Puget Sound, and altogether this company is making a record for speed, safety, and elegance of which they may well be proud.

Mr. R. T. Engelbrecht, the young manager of the San Francisco Launch Company, is a thoroughly practical boat-builder, with a perfect knowledge of every detail of his business. He excels as a draughtsman, preparing the plans himself for all vessels built by the Company, as well as supervising the practical work, seeing that his ideas are carried out with particular minuteness.

CHAS. L. FAIR'S YACHT "LUCERO."

It should be a subject of congratulation that an enterprise of this character should be established in San Francisco, and there is no reason why it should not meet with more than ordinary prosperity. We have one of the finest harbors in the world, as well as a large percentage of well-to-do sportsmen. San Francisco Bay offers every facility for indulgence in this direction, and it is only a question of time when steam yachting, like the proposed motor bicycles, will supersede the uncertainty of the sailing craft, dependent upon the fluctuating winds of our harbor. Especially is this applicable to the delightful excursions up the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, where, with an independent power, the course and velocity of the winds cut no figure, and the yachtsman may wander at will in delightful coves and shady nooks.

UP-TO-DATE LAW POINTS.

Federal Judge Simonton, in the matter of the reorganization of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad, held that it was not possible under the law to sell the road in any other way than as a whole, as the charter which had been granted by the Legislature of North Carolina authorizes the Yadkin Valley Company to build a road from Mt. Airy to Wilmington and that the franchise could not be parceled out, the franchise being the legislative authority to construct, operate, and maintain a single entire road; that, while the mortgage gave the holders of the divisional bonds a lien upon those divisions, still this lien was only upon the proceeds of the sale of the entire road proportioned according to the respective values of the divisions; that the only way of ascertaining the relative values of the divisions would be to have a master ascertain and report respective earning capacities thereof, and their relations to each other as parts of the road. He held also that the value of leased lines and branches belonged to the road as an entirety and not merely to the division with which they connected and which received the most benefit therefrom.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has affirmed the conviction and sentence of a man charged with manslaughter, who, though he took no active part in the killing, had counseled with the guilty parties and stood by while the deed was committed.

The bill known as the Herron bill, recognizing as legal all wills and testaments that are handwritten or typewritten, has been made a law by the Ohio Legislature. The bill was introduced to add to the legal recognition of the typewriter as a writing instrument.

The New York Legislature has recently passed a bill known as the Mercantile Law, that makes sixty hours a week's work in stores and contains many other provisions for the benefit of those employed there. Its purpose as a hygienic precaution is indicated by the fact that the Health Board is designated as the authority to enforce the law, and the Board has announced that the provisions of the act will be strictly carried out.

The New York Court of Appeals in the Adelphi Club case considered the rights of clubs in serving liquor to their members and held that the distribution of liquors by a club to its members is not a sale of liquors. This decision, however, was made under the old law, and the provisions of the Raines bill may require a different decision if cases of other clubs, which furnish liquors to their members without paying the liquor tax, are brought to the attention of the Court.

In the case of Hogan against the Manhattan Railway, just decided by the New York courts, two interesting points in negligence cases were decided. It was held that the fact that an iron bar dropped from the elevated railway structure and injured a person passing below was in itself presumptive evidence of negligence, so that it was not necessary to show by other evidence that the workman employed by the company was careless in handling his tools. Another principle affirmed was the right of a judge, where the plaintiff in a negligence action had made out a case of presumptive negligence, and no evidence was offered by the defendant, to direct a verdict for the plaintiff and leave only the question of the amount of damages to the jury.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals in a case recently before it, where an action was brought against a railroad company to recover damages for injuries resulting from the defendant's carrying plaintiffs past their station and putting them off at the next station, by reason of which they were compelled to walk back some three miles to reach the house of a friend, held that the injuries resulting from the walk were the proximate result of the failure of the train to stop at their station, and that while they might have found shelter among the strangers surrounding them, they were not bound to do so, and that an instruction to the jury authorizing a recovery for both physical and mental suffering was proper.

The Supreme Court of Georgia held, in the recent case of Oliver *vs.* Macon Hardware Company *et al.*, that, primarily, a clerk in a mercantile establishment is not a "laborer," in the sense in which that word is used in Section 1974 of the Georgia Code, even though the proper discharge of his duties may include the performance of some amount of manual labor. If, the Court said, the contract of employment contemplated that the clerk's services were to consist mainly of work requiring mental skill or business capacity, and involving the exercise of his intellectual faculties rather than work, the doing of which properly would depend upon a mere physical power to perform ordinary manual labor, he would not be a "laborer." If, on the other hand, the work which the contract required the clerk to do was, in the main, to be the performance of such labor as that last above indicated, he would be a "laborer," but, in any given case, the question whether or not a clerk is entitled as a laborer to enforce a summary lien against the property of his employer must be determined with reference to its own particular facts and circumstances.

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THAT REMINDS ME.

Tabes photo.

Father (angrily)—What do you think will become of you, wasting all your opportunities in this way? You seem to spend all your time at the music-halls!

Son (sulkily)—You said you wanted me to take up some scientific study—and I'm studying astronomy.

Mrs. Megrim—Samuel, what air you a-doin'?

Mr. Megrim—Givin' a taste of whisky to those axles. If th' stuff makes them wheels go round th' way it did my head last night I'll get to town in about five minutes.

Mame—I hope you didn't let that Mr. Huggins put his arm about you?

Mabel—Why? Is there anything the matter with his arm?

Mrs. Elmore—I wonder how many stops that new organ of De Smyth's has got?

Elmore—Only three, I should judge—one for each meal.

Visitor—Does mamma give you anything for being a good boy?

Tommy—No. She gives it to me when I ain't.

"Boy, are there any fish in this pond?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why are you fishing in it then?"

"To find out, sir."

Proprietor—Where is the bookkeeper?

Office Boy—He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like.

Hinks—Where did you spend your vacation?

Binks—I didn't spend it. My wife and daughter spent everything else I had, and I thought I'd better save something.

"Oh, yes, my husband has been a collector of curios and such things for a number of years."

"Was he in that business when he married you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I thought so."

Excited Traveler—Can I catch the four o'clock express for Los Angeles?

Ticket Agent (calmly)—That depends on how fast you run. It started thirteen minutes ago.

"You give very small blocks of ice for a shilling," said the lady.

"Permit me to inform you, madam," explained the iceman, "that the smallness is due to the intense cold to which we subject our ice in the process of manufacture, thereby producing contraction."

The Vicar—Did a pedestrian pass this way a few minutes ago?

Farm Hand—No, sir. I've been workin' on this tater patch more'n a newer, and notter thing has passed 'cept one solitary man, an' he was tramping along on foot.

Young Doctor—Here, I've had my brass plate out two weeks and not a case yet. I've been sitting here like Patience on a monument.

Friend—Never mind; you will eventually get a chance to put the monument on the patients.

Higgins—Do you never ask for a holiday?

Huggins—Never. I'm afraid the firm would find out how easy it could get along without me.

"We sold one hundred and one copies of the magazine containing Tinkleby's poem," said the assistant in the book shop.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Mr. Tinkleby bought one hundred of them."

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

There is nothing more novel and appropriate to send to Eastern friends at Christmastide than some well-selected bit of Japanese art. Make a *good* selection from a select variety at Deardorf's, No. 218 Post Street.

NEW GOLD.

POINT BONITA AT DUSK.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Ella M. Sexton.*]

Around Bonita's cliffs the wild Pacific
Frets like a fettered giant at his chain;
In helpless fury roar the baffled surges
Beating against the cruel rocks in vain.

No soft, low lap of slumbrous waters ebbing,
No sunny stretch of level beach is here;
The sheer crag lashed by angry spray uprises
From eddies dark, the boom of breakers near.

Afar, above the horizon's rim, there trembles
Against the tender blue one mellow star,
While long white films of fog come landward drifting,
A vessel tossing on the heaving bar.

Lonely the lighthouse rears its slender column
Crowned with a beacon star of vivid flame
That leaped to life when, startling in the silence,
The sunset gun for dying daylight came.

Around Bonita's cliffs the weird dusk deepens;
Like ghostly sails the fog athwart the sky
The west wind lulled, the waves are fainter calling,
The lustrous radiance of the light streams by.

Throughout the gloom white wings are swiftly flashing
As sea-gulls scream above the breakers' moans;
They seek their nests where fade into the twilight
The misty outlines of the Farallones.

My lady held her open fan
Before a pale and lovely face
That leaned above a mist of lace.
The curtain rose. The play began.

My lady held her open fan.
Beside her sat, with heavy head.
The Crœsus she had stooped to wed
The while she loved another man.

My lady held her open fan.
Her slow gaze met, in pained surprise,
A pair of dark and haunting eyes.
To neck and brow the hot blood ran.

My lady held her open fan—
Kind fan, to mercifully hide
The sudden blushes of a bride
Whose glances swept the house's span.

My lady held her open fan.
The music throbbed; the lights burned dim;
She could have died for love of him,
A captive there—behind her fan.

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This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKLETT FERGUSON

Have you ever noticed that there is usually an epidemic of lovers' quarrels just before Christmas time? Singular, isn't it? Another thing—it is always the young man who begins it, while the girl uses all her arts to preserve peace, and submits to eccentricities of conduct on the part of her fiance that she would fly into fragments at were it any other time of the year. All of which forces the observer to the conclusion that it is the festive Christmas present that lies at the bottom of the mystery. Fancy yourself a young man in love, if you can stretch your imagination that far. And suppose that your pocketbook wears a lean and hungry look when the joyous season draws near—what then? Of course she expects you to do the handsome thing by her on Christmas morning—some trifling testimonial in the line of diamonds, for instance. Have you the courage to go to her and say, "My darling, I love you to distraction, but Job's turkey isn't in it with me when it comes to poverty. I'm broke, 'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true; but I adore you. Will you take the will for the deed?" No, young man, you would rather face death and disaster than let the dear girl know your plight, and so you desperately do a wicked and cruel thing—you basely pick a quarrel with the idol of your heart. And she? Well, she is dismayed. She has been in a state of delicious expectancy for days, wondering what your Christmas gift would be and preparing herself for a blissful surprise. She is not to be cheated out of it by a sudden and unaccountable bit of ill temper on your part. But you persist—it is the only course left to you. Result—you pass a wretched Christmas, feel like a pickpocket, are ashamed to look at yourself in the glass when you shave, and go home via the side streets. Then, on a January day, you make it all up with her. Perfidious man! Do you not realize that unless you have money in those cavernous pockets of yours, you have no business to be in love?

He did not seem like other men;
So dignified was he,
So stern, of such superior ken,
He almost frightened me.

I watched him at his desk one day,
And, quick as you could wink,
He dipped his brush of mucilage
Down in a well of ink.

And when along the snowy page
I saw the black drops fall
And heard him swear, I knew that he
Was mortal, after all.

The theater-hat problem is solving itself, and promises to become a tradition; but another problem, quite as vexatious in its way, even though it does not interfere with one's pleasure for an entire evening, presents itself, and it concerns that portion of the public which deliberately makes a practise of coming late to a performance. Of course, there are unavoidable instances of detention, but they are rare. The man or woman who thus disturbs the audience does so with an assurance as calm as it is exasperating. Granted that it is a joy to watch the millinery and dry goods display as it progresses down the aisles and wriggles into the chairs with woman, lovely woman, inside of it. Granted, too, that the opera cloaks thus passing in review are a dream of beauty to eyes feminine. All this fails to compensate the pain, not to say anger, that one feels, vainly endeavoring to distinguish, through the rustle, the silken frou-frou and the thumpety-thump of the restless procession, what is going on behind the footlights. It is, one is well aware, considered quite plebeian and altogether commonplace to go early to the theater. We leave that sort of thing to our country cousins, who, heaven bless them, have not yet learned that in a big metropolis it is—if one may use the words in so contradictory a sense—polite to be rude. Good manners and a decent regard for the rights of others indicate the kind of provincialism known as "raw," and it is socially suicidal not to be up to date in our contempt of the rules of courtesy. And hence it comes to pass that the portion of theater-going humanity which prides itself most upon being smart goes blithely on its way o' Monday nights, making a spectacle and a nuisance of itself by thronging the aisles and banging the seats they have paid for. When will the happy day dawn (May the saints speed its coming!) when it will be considered bad form to go late to the theater?

If there be one trait above another that the average woman cordially and systematically detests in the average man it is penuriousness. Vice she may forgive; frailties she frequently overlooks, but stinginess, never. A girl once told me about an escort who took her to a local theater. He was a nice enough fellow, and came of a well-known family, therefore was she all the more amazed at his subsequent conduct. On the way home he made no allusion to such a formality as refreshment, although the poor girl would have given her new hat for an ice cream soda just then. She murmured the conventional thing about having had a pleasant evening, as he left her at the door of the paternal mansion.

"Yes," he acquiesced, dreamily, "the evening has been all right, but I really ought to have sent that three dollars the seats cost to the ranch. You see, Miss Blank, I have a little ranch up country and ——"

But he found himself addressing a star that winked down knowingly at him. His companion had fled.

A very beautiful poem entitled "Endurance" is going the rounds of the press accredited to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It was written and published many years ago in a volume of poems by Elizabeth Akers Allen. Doubtless Mrs. Wilcox would readily correct the error were she aware of it.

The occupation of the trained nurse is a high and noble one, and remunerative as well to those whose adaptability and skill place them in the foremost rank of their important profession. Time has been when the position of nurse was regarded as a perfunctory one, and the nurse herself looked upon somewhat as a supernumary in the great drama of life and death. Her business was it to keep awake while others slept, to administer medicines with clock-like regularity, and no questions asked as to her knowledge of materia medica. If the patient died, the nurse was not blamed, though death might have ensued from her ignorance of what to do in a crisis. If, on the other hand, the patient recovered, thanks to her zeal and care, the doctor, not she, gained the credit. All this is changed. A skilled nurse to-day is a treasure whose value is appreciated. Unless she be thus proficient, there is no room nor demand for her in the sick chamber. Many physicians have a list of nurses upon whose efficiency they can rely in the most extreme cases, and in them find a needed and powerful force of allies with which to fight the Great Destroyer. Even the most prejudiced opponents of women's presence in the work-a-day world cannot object to the trained nurse as being "out of her sphere"—that disputed orbit which has caused so much dissension and heated argument of late. Nursing is essentially woman's province—not all women, but a large majority of them. A really good nurse, like a really good poet, is born, not made, though the nurse must learn how to use her great gift, just as the poet must learn to harness Pegasus to correct grammar, and to read and write properly before he can sing in tune the thoughts that burn within him. The trained nurse, too, must have her share of brains, and, furthermore, they must be of good quality. Her presence is an unmixed blessing, and she is a credit to herself, her sex, and modern education. May her shadow be near us to soothe our pain when final darkness overtakes us.

Actresses are given to fads, and if they can find any comfort in indulging their whims surely they should have it, to partly compensate them for lack of home comfort, for they are ever and always on the wing, and whatever they may desire to accumulate must be easily portable and not smashable. Mine own particular fancy gravitates toward china. Now what a hopeless infatuation that would be for such a will-o'-the-wisp as an actress! They also have their pet superstitions, although many absurdly untrue things have been written upon this subject, attributing to footlight stars such vagaries in the superstitious line as they never possessed. In the dressing-room of Corinne one night, just as that lively little comic opera star had made a lightning change of costume for the stage and we were about to leave the apartment, she to bound before the footlights and I to sit sedately on a chair in the wings where I could see without being seen, the petite singer stopped suddenly and clutched at the bodice of her gown. Around her neck was a superb necklace, eight ropes of pearls, a facsimile of that worn by the Princess Louise. She tossed it upward and sought in vain for a missing object. "My lucky piece!" she gasped, and dashing back snatched it from the shelf under the mirror where diamonds worth fortunes lay glittering. In a second the tiny silver disc, attached to a slender chain, was tucked out of sight. "I couldn't play without it," she said, and sped on her tiny number ones to the center. A moment later and the audience was listening in absolute stillness to as sweet an "Ave Maria" as was ever coaxed from a mandolin by woman's fingers. I wonder how much of the melody was due to that trifle which the player prizes more than her jewels? Corinne is also a firm believer in the magic of a hare's foot. Her make-up box is never without one.

Miss Victory Bateman, the clever leading lady at the Grand Opera House, has a fad for dolls, and carries a large but well-behaved family of them about with her. The first time I ever met Miss Bateman I found her playing with her dolls like a ten-year-old girl. She responded to my knock, carrying an overgrown doll in her arms, and upon entering the apartment I looked about for its live companion. Miss Bateman explained and introduced me. Each is named after some especial theatrical favorite. There is a marvel of an Indian in leather, wampum and head feathers, but perfectly harmless and civilized as to demeanor. It is evidently a young Sioux brave, but Miss Bateman called it Minnehaha, which led me to the supposition that he—or she—was a new woman Indian. Minnehaha is the largest and Gertie Heckett the smallest, as well as the oldest, in the collection. Miss Bateman, however, has a wonderful doll in the East, almost as big as herself, and too unwieldy for a traveling companion. Then there is Lottie Williams, named for the soubrette at the Grand Opera, who looks after her wardrobe and keeps her dollship thoroughly up to date; Julia Arthur, a dazzling blonde, whereas the real Julia is a brunette; Minnie Dupree, and a Chinese doll named McCarthy, after the Boston theater man. Mrs. Gretchen Henderson was hanging by her head to the bureau, not in disgrace, but for convenience' sake. Altogether they were an interesting company, though scarcely of use as under studies.

Among the women of the American stage whose names are destined to go down to fame because of their genius and earnest, honest devotion to art, none is more loveable, more winning in her sweet womanliness, than Julia Marlowe Taber. Beautiful magnetic, impulsive, warm-hearted, and endowed with a high order of intellect, Mrs. Taber is as charming away from the footlights as she is when surrounded by all the glamour of stage accessories. There are some personalities independent of environment, needing nothing to enhance their attractiveness. Their individuality is all-sufficient. It is so with Mrs. Taber. Mentally and physically she is as superior to the average actress as the moon is superior to the stars—and may she shine on and on before an appreciative public!

I have never known a woman of the stage world more free from affectation, or more modest about her attainments. Mrs. Taber's comings and goings are merely announced, never advertised in the accepted sense of that word. There is always about her the gentle dignity that is, perhaps, a woman's most enduring charm. Her beauty is of an unusual type. It combines great strength with perfect refinement. Her voice lingers in the memory. As for her profession, her devotion to it is unflagging. I think there is no actress now before the people of our country who so marvelously well interprets the women of Shakespeare. Certainly there is none to whom nature has been more kind. Her Juliet, her Beatrice, her Rosalind and Viola are exquisitely done. Chatting informally with her, one is reminded at odd moments of all four heroines of history, and in thinking of her own sparkling, sympathetic, girlish self, one is glad to have known her. The women of America should be proud of Julia Marlowe Taber.

Some of San Francisco's newsboys are women.

Selling newspapers on the street is usually woman's last resort in a business way. What must her experience have been before she descends to this precarious means of making a livelihood! How little we know about any of them, and how uninviting is the study! For the forlorn creature who sells papers on the curbstone is an object to pity, to shudder at, and to pass by as so much flotsam and jetsam on the great tide of humanity.

"Little Dorrit," who haunts Montgomery Street, is a whole chapter by herself in street history. She has several children, and is never without a yellow-covered novel in her lap. The children are big enough now to go to school, but Dorrit reads her novels as industriously as when they were babies squabbling on the sidewalk unheeded while she pored over some thrilling tale of love and hate. Dorrit was christened by a broker, whether because of her resemblance to Dickens's heroine or the lack of it, would be difficult to say.

"Fighting Mary" obviously disgraces a profession she should adorn. If her name be unprepossessing her appearance is decidedly more so. Mary earned her reputation by the injudicious exercise of her strong right arm, and escapes being remanded for vagrancy by selling papers in the vicinity of Lotta's Fountain. Her fondness for the flowing bowl, or, to be more explicit, the beer mug, causes her disappearance periodically from her accustomed haunts, when she is sent up for her usual allotment of days. There are several women venders of daily papers in this city, but those mentioned serve as types. The woman who is stationary, even if she have but a dry goods box for a stand, is several degrees removed, in commercial importance, from her peripatetic sister. But at its best it is a hard life.

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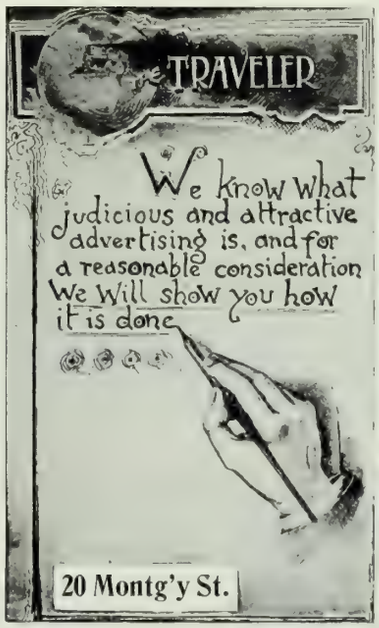

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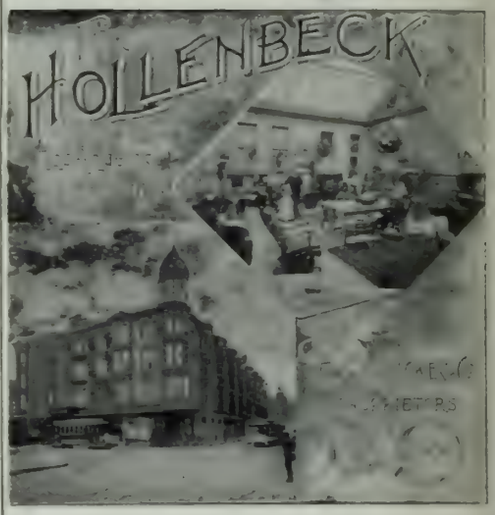

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VOLUME IX. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1897. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF THE SOUTH, TOURIST, RESORTS AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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CONTENTS.

Editorials - - -

CHINESE MANNER OF EATING.

J. M. SCANLAND.

ONE of the most peculiar features of the Chinese quarter is a Chinese restaurant. The first-class restaurants are on Dupont Street, and may be known by the large lanterns swinging in the balcony of the second story. At night these lanterns reflect a bright, vari-colored light, and when there is a "function," there is music which is heard for a distance of several blocks. These functions begin at six o'clock in the evening, lasting until midnight.

The dining-room is on the second floor, and the kitchen is on the ground floor in front. On the surrounding shelves and in the windows are displayed the cooked edibles, tempting—to the Chinese appetite. In this "advertisement" are seen fish, ducks, chickens, pork, geese, sandhill cranes, and the meat of the wild panther. This is a favorite dish, as they have a belief that by eating the flesh of the panther they acquire some of the animal's fighting qualities. If one wishes a meal during the day, previous notice must be given, otherwise it will be served cold, as everything is cooked at morning. The cold dinner, however, is "warmed over" with hot gravy, which seems to enter into almost every dish. The tea, of course, is fresh and hot, being quickly made. There is no regular dinner hour, no *table d'hote*, and no bill of fare. The guest knows what he wants; if not, he can look at the display in the window. On leaving, he is not given a check. The waiter sings out the amount of the bill to the cashier down-stairs. Individuals and small parties drop in at all hours of the day, mostly at ten o'clock in the morning, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about eleven o'clock at night. For fifty cents a good quantity of edibles is served, and for seventy-five cents one gets about as much as is served at a Caucasian restaurant at the same price.

But a Chinese restaurant is seen at its best when a "grand dinner" is given by one of the mercantile companies to another. There is quite a number of companies, and scarcely a week passes without a "rout" or two. Rarely is a Caucasian invited, and in such exceptions he is a particular friend of the parties giving the dinner. The dinner begins at six o'clock in the evening and lasts until midnight. The dining-room is beautifully ornamented with Chinese lilies, lanterns, flags, and works of art. Gods, dragons, and allegorical works are interspersed throughout the hall. The dining-room will accommodate about two hundred, or more if there is a "crush." The tables are square, of black mahogany. The seats are of the same material, without backs or arms. Ten guests are seated at each table. There is no place of "honor," except when a dinner is given to the Chinese Consul, or some other high official, on which occasion he is placed at the head of the table fronting all of the others. The guests wear their silk robes and insignia of rank on such occasions. Ordinarily, they do not put on quite so much style. The guests select their tables according to acquaintanceship or congeniality, without much ceremony, and the feast begins. There is no tablecloth, no knives or forks, no plates, and the perennial glass of water, which every waiter seems to think indispensable, is also missing.

A CHINESE RESTAURANT AND INTERIORS.

Soup is served first. It is made of sharks' fins, or what is known as "bird's nests." These are choice soups and very costly. Sharks' fins are imported from Mexico, and the trade is said to be large. The rough hide of the shark is removed from the tender fins and the toothsome meat is then made into a soup. The "bird's nest" soup is not actually made from bird's nests. A peculiar bird on the coast of China gathers a tendril plant on the ocean, slender and fragile, somewhat like vermicelli. With these she builds her nest high on a cliff overlooking the ocean. The seeds of the plant drop in fertile spots and take root. Chinese climb up these cliffs, at the risk of life, to gather these sweet, tender plants for the market. The soup tastes somewhat like oyster soup. Each guest has a separate bowl, rather small, and a spoon is used.

The rice, meats, and other dishes are served in a large bowl, which is placed within reach of all. Chopsticks are used. Each guest thrusts his substitute for a knife and fork into the common bowl, dishes out a quantity, and transfers it to his mouth. He gives the chopsticks a kind of a twist and thrust, as in shoveling coal into a cellar. Wine is drunk during the meal; also tea. The wines are costly and of the best. All of the varieties are made from rice. At the right of each guest is a tiny glass holding about one gill. In front is a dragon's-head bottle of a peculiar variety of rice wine, which tastes somewhat like Scotch whisky and feels warm to the palate, as if it had been heated. A small glass of this is as much as the average drinker can take with safety. It is deceptive in appearance, and the American guest is soon deceived as to its qualities, and feels as if he were in a railroad collison or had partaken of the celebrated mescal.

Tea is served in thin, beautifully carved cups with two saucers. The cup is placed in one, and the other is placed over the cup so as to prevent the escape of the heat and aroma between sips.

The meats are chopped into small bits by a carver in the kitchen. He puts the chicken or piece of roast panther on a block, and, with a kind of a cleaver, chops it into pieces small enough to be swallowed. These are scooped up, placed in a large bowl, and thus served to the guests. Each dishes in his chopsticks and "helps himself."

About nine o'clock dessert is served. It consists of fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, and rice wine of a more delicate quality and of an appetizing effect. After this there is a rest for about an hour. The guests leave the table and sit on the red silken-cushioned lounges ranged around the sides of the room. It is at this time that the most stories are told and games played. Some of these are similar to the highly exciting games of "Thumbs up, thumbs down," and "Who's got the thimble?" Some of them retire to the smoking-room, where they indulge in the same highly exciting and intellectual amusement while enjoying an opium smoke.

After about one hour of this amusement, which is interspersed with music, eating is resumed. This second dinner is not so heavy as the first. It consists more of delicacies, and the wine is circulated more freely. The games continue, and there is humor, laughter, and music. At midnight the feast ends. As each guest files out he dips his fingers into one of the several bowls of water near the door. They do not put their finger-bowls on the table as most people do.

During their New Year festivities, which begin early in February, dinners are more frequent at all of the restaurants, and the attendance is much larger. The dinners are more elaborate, the costliest edibles and wines being imported from China for the special occasion.

During the feast of reason and flow of mirth and wine an orchestra plays what the Chinese term music. There are several professional orchestras in the Chinese quarter. The two notes which make other music melodious are omitted from Chinese music, hence the strains are discordant and harsh, at least to the Caucasian ear. There are also amateur musicians who volunteer on these occasions to "get their names in the papers."

The cheaper restaurants are in small rooms on the ground floor, and some of them are in basements. In the pent-up dining-room and kitchen are fish being cleaned, squawking ducks and cackling chickens awaiting to have their heads chopped off by the cook, and other edibles on shelves within easy reach.

There is no ceremony about the cheaper restaurants. Patrons sit at the counters or on the benches, and eat without removing their hats, and in a hurry, as if intent on catching the next train for the proverbial suburbs.

CURIOSITIES OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

ABIJAH DOWNS.

AS THE traveler is whirled across the Colorado Desert he gazes out on a trackless waste of sand glistening under the rays of a burning sun, and little thinks that in this desolate region is to be found the strangest insects and reptiles existing on this continent. There are reptiles and insects peculiar to this desert, some of which it seems exist merely as food for others. There are snakes whose poisonous bite produces almost instant death, not a case of recovery being on record; and there are ugly-looking reptiles that are domesticated into "pets" for ladies, and there are some that are eaten not only by Indians, but by the palefaces.

Perhaps the most curious and deadly of the snake species found in the desert is the horned rattlesnake, or "side-winder," so-called because it advances sideways. It is about fifteen inches in length, and has over each eye a small horn about a quarter of an inch in length. Its "rattle" is almost noiseless, and the victim has no intimation of its presence until he is bitten, and death is sure, and almost instantaneous.

CROWNED TAPAYAXIN.—*Phrynosoma Blainvillii.*

Poisonous scorpions are numerous, and their sting is deadly. And there is a species of mouse that lives wholly on scorpions. Yet another species of desert mouse feeds on centipedes. The centipede is about ten inches in length, and has a row of poisonous fangs on each side of his lower body. There are "kangaroo" rats with unusually large, bulging ears. They hop instead of running.

The "Chahwalla," an Indian name, is a species of lizard, the flesh of which the desert Indians eat. The reptile is roasted on hot rocks. Prospectors and teamsters, when short of provisions, also eat of this reptile. It is not poisonous.

The phenomenon of changing of color is strikingly exhibited by serpents and lizards on the desert. Some of them seem to take the color of the rocks upon which they are basking and of the shrubs in their search for insects.

Another inhabitant of the desert is the Crowned Tapayaxin, locally known as the "horned toad." It is less dangerous than it looks to be, and soon becomes domesticated. It is quite a pet among lady tourists, and at the railroad stations through the desert Indians and paleface small-boy dealers in curios have them for sale. They are sold in boxes partly filled with sand. The purchaser is merely told to feed the toad on flies, red ants, and beetles. Over each eye of this curious reptile is a short protuberance, like a hood, and from its flat head there sprouts conical, sharp-pointed spines, from a quarter of an inch to half an inch in length, extending backward as a covering. The back is spotted with shorter spines, extending to the short and pointed tail. The edge of the tail has rows of spines, giving it the appearance of a two-edged saw. Its general color is gray, variegated with small streaks of chestnut brown. The head is light brown, blotched with a darker hue; the under neck is ochre yellow, with blotches of dark gray. It is a lazy animal, and will remain for hours in the burning sands beneath the parching rays of the sun, apparently lifeless, and scarcely distinguishable from the sand in which it is half imbedded. But when an insect comes within its range it darts upon its prey with such rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow the movement. It is quite harmless to human beings, though its appearance is somewhat against the reptile. It is chameleon-like, assuming the hue of the object it happens to be resting upon; but the original color will return within a few hours after removal from the object.

GILA MONSTER.

The most noted and perhaps the most interesting specimen of desert-life is the famed Gila monster, known to scientists as the *Helodermas*. Its home is on the Gila River in Southwestern Arizona, hence its name. It is also found in Nevada. These are the only places on this continent where this peculiar reptile is seen. The Gila monster is a hideous thing. From tip to tip it is covered by raised bead-like scales, in rows around the body and tail, the rows being closer together on the latter, and on the head the rows are the larger and more regular, as on other lizards. The scales, so-called, are a deep jet black, and some are of a bright orange, pale orange, or muddy yellow. It has a broad, black, flat head, slightly mottled, the fore part, or face, being jet black. The tongue is also black, is broad and forked for about one-third of its length, which it continually thrusts out and rapidly draws back, emitting a poisonous saliva, while it moves sluggishly in search of prey, or basks upon a rock in the burning sun. The mouth is very large, being about three inches around. It has grooved teeth in the upper and lower jaws—a row on each side, and they are firmly set and as sharp as needles. When the jaws close upon the victim the grip is as that of a vise. A story is told of a man who did not believe that the "thing would bite." He managed to let the monster grasp a finger, and found that he could not let go; neither would the reptile until after the jaws had been cut asunder. The tail is round, conical in shape, tapering to a point. It has four squatty legs, somewhat on the plan of those of the Saurian. On each foot are five toes, and on each of these is a sharp-pointed claw. In walking it uses the fore and hind feet of alternate sides, keeping the head near the ground. If trodden upon by some unwary miner or prowling Indian it quickly raises its head, then slightly raises its body by its bench-like legs, wheels quickly around, and emits a blowing sound, thrusting out and drawing back its black-forked tongue in a defiant manner. It throws out a greenish vapor, which is also supposed to be poisonous. The monster feeds upon other reptiles, ground-nesting birds, and their eggs.

COYOTE.

The coyote is the Ishmaelite of the desert; also, the scavenger. He prowls along its borders searching for prey, animal or human. He is a species of wolf, also fox-like. He has a long, lean body, short legs, and a foxy head. The nose is long and pointed, and his yellow eyes are framed by black eyebrows. The ears hang over like those of a bloodhound, which he raises above his head when he is alarmed. The jaws are sharp and the tail bushy. Nothing in the shape of food escapes him—from the dead body of a prospector to the *tuna*, or prickly pear. Unlike other animals, the coyote is not afraid of fire, and when the prospectors build their fire near a clump of bushes on the desert, the coyote creeps up under the darkened shadows to within a short distance, when he then squats upon his haunches, gazing at the miners, his eyes glistening like coals of fire. Others come, until the camp is surrounded, when the attack is made. But if there are not sufficient to make the attack, they will sit there for hours, licking their foxy jaws, making not the slightest noise, waiting for their intended victims to retire to sleep. It has a voice more like a bark than a yelp or howl. The bark is short and sharp. When a camp is surrounded the leader barks, and others follow in quick succession, one joining in before the other has finished. Then the barking becomes faster and faster and the pitch higher, until it unites in a long-drawn howl in the highest key. This concert must be extremely unpleasant to the solitary prospector on the lonely desert. Coyote is an Aztec term, which has been transmitted by the Spanish conquerors. The desert Indians venerate the coyote as a deity, and some tribes have, in a measure, succeeded in domesticating them.

ADOBE.

MYRA H. RANDALL.

THE "Encyclopedia" dismisses the subject of adobe thusly: "Sunbaked bricks of fine sand and clay dust, made in the same manner as common brick; are very smooth and hard, used principally in Central America and Mexico. Adobes are generally of one story, being warmer in winter and cooler in summer."

As a people we have yet to learn that to every country and to every race there is some *raison d'etre* for their own particular customs and ways of living.

Why in a corner of the world where snow is unknown should a roof be constructed that can lay no claim to architectural beauty and is only good for the snow to slide off of? Why in a country where porches are practically of no use, either from disagreeable winds or extremes of heat and cold, should the comfort of the inmates of a dwelling be "sacrificed to an architect's idea," when the same outlay in time, taste, and money would change this useless porch into a bow-window, as often seen in San Francisco, with broad window seats—indoor gardening making it "a thing of beauty and a joy forever"—where the sunshine could be enjoyed without outside discomforts? On the other hand, in a land of perfect outdoor life, why should not the galleries or verandas be the main feature, where all the vocations of daily life might be carried on?

There must necessarily be many modifications of the ancient adobes, in our modern constructions; for the return to the adobe as used in past centuries would not be practicable, but "the same effect may be obtained in brick and stucco, steel lath and plaster."

Even in Mexico what was called adobe was often burnt bricks filled in with adobe, then cemented over: others were built of stones and mud with the outside coating of cement, oftentimes highly polished. However, these were all the outcome of the original and primitive adobe, such as may still be seen along the Rio Grande.

While the architecture is fully, or in part, Moorish, it has been said that the adobe is not, as usually supposed, a Spanish importation, but was found in Mexico and adapted by the Spanish on their occupation of the country.

The walls, from two to three feet in thickness, make a dwelling impervious to dampness and reduce the need of artificial heat to a minimum. In the modern, as in the remnants of past grandeur, the broad, open-arched veranda and the inner court, or patio, are essential features.

One of the finest specimens of the adaption of the ancient may be seen in the Casa des Rosas at Los Angeles—a combination of school and dwelling. It is considered a fine example of Moorish architecture, and is one of California's most beautiful homes. The word "home" is used advisedly, for it aims to be home as well as school, to the tiniest kindergartner as to the teacher sent out to continue Frobel's work. It was pronounced by judges at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco a model of school architecture.

The residence of Gail Borden in the lovely town of Alhambra is a combination of all that is most artistic of the ancient with the comfort of the modern. The beautiful patio is a marvel of wealth and of the picturesque. Situated in a park that has trees from every "sun-kissed clime," it is a glimpse from the realm of fairyland.

The castle of La Crescenta, perched high against the mountain's side, commands a view over the hills and valleys to the Pacific. It is a fourteenth century idea carried out in stone, and, with the beautiful courtyard, the grand veranda and the crenelated walls, it might well have sheltered some old Spanish grandee; but it is, instead, a modern and attractive American home.

CASTLE OF LA CRESCENTA.

Pasadena, the Crown of the Valley, even more than her sister towns, is the rallying point for all that wealth and good taste and talent can do; and this is shown by the many elegant and chaste designs of her palaces, many of which are "adobe."

Only five years ago this style (adobe) was practically unknown among the eastern settlers, for in "Our Italy" we find "Instead of adapting or modifying the houses and homes that the climate suggests, the new American comers have brought from the East the smartness and prettiness of our modern nondescript architecture. The present occupiers have taken no hints from the natives."

The first white man's house built in Pasadena, fifty-eight years ago, was of adobe, and is still standing at the foot of Raymond Hill. This old house is one of Pasadena's sights, for it has also a historical value. It was from here, in 1847, that a message was sent by the Mexicans to Colonel Fremont, who had reached San Fernando Mission, negotiating terms of surrender. Here and there large scales have fallen, showing the brown adobe, but in its bright setting of the gorgeous poinsettias, scarlet geraniums, and wealth of roses, it lingers in the memory as an ineffaceable image of our picturesque Past.

El Viejo Molino (the old mill), situated in a romantic ravine near Pasadena, is 125 years old—its stone and adobe walls in perfect repair. Mrs. Mayberry says: "As nothing like it is found in other Spanish ruins in this State, it has been supposed that part of the ingredients might have been brought from Spain. Another is, that the cement was made in the Arroyo Seco, and mixed with bullock's blood, which is known to make any cement almost adamantine." Placed as it is, in the midst of a tropical scene, large red and white oleanders, veritable trees, the lime and the lemon, the orange and palm, a confusion of ivy and vines, flowers growing in wildest profusion, it may well be as it is, a nucleus for many romantic tales. In many of the remains of the Spanish occupation, the outside was entirely free from ornamentation, but all that art and wealth could contribute was used to adorn the interior, imitating the rich gilding and brilliant tints, as found in the Alhambra.

Among the softly shaded yellows and greens of the Puente Hills is found the last Spanish Governor's early home. Don Pio Pico from out this princely domain came to spend his last days in comparative poverty and loneliness, in the City of Los Angeles. The old house is now the abode of our almond-eyed neighbors. They have appropriated this as many other historic buildings in this southwestern land, their crimson black-lettered posters decorating the entrances.

The long trellised galleries, vine embowered, that have witnessed the *galanteries* of the Spanish dons to fair senoritas, and have echoed to the ringing of the spur and clank of sword in the troublous times, are now adorned with strings of red peppers and bunches of onions; the walls of the vast out-buildings have been used to make "a fill." Alas! "that Cæsar's dust," etc.

The buildings at the World's Fair, and also at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco, gave to many people a more complete definition of the word "adobe" than the dictionary gives.

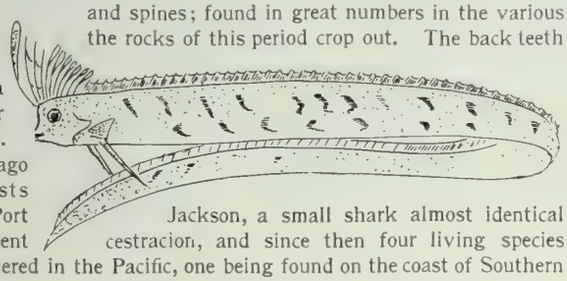
Now that the seed has been sown, it is fast taking root, and our prosaic *Americanos* have seen that in a land of almost continual summer that outdoor life is possible 360 days of the year; that glass cages, snow roofs and arctics are among the non-essentials of life—but to offset these there are the patios with fountains and flowers, the vine-shaded porch (not stoop), the grand arched verandas, the ever changing light of Mother Mountain's face, and over all, and above all, the genial sunshine of this Land of Content.

RARE PACIFIC FISHES.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

THE Pacific Coast of North America, especially that portion adjacent to what is known as Southern California, is extremely rich in animal life, being, as it were, on the borderland between the tropics and the temperate zone. Not only this, but owing to the warm Japanese current which sweeps down the coast and gives the adjoining country a semi-tropical climate, many fishes are found which seem to have wandered from warmer regions, while others, in turn, have strayed from the far north.

Geologists have long known a fish, called cestracion, from the Devonian rocks; a remarkable creature that, while an ancient shark, is one of the connecting links between the fishes and the reptiles. Twenty-two genera of these fishes lived before the oolitic period, and they are known by their teeth and spines; found in great numbers in the various localities where the rocks of this period crop out. The back teeth are very peculiar, forming a pavement for crushing the food.

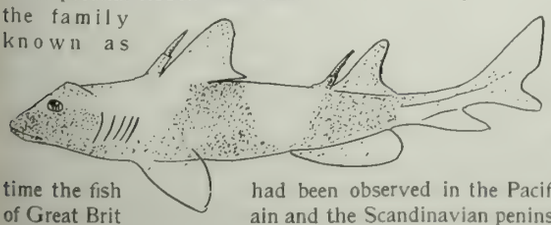


Some years ago some naturalists discovered, in Port Jackson, a small shark almost identical with the ancient cestracion, and since then four living species have been discovered in the Pacific, one being found on the coast of Southern California. None exceed five feet in length, and the California form is generally found about two feet in length. During the past summer the writer had the good fortune to observe several of these sharks, some of which were taken in traps and others alive. In the water they have a singular motion, using the tail almost entirely as a locomotive organ, despite the fact that their pectoral and other fins are all large, which gives the body a peculiar waddling motion.

In appearance, the shark which is known to science as *Gyroplenrodus francisci*, differs from all other sharks, being very high for its length. In color it is a dark-brownish red with darker or almost black marbling, while the under portion is various shades of pink. The fins are all large, the pectorals seeming to form a vest. There are two dorsals which resemble mimic leg-o'-mutton sails, the simile of a mast being carried out by a spine before each, the point of which forms a formidable weapon. The sharks are valueless, the spines alone being preserved by the fishermen as curiosities; in some instances they are three inches in length.

The writer was also fortunate in observing at Santa Catalina Islands a fish never to his knowledge seen before in this section—the bank fish, or *Regalecus*. Some one came running up from the beach saying that a remarkable fish had been found, one that the oldest fisherman on the island, who had been there forty years, had never seen. Soon after the fish was brought up for inspection. It had been seen swimming along with undulatory ribbon-like movements near the shore, and was picked up and laid on a board. The fish was an extremely fragile and delicate creature, very striking in appearance, resembling a white satin ribbon with black markings. Along the upper side extended a long fin, made up of many spines and tinted a delicate coral pink. There was no tail or caudal fin, the body ending merely in a point. The side, or pectoral, fins were small, and from below them extended two sharp rays. The head was the most striking feature. The mouth was small, and there seemed to be a well-defined forehead, above which rose the first spines of the dorsal fin in the form of eight or nine plumes of the same exquisite tint as the dorsal fin, giving the creature a most fanciful and remarkable appearance. The general color of the body was a delicate silver, the effect of the combination being beautiful and striking.

The fish belonged to the sub-order *Taeniosomi*, which includes a number of peculiar ribbon-like fishes. The one in question was a member of the family *Regalecidæ*, and known as *Regalecus bankeii*. The late Professor G. Brown Goode informed the writer that this was the first time the fish had been observed in the Pacific. In the waters of Great Britain and the Scandinavian peninsula it is known as a deep-sea fish, specimens have been caught twenty-two or more feet in length.



As to the habits of this attractive fish, either in the Pacific or European waters, nothing is known; but it is, in all probability, a deep-sea form, occasionally coming in shore, and the specimen found at Santa Catalina was, doubtless, a wanderer from the great unknown piscatorial regions.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

F. B. HAMILTON.

That system of which our sun is the center, and around which eight principal planets revolve, is the solar system. One hundred and forty minor planets, eighteen moons, countless meteors, and over two hundred comets belong to this system.

A sun of such magnitude as to control the united attraction of all the planets, which revolve about him, floats in space with invisible support. By an unseen force called gravity the planets seem bound to him. Each turns upon its axis while the planets, all in grand procession, continue their ceaseless march around the sun. Each in its own path moves in the same direction as the others, but not with like velocity.

Nearest the sun torrid Mercury speeds along his oval orbit more than 105,000 miles an hour; just beyond, Venus moves forward at the rate of 66,000 miles; while the Earth passes over 65,000 of its annual journey, and distant Neptune circles through 12,000 miles of space.

Planets cross the paths of planets moving with velocities which baffle imagination, while moons circle around and comets rush by as if on the wings of lightning. Amid seeming confusion the planets pursue their way. Numberless appear the impending dangers, and unspeakable the ruin which awaits the entire system. Yet no planet wanders from its course. Fitful meteors and trailing comets pass to and fro, the mighty planets sweep onward, but the harmony is as undisturbed as the most perfect machinery.

The sun—that ornament of the skies whose light and heat render the earth inhabitable—is distant 91,500,000 miles from the earth's surface.

To traverse that distance by walking at a lively pace twelve hours a day would require over five thousand years. Yet so small is the distance to the sun as compared with the distance to the stars, that it serves as the unit of the astronomical measurements adopted.

ON THE OJAI RIVER.

Light comes to us from the sun in about eight minutes, but to reach us from the remote stars many hundred years are required. Were the earth's volume a million times greater than it now is it would not equal that of the glorious sun.

The sun exists in a melted or gaseous state. Flames sweep across its surface in terrific violence and shoot far out into the infinity of space.

Spots which appear on the sun are supposed to be depressions. Since these spots change their apparent form as they pass across the face of the sun, producing effects identical with those produced by a rotating body, the sun is believed to revolve upon its axis. Together the sun and solar system are sweeping on toward a point in the constellation, Hercules, at the rate of 150,000,000 miles a year, yet so small a part of the orbit is traversed that the change in position is barely perceptible after many years' progress.

The cause of the sun's great heat is unknown. It is accounted for by supposing countless meteors to be continually falling like rain upon it, and that motion is there converted into heat.

By means of the spectroscope the composition of the sun is shown to be similar to that of the earth. Twelve of its elements have been identified. Though the sun's heat appears to be diminishing, we are assured that the earth will not suffer from its loss for millions of years if the present rate of diminution continues, and when we remember that these deductions are not theoretical we must accept them as facts.

THE CALIFORNIA RAISIN INDUSTRY.

CHAS. E. JENNEY.

LESS than fifty years ago the early pioneers of California, penetrating the interior of that vast territory, beheld a great inland valley surrounded on all sides by high mountains. The primitive landscape in the spring of the year presented an appearance not differing greatly from the pampas of South America. A great sea of waving green, sprayed with gorgeous wild flowers of every hue, bounded only by the dense chaparral of the Sierra foothills on the east, and those of the Coast Range one hundred miles away to the westward; roamed over by bands of untamed cattle, the descendants of those introduced by the early Mission Padres, herds of antelope, prowling coyotes, and the jack-rabbit. Such was the San Joaquin Valley in the springtime, but in summer this Garden of Eden was transformed into a Sahara —one sandy, scorching desert, where the rattlesnake and owls made their home, and the lizard and horned-toad basked on the burning sand; no sign of vegetation, no protection from the sun's rays. Such was the valley in 1870, which in twenty years was to rival the most productive vineyards of Sunny Spain, and supply sufficient raisins for the whole United States.

In 1870 the first canal was led out from the San Joaquin River to the thirsty plains, and this was the beginning of the great irrigation system which has made a garden of the desert. The uniform level of the valley, and the freedom from all rocks and boulders, made less difficult the great undertaking, and the canal system was from that date rapidly developed, until to-day there are over two thousand miles of these pulsing veins and arteries of agriculture threading the Valley, and, as the snowy reservoirs of the Sierras are inexhaustible, man is no longer dependent on the rainfall.

In the early days a similarity in climate to Italy and Spain was noticed. The temperature of the valley ranges from twenty-seven degrees in winter to one hundred and fifteen in summer, thus corresponding to Florida, but without the humidity of Florida. Rarely, at any season, is there any fall of dew, and the rainfall is limited to four months of the year. The inhabitants boast of three hundred cloudless days in the year, and even Italy cannot rival that.

The first Muscat vines were brought here about 1872, and in the following year some of the best Muscatel vines were imported from Spain. In the succeeding six years vineyards were set out here and there, encouraged by the success of the first ones, and in 1879 and 1880 a great number were planted. From that time on they multiplied so rapidly that, in 1886, the raisin industry became the principal one of the Valley.

The Colony system was introduced here in 1874, and this facilitated

A FRESNO VINEYARD SCENE.

the increase of the industry. Large tracts of land were divided into ten, twenty, and forty acre lots, and broad avenues bordered by shade trees were laid out. Some of the avenues, bordered by the White Adriatic fig-tree, which thrives well here, formed a remunerative as well as picturesque boundary. With each lot of land a perpetual water right was attached, at an original cost of five dollars per acre, and an annual tax of sixty-two cents per acre for repairing ditches.

There are two kinds of soil in which the vines thrive—a heavy soil of red clay mixed with white quartz, which resembles the Malaga grape land of Spain, and the white ash soil where there is no alkali. The soil all over the valley is a rich sedimentary deposit of great depth. Before the land was irrigated, wells had to be bored from fifty to sixty feet before the water level was reached, but now it has become sub-irrigated nearly to the surface.

The principal grape grown is the Gordo Blanco Muscatel crossed with the Muscat of Alexandria. The small seedless Sultana grape is also being increased in acreage, and the Malaga grows well but produces a raisin inferior to the Muscat.

RAISINS CURING ON THE TRAYS.

The vines are set out ten feet apart, and in rows ten feet apart. Either cuttings or rooted vines are used; if rooted vines, they begin to bear the second year and a paying crop can be gathered the third year.

The vines are pruned in January or February back to a stump from six to sixteen inches high. From six to twelve spurs are left to produce the crop for the coming season. The huge piles of brush are burned on the vineyard and the ashes serve as a fertilizer.

As soon as the verdure starts out on the vines the vineyard is plowed one way and then cross-plowed at intervals to keep out the weeds. Couleur, a disease to which the European grape vines are much subject, and which is caused by excessive moisture, is almost unknown here. In fact, it is often necessary to irrigate the vines several times through the summer. This is done either by flooding the whole vineyard or by leading the water in furrows. The latter method is preferable, as the former causes the ground to crack and thus absorb more moisture.

The grapes begin to ripen about the middle of August. When ripe they are of a beautiful translucent amber. A saccharometer is sometimes used to determine this, twenty-five per cent of saccharine being necessary to make the most perfect raisin.

When the grapes are ready for picking the trays are brought out from the sheds and distributed along the roads so that the pickers may easily get them. These trays are constructed of pine boards, or redwood "shakes" from the mills in the Sierras, and measure two feet by three. They hold about twenty pounds of grapes, which makes five pounds of raisins. Chinese are largely employed in picking the grapes, and in the picking season a vineyard presents a picturesque sight, dotted with the coolies in their suits of blue jeans and large basket hats. The pickers use knives and place the bunches on the trays right side up, that is, the side showing the least stems, and being careful not to remove the bloom from the grapes. When the tray is full it is placed on the ground on the south side of the vine, and slanted toward the sun by means of wooden pegs placed under one end. When a vineyard is all picked the ground is pretty effectually covered with trays, as a vine yields on an average from fifty to sixty pounds of grapes.

The grapes are thus left in the sun until about two-thirds dry, which takes five or six days. Then the trays are turned by placing an empty one over a full one and reversing it. They are then left three or four days more, at the end of which time they are raisins.

When the raisins are cured the trays are stacked up four or five feet high and the assorting begins. Each sorter has two sweat-boxes, one for the full bunches or clusters and one for the loose raisins. The sweat-box is three feet long, two feet wide, and about eight inches deep, and holds about one hundred and twenty-five pounds when full.

The raisins in the sweat-box are now ready to be packed for the market. They are taken to the packing-house and the layer raisins are placed in a sweat room and slightly steamed for a day or two to soften the stems so they will not break in handling. Girls and women do all the packing. The layers are first packed in five-pound forms, which are transferred into twenty-pound boxes, and on the top layer ribbons are tied, and fancy labels, giving the brand and shipper's name, inserted. The average wages earned by the girls is about one dollar and thirty cents per day.—*Continued on page 9.*

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

THE WESTERN ORIOLE.

CALIFORNIA has an oriole, the Western oriole, or "golden robin," which, in general appearance and habits, is scarcely distinguishable from the Baltimore oriole of the Eastern States, though its plumage is not quite so brilliant, nor its song of so melodious a character. Among scientists it is known as "Bullock's oriole" (*Icterus Bullockii*), and its range is the western part of the United States, as far eastward as the Rocky Mountains. These birds are members of the family of American starlings; and, in their gay livery of orange and black, are quite tropical in aspect. They are more common in Southern California than in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay; and, during the winter months, migrate into the warmer climate of Mexico. Their nests are not made in pine forests, but in the drooping branches of such trees as the locust, the pepper, and the weeping-willow, the extremities of the boughs being instinctively selected by the little architects, in order to insure safety from climbing foes, while a thick canopy of leaves effectually screens the opening. The materials employed in their construction are strips of fibre from plants or vines, bits of bark and long dry grasses, sheep's wool, tufts of cow's hair, or streamers of that graceful parasite, the gray-green Spanish moss. When near a house or barn scraps of thread or silk, twine or kite string, horse-hair, or even pieces of fish-lines are also utilized, the colors being usually chosen in dull shades, with a view to greater concealment of the cozy little residence, though bright carpet-ravelings have been used when other supplies were scarce. From these odds and ends is manufactured a sort of strong, coarse cloth in the shape of a bag or pouch about six inches in depth, the whole being so firmly woven together that it will bear the weight of many pounds. In cold places it is made thicker than in more sheltered situations, and is more shallow when not exposed to high winds, which, by roughly rocking the branches, might cause the eggs to be spilled out. The nest shown in the illustration was found about twenty feet from the ground in a tall eucalyptus-tree a short distance from Mountain View Cemetery, in Alameda County, and is composed of fibres and horse-hair, and neatly padded inside with cotton batting. As may be seen, some of the leaves are included in the general structure, and the blossoms and seed vessels remain intact, forming the most picturesque of sylvan dwellings.

ORIOLE'S NEST.

The oriole's eggs, which are laid in the month of May, are four or five in number, and of a very pale bluish-white, with dark streaks or markings.

If taken when very young, or if patiently trained when older, these birds make most interesting and intelligent pets, as they are naturally fond of the society of man, and often build their nests in the shade-trees along country highways. Their food consists mainly of insects and caterpillars, but they are not averse to occasionally sipping the juices of fruit-blossoms or to sampling the fruit itself, amply repaying for their pilfering by the pretty picture made by their golden colors against the foliage and their sweet flute-like notes, especially from the tree-tops in the early morning.

Being one of our few species of native singing-birds, they should, with the linnet and meadow-lark, be protected by law from wanton destruction, lest their ranks become totally depleted.

THE WATER-OUZEL.

Water-ouzels, or "dippers," are not exclusively American birds, but are common in the hilly parts of the British Islands, in Switzerland, and Italy, and even in certain parts of Asia. The Pacific Coast variety (*Cinclus Mexicanus*) is found from Alaska to Northern Central America; and, in California, inhabits the vicinity of waterfalls in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, building its nest on the sides of fern-clad precipices, wet with flying spray. It belongs to the large family of the thrushes, though the plump little brown and gray body resembles that of a small robin, and the short tip-tilted tail is decidedly wren-like. By means of its strong, stiff wings it is able, when in pursuit of prey, to fly a considerable distance through the current of the most foaming rivers, often stopping to rest and sing on a rock in mid-stream, and jerking and bobbing about in a curious and apparently aimless manner.

During the summer months, when the roaring rapids have somewhat subsided, this bird may often be seen wading through the shallow pools near the water's edge, under the azaleas and great saxifrage leaves, feeding on water-beetles in all their stages, the eggs and small fry of fishes, fresh-water snails that venture out of their shells, the larvæ of mosquitoes or the queer little caddis-worms, the deftly built cases of which it breaks open with its bill. In its flight through the air it follows the curve of the river, scorning to take "short cuts," and prefers to make the abrupt ascent of a steep bank rather than to approach it at an angle. Although the ouzel's song is sweetest in the springtime and in the early morning, it is said to sing blithely the whole year through—summer or winter, calm or storm—the most furious gale never abating its vivacity.

NEST OF WATER-OUZEL.

John Muir, the well-known explorer and author, in his beautiful prose-poem—"The Mountains of California"—devotes an entire chapter of nearly two dozen pages to a description of the appearance and habits of this cheery little songster, the companion of his wanderings through the unbroken forest and the enlivener of many a lonely hour.

The dome-shaped nest, which is about ten inches in diameter, is composed of green living moss, kept ever fresh in the humid atmosphere of the cascade; and as in time all cracks and patches are entirely concealed by this emerald growth, the snug little abode cannot be distinguished from its surroundings, unless its owner is surprised in the act of entering through the small, round, over-arched opening near the bottom. Within is a soft bed of a few dry leaves, on which, in May or June, are deposited three or four eggs of purest white; and when hatched the young birds are attended by their parents with the greatest solicitude.

If gifted with patience and ordinary powers of observation, any visitor to Mt. Shasta, the Yosemite, or other points in the Sierras, may study for himself this interesting little denizen of the mountain water-courses, the embodiment of pluck, alertness, and endurance.

THE CALIFORNIA RAISIN INDUSTRY.—Continued from page 8.

The layer raisins are graded into Dehesa clusters and London layers. The loose raisins are run through a machine called a stemmer, which removes the stems, grades the raisins into four sizes, known as four, three, and two crown and seedless, and boxes them. This stemmer is an invention peculiar to the California raisin industry; it is run by steam power and will stem, grade, and box from thirty to forty tons of raisins a day. A packing-house in the busy season, which lasts from the first of September to December, presents a scene of bustle and activity, and a novel one to unaccustomed eyes. To see the raisins dumped by the ton into the stemmer, and shoveled like coal against the revolving cylinder, is a marvel to consumers who buy their raisins a pound at a time in the East.

The shipments from the San Joaquin Valley in 1883 were 1200 cars; in 1892, 2500 cars; in 1895, 4000 cars—a car consisting of 12 tons.

In the early days of the industry a vineyard frequently yielded $150 worth of raisins to the acre, but these large returns attracted a numerous agricultural population and led up to an over-production in 1894 and 1895, which, coupled with the ruinous system of handling the crop through commission houses at both Eastern and Western ends, brought the price of raisins down to less than cost, and many cases are recorded in the past two years where the freight on a car of raisins more than equaled the amount realized by the producer. The present season (1896) has proved more prosperous to the vineyardists, and the prevailing price paid for raisins in the sweat-box was three and a half cents per pound, though some who sold early realized but two and a half cents. The transference of the method of conducting the business from a commission to a cash basis, together with a short crop, have effected this.

The largest vineyard in the world is situated in Fresno County, in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley, and contains 1280 acres of raisin grapes.

A VISIT TO HILO.

BY A GERMAN.

The hotel register at celebrated tourist resorts is frequently relieved by odd entries and lengthy accounts of individual experiences. Some are prosaic, some pithy and sentimental, some lengthy and humorous. The following has been transcribed from the register of the Volcano House at Kilauea, Hawaiian Islands, having been written by a genuine German tourist some years ago, and has been kindly forwarded to THE TRAVELER for publication.

In this connection it might not be amiss to state that the tourist to Hawaii can now be carried up the Mountain of Mauna Loa and down into the great crater six hundred feet below the rim to the very brink of the Lake of Fire, Kilauea, without touching the soles of his feet to the ground.—Ed.

I COME down last trip on the Idaho,
An everypody he says to me,
Oh, to look at der Grater you must go,
For it's a most wonderful ding to see!
Vell I likes to look at vonderful dings
So I comes up to Hilo with Captain Boores,
An den a countryman of mine,
Mr. Snider, he dells me to hire a horse;
Vell, I do not know nottings apout a horse,
An I vants to valk on my feet.
But Snider say, "No, my friend, vy of course
For to ride it is better as goot,
Der road it is long, and der road it is vet,
An pime py vy you valks yourself sick,
Ven now if you ride on a nice little horse
Vy den you gets over him quick."
So I dink Snider knows, an I pays me a man
To come mit me an find me der road,
An he dells me to dravel as light as I can
So I do not take much of a load;
Notting but von little case of Schiedam,
Some polognys, a ham, an some cheese,
An some pread, an another little case of Schiedam
For to have a littel lunch ven I blease.
Vell, I starts out from Hilo apout den o'glock,
An I comes to der cocoanut grove,
An dare der horse stops just as fast as one rock
An for dree hours I no make him move;
I bats him an calls him "a pully goot horse,"
Den I spurs him until he is red,
Den I gits off an fastens a rope to his tail,
An de native he bulls him ahead;
Vell, I valkes on behind dill we comes to a house,
Ver de native he dells me I sleep
For his vader lives der, an he takes all my dings,
An he gives to his vader to keep.
Vell, I vas more hungry as ever I vas,
An I eats my pologny an ham,
But I makes up mine mind I vill not git dite,
So I drinks but von case of Shiedam;
Booty near five o'glock ven I vakes myself up,
I calls for my pread an my cheese.
An I dells the Ganaka who comes up mit me
Vor to pring me my schnapp if he please.
Vell, he prings me mine case, an py dam—vat you dink?
Der is nothing, not von single sup,
An dat tuced Ganaka he speaks to mine face
Dat de cockroach he drinks him all up;
You bet I vas vild, but now vat can I do?
So I say, "You please saddle mine horse."
Den he comes back and tells me de horse he vas sick
An der saddle an pridle vas loss.
Den I sware all I know and I hit him von kick,
And I calls him, "You no speak him true,
Vot for do you say dat der saddle is loss
Ven der cockroach he eat him up too?"
Vell den dat Ganaka he bitch into me,
And he swells up der two of mine eyes,
And he peats me and bounds me more hard as he can
Until I just lays down an gries,
Den he stops and I gets up and valks on mine feet,
An I comes for de Grater to see,
My schnapp he is gone, der is notting to eat,
But I still have my meerschaum mit me;
So I smokes an I smokes an I valks up de rocks,
An py an py I reaches von pen,
An der comes out more as 25 ox
Mid a dog an 5 oder man.
Vell, von ox he is vild, an he starts after me,
An he gatches me ven I valls down,
An he bitches me up in der dop of a tree
More as 21 feets from der grount;
My goat it vas dorn an my meerschaum is proke
An my vatch chain is gone from der hook,
But I says to mine self never mind a small joak
Ven you comes at der Grater to look.
Vell it rains and it rains like der bottom vas out,
An my poots it comes off from der sole,
But I valks on my stockings until it is dark
An den I valks into a hole;
I dries an I dries but I cannot git up,
So I dinks vell I stays here all night,
An though I vas hungry an though I vas vet
Yet I dinks on the whole I vas right.
Vell after daylight ven a man comes along,
He hears him ven I makes him a call,
An stops an unfastens a rope from der horse,
An bulls me up mit a haul;
An he goes up mit me dill we comes to a house
Ver a pig fence he runs all around,
An I sees der is smoke and I sees der is steam
An I sees a pig hole in der grount
An I knows dat de Grater is somewhere arount
An dat dis house must be der Hotel,
An ven I valks in vy a man he valks out
An he tells me he hopes I vas vell.
"Vell," I says, "Pooty vell, and I'm glad to get here,
An I vants some pologny an ham,
An some cheese an some pread an a pottle of peer
An a smoke an a glass of Schiedam.
Py dam, vot a country! now vot do you dink
Der landlord he answer to me.
He says, "My dear sir, we have notting to drink
But some vater an coffee an tea.
We can give you a ped an can give you some meals,
An pime py ven der rain it does go
You will dink dat it is a most vonderful ding
Vor to look at the Grater, I know."
Vell, I vates here four days an it rains all der time,
An der fog he vas like a stone vall,
I no see no Grater, I no see no fire,
I hear him go boom, dat vos all.
An now in der morning I dakes myself pack,
Vor I knows vot a pig fool I am
Ven I dinks I vill see any vonderful dings
In der blace vere dey keeps no Schiedam.

HAWAIIAN SCENES.

MY TWO STARS.

WRITTEN FOR "THE TRAVELER" BY FRANK DEARDORF.

No need have I to look above
For light of stars in heaven,
While two like these reflect its love,
And through them light is given.

Those stars shine coldly, far away,
With only nightly splendor;
My wondrous stars, by night and day,
Shine fair and far more tender.

Thy precious light, beloved eyes,
To me is, oh, far clearer;
Through it I see beyond the skies
To God, and bring Him nearer.

Content am I with them for light,
Nor dream of stars in heaven;
They lead me through the darkest night,
A trustful guide and leaven.

ASCENT OF MOUNT POPOCATEPETL.

DAVID MERICK.

WE HAVE been taught almost from the first days at school —as millions of other boys and girls have been through several generations—that Popocatepetl is the biggest volcano in the world, and one of the tallest mountains on the American continent. So we had from early childhood imagined how it would seem to climb 18,000 feet up that stupendous mass of rock and earth, and then look down into that awful crater. How many times our boyish mind used to wander from the geography lessons and out of the humming schoolroom away down into romantic Mexico. Long years ago, therefore, we resolved that one day, if there ever came the least chance, we should ascend Popocatepetl—no matter what the cost or labor or risk.

It was last August that our resolution, made many years ago in a New England school, was carried into execution. We had been traveling through Mexico, and made a journey to Puebla to make provision for the ascent. From the streets of Tocubaya, where we got our first clearly defined view of Popocatepetl, some sixty miles away, the sight was disappointing. The great snow-capped peak seemed no taller than a score we had climbed in California and Colorado, and the three gentlemen from Los Angeles and San Diego, whom I had begged to accompany me in climbing (with guides, of course) the famous old mountain, began to poke fun at my enthusiasm.

Having hired five Indian guides, who had been highly recommended to us at the City of Mexico, and with a mule for each person in the party, besides two pack mules, we started at the first rays of dawn from Tocubaya on the sixteenth of August. Late in the afternoon we reached the little village of Talumina at the foot of the sacred mountain of Amecameca, to which the natives make pilgrimage each alternate year.

A rest of one night there, and our party started early the next morning for the first ascent of Popocatepetl. The road led southeast to the towering volcano. At about noon the grade began to increase fast, and a few hours later we were well up among the first snows of the mountain. At three o'clock we were well into the great pine forest that clothes the upper base of Popocatepetl. Our instruments told us we were now at an elevation of 8300 feet. We went steadily upward, zigzagging over pine-needles, brushing past boughs that gave out their hearty northern smell, and now and then crossing noisy torrents of ice-water. The Indians who followed on foot began to slacken their speed a little toward sunset, for the rarity of the air had sensibly increased since we entered the forest.

At about thirteen thousand feet is the ranch Tlaxcala, merely two or three very large huts and a sulphur roaster, where from time to time the peons work the sulphur collected within the opening of the crater. These huts stand just at the limit of the forest, and we came out upon the black waste of ashes, which stretch away from them, soon after six o'clock. The guides led us to the largest of these huts, and we were soon seated about a great fire that was built in the rude domicile. Supper was soon prepared from our provisions.

An hour later most of the men were asleep, the temperature fallen nearly to freezing, and the air very still. Right in front of us the volcanic ashes, that had been thrown there through endless ages, swept up to 15,000 feet elevation, and above, the snow-cap, glittering in the splendid excess of light, seemed to push upward against the very sky.

"Let their Americanos arise," said our head guide, and we sleepily sat up to find that it was two o'clock, that a wind as cold as ice-water was sifting through the cracks, and that we would rather be allowed to go to sleep and try Popocatepetl some other day. The men pulled themselves together about the smoldering fire, and while we made a hasty breakfast of bread and coffee, they wrapped our feet in woolen cloths, and over them put on "guanaches," such as the peons wear, passing the cords of leather under the sole to afford a secure foothold on the snow. For warmth, comfort, and security no better footgear for mountaineering could be devised. Tenorio looked up sleepily, and said good-by as we passed out, and then we were on horseback and away over the ashes at a good pace.

Between the huts of Tlaxcala and the great upward sweep of volcanic ashes to the snow line there lies a valley perhaps a mile and a half across, and into this we descended, working down the black, fatiguing trail, seen dimly ahead. The descent completed, the hard work began. The incline was steeper than at any point on the previous day, the rarity of the air much increased, and the ashes so fatiguing that the horses could not be ridden straight ahead, but of their own account zigzagged slowly up, stopping every few yards and panting so that the girths seemed on the point of bursting. The guides followed on foot.

At the point called Las Cruces, from the marks on the rocks, the ashes and the snow began. This was at an elevation of about fifteen thousand feet, and we reached it and dismounted at the first peep of dawn. The horses were turned over to one of the men, and we stepped forward on to the snow. For a few hundred yards we obtained good foothold, the crisp surface was furrowed into even ridges, against which we could brace and push upward. Then came a long stretch of smooth surface, slanting at about forty degrees, and the shovel came into play. The Indian in advance cut one step after another, and the other two, creeping along some five feet below us and parallel with our direction, served to keep us in line, for the fog had closed down over everything, and the bent-forward forms of one's companions could only be seen dimly a few feet away. With the help of our long staves, and looking on the snow intently, we half saw, half felt, the footholds, and for an hour more toiled on, a desire to sleep and a sense of numbing cold growing steadily more acute.

ABOVE SNOW LINE MT. POPOCATEPETL.

At almost six o'clock, while we were resting at an elevation of about eighteen thousand feet, the quick sunrise filtered through the mist about us. The view here was magnificent, but was blotted out shortly, and we then turned to the ascent, now steeper and with a rougher surface. The summit was once more hidden, and while the hummocks, or ridges, on the snow made walking easier, the surface had now become uneven in crust and we repeatedly broke through. It had seemed as though our chests would split open in efforts to inhale more deeply, but now our suffering was forgotten; we plunged forward into the rounding lip of the snow-cap, saw vaguely ahead a strip of black running out to the empty air, and in another minute scrambled down the ice rampart and stretched ourselves on the level ashes.

We were on the rim of the crater of Popocatepetl. Immediately on our right rose the western wall, perhaps over five hundred feet higher than the point where we stood, and all around the circumference the wall of ice, green and white, rose and fell in undulating or jagged outline. The culminating point of the western side is given by the latest surveys an elevation of 17,855 feet above sea level. Five thousand feet away, and diametrically opposite to us, the walls of this inferno descended sheer 2000 feet into a surging, troubled abyss, full of fumes and a dull roar from volcanic activity far below. We noticed the rarity of the air no longer, and, except for the strong smell of sulphur, when the vapors below were stirred and lifted, experienced no discomfort in breathing while we remained seated or walked on the sloping floor of ashes.

One of our party went carefully down the incline and peeped over into the crater, but the rest of us were content to lie there on Popocatepetl and listen to the constant, muffled roar as of subterranean machinery from the vaporous abyss before us, and watch the occasional quick parting of the clouds above, when a patch of purple, as intense as the color of a tropical ocean out of soundings, sent down a short-lived blaze of light, filling all the crater with an iridescent golden glory.

MARY ANDERSON'S ENGLISH HOME.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

PERHAPS no native-born Californienne has earned so world-wide a reputation as Mary Anderson, who was born at Sacramento on July 28, eighteen hundred and—never mind what year. Her passion for the stage manifested itself at the early age of twelve, and though her parents were much averse to her becoming an actress, she studied incessantly, and, finally, triumphing over all opposition, made her first appearance on November 25, 1875, at Macauley's Theater, New York, in the character of Juliet. After playing in several towns of the United States she came to San Francisco, but her first appearance at John McCullough's theater was by no means successful. The members of the company ridiculed her acting and her wardrobe, and the press dealt hardly with her. Indeed, Miss Anderson speaks of this engagement as the most unhappy part of her professional life.

But all unpleasant memories of San Francisco were soon obliterated by her triumphs in Europe, where she met many men and women of the highest social position, with whom her relations were of the pleasantest kind. But, as years wore on, she became, as all persons of sensitive nature must do, more and more dissatisfied with the glare, glitter, and notoriety of stage life. Fond as ever she had been of the *study* of dramatic art, the every day *practise* of it grew increasingly distasteful. The continual exhibition of herself to all who chose to pay to see her, and whom the payment entitled to criticize her as they liked, became odious. Her last appearance in the Old World was at Dublin, and in 1889, on the Thursday night after Ash-Wednesday, at Washington, D. C., during inauguration week, the curtain rang down on her last appearance on the stage. In November she became engaged to Antonio F. de Navarro, whom she had known for many years, and in June, 1890, married him at the little Catholic church at Hampstead, near London. Since her marriage Mrs. Navarro has rejected the most remunerative offers made to induce her to act again, and accounting a brilliant reputation in the world but a poor exchange for domestic obscurity and happiness has lived in retirement, chiefly at Tunbridge Wells, a beautiful town in Kent, which has long been a favorite place of residence for retired army officers and other well-to-do people desiring a mild climate, a healthy and pretty place, and an agreeable society at a moderate distance from London. Though nowadays it has a slight air of faded splendor and bygone gaiety, it is a delightful town, clean, well-lighted, and well-watered, and is interesting to tourists.

It is more than two centuries since the mineral springs from which Tunbridge Wells derived its name were discovered, or at any rate introduced to the notice of people of fashion. A certain Lord North, a courtier of James I., who also claimed the credit of having first attracted the attention of rich Londoners to the virtues of Epsom waters, recommended his country people to visit home springs instead of incurring the expense and discomfort of journeying to the continental spas. The noble lord's health had been much impaired by metropolitan dissipation, but the healthy country life at "The Wells," or the chalybeate waters, or both, so restored his constitution that he was able to hold on to life till his eighty-fifth year. At any rate the reputation of Tunbridge Wells grew apace, and it became a favorite resort of people of rank and wealth. Queen Henrietta Maria visited it, and in 1664 Charles II. and his wife, Catherine of Braganza, stayed there for some time. The town is about thirty miles from London, a pleasant ride on a summer's afternoon. Toward the close of the century (about 1694) Princess Anne of Denmark, who was a frequent visitor to "The Wells," built a fountain there, which was long called "The Queen's Well." In those pre-asphaltum and ante-stone sidewalk days the pavements of cities and towns were rough and uneven, and the Duke of Gloucester having slipped and hurt his royal self upon the "walks," the Queen gave a considerable sum to be expended in putting them in proper condition. But the City Fathers used the Queen's good money for some other purpose, which so angered that royal lady that she withdrew the light of her countenance (literally and metaphorically) from Tunbridge Wells. However, the inhabitants paved the principal promenade under the lime-trees with square red bricks or tiles, whence it is called "The Pantiles" to the present day.

But great as are the uses of royal patronage in a country reigned over, but not governed, by a monarch, Tunbridge Wells yet owed most to a commoner, and one of not very high birth at that. This was Richard Nash, or "Beau Nash," as he is almost universally called, the autocrat of society at the queen of West of England watering-places, Bath. In the heyday of his power, Nash, wearing a three-cornered white hat, ornamented with gold lace, drove from Bath to Tunbridge Wells in a splendid carriage, drawn by six gray horses, and preceded by outriders blowing French horns. Immediately on his arrival he assumed the dictatorship of society at Tunbridge Wells with the same confidence as he had done at Bath. The improvement that followed only demonstrated once again the fact that a good despotism is the best of all governments. Nash's influence was entirely wholesome. He prohibited the wearing of riding-boots and swords on ordinary social occasions, and so rendered the occurrence of dangerous *fracas* less probable. Though his own great expenditure was largely defrayed by a commission paid to him by the proprietors of the faro and other public gambling games he did all he could to discourage gambling in private houses. He had much the same talent (but with much more autocratic power) for regulating the amusements of rich idle people, as in our own day made the reputation of the late Ward McAllister. As far as possible he filled up the day with pleasant occupations and diversions, and kept people agreeably occupied. He was a man of engaging manners, dressed elegantly, and, of course, possessed consummate assurance. It was to no small extent due to his influence that the visitors to "The Wells" mingled more freely and affably with each other and so increased the sum of common enjoyment. A new arrival in coach or postchaise was welcomed by a band of music, and was expected to bestow upon the musicians a gratuity in accordance with his means and social position. At seven o'clock in the morning the visitor was supposed to present himself at "The Pantiles," where he drank the waters and strolled about for an hour or more. Then he took his breakfast, which in fine weather was served under the shade of the lime-trees, to the accompaniment of music; after breakfast he again idled among the gay crowd or strolled to the coffee-house (humble progenitor of the palatial modern club) to look at the newspaper; if he affected a taste for literature he would go to the bookshop, where manuscript copies of poems satirizing the local celebrities were read and circulated. Those who were religiously inclined attended prayers in the Episcopal chapel at eleven. Those of an energetic turn took a brisk ride over the springy-turfed downs, or made an excursion to the Castle of Penshurst, the ivy-grown ruins of Bayham Abbey, Eridge Castle, the moated house at Ightham, or some other pretty or historical spot in the neighborhood. After a midday dinner many of the men played bowls while others looked on and smoked their pipes. The ladies in the afternoon took donkey-rides on the Common, and then adjourned to "The Pantiles" to sip their tea. On two evenings a week there were balls in the assembly-rooms, and on other evenings whist, picquet, and quadrilles. Dancing opened at the early hour of six with a minuet, at eight country dances began, and at eleven precisely the music ceased and the visitor retired. But though the public festivities ended at a becomingly early hour it is not unlikely that some bright spirits met again elsewhere and kept things going at little suppers with bowls of punch and jugs of "bishop."

The health-giving waters still flow into a marble basin at the end of "The Pantiles"; the lime-trees still cast a pleasant shade; there is still a band to enliven the scene; but, pleasant as "The Parade" now is, its glory has in a sense departed, and the outdoor public life of the people of Nash's day is little likely to be resumed. Privacy and virtue are doubtless the gainers, but picturesqueness and worldly ease of manner have probably been the losers. The showy equipages with tooting horns and outriders are seen no more, nor do the beaux and belles of to-day conduct their flirtations so much in the public eye as in former times was the fashion. Yet a man might spend his days or end them in many a less pleasant spot than the town selected by "our Mary" as her English home.

A TIME EXPOSURE.

A TIME EXPOSURE.

There is no one who will deny the fact that the above photograph is an "exposure" in both senses of the word, and, considering the character of the subject, it is natural to presume it must have been a "time" exposure. Just how many seconds, or *minutes*, were necessary to obtain so clear a negative is known only to the camera fiend and his subjects. From the real earnestness of the situation and the apparent obliviousness to the surroundings, the dramatis personæ evidently kept no record of the time, and, no doubt, cared less.

HOW WE DID NOT BREAK THE RECORD.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

FOR long-distance signaling over land and water, we had established a world-beating record, but not content with this brilliant achievement we determined to lower the colors of the San Francisco Signal Corps, whose record for long-distance signaling over land was five miles better than our own.

Two squads were sent out from the armory provisioned for a long journey. The squad under the command of Sergeant Kremer was bound for the San Bernardino Mountains, from the topmost peak of which we were to signal across the valley to Sergeant Kinsey's squad on Tehachapi.

We arrived at our first camping-place at the close of a cold, raw day, hungry as wolves and tired as ditch diggers. Sergeant Kremer proclaimed his ability to build a bed for five, and after supper was dispatched, the horses fed, and the tent pitched, he took the long, double army-blankets and spread them on the bare ground. Any sort of bed was inviting, to our way of thinking, even though we discovered that five men could not, with comfort, flock under covers just long enough for four. This was fully demonstrated about one A. M., when the "end men" arose in their wrath and demanded that Cooper, who had diverted the greater part of the blankets to his own use, be called to account. Matters were finally arranged, but there was little time left for sleep, as we wished to get an early start.

At 4:30 A. M., we crawled out of our blankets, and an hour later we were en route. It soon became evident that one of our horses was afflicted with "that tired feeling," and, indeed, it finally stopped short in its tracks. We got out of the wagon and pushed, then, as the team started on a trot, clambored back again with a comfortable sense of having mastered the difficulty. The trot became a walk, the walk a snail's pace, and again the animal halted. There was nothing to do but push, and this we did right vigorously with most unhappy results. The off horse, not being a party to the other's misdeeds, protested when the wagon was bumped against its heels, and, as one of the men said, "appeared to have a kick coming."

When we had mended the broken tug and straightened things out generally, we held a council of war, at the close of which we decided to get another team. We found that the nearest place we could procure horses was five miles across country. The change caused considerable delay, but we finally reached Redlands where Washburn, who had come down by train with the heliograph instruments, joined us. (The method of sending messages by heliograph is much the same as that used in sending by electric telegraph, the flashes of light, long or short, corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse code. Heliograph signaling is the surest means of long-range communication known, aside from the telegraph and telephone, which are not to be relied upon in times of war.)

Before leaving town Sergeant Kremer thoughtfully perused the written directions giving the nearest route to the peak, and arranged with a Redlands party to telephone to Seven Oaks for the burros, that were to be sent to the foot of the trail to await our coming. "We turn here," said the Sergeant, presently, tracing the route with pencil and paper. Cooper, who was driving, suggested that as the telephone line ran to Seven Oaks, it would be well to follow that. But the Sergeant did not think so, and turning, we struck a road that led through miles of wash, plentifully strewn with rocks.

AWAITING THE SIGNAL.

At the end of an hour it occurred to Hupp, who is studying to be a lawyer, to inquire where we "were at." This he did of a ranchman whom we passed. "How fur is it t' Seven Oaks? Wal, ye want t' go back 'bout five miles, an' take th' fust road t' yer left." "!!!!!!" "'Bout five miles back" we came upon a wagon track, meandering away to the left through the sage-brush, and following it for some distance we finally ran into a bee ranch, where the road, to all appearances, ended. To make a long story short, we finally struck the right road and kept it. We expected to make Skinner's camp by five o'clock, and Hupp, having meal time in mind, suggested that we draw lots to see who would serve in the capacity of dish-washer. It was clearly his turn at the helm and we so informed him, but to no purpose.

"Now, how do you know that it is my turn to wash dishes?" inquired the incipient lawyer. "Are you sure that you washed them the last time? Can you safely assert, without fear of contradiction, that I myself did not wash them? Are—— " We were on the point of mobbing him when Sergeant Kremer created a diversion. "I say, boys, look at that wash-out!"

LOS ANGELES SIGNAL CORPS.

We craned our neck, expecting to see new obstacles in the shape of gullied roads. Finally, after looking over the landscape carefully, we spied a lot of freshly washed clothes hung on a line to dry, at the rear of a small house beside the road! But our troubles were only begun. Arrived at the foot of the trail, we found that the telephone line was down, and that we should be obliged to send seven miles for our burros. "It don't seem like the same old smi-i-ile," Washburn warbled, as Skinner, with a rueful countenance, departed in quest of the burros. We pitched our tent, resolved to make the best of the situation. As we were due at the peak the next morning at ten, Washburn and I determined to go on ahead with the heliograph, leaving the others to follow with the camp outfit when the burros arrived.

We had gone some distance when we remembered that the adjusting rods of the machine were in Sergeant Kremer's haversack. We thereupon sat down to wait for Kremer and the burros. It was then six o'clock and very cold; we had to build a fire to keep from freezing. At ten o'clock the burro train appeared in charge of a guide. The last stage of the trip was up a trail that was somewhat dangerous and, as one of the boys remarked, "mighty perpendicular," and a strain on the nerves of all.

We drew ourselves up by the help of rocks and bushes, sometimes going ahead of the train to break the snow so that the burros could get through. I will state, incidentally, that we were six hours climbing the trail, and that our return trip "down hill" was made in an hour. We at once opened the station, and anxiously watched for the signaling flash from Tehachapi, the exact distance from our station being one hundred and twenty miles to the north.

The atmosphere was hazy, but we at length saw a flash and knew where to focus our instruments. We worked for hours and succeeded in making out, at intervals, three words: "how—we—are." "Better luck to-morrow," said the Sergeant; but the next day the sky was overcast with clouds, and the guide said we should have to get out of there or be snowed in. Reluctantly the order was given to "break camp."

The burros evidently scented a storm, for they were very uneasy, and one of the pack animals that Costerison had in charge bolted, dragging the unlucky youth at its heels. They finally brought up against a tree, one on each side. In crossing the creek on the return trip, Costerison stepped on the wrong side of a stone and took an involuntary bath. He scrambled out with wrath in his eye, and, with great deliberation, fished a rabbit's foot from his pocket and sent it spinning into the air. As a faithful chronicler of "how we did not break the record," I will take my oath that our bad luck left us from that moment. We reached Los Angeles in due time, after putting in eight days traveling over one hundred and seventy-five miles and living like savages—all to find out "how we are."

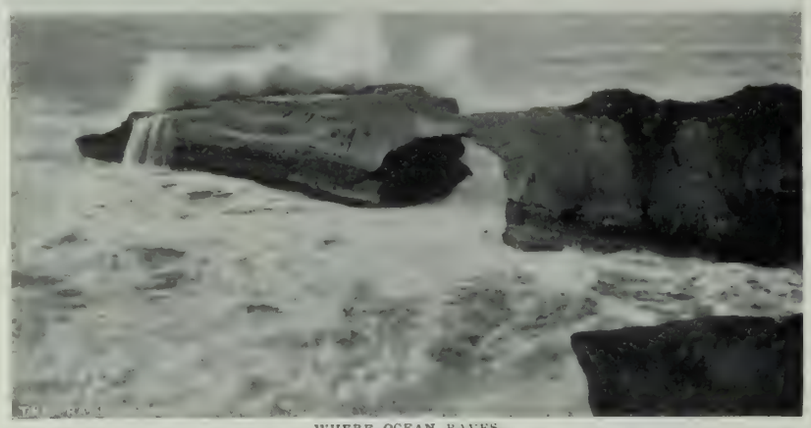
DUCK SHOOTING.

R. B. BUCKHAM.

NO OTHER form of sport is quite equal to duck shooting. In his buoyant little craft the sportsman sets sail, with all his paraphernalia on board, for some favorite haunt; a long, wooded promontory, or reed-overgrown marsh, whose excellence as a duck-shooting ground he has been keeping a profound secret, lo, these many years. Here he sets out his deceptive flock of wooden decoys, erects his tiny blind, and quietly awaits developments. Gradually the garrulous crows, that have noisily been giving vent to their annoyance and disgust at this unexpected invasion of their domains, quiet down into comparative silence; the busy squirrels venture forth once more in their quests after nuts, and the various wood-folk return again to their several avocations.

If it is a bright and sunny day, it is a pleasure indeed to lie basking in the warm sunshine, studying the ways of the wild denizens of the wood. Dame Nature, so cruel and unrelenting oftentimes in her dealings with civilized man, seems always to smile benignly upon them. Naught reck they of luxuries and artificial comforts; to but dwell unmolested here is happiness complete with them.

To secure a goodly bag of ducks on a bright, clear day requires plenty of patience. The birds fly high at such times and are very suspicious and uneasy, moving about often from place to place, and seldom remaining long in any one spot. It is this one peculiarity of theirs, however, which renders it practicable to secure very fair sport on such a day. The tyro, maybe, on such an occasion, would spend his entire time bemoaning the ill luck which was attending his outing, and the scarcity of game, at least in the particular locality which he had selected. Not so the experienced sportsman. He, instead, would be scanning the sky above him and the tossing expanse of water with the closest scrutiny. He would know full well that on such a day he could with little reason expect that flock after flock would settle complacently about his lifeless decoys and there patiently await the leaden hail; but that, rather, he must catch them with the chance shot, if he can, as they dart by at lightning speed, above and behind him, as well as before him; singly, or by twos and threes.



WHERE OCEAN RAVES.

It is remarkable how many of these birds will escape the notice of an inexperienced person. The writer has often occupied a blind in company with such an one, and seen him sit listlessly gazing at the pebbles on the beach while duck after duck darted past him unheeded, not even the whistle of their pinions being heard.

If the day is dull and cloudy overhead, and accompanied with occasional mists and rain, the incidents of the hunt will be of a somewhat different character. Then it is that all water-fowl prefer to rest quietly in some sheltered spot and await the coming of clearing weather before taking up again their long flight toward the south. Then they should be sought on the lee side of capes and jutting points, whose steep banks and rocky shores break the fury of the storm; or along the marshes or the broad, shallow beaches where they love so well to feed.

What a stirring experience it is to seek them out on such a day! The uncertain and unpromising weather, inclement though it may be, yet has no terrors for the huntsman, who, well and sufficiently clad in garments suitable for the day, but rejoices in its somber grandeur. Above the moaning of the wind and the ceaseless roar of the billows, ever and anon he catches the distant sound of the weird, discordant "honk, honk, honk," of geese; and now and then the fog lifting gives him a momentary glimpse of the huge birds as they circle about on clumsy wing. As he draws stealthily nearer he can discern them more plainly, an innumerable host, wading about in the foaming surf in search of food, while out upon the water, not far beyond, are floating clusters of mallards, canvasbacks, bluebills and teal, and ducks of every kind and description; a sight well calculated to repay him for braving the fury of the storm. Few people other than experienced hunters realize the efforts and real hard work entailed in the pursuance of this delightful sport, and it is still more difficult to understand its fascination because of this arduous labor.

Numberless devices and stratagems are resorted to by huntsmen while in pursuit of water-fowl, many of which the young sportsman would do well to note for future use whenever he has an opportunity to observe the manner of putting them into execution. Among others may be mentioned, taking advantage of the morning and evening flights to and from the feeding grounds, the use of the sneak-boat, sink-box, floating blind, and live decoys. Others will naturally suggest themselves from the nature and character of the particular locality in which one resides. For example, a favorite one with a veteran hunter of the writer's acquaintance is that of stealthily stealing upon the quarry with canoe and paddle. Not far from his home there is a deep bay, into the head of which empties, with sinuous and irregular course, a sluggish creek whose banks are well wooded to the very water's edge. Oftentimes during a storm accompanied with very strong winds, this stream will be fairly alive with fowl, enjoying to the fullest its shelter and quiet seclusion. By paddling along close to the wooded bank, and quickly rounding a turn in the stream, he often succeeds in darting into the very midst of a startled flock, which instantly dashes away to the right and to the left, thus affording a mark very similar to that of a flushing grouse.

But a half-breed Indian that the writer chanced to fall in with in the region of the Great Lakes was accustomed to accomplish his designs in a still more singular manner than this. Proceeding along the beach until he discovered a flock of birds out upon the water, he would fell a small pine or hemlock tree. Then fastening it securely to his back he would crawl beneath it out across the wide stretch of sand with a progress so slow as to be practically imperceptible. When at length he reached the edge of the water he would suddenly leap to his feet with a bound, and deliver into the midst of the unsuspecting flock a death dealing charge from his long gun; which, though but a single-barreled affair of primitive pattern, nevertheless seemed always to do good execution in his hands.

BICYCLE BITS.

As a rule, bicycles painted in bright colors show dirt less quickly than plain black; but, now that colored wheels are in vogue, there is a tendency to overdo the matter. Half a dozen colors, more or less antagonistic, will give your wheel a grotesque and bizarre appearance, and two harmonious shades, one for the solid color and one for the trimming, will prove "an elegant sufficiency." One of the latest fads is to wear a cycling suit to match the color of the wheel.

Down in one of our southern cities a driver on a lumber wagon carelessly backed into a tricycle carrier. The man was arrested for careless driving, but when taken before the judge that official discharged him on the ground that careless driving did not mean backing, and could not come under the same restrictions of the law.

One of our great dailies aptly remarks that all the world is divided into two parts—the part which rides a bicycle and the part which doesn't. It might have added, with perfect truth, that "the part which doesn't" is growing beautifully less, from day to day; in fact, the time is rapidly approaching when, excepting centenarians and cripples, it can be truthfully said, "the world's awheel."

In France, cyclists pay a tax of $2.25 on each machine. This tax yielded the government $400,000 this season.

Canadian railways, with the exception of the Inter-Colonial, charge fifty pounds excess baggage on bicycles carried over their lines.

Mexico is one of the latest countries to take a national interest in cycling.

Berlin has establishments where your wheel is cleaned while you wait. "Wheels cleaned here" may at some future time be as familiar as "Boots blacked inside."

WHALING IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

RODNEY WHITCOMB.

SOMETHING like thirty vessels leave San Francisco yearly on a whaling cruise in the Arctic seas. The most populous whaling regions are in the Arctic Sea, in the vicinity of Bering's Strait, the Okhotsk Sea and its bays, and Herschell Island, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. In these freezing regions the immense ice floes begin to break up in May or June, when the vessels, which have been waiting at the "edge of the ice," proceed further north on their hunt for whales.

An average whaling vessel has a crew of about fifty men. They must be provided with suits of heavy skins and furs, and long India-rubber boots, water proof. It is equipped with a number of light, swift canoes, seventy-five or one hundred harpoons and "lance bombs," and an extra supply of rope; for, frequently, a whale runs away with both harpoon and the rope attached.

The points of the harpoon are sometimes damaged when thrown into a whale and become useless, for the time being, at least. A "lance bomb" is attached to the harpoon, and immediately explodes when it strikes the object. The "lance bomb" is about a half a foot in length and an inch in diameter.

On nearing the feeding "grounds" of the whales the steamers stop their propellers and hoist sail, for the whale has a sensitive ear and can hear the least noise, and as he frequently rises to the surface he notes the slightest agitation of the waters. Being very timid this would drive them away into the icebergs, where the canoes cannot go. Under and amidst the icebergs there are "air holes," and there the whales remain until their fright is over and the danger has passed.

Whales are found feeding in the shallow waters of about twenty or thirty fathoms—from one hundred to two hundred feet. They float along with their noses and a part of the back out of the water, which latter is owing to its conical shape. The vessel sails quietly along to the "feeding grounds," and anchors. Two or three men, with field glasses, are on watch in the "crow's nest." On the topmast are cross-trees, on which the men stand, partly protected from the cutting winds by canvas. This is the "crow's nest." The watchers scan the sea with their powerful glasses, and when a spout of water similar to that of a small geyser is seen, one of them halloos to the captain, "Blow starboard," or "Blow forward," as the direction may be. The Captain turns his glass in that direction, and orders the crew of a specified canoe to "Stand by." On rising to the surface the whale gives a "blow," throwing the water about 100 feet, then "flukes," or sinks, eight or ten feet, rising at intervals of from fifteen to thirty minutes. He repeats this from seven to nine times. Then he "flukes," finally, and when he does this he partly turns and elevates his tail above the surface about ten feet. "Fluke" is the whaler's expression for turning tail and disappearing below, and from that time on every man in the boat must be on the *qui vive*.

ARCTIC WHALING.

Before the final "fluke," however, one or more canoes have been silently let down into the water to overhaul the "Blow." Each canoe has a crew of eight men, and carries several harpoons, lance bombs, and sealskin buoys. Oars are not used. By a system of signals the men are directed to almost the point where the whale will next come to the surface. The canoe is steered so as to strike the whale about midships, so that the harpoon may be thrown into the vital part under the fins. The eyes of the whale are set back in his head to such a degree that his oblique range of vision is short, consequently he is easily approached from the side. When within twenty or thirty feet of the whale, the harpoonist throws the missile at a point under the fins. The fine steel points of the harpoon cut through the hide and blubber, which is from eight to fifteen inches in thickness. Immediately, the bomb explodes, and, if the harpoon and bomb have entered a vital spot, this internal explosion is sufficient. Otherwise, another explosive is fired from a gun into the wound. If the wound is fatal the whale at once turns up his "fluke" and makes a dive for the bottom. He prefers to die there. The man at the windlass "pays" out rope until he stops, and then places a sealskin buoy over the spot, as a monument, so that he may not be lost. Finally, the dead whale is hauled up to the surface, when ropes are placed in his "fluke" and fins, and he is towed to the ship.

When the wound is only slight, the chase becomes most exciting, and very dangerous. The wounded whale makes a dive for the bottom, and unless the rope is very quickly "payed out," or cut, the canoe and crew go with him; or he speeds along on the surface so swiftly that the canoe is overturned and the men are drowned. Most frequently the whale heads for the icebergs, instinctively feeling that there he is safe. He launches out at the speed of about ten miles an hour, dragging the canoe in his wake, perhaps upsetting it and drowning the crew.

Though the whale is naturally timid it fights for revenge when wounded, and will throw itself upon the side, project the lower jaw over the canoe, and crush it, then turn, and with a well-directed blow crush the hunters who are struggling in the water. When fighting it holds its head high out of the water, and leaps out nearly half its length, which is from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet. The waves are red with the blood of the wounded animal, and his "bellow," which is heard for several miles, indicates his rage. Some of the most daring hunters, who relish a little excitement after a long and tedious voyage, run the canoe upon and over the whale's back, and then plunge the harpoon and explosive at from almost arm's length. At such close range the blow is generally effective and the monster whale turns over on his back and yields up the ghost.

After having been towed to the ship a "raft" is formed of timbers and let down and the whale brought alongside. A number of men get upon the platform, and the whale is triced up by pulleys, hanging by the "fluke" and fins. His head is cut off and put aboard the ship for dissection, for it is the most valuable part. A number of men with spades begin to cut away the blubber. The spade has a handle about one foot long, and a square blade, as sharp as a razor. The blubber is cut into "blanket-pieces," or, rather, strips of about six feet in length, and four feet wide, and as thick as the blubber is deep. During the process the whale is turned by the pulley ropes after the manner of a goose on a spit.

"The blanket-pieces" are then sent to headquarters on the islands and "tried" into lard. About one hundred and fifty or two hundred barrels is the average yield. When the whale has been entirely "fleshed," the carcass is turned adrift, and furnishes food for other fishes. During the fleshing numbers of albatross and petrels swarm around on the scent for food, and the waves are reddened with blood, giving to the spot the appearance of a battle-ground or a modern slaughter-house.

The head, which is about one-third the length of the whale, is then scientifically dissected for the bone, known to commerce as "whalebone." The yield of a head is from 1800 to 3200 pounds. It contains 300 broad strips—150 on each side. These must be separated with delicateness or else they are ruined. The tusks are taken out and polished. The whale ivory is very valuable.

The "bowhead" is most numerously found in the Arctic seas. It is the largest and most valuable of all species. It is so called because its head is shaped in the form of a bow. The "bowhead" is from 80 to 150 feet in length, and about 50 feet in girth, the fins are a foot and a half in length, and the tail is about 20 feet long. This species is the most aggressive.

In 1896, whaling vessels brought to this port 7057 barrels of oil, 6640 pounds of ivory, and 204,012 pounds of bone as the result of the whale-hunting season.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN DUNKLEY FERGUSON

Magazine sandwiches, one might call the holiday numbers of these monthly periodicals, the interior of which represents a very thin layer of literature placed between pages innumerable of advertising matter. Time was when the American magazine made its appearance with its advertisements a secondary consideration, but then we paid more for them, and had a right to expect more fiction and fact in return for our money. If the transformation goes on at the rate that it has during the past few years, the so-called magazine will be but a shrunken ghost of its former self, upon which the X-ray of science will have to be turned in order to locate the literary contents. But courage, reader! Let us not complain, for it is something to be thankful for that the reading proportion of the magazines of the day is still visible to the naked eye. If one tire of the contents, one can have recourse to the "ads." They are clever in their way, some of them exceedingly so, for advertising has become an art. For that matter, a really timely and well-written advertisement is far more entertaining, edifying, and instructive than a mediocre story or an inane poem any day in the year.

The cover of Harper's is semi-familiar. A new side has been grafted on to it; the inevitable column, and fat, flower-basketed, perennial Cupid are in evidence to the right as of yore, and the page looks somewhat as a friend might who had endeavored to mold his features on a different plan, or had allowed a beard and mustache to grow on one side of his face in order to pay off a campaign bet. The majority of the magazines are quite devoid of Christmas characteristics. One can gladly excuse them from the Santa-Claus-on-the-roof-with-his-reindeer-and-frozen-whiskers pictures, but one resents such total abstinence as several of them affected in the year of our Lord '96. We're used to our Christmas in one form or the other. When we cease to care for its observance; when the Christ Day has become to us a hollow mockery; when we look upon the annual festival as a nuisance, an expense, and a bore; when we frown at the childish enjoyments of the adult infants called grown persons; when we idly wonder "wat's de use?"—why, then, may kind heaven have mercy on our warped souls and railroad us out of a world that we are no longer fit to dwell in!

The air is filled with the rustling of new leaves turned over, their shining purity soon to be sullied o'er with the blots of fresh errors, splashed with the tears of regret, crumpled and torn by ruthless fingers. And some among us, I wot, will make a sorry enough record for themselves by the time the new year is laid on Time's commodious shelf. Each will go on his blundering way, learning lessons by experience and marveling at his denseness. For some there are joys unutterable in store; for others—well, let us hope for the best for those unlucky "others."

When '96 came knocking at my door
He promised me
Such gifts as I had never known before,
Then straightway he
Forgot to keep his word. Ah, full of tricks
Was '96.

Now '97 comes. He hath the smiles
Of old, but I
Give him, in answer to his artful wiles,
The glassy eye.
I'll not believe him, tho' he swear to heaven,
This '97.

THE KID.

He was small and ragged and ignorant, this waif of whom I write; so very ignorant that he did not even know it was New Year's Eve. There had never been any New Year's in the Kid's life and he was seven years old. But he did not know that either. Stranger yet, he was not aware that the night was chilly and damp, in spite of the warmth, the glow, the radiance of the brilliantly lighted stores whose windows seemed like bits of the bright sky on a starlit night, only a great deal brighter. The Kid was used to curbstone temperature.

Down in the depths of Brannan Street, where the decaying wood of old shanties vitiates the microbe-laden atmosphere, the Kid had been wont to scuttle after nightfall, making his way by some sort of instinct into the rookery that sheltered his dissolute parents and a houseful of brothers bigger than himself, who fought and swore and stole and did other reprehensible things not unusual in the children of the slums. It was the kind of home that makes a child prefer the comfort of the streets.

The newsboys had nicknamed him the Kid because of his size, or rather, the lack of it. Months before he had strayed up to Market Street with a military head-covering on so much too large for him that his ears and the back of his neck went into total eclipse beneath it, leaving only his eyes, which were a faded blue, and his old-young face visible. It was a hopeless, dull little face, interesting only because of its elfishness and pallor. He still wore the cap, and it fitted him as badly as ever. Somehow its owner seemed to grow smaller as he grew older, but perhaps that was by contrast with the other boys.

A young lady hurried past him on her way to a McAllister-street car. As she stepped from the sidewalk, something fluttered to the Kid's feet. It was a dainty bit of white cambric. He ran toward her but the car had started. For a few seconds he stopped irresolutely on the cobbles, then scurried to the nearest window, by its light awkwardly folded the snowy square and tucked it away under his grimy little jacket. He knew that it belonged to the girl at the big plate-glass window in the Market-street building, for he had seen her there every day for a long while, her white fingers flying over the queer little machine in front of her. She had given him an orange once out of her lunch basket, and she had smiled at him. The Kid remembered it because nobody had ever smiled at him before. As for oranges, he had grabbed many a one when the lynx-eyed peddler was not looking. By and by the mite of a form was swallowed up in the gloom of Brannan Street, but close to his breast all the way—and all night, too—he kept one small, unwashed hand clasped tightly over his "find."

The next morning the stores were mostly closed and the shades down at the windows of the office where the girl sat every day. The Kid waited for hours, but she did not come. He was very hungry, but nobody seemed to notice him. A little boy passed, dressed like the wax figures in the windows of the Kearny-street store around the corner, a tall man holding him by the hand. But even they did not see him. Then he looked up and there was the window girl stepping from a car. The Kid ran toward her and held up the handkerchief.

"You were very good," she said, in a soft voice that seemed to him the sweetest he had ever heard. "Have you had your New Year's dinner?"

The Kid shook his head.

"Come with me," said the window girl, and presently they went through the swinging doors of a large restaurant. She laid half a dollar on the counter. "Give him all the turkey he can eat," she said, and with another smile was gone.

January rained its way on to February; February sulked and flirted with the elements until March came, and when April arrived, the Kid had become a newsboy. He and the window girl were great friends now. To the Kid she seemed the one thing in all the city worth looking at. The shoes he wore had been her gift; the cap was replaced by a soft, warm hat, and his thin little frame was encased in a new suit of clothes, for the girl at the window had a kind heart as well as a sweet smile. It was she who had urged him to sell papers. And within the Kid's breast there was something that we do not always inspire in those whom we befriend. For want of a better name we call it gratitude.

He lingered a great deal about the florist's window, wishing that he could buy the biggest bunch of flowers in the place for her. He saw them making the most beautiful things out of flowers, especially the white flowers. Once he traded a pen-knife that he had picked up with an Italian boy at Lotta's Fountain for a bunch of violets for her. He meant to save his money until he could buy as many as he could carry of the white flowers with the long name, tied with broad white ribbons, like the bunch he had seen them put on the little ivory-tinted box in the queer black wagon that sometimes passed by with a row of carriages behind it. "Santhems" was the nearest that he could get their name. But the fund grew so slowly that it was almost New Year's again before he had what the florist asked. The Kid was not as bright or as hardy as his competitors, and street noises seemed to drown out his piping voice before it reached the ears of the passers-by.

It lacked two days of New Year's. The Kid pictured to himself the smile she would give him, for he meant to carry the chrysanthemums to her himself. He ran on toward the florist's, the final nickel that he needed having just been added to his hoarded sum. How it happened no one ever knew, but there was a great shout, the pounding of hoofs close to him, and then came darkness, darker even than that in the Brannan-street depths.

Out at the hospital he managed to make them understand, for presently the window girl was there holding his hand in both her own and crying. Then she kissed him and told him he must get well and live with her, for she was going to be married in the spring and he should go to school.

She sat by him all day and told him many wonderful things, but the most wonderful of all was about the Child in the manger and His birthday On New Year's morning she brought him a glorious bunch of white chrysanthemums. And afterward, when he lay at peace in the little white box, the flowers went with him on his first and last ride.

According to effete tradition, it would seem that the first woman's club was a rolling-pin.

The bitterest blow that a girl can know,
Or that Christmas-time can bring,
Is to find in her stocking a "sensible" gift
When she wanted a diamond ring.

Now that the annual turkey and mince pie festival is a thing of the past—a dream or a nightmare, according to our respective digestions—and we have settled down once more to an every-day, beefsteak basis, in order to wage anew the battle called life, wouldn't it be a good idea to infuse a little sound common sense into the heads of certain over-fond parents whom we know, regarding the absurdly extravagant ideas they entertain about clothing their progeny?

The fact is, there is a very prevalent, false, and altogether nonsensical rivalry among the "well-to-do" fathers and mothers of darkest San Francisco, concerning what their children wear to school. The consequence is that in a number of the grammar schools within our city's limits there are young boys and girls arrayed in clothing that their parents cannot afford to provide for them. Many times the most rigid economy is enforced at home in order that a "slip of a girl" or a "broth of a boy" may, forsooth, be clad in expensive garments. And why? Simply to make an impression—to convey the idea that wealth exists where poverty in reality is hiding. This terrible strain to keep up with the glittering procession is driving people into the clutches of creditors, and ruining their children, who cannot under such circumstances be expected to comprehend the value of the money spent on them, or respect the parents who are their slaves.

The daintiest of dress materials are now retailed so reasonably that it is possible, with taste and judgment, to gown a little girl in the most becoming and charming fashion by the expenditure of a reasonable sum. The line, however, should be drawn at expensive silks, laces, and jewelry. It is amazing to hear the children of the so-called upper society classes in our public schools discussing the dress subject and bragging about what they own that costs the most. We Americans are the best and worst parents in the world. We mean so well, and perform so badly! Who will start the ball of our reform a-rolling.

And, really, these perverted ideas are not confined to the young misses alone, but, through the example and encouragement of the parents, to the little mites not old enough to go to kindergarten.

NEW GOLD.

THE RAINY MATOLE.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Lillian H. Shuey*]

I've a love for the meadows, the woodlands, the streams,
Surpassing my love for life's follies and dreams,
But a tremor and awe frets my worshiping soul
From the passing of death, life's mysterious breath,
That impregnates the whole.

Where the forests of Humboldt climb down to the sea,
Mount to dim summits, or spread to the lea,
Where long-lingering showers their wide cohorts roll,
There's an idylic stream, where the forest gods dream,
Called "The Rainy Matole."

Through the forests of fir, through the forests of fern,
Through the laurels that over the mossy rocks yearn,
Through mysterious shades that send awe to the soul,
Through the willows that weep, where clear pools lie asleep,
Winds the wooded Matole.

'Neath the bracken and brush, round the vine-covered mound
Creeps the varmint unseen, falls the step without sound;
There the slow-footed bear makes his lonely patrol,
And the deer on the steep their cool coverts keep
On the quiet Matole.

To the redwoods, tall-masted, the wild pigeons come;
Where the gray squirrel rattles his far-distant drum,
And a myriad wee warblers their silver notes roll,
With the wren in the brush, with the shy, russet thrush,
On the rainy Matole.

There's a road winding down through the low-skirted yews,
Where the mountain balm yields you its sacred sweet dews,
While the bluejay salutes you as if to take toll,
And the blossoming thorn lends perfume to the morn
On the flowery Matole.

There's a lily as red as the royal red rose,
There's a lily whose robes in pale beauty unclose;
The tall rhododendrons their gay bells unroll,
While the dogwood throws wide its white bloom as the bride
Of the shaded Matole.

Where the trees stand apart, and the sunlight falls clear,
Stands the wrecked cabin home of the old pioneer;
Blooming vines clamber in, birds and bees have control,
Though deserted and chill, love abides with it still,
On the lonely Matole.

There's a rose, by the hedge, gone astray in the wild,
With the common mint tangles and brake reconciled,
And, a part of the shade, sunshine, showers—the whole—
Humming-birds dart and float, emerald-winged, ruby throat,
Up and down the Matole.

A friend once was mine, gentle-eyed as a seer;
One long day was our own by that stream flowing clear.
She unrolled to my vision her life's perfect scroll,
As we walked with the flowers and the fleeting June showers
On the rippling Matole.

O Lizette! If but once from the ultimate tide
You could come with Death's truth on your lips unbelied,
One sweet moment with you would be years to my soul.
Such a tryst might we keep by some lily-lit steep
On beloved Matole.

HEARTS MUST BREAK.

[*Written for* THE TRAVELER *by Lillian Plunkett Ferguson.*]

Pain shadows pleasure as the night the day.
No joy is there so deep but that alway
Swift-footed sorrow follows in its wake.
Some hearts must break.

Nor you, nor I, nor any one can know
The reason why fate trifles with us so;
Why for a kiss we lightly give or take
A heart must break.

Some lives, indeed, there be that move along
Until the end, with sunlight and with song;
In darkness others grope, whose sad hearts ache
Before they break.

Love asks for love, nor cavils at the price,
Nor turns aside to see the sacrifice
Supreme, unutterably dear, they make
Whose hearts must break.

For none this volume strange of life can turn,
Leaf after leaf, and not this great truth learn,
That everywhere, for love's sweet, bitter sake,
Some hearts must break.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Taber photo.

Mr. Softleigh—Oh, Miss Vere, your resplendent beauty sets my brain on fire.

Miss C. Vere—Well, never mind, it won't be much of a conflagration.

Wife—George, I know you will not like it, but I shall have to get you to stop at Lacey's and match this piece of ribbon.

Husband (enthusiastically)—Not like it! Why, the girl that serves at that counter is the most bewitching, sweetest little angel——

Wife—On second thoughts, I think I'll go myself.

Mrs. Society—Dear me! how uncomfortable it is! I couldn't sit in it for five minutes.

Upholsterer—That's it exactly. You see, it is intended for callers.

"You have devoted your whole life to the cause of labor, I understand. Now, just tell me of one good thing you have accomplished."

Agitator—Well, I've made a good living.

Wife (upstairs)—John, I left a scuttle of coal there for you to bring up with you.

John—Yes, I've found it.

Mr. Oldbi—I am a self-made man, sir, I began life as a bare-foot boy.

Kennard—Well, I wasn't born with shoes on, either.

Minnie—I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice young lady—and she's worth her weight in gold.

Bob—Stout girl, I hope.

A lady who had been witness on a trial, asked her husband in great trepidation what she should say if the lawyer inquired her age. "Say?" he replied, "why tell them you haven't yet reached the years of discretion."

"What do they mean by a test case?"

"A test case is one which is brought to see how much the lawyers can make out of it."

"You say he is a remarkable man?"

"Very."

"In what way?"

"He's the only scientist in the country who has not made an important discovery relative to X-rays."

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Winter styles now ready.

"Doctor, we have just found mother-in-law hanging herself behind her bedroom door."

Doctor—Have you cut her down?

"No; I'm not sure she is dead yet!"

"Papa," asked Davie, "is Jupiter bigger than this world?"

"Yes, my boy, a good deal larger."

"Then how is it it doesn't keep off the rain?"

The Robert Malcom Co., 735 Market Street, San Francisco, carry an elaborate supply of bicycle parts, tires, etc. Call on them for anything in that line.

A philosopher observes:—Six things are requisite to create a happy home. One of these is a good cook, the other five are money.

Miss Romantic—Tell me, do you believe in spirits?

Matter-of-Fact—Well, I don't think an occasional brandy-and-soda does a man any harm.

Father—You shall not marry him. I know him to be a gambler.

Daughter—But, papa, he has such winning ways. Papa thinks it might be well to relent.

Mrs. Tollington—This is a nice time to come home; and what is more, you're drunk!

Tollington—So wouldsh youshd be if you'd hadsh much to drink as I have.

She (at piano)—Listen! How do you enjoy this refrain?

He—Very much. The more you refrain the better I like it.

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

317-319 KEARNY STREET.

DEFECTIVE VISION is the cause of about 95 per cent of all headaches, neuralgia and dizziness, which are often attributed to ill-health. Properly fitted glasses, in such cases, will give immediate relief.

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The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

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San Fernando, bet. First and Market Sts.

SAN JOSE.

It is intended for day scholars only. Though it is a Catholic Institution, students of any denomination will be admitted.

Tuition for the Commercial Course is $4.00 per month. Write for circulars to

REV. D. J. MAHONY, S. J., President.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE Pacific Mail Steamship Company HELD ON THE CITY OF NEW YORK FRIDAY NOV. 25TH 1894, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, the PRESIDENT has reported to this Board that the resignation of

CAPTAIN J. M. CAVARLY

of this Company's service has been accepted to take effect December 31st 1894.

RESOLVED, That the BOARD OF DIRECTORS in confirming the acceptance of Captain Cavarly's resignation after

thirty-one years faithful service

in the employ of the PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY desire to place on record their recognition of his successful career as an officer of this Company.

RESOLVED, THAT Captain Cavarly's example is one especially worthy of emulation, for the reason that his success as a Commander was due to his close attention to his duties, his unquestioning obedience to orders and his unwarping loyalty to the interests of THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Resolved,

That while we regret the decision of Captain Cavarly's part to sever his connection with the Company, we cheerfully acquiesce in his view that after so many arduous years of unremitting labor in the Company's service, he has well earned a rest which we trust he will enjoy in good health for many years yet to come.

RESOLVED,

That the thanks of the Managers be and they are hereby voted and tendered to CAPTAIN CAVARLY for his care and watchfulness while in charge of the Company's property, which is evidenced by the result that DURING HIS LONG TERM OF SERVICE NO LOSS WAS SUFFERED OF ANY OF THE TWENTY-TWO VESSELS ENTRUSTED BY THE COMPANY TO HIS COMMAND.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on the Minutes of this Board and that an engrossed copy of the same duly attested by the Secretary be forwarded to Captain Cavarly at San Francisco.

H. H. Haxe Secretary

ORIZABA · CALIFORNIA · CONSTITUTION · COLORADO · SONORA · SACRAMENTO · MONTANA · ARIZONA · GREAT REPUBLIC · CHINA · GOLDEN AGE · GRANADA · ACAPULCO · COLIMA · COLON · CITY OF NEW YORK · CITY OF SYDNEY · CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO · CITY OF PEKING · GEORGIA · SAN BLAS · SAN JUAN

THE above is a reproduction of one of the finest testimonials ever presented to an officer by the company he represented. It was given to Capt. J. M. Cavarly by the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. nearly two years ago, on the occasion of his resignation from their service, and proves that some corporations are not as soulless and unappreciative of faithful work as many of our dailies would have us suppose.

Capt. Cavarly died at San Francisco on Oct. 29, 1895.

THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL.

HOTEL STREET, HONOLULU.

THE GROUNDS upon which it stands comprise an entire square fronting on Hotel Street. There are twelve pretty cottages within this charming enclosure, all under the hotel management. The hotel and cottages afford accommodations for 200 guests.

Band concerts are given upon the arrival and departure of all foreign steamers. The new band pavilion is picturesquely located on the front lawn of the hotel premises, and, lighted with colored electric lights, presents a veritable fairy scene.

The fare dispensed is the best the market affords, and is first-class in all respects. Hotel and cottages are supplied with pure water from an artesian well on the premises, and furnished throughout with electric lights and electric bells.

Every effort has been made, and money lavishly expended under the present able management to make this establishment THE MODEL FAMILY HOTEL, a reputation it now enjoys and most justly merits.

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Wm. Larsen, Manager.

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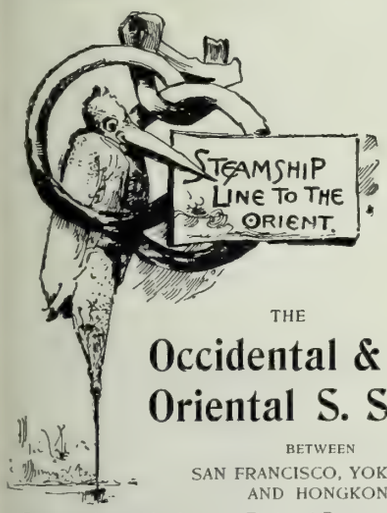

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SAILING DATES:

COPTIC (via Honolulu).....Saturday, Jan. 16, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1897
DORIC.....Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 13, 1897
COPTIC (via Honolulu).....Thursday, April 1, 1897
GAELIC.....Wednesday, April 21, 1897

NOTE.—Cabin passengers may, if they desire, and without extra charge, lay over at Honolulu from an O. & O. or Pacific Mail steamer, either outward or homeward, and continue journey by a succeeding steamer of either company.

Holders of Regular single-trip Cabin tickets can avail, without extra charge, of a steamer of the Oceanic S. S. Co. between San Francisco and Honolulu; on twelve-months' round-trip tickets this privilege is allowed one way only, as passenger may elect. This will also apply to through tickets sold in Europe, Canada or Eastern Cities of the United States for Japan and China.

Round-trip tickets at special rates.

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January 18th to 25th, Nordica Concert Troupe.
January 25th to February 8th, Modjeska.

CALIFORNIA,

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The Chutes, Casino, and greatest Scenic Railway on earth. An ideal pleasure resort, open afternoon and evening. Admission, 10c.

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Continuous high-class vaudeville.

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Seventeen years of consecutive opera. The most popular opera house in San Francisco.

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Prices 15c., 25c., 50c. General admission, 25c. Closed.

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DUPREY'S CELERY HEADACHE POWDERS.

They relieve you at once, and have no ill effect.
CONSULT YOUR DRUGGIST.

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The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—HOTEL RAMONA, Central, Spring and Third. 75 cents per day, up.

OAKLAND, CAL.—GALINDO HOTEL. The most centrally located. Strictly first-class. Special inducements to families and tourists. Mrs. M. C. Robinson, proprietress.

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BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.—ROYAL BATH HOTEL, 18 miles from Southampton. Patronized by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. "The Hotel de Luxe of the South."

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Through Pullman Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, together with Modern Upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, to Chicago daily.

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Telephone, Main 1531.

Lowest Through Rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico or Europe.

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A. C. NICHOLS & CO.,

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Who will handle the wheel as PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

They will be provided with a complete stock, and a full line of Sterling parts, and will be in the same position to take care of our patrons as our Branch has been.

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A Comfortable Winter Resort at reasonable rates.

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Equable Climate—Free from all Choleric Germs.

The Best Place in California to spend the Winter.

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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

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Terms $1.50 per day and upward.

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FINE FUNERAL FURNISHERS
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Finest Funeral Parlors in the city
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DIVIDEND NOTICES.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4.2) per cent on term deposits and three and five-tenths (3.5) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes; payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4.26) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3.55) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, cor. of Sutter. For the half-year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and two-tenths (4.2) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1897.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post Street. For the half-year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3.33⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

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Exquisitely Illustrated.

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Has these three attributes, combined with

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NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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Diamond Carriage & Livery Co.

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Tourists are invited to call and inspect our livery.

Our Agents meet all trains.

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You will want to stop at a good, first-class (but moderate priced) house.

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Is the favorite with traveling men, tourists and all others visiting Denver frequently. Service and cuisine the best in the West. Rates, $2.00 to $3.50. Turkish baths in connection.

Send for Booklet. J. A. WIGGIN, MANAGER.

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American and European Plan.

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Up-to date in every respect. Centrally located. All modern improvements. Rates, $3 00 per day and upward.

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Hatch Pruning Saw, Price $3.00 each.

Saws and Machine Knives of every description on hand or made to order.

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In route eastward from the Pacific Coast should not fail to stop off at Salt Lake City, Utah, for a few days and visit the points of interest in the Mormon City, and experience the delightful sensation of a swim in the warm and buoyant waters of the Great Salt Lake.

If you stop at The Knutsford you will find a fine, modern hotel, handsomely equipped, centrally located, and courteous management.

G. S. HOLMES, Proprietor.

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We're not doctors nor phrenologists, nor do we refer to that "difference in the morning," but we simply ask you this pointed question to remind you that you should take advantage of some of the Hat and Cap values that are being offered in our store.

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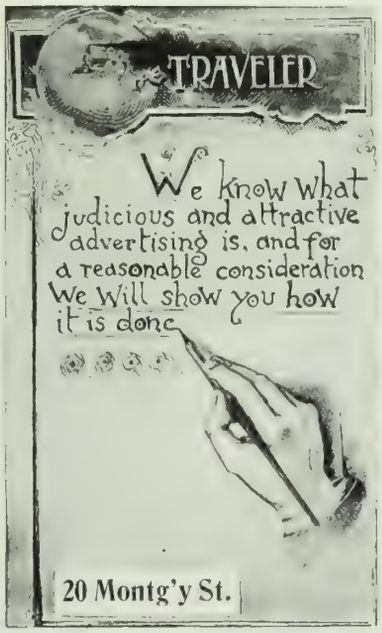

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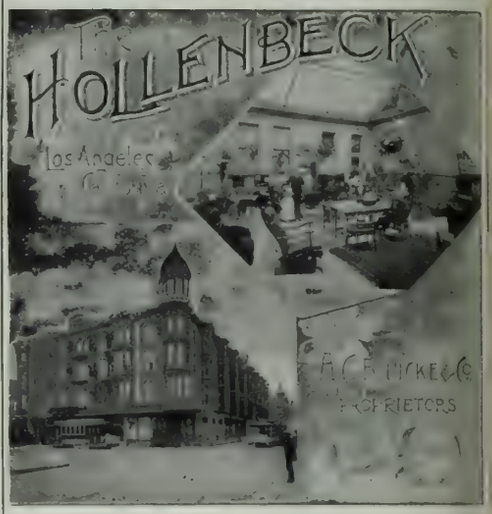

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IX. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY, 1897. NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

s ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THERE is a movement under way to affiliate the interests of the hotels and resorts in Central California by making a united effort to secure for this section a greater proportion of the winter and spring tourist trade an they have enjoyed in the past. At a meeting of the California Hotel sociation, at San Francisco, a short time since, it was suggested by Mr. o. W. Lynch, President of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association, d the New York representative of several of our well-known hostelries, at some action should be taken to bring Central California more to the nt. The idea was well received, and, after a discussion of the subject, a nmittee was appointed to perfect the details and the line of campaign. Mr. o. C. Kirkpatrick, Manager of the Palace Hotel, was selected as chairman this committee.

While we all acknowledge that Southern California possesses a most ightful winter climate, the central portion of the State is quite as charming, ginning with the early months of spring, and there is no reason why it ould not receive the tourist patronage from the South for a longer period an has been allotted in the past. The reason is apparent. The hotel men the South act in concert for their own interests, and commendably so. ey are energetic, untiring, and good advertisers of their own section They ieve in spending money judiciously to attract trade to their neighborhood, d the best evidence that they have succeeded is that Southern California is day the best known section of the State, and, in the eyes of the first visi-, is virtually California itself. The natural consequence is that the East- travelers commence to migrate about November, and spend from five to months in this delightful country, leaving perhaps a couple or three weeks of their allotted time for a trip to San Francisco, and a few of its beautiful environments, on the homeward journey.

A bureau of information will probably be established at Los Angeles for the dissemination of literature regarding Central California, its climate, its attractions, and its superb hotels. Extensive circularizing should be conducted in a systematic manner, personal solicitation at the principal tourist centers at the South, as well as a vigorous personal campaign in the East.

This movement, if perfected, will probably result in the amalgamation of the two hotel associations in this State, which should have been brought about long ago, and it is unquestionable that such an arrangement would work not only harmoniously, but profitably to all concerned. We hope for the good of the State at large as a Mecca for our Eastern friends that this combination will be brought about. Advertise *California*—not the North or the South, and work in unison for the immense traffic that goes yearly to the tropical and muggy swamps of Florida and her neighboring States.

ABOUT this time of year most people who take their regular summer outings are thinking "where to go." Let us once more remind our readers that we have at our office, No. 20 Montgomery Street, what we term a "Traveler's Bureau." We have on file here information concerning every resort of any note, pamphlets concerning them, railway time tables, rates of fare, and, in fact, all data of interest to any one planning a trip anywhere on the coast. This is for the benefit of our readers, and no charge whatever is asked or expected from any one who cares to call upon us. If you want the pamphlet of any hotel or hotels, or resorts, if you want to know the railway fares, train time, hotel rates, character of climate, elevation, etc., just drop a line to or call upon "The Traveler's Bureau," 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

WISDOM AND INNOCENCE. *C. Y. Lamb, Artist.*

THE proposed glove contest to be held in the State of Nevada next month would be interesting of analysis in the same manner as the daily press is now discussing the celebrated Martin ball in New York City, whereby the expenditure of $250,000 is involved. Setting aside the brutality of such fights there is no doubt that the little State of Nevada will be benefited to the extent of perhaps a quarter of a million of dollars, which is no inconsiderable amount distributed throughout a sparsely settled region. Is not this fact of sufficient importance to overbalance the national prejudice against fistic encounters? It is nothing for a community to brag of, but it has been often asserted, and pretty conclusively proved, that a town or district where gambling and other illicit pastimes are prevalent is invariably prosperous. It does not follow, however, that iniquity of this stamp is a desideratum, but simply goes to prove that prosperity and sport are very closely associated.

SOME FAMOUS BRIDGES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

VERY early in the history of the world the desire for social and commercial intercourse led to the invention and construction of bridges, to make communication easy between people separated by wide and deep rivers. To render the bridges secure and convenient great ingenuity was exercised.

The bridges of modern times are divisible into three classes: girder, arch, and suspension bridges. There are three kinds of strain to which bridges are subjected: tension, which stretches or lengthens the strained part; compression, which crushes it; and shearing stress, which tends to make one part slide over the others. In an arched bridge all the parts are in compression; in a suspension bridge they are all in tension; while in a girder bridge the strain is greatest at the center, tending to compress the top, and stretch the bottom. The suspension bridge is subjected to the least strain at the center, and is valuable for spanning great distances, as also is the form of bridge known as the cantilever, to which reference will be made later; the girder bridge is best suited for short spans; and the arch cannot be employed except where there is a depression permitting the rise of level that it requires.

The materials first employed in bridge-making were wood and stone, but in the eighteenth century experiments began to be made with iron, the first iron bridge in England being built at Colebrookdale, Lincolnshire, across the Severn. It had a span of 100 feet, and 370 tons of metal were used in its construction. The suitability of the material having been demonstrated, iron bridges were constructed in Paris, Strasburg, Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow. In the United States, as in other lands, the earliest bridges were of wood, the "Long Bridge" across the Charles River being one of the best known. But wooden bridges have the serious disadvantage of being very liable to destruction by fire, so that, when railroad construction became general in this country, the material employed was iron. The first iron bridges were made of cast-iron, and of these Rennie's bridge at Southwark, London, is the longest, having a central span of 240 feet. The first iron bridge in the United States was built at Frankfort, N. Y., in 1840.

LONDON BRIDGE.

THE FORTH BRIDGE. THE TAY BRIDGE.

THE TOWER BRIDGE.

The principle of the suspension bridge was known in very early days, being employed by the Incas of Peru, the Aztecs of Mexico, the Dyaks of Borneo, and the Chinese. In 1819, Telford, a Scotch engineer, designed the suspension bridge over the Menai Straits, an arm of the sea separating the Island of Anglesey from the mainland of North Wales. This has a span of 570 feet, and is a most graceful and picturesque structure. Then Robert Stephenson constructed across the same Straits, and within sight of the suspension bridge, the Britannia Tubular bridge, made of two rectangular wrought-iron tubes running side by side. It has a central span of 459 feet, and was opened in 1850. It was the first example of a wrought-iron girder bridge, but not many similar bridges have been constructed. In 1855 the suspension bridge of the Niagara railroad was built, with a span of 821 feet. It has stood the wear and tear of upward of forty years. Then followed other suspension bridges at Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, until this type attained its highest development in the Brooklyn Bridge, which unites New York City and the "City of Churches." It may be divided into five parts: the approaches from the termini to the anchorages on each side, two spans of 930 feet each from the anchorages to the towers, and the central span across the East River from tower to tower, 1595 feet. The entire length of the bridge is 5989 feet. It is 85 feet in width, and carries two railroad tracks, a walk 13 feet broad for pedestrians, and two roadways for vehicles. From highwater mark to the floor of the bridge in the center is 135 feet. This graceful bridge (which, like American buggies and many other things, is more lightly constructed than the corresponding things in Great Britain) was begun January 2, 1870, and was opened September 24, 1883. The cost, which was about fifteen millions of dollars, far exceeded the original estimates.

The five principal bridges across the Thames in London are (to name them in the order of their construction) the Westminster, the Blackfriars, the Waterloo, the London, and the Tower. Each of these represents a decided advance upon its predecessor. Of these five we shall describe the last two.

There was a bridge, defended by towers and bulwarks, over the Thames in Saxon times, and thereon in the year 1008 was fought "The Battle of London Bridge," in which Olaf, Patron Saint and King of Norway, helped Ethelred the Unready to defeat the Danes. In 1176 a stone bridge was built by Peter, a priest, and on the central pier a chapel was erected in honor of St. Thomas à Becket, the Martyr Archbishop of Canterbury. The chapel was a handsome structure, with a crypt and a flight of stairs down to the river. The other piers were covered with houses, and toward the Southwark end of the bridge there stood (from the end of the sixteenth century) an elaborately eccentric wooden building, called Nonesuch House, said to have been built in Holland. It had four towers crowned by domes with gilded vanes. The last building on the Southwark side was the Traitors' Gate, on which the heads of persons executed on Tower Green were exposed. Among the famous men whose heads were impaled over the gate were William Wallace in 1305, the Earl of Northumberland in 1408, and Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher in 1535. Bishop Fisher's head attracted large crowds, and no wonder, for (to quote an old writer) "it could not be seen to waste nor consume . . . . but daily grew fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them." After two weeks, to disperse the crowds, the Bishop's head was thrown into the river; as also Sir Thomas More's would have been had not his daughter, Margaret Roper, watched for an opportunity to purchase it, having done which, she conveyed it safely to Canterbury. After the restoration of Charles II. the heads of some of the regicides were exposed on the grim gate. In 1390, on St. George's Day, Lord Welles and Sir David Lindsay fought on the bridge in the presence of King Richard II., the Scotch knight being victorious.

At one time the booksellers' shops on London Bridge had the same reputation as those in Paternoster Row have nowadays. The bridge was so blocked with houses that when upon it one could not believe it to be a bridge at all; it looked like a street. An old writer describes it as "narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages, frequent arches of strong timbers crossing the street from the tops of the houses to keep them together and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamors of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning

wretches." In the sixteenth century the infant daughter of Sir William Hewett (a clockmaker who was Lord Mayor of London in 1559) fell from one of the windows projecting from the bridge into the river, and was rescued from drowning by an apprentice, who eventually married her and received a large dowry. The good apprentice, Edward Osborne, became Lord Mayor himself in 1582, and his great-grandson became the Duke of Leeds. In later days most of the houses on the bridge were inhabited by pin-makers, and it was a favorite expedition of fashionable women to drive from the West End to buy pins on London Bridge. During the eighteenth century the old houses, in one of which Hans Holbein, the painter, had lived, were removed one by one. The London Bridge of the present day was designed by John Rennie and his sons John and George; it was begun in 1825 and finished in 1831. It cost nearly ten millions of dollars, but even twenty years ago was found inadequate to the vast traffic between the Surrey and Middlesex banks of the Thames, and it will probably be necessary to increase its width.

Leaving the bridges of London for the present, we find some remarkable structures in Scotland. Of these the longest is the Tay Bridge, over the River Tay. The total length of the first Tay Bridge was 3459 yards, or nearly two miles. It was a railway bridge, built on the lattice-girder principle, and in the central portion of it the train ran *through* instead of on the top of the structure. The spans were of various lengths, and were supported on iron cylinders filled with concrete, and fastened together by iron struts and masonry, which were themselves supported by pedestals of brick and cement. At the shore end the bridge was about eighty feet above low water, while at the center the railway track was 130 feet above the estuary. The rails were of steel, and for additional security there was a guard-rail. The bridge, which was designed by Mr. Thomas Bouch, cost one and three-quarter millions of dollars, and was opened for traffic in May, 1878. In little more than a year and a half a terrible disaster occurred. On Sunday, December 28, 1879, the train from Edinburgh, consisting of six passenger cars, a guard's brake, and an engine, during the prevalence of a violent storm, fell through the broken bridge and was engulfed in the waters. Thirteen girders and twelve piers were wrecked, only the brickwork pedestals remaining, and about ninety persons lost their lives. The disaster was caused by the force of the wind acting on the train while it was passing through the central and semi-solid portion of the bridge. Plans were devised for a new and more substantial bridge, which was built sixty feet higher up the River Tay, at a somewhat lower elevation, and was opened in 1887. The new Tay Bridge is 3593 yards long, and has eighty-five piers, the height of which above high water is 77 feet clear on the average; the navigable channel runs under four of the spans, which have openings 215 feet wide. The entire length of the viaduct is 10,800 feet, the width of the river being 9580 feet. The eighty-five spans vary in width from 50 feet to 245 feet, and the structure is especially calculated to resist a high-wind pressure. Nineteen thousand tons of wrought-iron, 3500 tons of steel, 2500 tons of cast-iron, 10,000,000 of bricks, and 70,000 tons of concrete were used in the construction. The designer was Mr. W. H. Barlow, a Fellow of the Royal Society and a distinguished engineer, and Mr. William Arrol was the contractor.

For very large bridges the cantilever is the style that prevails nowadays, the principle of the cantilever, like that of the suspension bridge, being very ancient, Orientals, Swiss, and Norwegians being familiar with it. The first great cantilever bridge was built over the Niagara River from the designs of C. C. Schneider. It consisted of two cantilevers, each 395 feet long, and was finished in 1883. The principle is simple, the idea being to reduce the space to be bridged over by brackets projecting from the sides. For a long time the greatest of all cantilever bridges was that over the Indus at Sukkur, which has a span of 820 feet. This was finished in 1889, but was soon far surpassed by the cantilever bridge over the Firth of Forth. As long ago as 1873 a bill was passed sanctioning the crossing of the Firth by a suspension bridge, but the Tay Bridge disaster in 1879 showed to what serious risks such structures were exposed. So the directors of the railway lines interested in the construction of the bridge, after much consideration, decided upon a steel bridge on the cantilever and central girder system, designed by Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker. Sir John Fowler had had a very wide experience of railway works, dating back to the days of George Stephenson, and had won his knighthood by important engineering works in Egypt. Mr. Baker was concerned in devising the arrangements for bringing the obelisk known as Cleopatra's needle from Egypt to London, where it was erected on the Thames embankment. In 1882 the necessary Parliamentary powers were obtained, and before the close of the year the contract was let to Messrs. Tancred, Arrol & Co., Mr. Arrol having been the contractor for the second Tay Bridge, and later being the contractor for the Tower Bridge, London. Arrol is a striking example of a self-made man, having begun life as a hand in a Paisley cotton mill. The first important point was to secure proper foundations for the piers that support the vast structure, and this was done by means of caissons. An ordinary caisson is a water-tight box of masonry sunk till it rests on the top of piles sawn off to an equal height. A pneumatic caisson is a water-tight box, on the principle of a diving-bell, into which air to supply the workers is pumped. The open caisson consists of several chambers, alternately open and closed. The closed chambers are weighted with stones and in the open ones the men work at the excavations. Some of the foundation piers of the Forth Bridge are embedded in clay at a depth of more than ninety feet below the mean level of the water. The bridge is carried on three piers of four columns each, of which the central one is the widest, being 260 feet wide, while the two outer piers are 145 feet each in width. Across the bridge the piers measure 120 feet in width at the base, and narrow to 33 feet at the top. The steel work is 360 feet above the level of ordinary spring tides. The cantilevers were built out from the piers without any scaffolding or support. Some idea of their immense size may be gathered from the fact that two Eiffel towers laid end to end would not exceed the length of *one* of these vast cantilevers. The level on which the railroad track runs rises as high as the dome of the Albert Hall does above the pavement of London, and the structure of the bridge rises 200 feet higher than the top of the dome, or as high as the cross that crowns St. Paul's Cathedral. The bridge was opened by the Prince of Wales, who was the guest of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny Castle, on March 4, 1890. To reward their successful work Sir John Fowler received a baronetcy and Mr. Baker and Mr. Arrol were knighted. The bridge is one mile and 1005 yards long, and shortens the journey from Edinburgh to the north of Scotland by more than twenty miles. The two largest spans are each 1710 feet wide. The cost of the whole structure was eleven and a quarter millions of dollars.

One of the most remarkable of modern bridges is the Tower Bridge, which provides communication between the two sides of the Thames in a very crowded part of London. The bridge was preceded by the Tower subway and the Thames Tunnel, both of which were more or less unsatisfactory expedients. The Tower Bridge, begun in 1886, and opened June 30, 1894, was built from the money furnished by the Bridge House estates, the income of which also enabled the corporation of London to rebuild London Bridge, to construct Blackfriars Bridge, and to buy out Southwark Bridge for the city. The central span of the Tower Bridge has 200 feet of clear width at a height of 135 feet above the Thames. When the bascules are down, and the bridge is closed against lofty-masted vessels, it is 29 feet above the river surface. The weight of each bascule across the river is 424 tons, and of the part landward of the pivot 621 tons, so that each leaf of the opening span weighs more than a thousand tons. The bascules rest on great piers, upward of 163 feet long, and, despite their huge bulk, can be lowered or raised in about ninety seconds. The landward spans leading to the great towers are on the suspension principle. When the bascules are raised to permit the passage of large vessels, foot-passengers are carried up in a hydraulic "lift" to the top of the towers, and cross by a foot-bridge, which is 140 feet above high water The towers are built of steel, but, to give them greater architectural effect, are encased in stone. The bridge presents a very striking and handsome appearance.

Something Free.

George P. Snell, Manager of the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, Cal., has just issued a new brochure of twenty-eight pages descriptive of this beautiful caravansary. As usual it is replete with artistic engravings and interesting descriptive matter. It is not altogether confined to a description of the Hotel itself, but to many other interesting features in the vicinity of San Jose, Mount Hamilton, Lick Observatory, etc.

Mr. Snell announces that in spite of the cost of this little work that he will distribute copies free to all who will take the trouble to ask for them. Any of our readers who will drop a postal or a letter to Mr. Snell, mentioning this notice, will receive a copy of this pamphlet without charge.

Lovers of Santa Cruz will no doubt be pleased to learn that John T. Sullivan, formerly proprietor of the well-known Sea Beach Hotel at that place, has just succeeded in making a contract for a new lease.

The Hotel will be open for business some time early in March. Mr. Sullivan has been so closely identified with both the Sea Beach and the general interests of Santa Cruz that his return to this hostelry will be received with delight by all who have ever done business with him locally, or who have had the enjoyment of patronizing him during his regime.

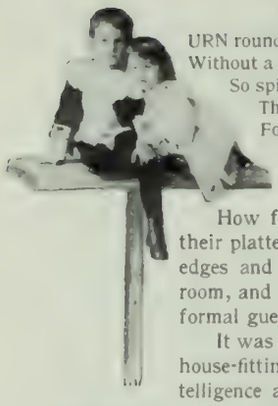
In the miscellaneous supplies sent to foreign missionaries bicycles now occupy a prominent place.

The amount of rubber used in the manufacture of bicycle tires is greater than in any other one article of rubber goods.

Some one has figured out that walking requires five times as much exertion as to pedal a bicycle. In other words, a wheelman can ride twenty-five miles with the same exertion that a pedestrian walks five.

POTTERY, A POPULAR PASTIME.

MARY CHURCHILL RIPLEY.



URN round, my wheel! Turn round and round!
Without a pause, without a sound.
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand,
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay.

How few look intelligently into their teacups, and upon their platters! Gay with designs of blue, bright with gilded edges and reliefs, they make beautiful the simplest dining-room, and yet are very often less well known than the most formal guest admitted to the home.

It was a wise young housewife who determined to-buy her house-fittings as she made her friends, one at a time, with intelligence and knowledge of their worth, recognizing the full importance of admitting to the home articles to share the vicissitudes of life, and to abide through sickness and through health, until, perchance, the possessions of one's children's children.

Those who love the art of the potter never tire of searching for legends about its origin. One quaint myth is that which accounts for the creation of Satan. It states that God, after creating man, was so pleased with the result, that he bade the creature ask for anything he wished, whereupon the wise being asked that he might make objects in clay. God, unwilling to give up this art to a mortal, turned the creature into an evil spirit, and banished him from His presence.

History may be traced by means of these myths, as well as by the authentic records left to us, and, strangely enough, the art of the potter seems to be claimed by all nations as one learned directly from the gods.

The Chinese claim that 2700 years before Christ the gods worked in clay and gave the art to man. The Japanese have a similar legend, and also the Egyptians. The Greeks claim "Keramos," the son of Bacchus and Ariadne, as the patron of potters, while the Hebrews sing of the story of Eden, when Jehovah, after having pronounced all things beautiful in His sight, formed man out of the dust of the earth, of clay.

Now what is clay, and what sort of clay was used in the manufacture of the cups used this morning at breakfast?

Without attempting to treat the subject technically, it will serve our purposes to regard clay as a plastic earth, which may be formed into shape, and dried either in the sun or in a kiln, retaining, when dried or baked, the shape into which it was formed by the potter. The purest clay known is called "Kaolin," and when found is white and contains ingredients which, when mixed with *petuntze*, and baked, makes pure, translucent porcelain. If, when held to the light, the mark of the fingers can be seen through a cup, it may be safely said that the cup is of porcelain. If it is impossible to see through ware a slight indication of the fingers, then it is most probably pottery. For beginners in pottery lore, this is sufficient knowledge to add interest to investigation.

It is very easy to believe the art of the potter to be the greatest of the arts, for when to skill is added beauty, and to beauty use, surely nothing remains to be accomplished in the way of production. A painter may touch with his pigments the canvas, and form almost definite conception of what the result will be; and a sculptor may chisel into likeness to his ideal the marble block; but with a potter all is quite different. After the clay is formed the first risk is taken, that of drying the formed vessel; it may and it may not keep its shape; it may shrink and be therefore classed as a "second," or "third," but not as a perfect article. Then there are all the other risks of baking, and producing desired results by application of paint and gold.

The process of making pots and jugs is after this fashion. The clay, after being properly prepared, is thrown upon a revolving disk, and in various ways the shapeless mass is formed, as the potter sings:

"To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame,
These vessels made of clay."

When the vessels are formed and dried the decoration is applied. Decoration is of various sorts, free-hand drawing may be made directly on the "biscuit," or designs may be printed or stenciled. Another mode of decoation is called "slip-painting," and in its simplest form is practised by all primitive peoples.

This decoration is made by laying paste of one color upon paste of another color, in designs, the process not unlike that adopted by modern confectioners in frosting a cake. Of late years the beautiful painting with diluted paste has been brought to absolute perfection in the Minton factory, under Solon, who considers that his method of decoration called *pate sur pate*, is the most artistic of any employed by the potter. Wedgwood medallions are made separately and applied to the main body of the ware, but the *pate sur pate* process is much more difficult, as the artist depends upon the baking to render translucent the paste and secure the desired result.

Another way of decorating is to cut or etch the design on the paste, and then rub into the lines a color, so that a colored engraved effect is the result. Then above many more ambitious methods is one that has been in use for centuries, that called *sgraffito* in Italy, which appeals to the artistic sense and offers opportunity for broad effects. A clay body of one color is covered by a thin clay of another color, and through that outer clay a design is etched, and the removal of the outer clay in the etched lines reveals the color of the under clay body.

Glazes and enamels may be studied for a long time before an adequate conception is reached of the difficulties that attend their composition and their application. Stanniferous enamel is that employed by early peoples, and carried by the Arabians into Spain, and from there into Italy, where Luca Della Robbia discovered its secrets, and produced the rare old majolica by which he became so famous. Again, later on, Palissy, in France, worked for years to discover the art of enameling, burning his furniture finally in order to feed his furnaces. Stanniferous enamel is made of tin, and differs from the lead glaze which all primitive people have used to cover common earthenware. Lead glaze is transparent, stanniferous enamel covers the article upon which it is placed with an opaque covering. Various processes and methods give distinctive charm to the productions of the Orient. "Crackle" is supposed to have been at first the result of an accident, the glaze shrinking in a different way from the body of the ware, "crazing," or crackling, was the result. Afterward the crackle was produced at will, and so great an art has developed that cracks of various sizes are produced, and ability to control the shrinkage of clay body, and glaze, gives unlimited opportunity to the artist. Authorities differ as to the method of producing the crackle effect; it is interesting to form individual opinion on the subject, and to examine for ourselves everything of the sort that we see. Another Chinese method is to perforate the clay, producing lattice effects. This style has been copied by all European potteries, but none have equaled the Chinese in perfection of detail. The rice pattern is sometimes so beautifully cut in the body of the ware that it is past describing. A very natural manner of decorating is to form objects of clay in imitation of Nature—birds, reptiles, flowers, etc.—and apply them to the main body of the ware, then covering all with a glaze. Palissy ware is perhaps the most costly of European productions of this sort. Japan, however, leads the world in her ability to copy natural objects, and, when uninfluenced by Europeans, gives to the world the most beautiful specimens known to art lovers.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

The processes by which pottery is decorated in relief are numerous. The old Elers ware of England was made by pressing the sides of vases, teapots, etc., with dies in which were cut the desired decoration or design. Sprigs in relief, on the sides of our grandmothers' teacups, were produced by the Elers process. A later method was to apply the reliefs, and this art was brought to perfection by Wedgwood. The correspondence between Flaxman and the potter artist, in regard to the "Portland Vase," is very interesting. Flaxman saw the original vase when it was in the possession of Sir Wm. Hamilton, and wrote to Wedgwood about it. Finally, when the Duke of Portland loaned the vase to Wedgwood, the potter spent over a year on his reproductions, and fifty copies were made, which sold for fifty guineas each. The reliefs were produced in fine white porcelain and applied on Wedgwood's "Jasper ware," in a dark blue, almost black. Copies have been made since that time, both by the Wedgwood and other factories, but none have ever been copied from the vase direct, save the original fifty made by Wedgwood himself.

Relief work is also made by pouring liquid porcelain into molds, in which the decoration has been hollowed out. The famous Capo-di-Monte

ware of Italy was produced in this way. They are producing a ware in Japan at the present time, which suggests the Capo-di-Monte, but shows greater freedom of treatment, as the designs are modeled by hand on the face of the ware.

Monsieur Solon, the most famous among living authorities on the subject of stone ware and clay productions, to whom reference has already been made, insists that no process with clay compares with that he himself has developed, and which appropriately falls under decoration in relief. He writes: "By means of a brush, the slip is laid upon the piece to be decorated, by successive coats, care being taken to wait until the coat is perfectly dry before applying another. Failing that precaution, the raised work might crack and peel off; thus by degrees the reliefs attain their respective thicknesses; they are worked with sharp iron tools, which scrape and smooth the inequalities of the rough sketch, incise the details, and delineate the outlines, whilst the brush loaded with thicker slip (the liquid porcelain) brightens the whole work with sharply raised touches. When the piece is considered complete and ready for the oven, it is from beginning to end the original production of the artist's hand. Only through the action of the fire does the translucency of certain parts of the painting become apparent, and in the firing all his labor is often lost."*

Another method of decorating with clay is one that is employed to produce lace effects. Lace is dipped in thin slip, and then draped on the article to be ornamented, even at times across the face of a porcelain figure to look like a veil. Then the article is baked, and the heat of the kiln burns out the lace, leaving the form in thin network of porcelain in its place.

The patterns that may be seen in some egg-shell porcelain when held to the light, not observable when the article is casually looked at, are made in the soft, unbaked "biscuit"; glaze being applied, it fills in the openwork design, but the glaze being glass-like in its translucency, the designs are seen when the article is held to the light.

All of these processes are augmented by special methods of individual potters, and results are produced that appear to the uninitiated to be other than they are.

The subject branches out from this point in every direction. The art of printing on pottery, and of stenciling and painting, both under and over the glaze, should be studied. The methods of different factories, and factory and artists' marks, should be learned. In fact, up-to-date housewives should become so familiar with pastes, glazes, and enamels, with methods and processes, that when they look at their ceramic belongings they may know how they are made.

TRAVELS IN A LIBRARY.

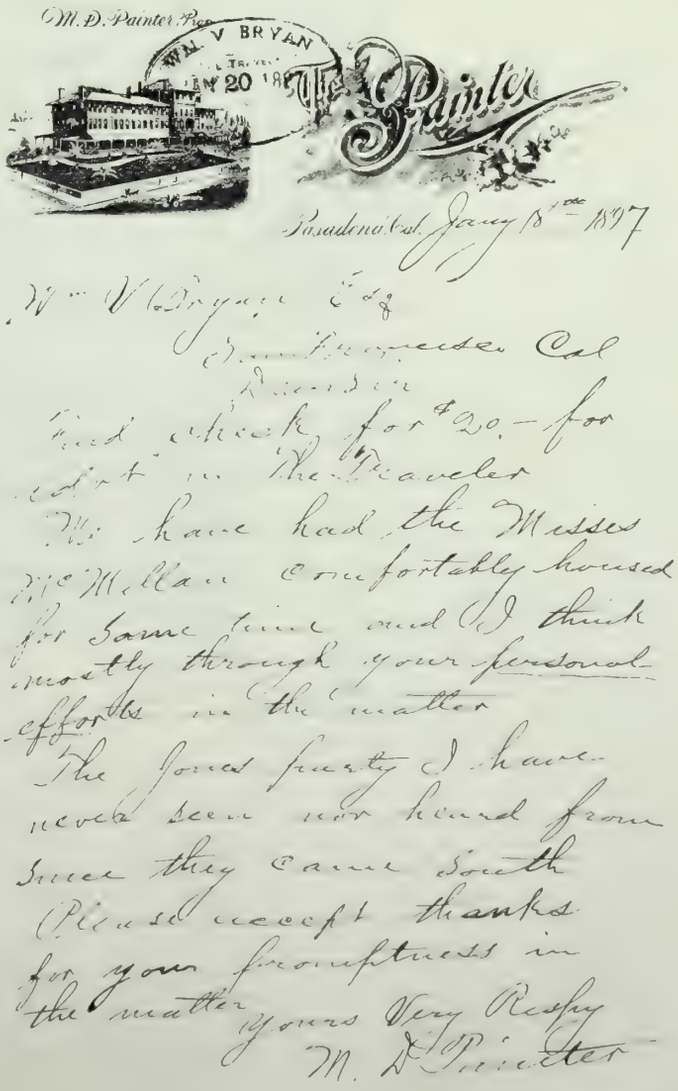
A. C. R.

It is undeniably true that there is no experience equal to that of travel, and especially of European travel, for broadening the mind and thought, and making it possible to view the world and the people and things on it from a true, unprejudiced standpoint. The man or woman who has had the advantage of extensive travel is almost invariably termed *interesting;* and, although, of course, this statement cannot fairly be reversed, it is naturally difficult for the "stay-at-home" to compete with the more fortunate traveler. I have heard so many appalling blunders made quite innocently in everyday conversation, revealing the speaker's utter ignorance of life, and art, and association beyond her own country, that I resolved, as I had neither the health, wealth, nor opportunity required for a trip abroad, that I would do the next best thing, and travel through the medium of my library and imagination, without changing my position in my invalid's chair.

LUTHER'S ROOM IN THE WARTBURG.

With atlases, guide-books, etc., ready beside me, and a good, fat notebook open invitingly at the first page, I landed one morning at Liverpool (after a charming voyage with Washington Irving), and started, via old, walled Chester, for the English lakes. There I journeyed with no less a companion than Wordsworth himself, over hill and dale, through the beautiful lake country; dined, an uninvited guest, at Coleridge's dinner-table, where the great talker and his friends held "sweet converse" together over their wine; or made one with King Arthur and his Knights about the famous Round Table. Then, on north, across the border-lands and into the heart of the "Rob Roy" country, where that bold, magnetic chief swayed his unruly clan by a word or a look; on through the Trosachs with "The Lady of the Lake" and brave Roderick Dhu, into fair Edinburgh, where every stone tells of the great Sir Walter Scott, where linger traces of the unfortunate Queen Mary, and where the rugged old castle on the hill holds its secrets of the past, and has held them for centuries and centuries. So, on south again, with a reluctant farewell to the "Scottish Chiefs," through the cathedral towns to London, with the memories of years clustering around its streets and buildings, its river, and suburbs and parks. I wandered through Westminster with Irving; drove in Hyde Park with Ethel Newcome and wicked old Lady Kew; prowled around the City proper with Dickens; or visited the haunts of Goldsmith and his friends, or of Shakespeare and Bacon and Spenser, and "rare Ben Jonson," in the days of good Queen Bess. From London into beautiful Warwickshire I journeyed next, and there for days I rambled through the lanes and highways of Shakespeare's country, also among Kenilworth's ruins, picturing with Scott the revels of long ago.

And so on, across the Channel to Holland and Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France—everywhere in the very best of company. Without realizing it, I had succeeded by my winter's charming research in making for myself a framework of fact on which to build in after years. I had studied London with Dickens; Edinburgh, with Sir Walter Scott; I had sailed along the storied banks of the Rhine and the Loire; I had studied modern art at Munich, and ancient art among the old masters at Florence and at Rome; and had delighted in the quaint little Dutch towns with their canals and tulips and windmills. I had wandered in the footsteps of Martin Luther, through beautiful Thuringia; lived at the bright German capital; floated in a gondola on the moonlit Venetian lagoons, and gazed up at Switzerland's marvelous heights—all from my chair in the old library. I had begun to realize my history, literature, and geography, and although I might never get any nearer to the Europe of my dreams, I could at least gaze at it all through the doorway I myself had opened, for my winter's work had shown me paths of interest hitherto unsuspected, and had interpreted for me the experience of others as revealed in both books and conversation.


M. D. Painter Pres.

WM. V. BRYAN

Painter

Pasadena Cal. Jany 18th 1897

Wm. V. Bryan Esq
San Francisco Cal
Dear Sir
Find check for $20.— for
ad't in The Traveler
We have had the Misses
McMeen comfortably housed
for some time and I think
mostly through your personal
efforts in the matter
The Jones party I have
never seen nor heard from
since they came South
Please accept thanks
for your promptness in
the matter
Yours Very Resply
M. D. Painter

* From "Rough Notes on Pottery," W. P. Jervis.

BORAX AND ITS HISTORY.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

BORAX has become such a household necessity that few people ever give even a passing thought to the source of its production. The signboard pictures of the "twenty-mule team" belonging to the Pacific Coast Borax Company is a familiar one to Californians, but the dangers of this manner of freighting, that are made so manifest in the picture, no longer cause exclamations of horror or dismay in the beholder, and yet there is no article in daily use that is obtained in its original state with so many attendant unpleasant conditions.

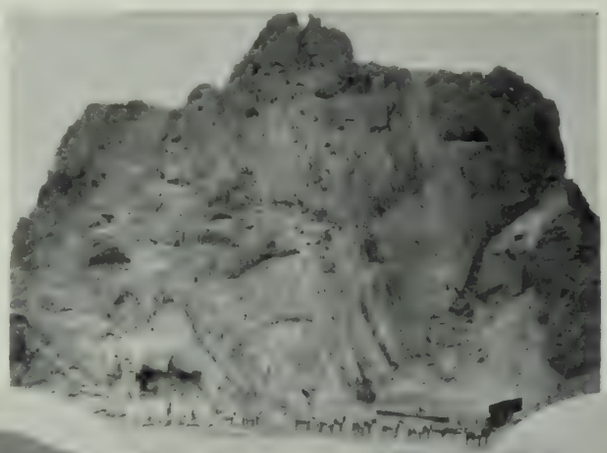
As far back as the seventh century borax was used extensively by the very wealthy people as an article of toilet luxury. It was then, as now, found in many parts of the Far East, and shipped by caravan over mountains and deserts to the cities where the luxury-loving people dwelt But three States in the Union yield this salt, and of these California at present supplies the largest quantity, though prior to 1890 the Nevada output was annually far in excess of that of this State. Oregon furnishes a very small proportion of the supply. There are a number of companies engaged in the borax industry, chief of which are the Pacific Coast Borax Company, the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company, and the Nevada Salt and Borax Company, all of which have offices in San Francisco.

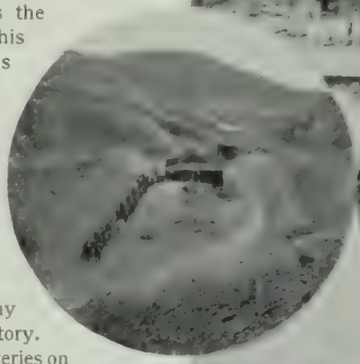
The principal producing field at present in operation is that owned by the first named company, located about ten miles from Daggett, in San Bernardino County, and known as the Calico Borate Mine. This portion of the country is especially before the eye of the public just now on account of the interest and activity in and around the Calico silver mining district, and, in consequence, there has been quite an influx of population to that section, which, however, may be characterized as migratory.

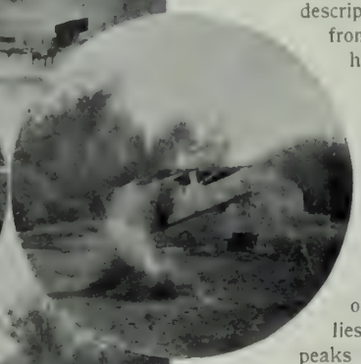
The first borax discoveries on the Coast were made in 1856 by Doctor John A. Veatch, when the waters of Borax and Hachinhama Lakes, in Lake County, were found to contain crystals of the salt in large quantities, and from 1864 to 1874 all the California borax was secured from these two lakes; since then, however, for several reasons, the output from these sources has been merely nominal.

There has always been somewhat of romance connected with the discoveries of borax, or, perhaps, it would be more true to say, considerable of tragedy. Doctor Veatch sought for and found the object of his search before his intention was even suspected, but other prospectors have not been so fortunate, and danger, privation, and even bloodshed, have marked the successful opening and operation of every new field, and the early history and vicissitudes attendant on gold mining have been repeated in the more recent industry of borax mining. Claims have been staked out on one day, and the next morning would find scores of squatters struggling for possession, shotgun in hand, and an expression of intended intimidation in the eye. The original settler must needs have been a man, brave, vigilant, untiring, and ready to act instantly in any emergency.

Following the Lake County discoveries came those of Nevada and San Bernardino County, and it is this latter section that still produces borax in inexhaustible quantities; for, apart from the vast interests of the Pacific Coast Borax Company, there is the field worked by the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company, known as the San Bernardino Borax Marsh, from whence the product, of excellent quality, is freighted by mule team to Mojave, seventy-five miles distant, over the barren, treeless Mojave desert. Few realize the expense attendant upon the production of this simple article.







DAGGETT MINE. FREIGHTERS' CAMP. SALT CREEK. AN OASIS HOME. FIRST BORAX CAMP.

Nevada possesses immense borax deposits, which are still highly remunerative property, although many of them have been worked for over two decades, for operations were pushed with rapidity on these marshes as soon as it became manifest that the Lake County industry was a paying one.

The greatest amount of interest centers around the borax fields of the famous and mysterious Death Valley, the tragedies, the mystery and horrors of which have been repeatedly told in song and story. Its very name is fraught with a vague horror that would be supposed to make one dread the necessity of even approaching its confines. Death Valley it certainly is, though the name was derived from the fact, now an incident of Californian history, that a party of emigrants who, in 1850, while seeking to make a short cut to this State, perished miserably from thirst, after having unwittingly entered this spot, which, though a part of the most glorious State in the Union, is yet so barren and uncanny that it impresses one as having been forgotten by the Creator. Of the thirty people who composed the party, not more than a dozen, if so many, escaped from the awful place. It was thirty years later that the important discovery was made that brought Death Valley again before the minds of the public. A pioneer of that section, who eked out a wretched living afar from the haunts of men, had noticed the immense stretches of alkali land in the valley, land that looked as if it had been powdered with snow, and fancied that it might be something possessing a commercial value; how correct his conjecture is evidenced by the immense output of borax from these marshes, and the fortunes already made from them.

John R. Spears, who has written a great deal about this valley, aptly terms it "a desert pit," and no word more fully descriptive of it can be found, from the fact that its depth has been estimated variously at from 110 to 200 feet below the sea level; it is 75 miles long, and from 5 to 15 miles wide, running from north to south. At its lowest depression its width is said to be not over eight miles from one wall to the other. This vast chasm lies between two mountain peaks that rise, one 8000 feet, and the other over 10,000 feet above the sea, the result, probably, of some great convulsion of nature that rent in twain the "everlasting hills," that succumb only to such an exhibition of power.

The real terror of Death Valley is not its barren waste, its distance from the home of humanity, or its lack of water, because all these can be overcome; it is the arid air which saps the moisture even from pine boards. Men have died with a canteen of water to their lips, because the moisture was sapped from their bodies faster than they could supply it. Think of such a place as this, the only natural evidence of water being a winding river course, the bed of which is marked by jagged incrustations of hard salt. However, much has been changed in the aspect of at least a portion of the valley, for water has been brought to an oasis, and a thriving ranch demonstrates the ability of man to conquer nature and make the "wilderness blossom as the rose." It was the discovery of borax that led to this transformation, for running water and shelter are necessities to mankind, and without the best of care for the laborers the borax could not have been obtained.

However, these marshes are no longer worked, and the "twenty-mule team" that traversed fearful mountains and awful deserts no more plods over the terrible 164 stretch of road, where the only evidences of humanity were the rude piles of stones, sometimes marked with a rough cross of pine boards, made from a small box, but more often without anything indicative of a headstone. Only a nameless grave where the remains of somebody's "boy" was preserved by kindly hands from those vandals of the desert, the coyote.

It must not be imagined that borax marshes are similar to morasses. They are really the beds of lakes from which the water has evaporated, leaving solid deposits of salts of various kinds. Areas of this kind, more or less extensive, are found in different parts of California and Nevada, but they do not always contain borax mixed with the other alkalies, or, as sometimes happens, it is in such small quantities as to be unremunerative. Again, all borax is not of the same degree of richness, and, of course, this affects its market value.

Since the discovery of borate of lime in stratified rock formations, a new era in borax production has been opened. Instead of scraping up the salt from the earth by necessarily crude means, it is now obtained in the same manner that minerals are. In other words, the mode of operation is similar to that of quartz mining, which entails many expenses that were not necessary in the "placer" mining. But these expenses are more than counterbalanced by the amount saved in expense of hauling the borax from points as far distant from the railroad and as difficult of access as Death Valley.

The Calico Borate Mines, in a district both rough and barren, and hard to traverse, are, nevertheless, but ten miles from the point whence the product is shipped to the refinery of the Pacific Coast Borax Company in Alameda, four hundred miles distant.

In its original state borate of lime is composed of rough, broken masses of brownish colored rock, which, when it leaves the refinery, has been transformed into beautiful white translucent crystals.

The manner of producing these crystals is unique. The crude material is first pulverized by going through various processes; it then undergoes a number of changes through the agency of different chemicals, and, finally, a solution of pure borax is run into tanks, into which have been suspended thousands of steel rods, upon which the crystals form. When they have reached the desired thickness they are removed, and the borax is detached, and either in the shape of crystals or a powder is ready for market.

An amusing story is told by Mr. F. M. Smith, President of the Pacific Coast Borax Company, and at one time sole owner of the immense borax deposits known as Teels Marsh, in Esmeralda County, Nev., property that now belongs to the company of which he is the head.

The story relates to his discovery of the salt at this place. He had recently completed the purchase of a large wood ranch, and was living in a cabin picturesquely situated in a narrow defile on the mountain-side and surrounded with the heavy timber which then characterized that section. From this spot he could look out over the valley, which presented the appearance of rather a barren plain covered with snow, and the contrast from his immediate environment was its charm. He knew, however, that distance only was responsible for the appearance of soft whiteness and the mistiness that seemed cool. In reality it was a tract of desert, the parched earth hidden under a dirty white alkali deposit.

A MOUNTAIN OF BORAX.

Borax had been discovered in several parts of Nevada, and Mr. Smith conceived the idea that the gleaming white substance out on Teels Marsh might be this salt, and he tested it to determine its quality. A portion was sent to Columbus, twenty-five miles distant, to be assayed, and the result was eminently satisfactory. Great secrecy had been observed, for prospectors were as plentiful, as keen, and much more rapacious than vultures in a time of slaughter.

However, the day following, a friend of the assayer arrived at the camp looking for borax claims, and desired to be directed to Teels Marsh. Mr. Smith told him of an alkali flat about twenty miles distant, and offered him a guide. They were absent three days, and on their return the claims had all been staked out, still leaving plenty of territory remaining for whoever chose to take it up. Mr. Smith located the assayer, among others, but eventually bought out every claim-holder.

Not long since while in the busy desert town of Daggett I watched the laden twenty-mule team come into town from the mines and swing around the wide street to the freight house. To those who see this occurrence frequently it is no longer a novelty, but to the eyes of the "tenderfoot" it is a feat of horsemanship which excites wonder and admiration, for the driver, perched on the high seat of the huge box-wagon, handles the reins which guide this "procession" as easily as though he was driving a pair of "plugs" attached to a buckboard. More easily, in fact, because a man who can drive a team of twenty animals would die of mortification, if he did not of fatigue, if compelled to take the reins over what an ordinary individual would consider pretty lively horseflesh. The "jerk line" by which the team is guided, is nearly 120 feet in length.

These wagons are a curiosity in their way, and, if I am privileged to lapse into the vernacular of the day, I might say that they weigh a good deal. The hind wheels are 7 feet in diameter, the front wheels are 5 feet, and the hubs 18 inches in diameter by 22 in length. The tires are 8 inches wide and 1 inch thick. The wagon bed is 16 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 6 feet deep, and each wagon weighs 8000 pounds, and carries 20,000 pounds at a load. Two wagons, with a water tank on a third wagon, complete the train.

Sometimes the "White Arabs," who have pitched their abodes in this uninviting section, become hard-pressed for nutritious food, and not only does this undesirable state of affairs happen to the "White Arab," but to the prospector and the Indian as well, and at such times they accept the food which Nature offers, and are thankful for it. This food is not inviting to the ordinary mortal, but when a man is prospecting for gold, or for borax either, he is willing to eat almost anything that comes easily to his hand. For meat there is the chahwalla, or "chuckwalla," as it is commonly called. It resembles the Gila monster very closely in appearance, but is not poisonous, and is said to be quite palatable—to a hungry man on a desert.

The mesquit bean is the great standby, however. The mesquit is, practically, the prospector's best friend. He pulverizes the beans, and thus has the material for a number of dishes, ranging from "flap-jacks" to fried mush.

Places that yield borax yield very little else, for vegetation is impossible where there is no nourishment in the soil, and where there is no vegetation animals cannot exist, except in the lowest forms. Lizards there are, and horned-toads and snakes, but even these are not plentiful. For vegetation one finds in the barrens depths of Death Valley what is locally termed "the skeleton tree," a gaunt, pitiful, leafless thing, which stretches up its bare, knotted branches in a voiceless prayer for something better, or else extinction.

The coyote prowls around these sections, and waits patiently for the prospector—who always comes. He can afford to wait and sit on his scrawny haunches and peer over the trackless waste. Somewhere in those parts somebody is searching the plain for wealth. Somebody is looking eagerly at a strange formation and painting vivid mind pictures that gleam with comfort and color and plenty, and he tests the brown rock, expecting, perhaps, to prove that he has found what will develop into rich borate mines, and that his wanderings are at an end. It may be that he had had a horse, but it escaped, and the coyote found it when it was too weak to travel further, as it will find him. It's a gruesome story, but it will be repeated over and over until men have learned to be content.

It may be interesting, while discussing the history of borax, to note that over fifty classes of artisans use this salt in some of its forms in the industries which they follow. In this connection, also, it is worthy of remark that while almost the entire home product is consumed in this country, the price has decreased in an astonishing ratio, and thus, what thirty years ago was an expensive luxury, is to-day so cheap that it is an ordinary household adjunct. What is procured at an outlay of so much physical discomfort, and at so great a cost in money, is one of our greatest labor-saving and health-preserving agents.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

OUR COMMON WILD BIRDS.

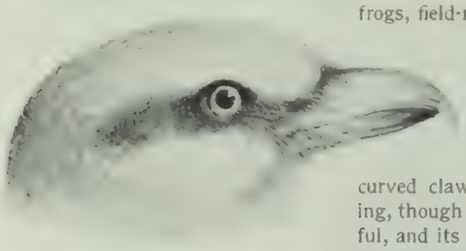
ONE of our most interesting songsters is the mocking-bird, which is found mainly in the southern part of the State, and often builds its nest in fruit-trees in the vicinity of houses, arousing the inmates in the early morning with a delightful burst of melody as it searches for its breakfast of berries and winged-insects. Although it has its own individual notes, it is also a wonderful mimic, imitating to perfection the songs of other wild birds, and often misleading them and bewildering the hunter. Added to this accomplishment is that of reproducing, with great exactness, the voices of domestic animals and various sounds connected with human occupations—an especially good performer mixing up the different sounds in a curious sort of medley, most entertaining to the listener.

The well-known jay, in its picturesque livery of blue and drab, is a striking instance of the fact that "fine feathers" do not always "make fine birds," for it is a veritable "wolf in sheep's clothing"; its chief delight being to rob the nests of smaller birds, greedily devouring the eggs or fledglings, or even the parents themselves, while its harsh squawk echoes ominously through the tree-tops. It also consumes large quantities of fruit, soft-shelled nuts and acorns, though insects and caterpillars form a considerable part of its diet.

These birds often frequent parks and gardens, and may even be seen feeding with poultry. In captivity they can be trained to repeat words and short sentences, parrot fashion; though, like other members of the crow family, they are troublesome pets on account of their curiosity and thieving propensities.

Their clumsy nests, which are composed of grass, sticks, and roots, are usually placed in a bush or small tree, and the eggs are four or five in number, and of a bluish green color, spotted and splashed with brown.

Another rascal in feathers is the shrike or butcher-bird, the principal characteristic of which is that of impaling upon the thorns of trees the frogs, field-mice, insects, and young birds on which it feeds, first killing them by striking them on the head, and then pulling them to pieces like a hawk. Its cruel, stony eyes, sharp-hooked bill, and strong curved claws betray its blood-thirsty calling, though its shape is elegant and graceful, and its garb is a Quaker gray.



HEAD OF BUTCHER-BIRD.

The California robins do not have such scarlet breasts as their renowned English cousins, but their voices are just as sweet. They arrive in the mountains in the springtime, and generally return in the autumn to the fields and orchards of the more sheltered portions of the Coast; though they are sometimes overtaken in the Sierras by an early snowstorm, and are forced to pick up a scanty living on madrone or mistletoe berries.

In their company are often seen the beautiful blue-birds, which look like patches of a summer sky drifting among the pines.

The little yellow-breasted meadow-larks are always associated with springing grain, bright sunshine, and a wealth of poppies and buttercups—their liquid musical notes ringing over the open fields as they make their abrupt ascent from their nests among the waving grasses, or rest upon the rustic fences. Being not only the embodiment of cheer and sprightliness, but also of great value as insect-destroyers, it is a cause for no little shame and regret that they are exposed for sale in our city markets to cater to the jaded appetites of gourmands.

Skimming over the golden hay-fields, or chattering shrilly on the fence-posts, are the saucy little blackbirds, which, though they have a weakness for luscious fruit, amply repay for their ravages by consuming large numbers of slugs, snails, and harmful grubs and beetles. They take up their residences in thick bushes, making their nests out of wood-fibers, moss, dry grass, and mud-plaster, and lay four or five light-colored eggs, marked with dark spots.

The red-winged blackbird is also found in certain parts of the State.

Linnets are among our sweetest singers, and are sometimes caged like canaries. Though they usually live in woods and pastures, feeding on the seeds of such plants as dandelions and wild mustard, they often build their nests under the eaves of houses, or the roofs of piazzas, forming pretty pictures of domestic felicity as they industriously feed their young. Their cozy little dwellings are composed of moss, grasses, and sheep's wool, and are neatly lined with feathers and horsehair; and the eggs, which are five in number, are of a grayish white, covered with specks of black.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

A LETTER FROM THE MARQUESAS.

[We are indebted to Captain Thomas G. Taylor for advising us of the following letter to Mr. H. M. Alexander, written to him by his brother, J. M. Alexander of Oakland, Cal., and dated from the steamer "Richmond," latitude 26° 3′, longitude 168° West, 3½ days from Raratonga, November 18, 1896.—Ed.]

I presume you have heard how we had a long voyage of calm weather to the Marquesas. A rowboat could have gone all the way the sea was so smooth. It was like a sail on a pleasure yacht and did us good. We caught three sharks, two bonita, and one porpoise.

We found that the Marquesas Islands had suffered from drouth for four years. Their rugged mountains were browner than usual, yet they had considerable verdure and beauty, but they are more remarkable for the grandeur than the beauty of their scenery. I never saw grander rock scenery than that of Hakani Valley, next west of Taiohae on Nukuhina, where a great assemblage of peaks rise together from the bed of the valley, and a waterfall pours from two thousand feet elevation—the place where the natives ran up the ridges and rolled rocks on to the French soldiers in their last battle with them, and drove them back. The peaks of Uapau, that rise like church steeples five hundred to one thousand feet high from the summit ridge, are magnificent. By contrast the bright white fern that covers all the ridges, the bamboo-like brake that is sometimes gay with plumes like sugar-cane tassels, and the cocoanuts running up the ridges are very beautiful.

I saw hardly any land in the Marquesas that could be plowed. It was all like Kona Hawaii, very fertile, but rocky. The finest coffee in the world is raised on Hiuao. On the summit of that island there is a plateau of two square miles of the richest of land that could be plowed, and would be an el dorado for coffee, cocoa, or vanilla.

The Marquesans are the finest race we have seen, taller on an average than the people of the groups we have visited, muscular and finely proportioned. The Tahitians are taller and have more delicate features and seem effeminate. The Marquesans were, many of them, frightfully tatooed. To meet a powerful man, almost nude, alarmingly tatooed, with a knife two feet long, at the lonely head of a valley was rather startling. But they were very friendly and generous.

The French government having stopped excessive use of opium, rum, and gin, the natives now make toddy from cocoanuts. The gendarmes arrest sometimes one hundred at a time at a toddy drunk, fine them five dollars apiece, and get one-third of the fines. Nine-tenths of the income of the natives goes to pay fines.

The vanilla plantations were very interesting. The plant is a vine orchid and must be trailed up trees in shade in rainy districts. They gather the pods and prepare them by a very particular process of drying, for export. The price of vanilla has suddenly risen so that sixty thousand dollars were realized last season by the natives of a very small district.

I enjoyed exceedingly hearing the natives sing in church music composed by themselves, and equally in Raratonga.

We stopped a few hours at Raiatea, which was a very interesting island, and there purchased wreaths of beautiful land shells, some of them like the Aehatinella Rosea, only smaller, and others darker.

We had fine views of Huahino, Tahoa, and Borabora, which last is a wonderful pile of rock partly covered with vegetation and with a crater at the top. The next morning we were near Mauke of the Hervey or Cook group, an island rarely visited by ships. We landed there into a gayly dressed crowd of natives with great garlands of maile and other vines and flowers. They pressed forward to shake hands and say "lorana," (life to you). We walked a mile inland on a fine road through a forest of hau, kamani, kukui, hala, and other trees covered with vines, birds' nests, ferns, etc., to the settlement. Mauke is an "elevated coral island," one hundred and twenty feet high. The oranges were the most delicious we ever ate, the bananas like honey. The church of the island is a large building of coral, plastered over. The people are moral and happy because the mission work has not been counteracted by crews of ships. We passed near Mitiaro, stopped at Atiu, a coral island three hundred and ninety-four feet high, and spent ten hours at Aitutake, which we found to be a very delightful island.

The next morning we were near Raratonga, which is a more picturesque island than Tahiti, and just as verdant, though of one-half the size. We rode in a little over two hours, eighteen miles, entirely around the island, and all the way we were shut in on both sides by heavy forests. We visited the missionaries for a few minutes. It was their Sunday and therefore they did not press us to stay to lunch.

The natives of the Hervey or Cook Islands seem to average taller than the Tahitians, are quite handsome, appear to have more character, and certainly are more religious. The resources of these islands have not been developed but will some day bring an income of many million dollars.

We arrived at Auckland November 24th having voyaged seven thousand miles from San Francisco, counting our detours, and have had smooth seas, except two days. Auckland is a beautiful city, built on hill and dale, with considerable fine shrubbery. The people seem to be a superior class, but are slower than Americans.

THE GOVERNMENT ELECTRICAL TIME SERVICE.

LIEUT. W. S. HUGHES, U. S. N.

NE of the most important steps taken by the United States Government in the interest of sea-faring men was the establishment of what is known as "The Electrical Time Service." To the general public the visible part of this service is the dropping of a Time Ball in each of the principal sea-ports of the United States, enabling the people to accurately set their watches to the local standard time; but the system in reality has a much wider sphere of usefulness. In fact, the use of the Time Ball for the correcting of clocks and watches on shore is only an incidental feature of the time service, and one which the Government had not considered in establishing the system. The sole object of a Time Ball is to furnish to mariners an absolutely accurate means of finding the error of their chronometers. Few persons, except those who "go down to the sea in ships," are aware how essential are these instruments to the safe navigation of the ocean. Without them navigators would be unable to accurately determine the longitude at sea, out of sight of known landmarks, and the ship's position would consequently be unknown. Chronometers, however, are simply time-pieces, or clocks, and, though made with all the care and skill possible, never keep *absolutely correct* time. Before starting on a long voyage every navigator must carefully determine the *error* of his chronometer, and its *rate*, or the daily change of that error. No easier means could have been devised by the Government to furnish these data to ships than that of the Time Ball. The ball is always located in some position greatly elevated above the ground, and so placed as to command an unobstructed view of the harbor. That of San Francisco is on Telegraph Hill, but the State Harbor Commissioners have recently decided to change it to the tower of the new ferry-house at the foot of Market Street, where it will be nearer to the shipping, and not so likely to be obscured at times by fog or rain. Though the Time Ball is nominally under the control of the officer in charge of the local Hydrographic Office, the electrical mechanism by which it is automatically dropped is really operated by the United States Naval Observatories, those of Eastern Cities by the Observatory at Washington, D. C., and that of San Francisco by the Observatory at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

The San Francisco Time Ball drops at precisely *mean* noon of the 120th meridian, from which Pacific Standard Time is reckoned, or at exactly eight P. M. of Greenwich mean time. To landmen the use of the word "mean" in this connection may not be clearly understood. It may be briefly explained as follows: Solar time, as its name implies, is time measured by the sun's transits over the meridian of a place; and a solar day is the interval between such successive transits. But these solar days are of unequal length, because the earth's motion in its orbit around the sun gives the latter an *apparent* daily movement, which varies according to the season of the year. This irregularity in the apparent movement of the sun renders it necessary for astronomers to use for the exact measurement of time a fictitious sun, called a *mean* sun, which moves in the Equator at the *average*, or mean, rate of the true sun in the ecliptic. The time measured by this fictitious sun is called *mean* time, and is that kept by all chronometers on board ship. Longitude is usually reckoned from Greenwich, and hence ships' chronometers are set to Greenwich mean time. In practise, at the observatories, the time is determined by noting the times of transit of fixed stars across the wires of a telescope. From these star observations the sidereal, or star, time is found, and thence the mean time. As has been before mentioned, the time sent out by the observatories is *mean* time. This time differs only slightly from the true, or sun, time; but is sometimes earlier and sometimes later than the latter. The public utility of the time service has been greatly increased and extended by the cooperation of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Each day this great company suspends its business for a few minutes in all the principal towns and cities in the United States, turning over its lines to the use of the National Observatories while the time signals are being sent. Any message sent over the wires during this interval might prematurely drop the Time Balls. In ports where no Time Ball is displayed, navigators, by taking their chronometers to the office of the Western Union Company, where the time signal is received, can find their rates and errors with the same accuracy as by observing the Time Ball. These signals, also, automatically set the clocks and regulate the time for railroad companies, whose officials were quick to recognize the great advantages of a uniform time in the running of their trains.

MYSTERIES OF THE STAGE.

W. J. HENDERSON.

You have taken off your overcoat and made yourself as comfortable as possible in an angular little folding-chair that never was intended to give any human being a minute's comfort. The orchestra has crashed through the last measures of the overture. The footlights are turned up; the auditorium lights are turned down; the curtain rises. A dull, distant peel of thunder proclaims the approach of a storm. There is a flash of lightning. The storm breaks. Peal upon peal of crashing thunder rends the sky. The wind howls and shrieks, and the sharp cut of the driving rain is distinctly heard. The curtain falls at the end of the act, and you rub your eyes and wonder if you have been dreaming or have really seen these things on a wooden stage.

The next act shows a scene in the forest. Again the scene changes. This time it is a fire. The stage is filled with flames and smoke and the crash of falling timbers. You are almost tempted to believe that the house is really afire. But the same old curtain comes down at the end, and only a strong smell of powder reminds you of what you have seen. You leave the theater in a state of wonder. How is it all done?

Spectral appearances are often managed nowadays with a stereopticon. For instance, in "Siegfried" there is a scene in the forest in which the music of the opera is supposed to depict the rustling of the leaves. In order to heighten the effect of this scene, it is customary to produce the illusion of the flickering of the sunlight caused by the waving foliage. This is done by means of movable glasses, something like the arrangement of a kaleidoscope without the variety of colors. The white light is thrown through these moving glasses, and the audience sees the waving shadows, as if caused by sunlight filtering through wind-shaken leaves.

In the "Flying Dutchman" there is a view of the sea in the first scene, and a gale of wind is supposed to be blowing. The audience sees thin, gray, filmy scud scurrying across the sky from the beginning of the scene until the gale ends. This is also a stereopticon effect, and is produced by passing properly painted glasses across the opening of the lens. These few instances will give the reader some idea of the part which the stereopticon now plays in the illusions of the stage. One of the most familiar and beautiful effects produced upon the stage is the change from day to night or from night to day.

All is ready for the sunset except the lights, which are arranged thus: Behind the profile a row runs across the stage to throw its light on the lower part of the sky drop. The top part is illuminated by the border lights. A similar arrangement is made in front of the profile, while the foreground depends for its light on the borders and footlights. In all new theaters these are electric lights in three circuits. One circuit consists of lights with white globes, another red, and the third green. For broad daylight effects the white are used. In the scene we are describing, beginning with sunset, the red circuit is turned on. Calcium lights with red glasses are stationed at the sides of the stage, and thus the whole scene is suffused with a glow of red light. The change from sunset to moonlight is effected by slowly and imperceptibly lowering the sky drop. As the sun disappears behind the distant hills the red "mediums," as they are called, are turned off and the green ones gradually turned on. When the night sky has fairly got down to its place, the green mediums are all turned on at full force, and green glasses are placed in front of the calciums. The stage appears now to be flooded with moonlight. The moon cannot be shown, for it would be too far toward the audience.

The change from moonlight to sunrise is, of course, effected by simply reversing the process just described. Either one of these changes may be rendered more effective by certain additions. For instance, in the sunset part of the drop all the spaces between the clouds may be cut out. Muslin is then pasted over these openings, and is painted to represent the sky between the clouds. By placing lights behind this muslin a beautiful transparent sky is produced, and by gradually changing the color and intensity of the light as the sun goes down the appearance of the scene is made very realistic. This method is seldom employed, except in plays in which the scenic effects are an important element. A moonlit river is made also by cutting out the canvas, putting in muslin, and lighting it from the rear. Moonrise is produced with a sky drop, cut out between the clouds, as in the case of the sunset just described, and a "moon-box." This moon-box is simply a box with a circular hole cut in one side of it. Over this hole is pasted a piece of white muslin, and inside the box is a light. The box is placed behind the muslin sky drop, with the hole against the drop. The light is turned on, and the moon is drawn slowly upward by wires.

A SCENIC RAILWAY.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

THE latest feat in mountain railway building—a feat which has resulted in a scenic display incomparable in its beauty—was commenced February 5, 1896, completed August 7th of same year, and is known as the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway. As a railroad, alone, it presents some unusual features. The height to be climbed is 2592 feet. The length of the road is eight and one-half miles. The elevation is reached by lengthening its line so that the average grade is only five feet in a hundred, and the heaviest grade but seven per cent. This low grade does away with the Rack and Pinion, as the adhesion of the locomotive drivers to the rails is ample for all purposes.

The contour of the country through which this road passes is very broken, and it is followed very closely by the line of road which makes 220 sharp curves, the sharpest being 70 feet radius. But the geared locomotive used takes these curves without any difficulty or actual danger at the speed run, which is eight miles per hour ascending and ten miles coming down. The roadbed and track are the standard United States construction, and cost $140,000.

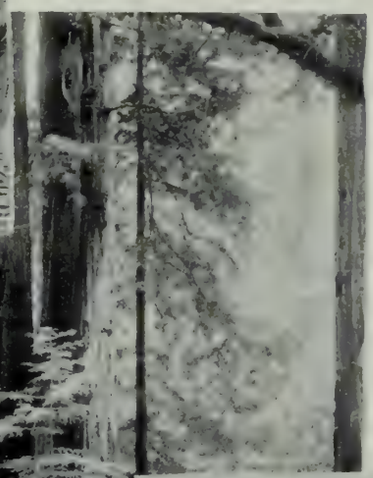
The location of this unique railway, over which tens of thousands of admiring tourists are destined to travel as the wonders of California become better known to the world, is in Marin County, California; a peninsula washed on one side by the Pacific Ocean, and on the other by the Bay of San Francisco. The southern extremity of this peninsula forms the northern abutment or "post" of the "Golden Gate." The Golden Gate! With what a swoop the expanded wings of one's imagination enters through this majestic portal!

The eastern coast of the Pacific Ocean, from many miles to the south of San Francisco, runs in a northerly direction, till, at the entrance of the Straits of San Francisco, it meets a long line of ocean coast running southeast. These two extended lines of coast thus converging from a deep indentation in the land, and the two points respectively north and south of their junction, constitute the Golden Gate. The name was given to the passage by the Spaniards long before the discovery of gold in California, the State to which it gives such a glorious, sunny entrance. It is one mile wide. The southern point, bold and bluff, is elevated two hundred feet above the tide; the opposite northern point rises almost precipitously to the height of three thousand five hundred feet to the summit of Tamalpais, or Table Hill, which is the most elevated mountain peak on the immediate coast of the Pacific.

The distance from the City Hall, San Francisco, to the summit of Mount Tamalpais is thirteen and one-third miles in an air line. The tourist, leaving San Francisco in one of the splendidly equipped ferry-boats which leave its wharves every ten minutes, begins the trip to the foot of the Great Scenic Railway. As he heads toward the mountain peak lying in the dim distance, cloud-wreathed and intensely blue, he has the remarkable City of San Francisco and its hundred terraced hills on his left, and the wonderful Coast Range on his right. Soon the boat passes between "Black Point," the fortified coast of the city, and La Isla de los Alcatreces, or Pelican Island—a bold, barren, symmetrical rock situated a mile due north of the city, crowned with fortifications, bristling with cannon, and commanding the straits and the harbor.

As the boat approaches its landing at Sausalito, and he scans the beautiful villas which dot its hillside, he exclaims, if he is an Englishman, "By George! Old Torquay. This does, indeed, look like home." Transferred to cars which are in waiting for passengers to the matchless City of San Rafael, the State Prison at San Quentin, or Mill Valley among the pines, he rides through a dreamland of delight until he reaches the latter station and sees towering above him the lofty mountain peak which science and machinery have just made accessible.

Buying the privilege of the round trip for one dollar, he enters the coaches, open at either side, of the Scenic Railway, and begins the ascent. Round and round moves the train in its tortuous journey. The traveler becomes a human screw. He grows bewildered. First on this side, then on that, canyons, lakes, hills, appear and disappear with startling rapidity. He is ever on the one edge of a ravine, which grows deeper with every rod that the train measures. But the redwoods, majestic and awe-inspiring, are ever to the left of the ascent. The terminal branches of one group seem grasping the massive trunks of others just beyond. The air is full of their aroma. Exhilaration is everywhere. As the car rounds a sharp curve and a bit of the railway hundreds of feet below narrows into an amber-hued ribbon, admiration of the skill of the engineer deepens and all sense of possible danger is lost in the unfolding grandeur of the scene. An hour of such rare sensations and then the summit is reached. Here one alights at the doorway of an hotel, which has just been completed, and from its beautiful corridors he makes the survey to which his ride has been but a preparation. He pauses upon a rustic bridge to look down into Lake Lagunitas, nearly three thousand feet below, then back to the corridor to "view the landscape o'er." Thirteen counties can be seen—Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino, Lake, Yolo, Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Clara, Alameda, Solano, San Mateo, Contra Costa, and San Francisco. Their united area is 23,716,056 acres. A five minutes' walk from the hotel brings the tourist to the summit of a craggy cliff. As he makes the survey, not a word is spoken. All the stereotyped superlatives, such as "Magnificent!" "Unequaled!" are forgotten in the personal exaltation of being at one with such a vision of glorious reality.



VIEWS EN ROUTE. Taber Photo.

It needs a quiet half hour, after having partaken of the excellent luncheon to be found in the hotel dining-room, to realize the greatness of the benefaction of the projectors and builders of this most charming and unique of all California's gifts to the world.

A LESSON IN FINANCE.

B. M. WILSON.

[The following narrative is founded on facts and relates the experience of a newsboy, now at the Boy's Training Home, 407 Taylor Street, San Francisco.—ED.]

LEASE buy a paper. I've jus' one left."

Can any one imagine a newsboy as having been a chubby dimpled baby, tenderly nursed in some fond mother's arms; and did you ever hear of a newsboy, grown to manhood, occupying any other position in life? Why, no; they are simply newsboys; a species of the genus homo indigeneous to the busy streets of large cities, swarming like gnats in the early morning, only to disappear in the dusk of the evening, except on the great occasion of an "Extra."

But since I bought that "last paper," in response to the plaintive pleading of that piping voice, I've a different story to tell.

I was hurrying down town the other morning, and had already been jostled out of temper by a group of scuffling newsboys, when I reached the maelstrom of our city, the crossing of Kearny and Market Streets. After two or three frantic efforts I reached the security of the Fountain curb. I paused a moment—just a moment—but long enough to be noted by a pair of bright eyes, and then, "Please buy a paper. I've jus' one left."

"Then what will you do if I buy that?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll go home, 'cause it's too late to sell some more, 'nd the fellers 'll be gettin' ahead of me with ther tables."

"What tables?" I asked, wondering if the child had had no breakfast, or what he could mean.

"Why, I'm a stoodent now. Me an' the fellers up to th' Home are earnin' everything; an' we'll soon be dividin' in figgers."

"But why haven't you learned your tables before? Surely you are old enough."

"Yes'm; I 'spect I'm about ten."

"Don't you know?"

"Well, they told me up in Or'gn as how I wuz six when they sent me off."

"Doesn't your father know?"

"Ain't got none."

"But your mother——"

"Nope, no mother, neither."

"Will you tell me all about your life, truly, if I give you two nickels for your last paper?" Surely there is no law against such bribery. Those eyes were very interesting.

"Ain't much to tell now, but ther' will be when I'm grown, fer I'm goin' to learn everything, and may be Preserdent some day. Boss says so."

"Who's Boss?" I gasped when I had recovered my breath. How could such an ambition be generated in that frail body and neglected mind?

"Oh, we call him 'Boss,' 'cause he runs the Home. He says as how it's perliter to call him 'Mister,' but I like short names, don't you?"

"Um—— well, they are easier to remember. But you haven't told me yours."

"Jus' Curly. What's yours?"

Here was equality not counted on. But I must learn more about him, so satisfied his questioning, and led him back to the narrative of his own life.

"The folks that kep' me in Portland made me sell papers, but I used to go with a bigger feller. Then they said as how I was big enough to come to ther folks I 'longed ter, here, so they put me on a big boat and said I'd find lots of friens to take keer of me down here. I liked it on the boat, and the folks wuz all good ter me, but as soon as we got ter land I ran off ter see the friens that wuz waitin' fur me. I guess they's waitin' yet, fur I ain't never seen 'em. But I didn't keer much, ther wuz so much to see, until it got dark, and I wuz kinder hungry. The folks on the boat give me some money, so I got some grub, and tried to get back to the boat to sleep. But I couldn't find it, an' finally curled up 'longside of a big dog down on a wharf. Nex' mornin' I heard the boys callin' out their papers, an' I thought mebbe they wuz the friens I wuz lookin' fur. So I follered 'em and asked 'em, but they said, 'Git away. We ain't runnin' a kindergarten,' all but one. He wuz the biggest, and he kinder took my part, and I follered him 'roun all day, an' when he foun' as how I hadn't no place ter go or stay, he said, 'Well, little' un, if you'll work lively and earn y'r bed and lodgin' I'll look arter you.' And so we chummed. The other fellers didn't dare hit me when he wuz roun', an' I wuz quick and bein' so little could git aroun' lively, and people would buy from a little feller sometimes when they wouldn't from the big ones, so I got along first rate. Most always I'd have enuf for at least *two* meals a day and a ten-cent bed. Sometimes, of course, we'd have ter draw straws whether we'd have a dinner or a bed. I didn't mind sleepin' out so much as he did, and so sometimes when ther' wuzn't enuff to go roun', we'd git two dinners, and he'd git a bed, and I'd sleep under some steps or down at the docks. There's allers places at the docks where a little feller can crawl in and be snug. 'Course in the winter bizness is badder, cos people won't stop in ther rain, and ther cars is crowded, an' it's harder to get in mongst folks. An' then, 'nless there wuz some 'extry,' we'd hev to be mighty ekernomical. Five cents a day apiece wuz the limit then."

"What in the world could you get for five cents that would last you all day?"

"Well, we tried mos' everything. A loaf of bread wuz mos' allers the best, and then we'd genally find some milk wagon man that would give us a drop to drink. An' if I could get down to the docks I cud allers get somethin' from the men's dinner-pails. I tell yer the men at the docks is good friens to little fellers.

"Then my chum he got too big to sell papers—yer see I've been with him for more'n three years—an' so we got one of the men at the docks to put him on a ship, and now he's goin' all roun' the world. It seemed as if I couldn't hardly sell papers without him, but I braced up an' tried to do his bizness and mine too. It didn't seem ter work. All of a suddint there seemed ter be three times as menny boys sellin' papers, and ther' couldn't none of us make a livin', an' if it hadn't been for the Home I dunno what I'd done.

"One day I heard some of the boys talkin' 'bout goin' to the "entertainment" in the evenin'. I hadn't had money enuf ter go ter the theaytre for a long time, and I heard as how this wuz free to newsboys, so I just hung aroun' and follered 'em. We went right up from the Chronercle buildin' till we got ter Taylor, and then turned roun' the corner, and stopped at a house. Sez I to myself, 'What are they doin' here? This is a place where folks live, not a theaytre.' But I thought if they could go I could, and follered 'em in. It was real nice inside, and warm and light, an' while the entertainment, as they called it, wuzn't a bit like the theaytre, there wuz some funny speakin' and singin', and best of all, somethin' good to eat. I found out that they had 'em every Thursday night and yer bet yer life I wuz allers there. I didn't know yer could go there some other time. I allers slipped out soon as the eatin' wuz over, for I wuz afraid they'd ask me who invited me to come, mebbe. But one night I stayed a little—I jus' hated to go out in the rain—an' I heard some of the boys tell the 'Boss' as how they wuz comin' there to stay. The 'Boss' said 'All right.' I thought about it all the week and ther very nex' Thursday night I braced up and sez to the 'Boss' as how I'd like to stay there, an' now I'm there for keeps, and mebbe it ain't bully!" And away he darted, singing,

"Four hundred and seven
Is the key to Heaven."

All day the bright eyes haunted me, and the picture of that tiny bundle of rags curled up in some sheltered nook on the docks, and the pitiful planning to make five cents buy sustenance for twenty-four hours. Could it be true? I must find out. So I ventured to call at the "Home" as I went up town. I found it just as he had described, and upon inquiring of the motherly matron if she knew a boy called "Curly," was gratified with the reply, "Oh, yes; he is one of our regular boarders now and gives great promise."

"How do you have the courage to carry on such a work?"

"Well, it is quite an undertaking, but San Francisco abounds with charitable hearts, and there is such need for helping the little homeless boys of the street. This 'Home' is new yet, but already we have placed many boys in good homes and gained better employment for others, with the opportunities for night school work. All the earnings of the boys while with us are turned over to us and deposited in the savings bank. If possible, we do not draw it out, endeavoring to clothe and feed them by means of the voluntary contributions received. It teaches them to lay by their little earnings, and when they leave us it is a small nest egg to add to in the future.

"This 'Curly' was the most forlorn-looking boy you ever saw. There was absolutely not a clean spot about him, unless it was his eyes, which were always too bright for mere rags and dirt to tarnish. We noticed him coming regularly to our weekly entertainments—that is the way we first attract the boys, you know—but he was dirtier each time, if possible, than before, and we had about decided that clean, pleasant surroundings had no influence whatever upon him, and that he was utterly hopeless. But one night he told Mr. C—— that he wanted to live with us. We almost tried to frighten him away by telling him he must give us all his money if he came, but quick as a flash a grimy hand dove into the rags he called clothes and brought out two nickels. He offered them so willingly, and said hopefully, 'Mebbe I'll have more to-morrow night,' that we surrendered and took him in, giving him back the money to buy his papers with next morning. He was given a good bath and put into a clean bed, and later, when Mr. C—— was going the rounds in the dormitory, seeing that all was right, Curly's voice piped faintly and drowsily, 'Please come here.' Mr. C—— bent over him expecting to hear some tale of wo, when two little arms clasped him around the neck and two soft little lips pressed a warm kiss upon his cheek."

Was it the memory of a mother's kiss to her cherished boy that had been stored away in some neglected cranny of that little brain, do you suppose, that prompted that token of love and appreciation, or was it the sudden vivifying of a dormant faculty, purely in accord with the scientific lines of evolution?

I want to know what becomes of that newsboy, don't you?

THE INDIAN RESERVATION SCHOOL IN CALIFORNIA.

JOHN E. BENNETT.

TO SIT six hours a day and gaze upon the stolid mahogany faces of thirty or more squalid, taciturn Indian children, all fronting you behind desks in a schoolroom 14x20, is an occupation which might fit the native disposition of a Junipero Serra, but to a gentleman from New York or Pennsylvania the taste for it must be acquired.

Yet here we are, these odd and thirty breathing brown bodies, variously sexed, their dark countenances framed in ovals of coarse, raven hair falling from their heads to their throats, all intent in their heavy way with pencil and slate, or with primary reading book, evolving mental images of one-syllable words.

For a gentleman of mild instincts to enter a country district school and teach orthography to the broganed rustics and the fat farm girls, it is easy and comparatively agreeable enough. They, indeed, know the uses of a pencil, and call a spade a spade; but when you are set among an aggregation of minor human units, to whom a spade is *un pala* and a pencil is not different from any other stick, and you find it your duty to instruct these in "readin', ritin', rithmatic," you have a task before you which requires an original genius to fulfil.

"What is this?" I say, holding up a book and addressing the largest boy.

I get a grunt in response.

"Book," say I. "B-o-o-k, book." The boy follows me with "bu." I write the word on the blackboard. I require him to copy the letters on his slate. In crude enough chirography, much like his ancestral picture writing on the "painted rocks," he imitates the blackboard letters. I insist that he shall again pronounce the word and repeat the sound, until I can hear "bu" blurted out from the density of dull ignorance, like children throwing their voices at the dark.

Thus on the stepping stones of nouns, impressed upon them by ocular contact with objects bearing those names, are the Indian children weaned from their tribal tongue and their mongrel Spanish into the English idiom. It is a difficult process, slow and tedious, the results to be measured more by comparison of dates than by consciousness of immediate progression; yet progress they do make, and it comes to pass that presently the ax lying against the log in the illustrated reader is the vehicle through which they become familiar with the printed translation of both words; and so they move on until they obtain a breadth of learning which entitles them for candidacy to the Carlisle or Hampton schools, or they are turned adrift to impress upon the people of their race the advantages which civilized American education brings to even the Indian.

But it is difficult and arduous work, this teaching school on an Indian reservation in California. Difficult far more so in a day-school than in a boarding-school. Of the former there are eighteen, and of the latter two, in this State, distributed over twenty-six reservations. There are also seven schools with which the Bureau of Indian Affairs contract for the boarding and tuition of pupils at a cost of from $108 to $125 each per annum. It is more difficult teaching the day-schools, for the reason that the Indians are not under the constant control of the school, but reside with their parents upon the reservation. The retroactive influence of this domestic environment manifests itself during the eight or ten weeks of summer vacation, when, after months of slow absorption of appreciation of the practical utility of the garden hoe, or the acquirement of a conscious light of the distinction between the capitals A and V, the Indian child forsakes all this tutelage and returns with its parents to the nomadic life of wandering all over the reservation, and frequently beyond it, camping on river banks, and moving the teepee from place to place, until they return to the school at its fall opening, shame-faced and discouraged, needing to begin all over again and study the strange things which were taught the term before.

The grim, glum pupils walk miles daily across the reservation to pass the hours under the teacher's ministrations. There is no compulsion upon their attendance, but the attractions of the place are relied upon to provide the incentive to assemble. These attractions would not appeal to one more cultured, unless they be the felicitous society of the teacher, for the school building is usually a pine board affair, roughly built, with a large hall for the classroom, and a small apartment partitioned from an end for the trunk and bed of the teacher.

Its location, too, unlike Katisha's elbow, would not prompt people to "travel miles to see it." It is usually set at the foot of a hill, with other hills mounting beyond it, with a desert stretching in front and bounding away over sandy levels and across dry washes, the area grown to sagebrush and chaparral. This scene is characteristic of the land which is usually set aside for reservation purposes, and the reservation school generally gravitates down upon the most characteristic spot of it.

The Indians are of both sexes, and range in ages from five to eighteen years. Many of the girls are married before they enter school, yet they continue in their attendance until maternity forces its suspension. Many of the boys formerly came with painted faces, strings on their arms, and feathers in their hair; some were donned with no fuller dress than a gee string. These styles are now, however, prohibited at all of the schools, and their bodies must be covered, if only to the thickness of pants and shirt.

School is called at nine o'clock; there is a recess at 10:30, and at twelve o'clock there is lunch. This is prepared in the schoolroom under the supervision of the teacher, who thereby turns matron and gives directions in the cuisine.

The teacher instructs the girls to sew, sees to it that both sexes wash their clothing, and upon the garden plot behind the schoolhouse he watches the tawny masculine arms plunge the mattock into the earth and drag the clotty surface with the rake. He instructs them also in the numerous seeds with which a garden is sown; shows them how and when to plant, familiarizes them with herbs and roots.

In all these studies the aim of the system is not to verse the pupils in literature, ethics, or esthetics, but to inculcate them with that knowledge, the use of which will render them self-sustaining; for the grand design of the Federal government is to complete its office of guardian of these wild people, and, equipped with understanding of methods and affairs, to turn them over to citizenship of the States in which are located their respective reservations.

There is no corporal punishment inflicted in the Indian school, the teacher being relegated to "firmness and will power" to secure obedience to his orders and necessary discipline. It is remarkable, however, with what slight friction such a school is conducted. The scholars do not display that excess of spirits, that ebullition of life which characterizes noisy, restless American children. They are quiet, almost to moroseness, talk little, even among themselves. Teacher W. H. Winship, who teaches Digger Indians at Tule day-school, says: "The pupils' conduct is good, gentle, usually obedient; sometimes they get sulky, when I have to use tact. They are apt in work requiring simple memory, and with pencil or pen; but they are slow in reasoning work." Teacher E. F. Thomas, of Capitan Grande school, preceptor of thirty Diagenians, says: "Their conduct is quiet and peaceable. They are apt in memory studies, and very imitative. They outdo white children in drawing and writing, but are slow plodding in most things, and difficult to arouse to enthusiasm."

The loneliness of the teacher of the Indian day-school is a feature of the sequestered situation of his habitat. For seven hours a day he has company enough of its kind, but then the swarthy urchins all depart, and a stillness as great as the silence of the vast ambient nature asserts itself. The teacher is alone. It is a loneliness dangerous, it would seem, to a woman, and not without its annals of crime. Theft perpetrated at the Round Valley school, where a woman taught, was traced to half-breed pupils. Two were expelled, and the Agent jailed some others. There were threats of the Agent's life, and there was peril in the life of the teacher, until the mutiny, thus firmly seized, died out. Not so fortunate was the upshot of that affair of Mrs. Mary J. Platt, teacher of the Pechango day-school on the Temecula reservation in 1895. The dark demons came at night. They murdered the lone and defenseless woman and incinerated her remains on the pyre of her burning schoolhouse. The fiends who perpetrated this deed were never identified to the satisfaction of a jury. Mateo Pa, captain of the Pechangoes, was tried and acquitted, as was also another Indian, the latter known to be a wretch of many crimes, and of whom a confessed participator in the outrage told in detail a story of the horrible manner in which the deed was done. The confessing Indian went to the penitentiary, while his alleged coadjutor was let go scot-free, to be shortly after, however, forwarded thither for the crime of stealing a cow.

Such are the duties and dangers of the life of an Indian school-teacher. He or she received seventy-two dollars per month for his or her services, with rent free, and some government rations. Of the nine day-schools on the Mission reservations in Southeast California, six teachers are women and three are men. But it would seem that the policy of the Bureau has of late inclined to the substitution of men for women in this branch of the educational service, since the perils which beset the isolation and the solitude of such a teacher are more fitting to be braved by a man than by a woman.

A Compliment from "Gameland," New York.

A JOURNALISTIC GEM.—Any literary critic who is imbued with the idea that New York City turns out all of the finest periodicals of the world—I mean, finest so far as typography, illustration, presswork, and paper are concerned—will change his opinion in a very decided manner when he views THE TRAVELER, published by Mr. Wm. V. Bryan, at San Francisco, Cal. THE TRAVELER is an illustrated family journal of travel and recreation, and is truly a literary gem. The paper itself will convey to you in a more forcible manner than we can, an idea of the attractions it presents from month to month. Send for a sample copy and remember that while the subscription price of THE TRAVELER is $1.50, you can secure it and *Gameland* for one year for 25 cents additional, or $1.75.

HO! FOR RANDSBERG.

ERMENTINE POOLE LONG.

FORTUNE and Randsberg! What other motive than that of finding the sparkling grains which glitter so alluringly from the rocks could induce men to face the discomfort, the hardships, the biting wind, chilling cold, scarcity of water, and general disagreeables which go to make up Randsberg and its environment. Not one attractive feature in situation, climate, or accommodation, and yet the little town, if two thousand souls constitute a town, is growing and flourishing, in a way—in the way of all mining towns, whose first comers lived in tents, or rough shacks built of odds and ends of lumber. The song has it—

The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49.

And those were days well worth a song. In the "days of '49" a mining town was a place to write of, with its excitement, its rush and confusion. Romance was there, and the elements of good and evil, which stirred men and women to unwonted action. It was a background of vivid color, on which life was etched in deep lines. It offered every opportunity to the brains and pen of one keen enough to take advantage of the situation.

But Randsberg! The mines are there, also the people, but what a difference between the days of '49 and those of '97. Not even the readiest writer with the liveliest imagination could find aught but the most absolute prose fitting to describe the spot which at present is the scene of so much activity. A story might be written of the vicissitudes which befall those unfortunates who arrive too late to get even the rudest shelter. Accommodations are, as yet, very limited. One college-bred man, after a vain search for "anything" under a roof, was pleased to find himself possessor, for the night, of a comforter, so-called, for which he paid fifty cents. The article was a fearful and mysterious combination, but it was warm, and things get to the freezing point over there. So, with not too close an inspection of his treasure, he folded his bed-clothes around him and laid down to sleep on the hard, cold ground, with the stars for a canopy. More fortunate the following night, he secured a cot, bare of all furnishing, however, and, as its length would not accommodate his inches, he added an extension by placing it against a chicken-coop. Here, again wrapped in his comforter, feet resting on the coop, he passed his second night. And he was only one of many, and more fortunate than most.

The approach to the spot where lies buried the desired treasure is wearying and desolate. One gets a taste of forthcoming misery when he responds to the call "Mojave," and steps from the comfortable car into the bitter gale which prevails at that forsaken spot, and only gives way to a scorching heat, which makes the wind something to be desired. Small wonder that a woman living there ended her existence. A short stay for "breakfast" is enough to rouse suicidal thoughts. What must a life-time endured there mean?

But across the desert, on the horizon line, toward the east, is a purple vein of hills, and over there lies Randsberg.

The four stages, clumsy-looking wagons, whose springs are more than doubtful, drive up to the station, and into them climb a varied assortment of humanity. A doctor, a lawyer, two miners, a tramp, who had scraped together the necessary funds to "get there," a Chinaman, and a Mexican made one load. Rolls of bedding, gunny-sacks, whose contents were unnameable, canvas bags, and two valises were tied on as baggage. No necessity for trunks has yet arisen. The four stages, each full, start off on their forty-mile drive, and every day the scene is repeated, and "still they come."

Marvelous stories are told of the richness to be found in the hills, and while a foot of ground is left unclaimed there is yet the chance of a "lucky find." One man and his son started off with pick and shovel, so reduced in pocket that Randsberg or any other place was good enough in which to make a start. Three months later they returned to Los Angeles and opened a bank account with twenty thousand dollars as a result of their labors. Such a reward inspired others to a like attempt, with what success deponent sayeth not. The above happens to be a fact, but "there are others," undoubtedly fiction. The man in search of a fortune, however, does not stop to discriminate, therefore the rush continues.

After jolting and bumping across the desert, which offers nothing of interest to relieve the monotony of the tiresome ride, unless, indeed, an unusual rain has converted the 'dobe into a mass of clogging mud, and the chances of miring cause a little excitement, one arrives. There are two hotels (!), so-called by courtesy, and the choice is restricted to one of name alone. The more pretentious sounding of the two, the "St. Elmo," recalling memories of Augusta Evans and her novels. The house is a sample of the few already built on the slope, for Randsberg is located on a side-hill. Four sides, a ridge-pole roof, a dining-room, kitchen, and saloon on the first floor, and six bedrooms, three on either side of a narrow hall, and the architectural structure is complete. The rough pine lumber is guiltless of any covering whatsoever, inside or out, and the cracks between the boards admit light and *air* in an impartial manner. The ventilation is superb; in fact, if the cracks were larger one might literally be blown out of bed. Two suits of woolen underwear, an outside suit of heavy material, topped off with a fleece-lined canvas overcoat, leggins, and thick gloves, and "I thought I'd freeze to death." Such was the story of one victim to the fever, who tried it for two weeks, and returned with the verdict that everything worth having was already "claimed," and that there was absolutely nothing in it for any one else.

Randsberg, of course, has its full complement of saloons, and the roulette ball spins merrily every night. The gambler and sharper are reaping their harvest, for such find their best field amid such scenes. The feminine element, more's the pity, is supplied by the waitresses and the "ladies" of the self-styled "theatrical troupe," whose performances add to the amusement of the gambling-rooms. The question of morals has not yet been raised, but the community is a peaceable one, the ready revolver of the old days not being so much in evidence, though the conditions would seem to be similar. But the temperament has changed, and men think and act more slowly than they did, when a movement of a man's hand toward his hip pocket meant a scattering of the bystanders.

HILO, OF THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.

HENRY M. WHITNEY.

Hilo is a gem, an ideal tropical village, nestling in a beautiful grove, with pretty rustic cottages almost hidden among arbors of vines and flowers of the richest hues. It lies at the base of the two grandest and loftiest mountains in the Pacific, and on the shores of a placid bay, the surface of which is rippled by the cool mountain and sea breezes, which alternate with the regularity of sunrise and sunset. Tall groves of cocoanut trees fringe the shores, waving their graceful fronds as a welcome to the visiting tourist. Back of the cocoas may be seen other groves of breadfruit, mango, pear, and guava stretching in either direction far as the eye can reach, along the shores and up the mountain-sides.

And such a sea-beach as nowhere else can be seen! with the heavy rollers following each other up the steep shores, then sliding back to be met with succeeding waves. While here and there may be seen the sportive natives, male and female, clothed in Nature's bathing suit, standing upright on their surf boards and riding on the crest of the incoming waves, with outstretched arms and jubilant shouts that rouse the admiration of the most stolid observer.

The dwellings of the villagers stretch along the shore to the right and to the left of the bay for two miles or more, and still farther on are the plantations, around each of which clusters a village population, most of whom are employed on the plantation, or in some way connected with it.

At some seasons of the year when the trade winds blow strong, this district is supplied with an abundance of rain, which, while it serves to give a luxuriant growth to the vegetation and especially to the growing cane, sometimes proves a temporary but harmless discomfort to the visitor. The atmosphere at night is usually cool and refreshing, owing to the breeze from the mountain-tops. It is in every respect an ideal tropical village, and a place of rest. There are excellent accommodations for tourists, who may plan to spend here a few weeks or months.

When Lord Byron visited Hilo in 1824 (after he had landed at Honolulu the bodies of Kamehameha II. and his Queen, who died in England) he became fascinated with the scenery of the village and the charming bay, its shores and islands, and named the former after himself, Byron's Bay, by which it is still designated on most English charts. On the eastern side of this smooth sheet of water, a mile distant from the village, is Cocoanut Island, so called from the cluster of trees on it. It is a charming spot, often resorted to on festive occasions for picnics, where old and young gather to spend an afternoon under the cool shade of its lofty trees, fanned by the sea breezes, which form so attractive a feature of Hilo and its vicinity. Fortunate, indeed, is the tourist who happens to witness one of these unique and cosmopolitan gatherings of people from every quarter of the globe. It will form a red-letter day in his checkered life, never to be forgotten, for the beautiful panoramic view which it affords of the lofty mountains and island scenery can nowhere be surpassed. In front lies the placid bay, and on the shore beyond is the village almost hidden with luxuriant foliage; while in the background are seen the two mountains—at the right, grand old snow-capped Mauna Kea (white mountain), and at the left the still more majestic Mauna Loa (long mountain), its summit volcano often wreathed with a cloud of smoke.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

She was young, ambitious, pretty, and she thought that with her pen
She could probe her way to glory just as well as scribbling men.
So she climbed ten flights of dingy steps with graceful, jaunty air,
And sought the city editor within his cobweb lair.

"I want to go upon the staff," with confidence she said.
The great man turned and looked at her, and slowly shook his head.
"Perhaps you do not realize quite what that means," said he:
"The girl reporter of to-day an Amazon must be.

"She must prowl about all night alone in search of lively news;
Must interview such murderers as I see fit to choose;
Must visit morgues and lunatics, and travel in disguise,
And chase exclusive stories warranted to paralyze.

"She must camp for weary hours and hours upon a hopeless trail,
For journalism's lexicon has no such word as fail;
She must, if I so wish it, go and jump into the bay"—
But here his visitor arose and faintly said, "Good day."

Marvelous are the ways of science. And dictatorial, too. It is but a few months since the deadly dangers that attend kissing were unfolded to us in all their terrors, and the ancient form of salutation threatened to become quite obsolete. One says "threatened" advisedly. So few threats ever are carried out! Fast upon the heels of the terrible disclosure that microbes infinitesimal and innumerable attend the kissing process, comes the remedy. This is not to stop endearing manifestations, on the principle that prevention is the most expedient cure. Oh, no! It is a kiss disinfectant. Doctor Somebody-or-other—ah, I have it, Doctor Hurty of the Indiana State Board of Health—has devised a process by which a kiss may be safely and thoroughly disinfected. He declares that the only thing necessary to make kissing healthful is to carefully wash the mouth with the disinfectant before indulgence in the luxury under discussion.

Engaged couples will please take warning accordingly. They should lose no time in getting their prescriptions filled at the nearest drug store. It has been expensive enough heretofore, goodness knows, to be engaged, without adding this new item to the florist's and jeweler's list in a young man's account book. The demands of modern science must, however, be complied with. A bottle of Rough on Microbes should be in every Native Son's pocket—I don't mean in every pocket, because that would imply that it was necessary for him to purchase the stuff wholesale, but in a pocket of each Native Son who has sentimental tendencies. Imagine a lover saying, when he calls upon the idol of his heart, "My angel, have you disinfected?" before venturing to give her a carbolized salute. And how about a Native Daughter who adds the new commodity to her shopping items?

I'm sure that all my readers will agree
It must be quite embarrassing to her
To say to druggist's clerk, "Please give to me
A bottle of your Rough on Microbes, sir."

Through its glassy, intellectual eye, Boston turns some very warmly approving rays on its stage favorites, and among the leading men that the city of beans and mental culture loves to lionize is Herbert Kelcey. Socially he is made much of, and recently concluded a very successful engagement at the Hub. Midnight suppers galore have been graced by his presence, and the Boston matinee girl appears to have been quite as enamored of him in her marbleized way as is consistent with maidenly decorum in that eminently proper and intellectual metropolis. At these little fraternal, nocturnal, and infern—— that is to say, internal repasts, Mr. Kelcey's great and shining accomplishment comes into play for his friends. It is not speech-making. No. The good-looking Herbert's lines on such occasions fall into other places. He fairly revels in his skill at evolving that most suicidal, homicidal, and altogether awful delicacy, a Welsh rarebit. The concoction turned out of the Kelceyan chafing-dish under that seductive name, would, it is declared by one who has sampled and survived, tempt the palate of an epicure. Moreover, it is built in the real English fashion, the art having been mastered by Mr. Kelcey during his residence abroad. Here is the recipe which in a momentary burst of generous confidence he gave to a friend:

"Put two-thirds of a glass of ale into the chafing-dish; add a teaspoonful of butter, with a pinch of salt and mustard, both of which have been rubbed fine, and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. When the mixture is hot, pour in two pounds of grated cheese of the medium strength, English dairy variety. It should be stirred constantly, and when it becomes creamy, the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth should be added. Serve hot on slices of toast."

My early education in Welsh rarebits was very much neglected, so I cannot judge of the merits of the above directions, but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I am quite willing that the length and breadth of a continent, and an ocean or two thrown in, should lie 'twixt me and a Kelcey rarebit. Surely such a combination is enough to give a mummy the nightmare. It would be rather interesting to know just how many cases of permanent and violent dyspepsia are directly traceable to the talented actor's chafing-dish.

I can but wonder when, in love scenes tender,
I see you, Mr. Kelcey, on your knees,
If inspiration in the lines you render
Is due to midnight ale and melted cheese?

Apropos of the stage and its people, Mr. William Dean Howells ventures a peculiar suggestion for entertaining. He objects to the high prices so often charged for good theatrical performances, and declares that it is ridiculously extravagant to attend theaters; that instead of buying seats to the opera or play, it would be just as pleasant, if not more beneficial, to read a good romance at home. (He does not mention preference for any author named Howells, and this modesty should be carefully chalked up to his credit, for the temptation to do so must have been a fearful one indeed.) He further suggests that a young man might ask a girl and her chaperon to read a book with him some evening, the former to call in evening dress, the latter to gown themselves in festive manner. Or, instead of theater parties, a hostess could invite several friends to spend the evening reading with her, presenting each guest with a copy of the book, all of which would be a trifling expense compared with the regulation theater party, which necessitates carriages, supper, and flowers. Mr. Howells is willing that on such occasions light refreshments should be served. He does not specify, but presumably a soda cracker and a glass of Spring Valley would meet with his sanction. The economy motive runs so strongly through the novelist's argument that his objections appear to be based upon this point alone. Now, there are two distinct kinds of economy—honest, sensible economy, and penurious economy, otherwise classified as stinginess; and a very sorry thing it is, too, by my faith. Money spent at the theater is money well invested, if the performance be a good one. There is nothing that can so completely take one's mind off one's daily routine, can refresh the brain, alleged or otherwise, that you carry under your hat, as the theater. Fancy reading Juliet, to seeing the character live and die in Julia Marlowe Taber. Compare the "Prisoner of Zenda" with the magnetic personality of James K. Hackett in the play of that name. Think of the breath of life that Edwin Booth breathed into Shakespeare's characters. Oh, Mr. Howells, how can you relegate us to outer darkness by taking the stage from us (if you could) with a stroke of the pen? We love it; and may it live forever!

Among the dozens of reasons, more or less, why Mr. Howells' suggestion is (beg pardon) stale, flat, and unprofitable as a substitute for the theater, there is one more pointed than the others—so few, so very few, people know how to read aloud well. Then, too, it would take several evenings to read a romance—but why enumerate the objections to the plan? Mr. Howells moves that the theater be abolished in favor of home-made, "cheap" entertainment. Do I hear a second to that motion? Dead silence. Motion lost. Be seated, Mr. Howells.

He paused upon the noisy, cobbled street.
Said he: "Some day
Not far away
This City Hall of ours will be complete."

They seized him; gagged and bound him, hands and feet;
Bore him away.
"The Board," quoth they,
"Of Lunacy Commissioners must meet."

His face through grated bars I sometimes greet,
And, sad to say,
He to this day
His strange hallucination will repeat.

Of all the men who wear Uncle Sam's livery, and render service to the people in his name, no class is more deserving of its remuneration or more faithful in the discharge of duty than the letter-carriers. Invested with great responsibilities, bearing heavy burdens through any and all weathers, prompt, efficient, and patient, the letter-carriers are among the most important factors in our system of government. Does it not seem exceedingly unjust, then, that these indefatigable workers must serve a period of four or five years before being put upon regular pay? While they are "substituting," their small allowance of thirty dollars a month must be paid by the "regulars," notwithstanding that the latter are poorly paid. When a regular position is finally secured, the salary for the first year is only $600; the second year, $800, the third, $1000. The Letter-Carriers' National Association has for seven years been endeavoring to secure the passage of an act by Congress providing for adequate pay. At the time THE TRAVELER goes to press this month, a measure is on the Speaker's desk, which has received favorable committee report, and which passed the Senate unanimously last June. Among its important provisions is a new class whose members shall be entitled to $1200 a year, after seven or eight years of service. It will also enable the substitutes to get regular employment earlier than is possible under the present system. It is earnestly to be hoped that this bill will become a law. The justice of it must surely appeal to every one. May the letter-carriers meet with the success which is their due.

From observation, I at last am forced
To think that, though domestic skies may fall,
'Tis better to have loved and been divorced
Than never, never to have loved at all.

Every once in a while a spasmodic effort is made in this city to put to rout that ineffable nuisance, the street masher. The movement dies a natural death after a few offenders have been punished or admonished, and the evil—for it is a serious evil—continues. It is a pity that a crusade cannot be inaugurated against the nuisance, which shall not cease until it is permanently abated. The professional masher is a being extremely low in the social and moral scale. His presence is an offense to all respectable persons. He is despicable to a degree, and a pavement plague. His methods, like himself, are contemptible. If he confined his attentions to women who were old enough (beg pardon, dear sisters, for even casually alluding to the subject of age) to take care of themselves, his time would be wasted. The trouble is, he is constantly on the lookout for girls of tender years, and it is upon them that he tries his blandishments, trusting to their ignorance and innocence for the notice that he has the unspeakable impudence to seek from them. Old in the worst of experiences, with a mind lost to ordinary decency, the masher is a creature to be summarily dealt with wherever found. It would not be a bad idea to drop a few dozen of him into the bay some dark night—only that one has too much regard for the bay to ask that it be the final resting place of such as he.

NEW GOLD.

LOVE AND HOPE.

[The following pretty conception is from the pen of our well-known and eminent counselor, Mr. Henry E. Highton, and bears more than usual interest not only because of the prominence of its author, but that it has never been published, and was written nearly forty-one years ago, during the early spring-time of his youth, at a period when sentimentality blossoms if ever.—Ed.]

A beautiful bird of golden wing
Came with the fragrant winds of Spring,
And flashed between the earth and sky.
Sometimes in its nest near the roses 'twould lie,
And then 'twould soar into regions above,
Dance on the sunbeams and warble of love
To a star that shone in the garish day
With a strangely brilliant and sparkling ray.
Scatt'ring its light o'er valley and hill,
On ocean and river and mountain rill,
Like hues of the sunset reflected afar
Were the beams of that beauteous, twinkling star.

For they pierced through the chinks of the cabin wall,
And mellowed the glare of the lordly hall,
And they touched the hearts of the young and fair,
And melted the eye of frozen despair.
On the wings of the morning they flew to the West,
And tinged with their crimson the snowy crest
Of the mountains, and smiled on the lowliest vale,
Danced on the rivers and laughed in the gale,
Chasing the shadows within and without,
Till a dull cloud came and the star went out.

But the little bird cheerfully danced along,
Glittered in beauty and piped its song,
Which was wafted about by the fragrant breath
Of the gentle zephyrs o'er city and heath.
And the little bird's song was borne on the breeze
That shook the rich grain and rustled the trees;
In hovel, in hamlet, in palace 'twas heard,
The song of that glittering, beautiful bird.
And the pale cheek glowed with a rosy flush,
Like the Goddess of Morning's delicate blush,
When she first discovers the sun is nigh,
Breathing warm love o'er earth and sky.

And the weary listened—their footsteps were light,
And their hearts were filled with a gentle delight,
And the lily lifted its drooping head
And shook the warm dew on its fragrant bed,
And the earth was filled with the notes of love,
As the little bird sang on its flight above.
But a cold wind came and chilled the flowers,
And the clouds descended in snowy showers,
And the lily sank to a frosted sleep,
And its petals closed and refused to weep,
And the little bird's beauty was turned to decay—
Its notes were frozen—it passed away.

The storm was over—the sky was fair,
But the warbler's song had left the air.
Its color had faded—its body was cold,
Rusty and dull was its plumage of gold.
No longer the sound of its carol was heard,
For dead in the snow lay the beautiful bird.
The clouds were dispersed—the star shone again
O'er valley and mountain, o'er river and main,
And a voice was heard, of a sweetness rare,
Which said, "When Love fades, yield not to despair;
Though the bird is dead, the star shines above,
The star *is* Hope and the bird *was* Love."

A lucky man was Adam. Naught at stake
Had he, according to well-founded rumors.
No milliner had power to make him quake.
He did not live in terror of costumers.
But just supposing Eve had tried to make
Her last year's fig-leaf over into bloomers!

What jolly times for husbands are in store—
What blissful lives—
When they can exercise hypnotic lore
Upon their wives!
They'll merely have to put the dears to sleep
When they their little orgies wish to keep.

Mrs. Innit—Grace, are you sure Mr. Huggard loves you for yourself alone?

Grace Innit—I am sure of it, mamma. When he calls, he hates awfully to have any one else come into the room.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Talex photo.

New Cook—No, ma'am, I can't stay any longer. Your daughter has so many dudes calling on her I'm afraid the neighbors will think they come to see me.

Mother (to runaway Tommy)—Is there any place I can put you and be sure of finding you there five minutes after?

Tommy (meekly)—You might try the cupboard.

Pipkin—I don't understand how Brace manages to dress as well as he does.

Potts—Nothing could be simpler; he pawns his old suit for money enough to make a deposit on a new one.

Mr. Sculptor—Is that last bust of your husband finished yet?

Mrs. Jaggs—Well, I hope so. I found his hat on the gas jet, shoes in the brush tray, and him under the folding-bed.

Wife—Dear me, you can never find a thing without asking me where it is. How did you get along before you were married?

Husband—Things stayed where they were put then.

Old Mr. Soakley (to his wife)—Just think, dear, a camel can work eight whole days without drinking!

Mrs. Soakley (with a withering look)—That's nothing! I know an animal who will drink for eight days without doing a bit of work.

Mr. Soakley sighs resignedly and turns to the sideboard.

Hardup—Hello, Charley; your trousers bag at the knees.

Deadbroke—I wish they bagged at the pocket-book.

The Ramona Hotel, cor. Third and Spring, F. B. Mallory, proprietor, has been entirely refitted with sanitary plumbing, electric bells, and other luxuries of modern civilization. The hotel is doing a prosperous business.

Mrs. Newcook—Dear me! I wish we could have something new for dinner.

Mr. Newcook—Why not make some good coffee?

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Winter styles now ready.

Johnson—You are drinking too hard. Your nose is as red as a beet.

"But that comes from a week's fishing trip."

"That merely confirms what I said at first."

Chollie—Chappie, deah boy, you aw pawsitively and gwossly intoxicated—you actually have a jag on!

Chappie—Haw! Is it on stwaight?

The Robert Malcom Co., 735 Market Street, San Francisco, carry an elaborate supply of bicycle parts, tires, etc. Call on them for anything in that line.

SWAIN'S.

In response to the demands of many of our patrons, we have concluded to establish a "Table d'Hote" dinner, beginning Thursday, June 25th, from 5 to 8 P. M., the price of which will be $1.00.

The high standard of excellence that we have so carefully preserved for so many years will recommend this new feature to the public.

SWAIN BROS.,
Proprietors, SWAIN'S RESTAURANT.
No. 213 Sutter Street, City.

H. L. Davis. W. D. Fennimore. J. W. Davis.

317-319 KEARNY STREET.

DEFECTIVE VISION is the cause of about 95 per cent of all headaches, neuralgia and dizziness, which are often attributed to ill-health. Properly fitted glasses, in such cases, will give immediate relief.

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

ON TUESDAY, the 19th of January, the doors of the new Hotel Van Nuys, at Los Angeles, were opened to the general public. The hotel is situated on the corner of Fourth and Main Streets, directly opposite the Hotel Westminster, and is strictly modern in every particular. Special arrangements have been made for plenty of daylight, and the architect has succeeded admirably in this respect. The hotel is heated by steam, lighted by electricity, and enjoys the special distinction of being provided with private telephones in every room in the house. This is certainly a somewhat unique and interesting feature, as the wires are so arranged that communication can be had by guests between any two rooms in the house by simply calling up the hotel office and making connection the same as by the regular telephone service. It is elaborately equipped, and it is said between seventy and eighty thousand dollars have been spent in furnishing the hotel.. The Van Nuys has been leased for a long period by M. M. Potter, one of the most energetic hotel men in the South, and he will perhaps be more readily recognized as formerly connected with the Hotel Westminster, which house he brought into prominence and popular favor during his regime.

The Hotel Coronado looks the same as ever, with the exception, of course, of the usual finishing touches that are given to Southern California hotels about this season of the year. Considering the somewhat backwardness of the season, the Coronado is doing its share of the business, and Mr. Babcock, the Manager, anticipates a much larger influx during the present month. Coronado has recently issued a very handsome panoramic photograph, in colors, of the hotel, which is now adorning prominent locations in different parts of the world.

The Hotel Florence, at San Diego, under the management of E. E. Nichols & Son, looks as beautiful and homelike as formerly. The large enclosed veranda and the comfortable sitting-room are attractions that are hard to resist to any who appreciate real home comforts. Nichols & Son are doing everything in their power to popularize this hotel, and will no doubt make a splendid success of it. They are likewise interested in the well-known Cliff House, at Manitou, Colo., and which, by the way, will be opened by them about March 1st, although the Florence will be continued until very late in spring.

MISS LILLIAN REIS.
Well known in San Francisco social circles, and widely esteemed for her talents, vivacity, and amiability.

The Hotel Brewster, at San Diego, is doing an excellent business. They always get their share of it whenever there is any travel, and it is not too much to say that Mr. O'Brien, the proprietor, has always kept it in an absolutely perfect condition, regardless of the general condition of the hotel business. We have before remarked that it is one of the neatest and best-equipped hotels in Southern California, and no one will deny that fact who has ever had the pleasure of remaining in it for twenty-four hours.

The Hollenbeck Hotel, at Los Angeles, is now under the exclusive control of A. C. Bilicke. Since the death of his father, Mr. C. G. Bilicke, the young man has taken in no assistant to release him from the arduous duties of this immense hotel, but, while it required great work, there is not the slightest indication of a variance in the previous conduct of the Hollenbeck. Mr. Bilicke has spent many thousands of dollars this year in making additional improvements, almost every room in the house has been recarpeted and refurnished when necessary, and, in fact, everything is being done to keep it modern and up to date in every particular. Mr. Bilicke is a popular host, and one of the best known hotel men on the coast, besides taking an active and prominent interest in all matters concerning the welfare of the hotel men and their organizations, being at the present time President of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association. The Hollenbeck enjoys the advantage of being the most prominently located hotel in Los Angeles, at the corner of Second and Spring Streets, which to that city is like Market and Kearny to San Francisco.

The Southern California Railway has done a great deal to popularize tourist traffic below Tehachapi. Their main lines and feeders permeate almost every quarter of that interesting section, until to-day one of the best local train services in the country can be found in Southern California. But recently they have made a splendid addition to the famous Kite-Shaped Track service in the shape of an observation car. This car is run over the Kite-Shaped Track daily, except Sunday, on the following schedule: Leave Los Angeles 8.00 A. M., Pasadena 8.27 A. M., arrive Redlands 10.32 A. M. (stop of two and a half hours), leave Redlands 1.00 P. M., arrive Riverside 2.15 P. M. (stop of one hour and fifteen minutes), leave Riverside 3.30 P. M., arrive Los Angeles, via Orange, 6:05 P. M. The observation car is specially constructed with large plate-glass windows, movable and revolving upholstered wicker arm-chairs, an enclosed platform provided with an awning, a commodious smoking apartment, and a buffet from which substantial lunches will be served at moderate rates. A porter and experienced chef accompany the car, and a nominal charge is made for the additional comforts and privileges. Tickets for the trip over the Kita-Shaped Track are good six months from date of sale and allow stop-over at pleasure. If you desire any special information the agents will promptly respond to your request either through the mail or by personal call.

The Hotel Painter at Pasadena is enjoying an excellent business. It is truly a homelike hotel in every sense of the word, and occupies a most picturesque location overlooking the town and the entire San Gabriel Valley. Mr. Painter, the proprietor, is a splendid entertainer, and is constantly planning some form of amusement for the enjoyment of his guests. The rides in and about Pasadena are famous for their beauty and variety, and, as the Painter maintains a well-equipped stable, diversions in this direction are as frequent as they are delightful.

Messrs. Chas. Bauer and J. A. Kelly, under the firm name of Chas. Bauer & Co., have just established one of the most complete pleasure resorts on the coast at No. 243 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, between Second and Third, and less than a block from the Hollenbeck Hotel, the very heart of the city. The establishment runs through from Spring to Broadway, with entrances on each street. It combines a splendid cafe, supplied with all the delicacies of the market, the best assortment of beverages, including the famous Anheuser, apartments for private parties, and above all, a splendid, large plunge bath for swimming. It is the only place in Los Angeles offering these varied facilities, and under the management of its popular proprietors, Messrs. Bauer & Kelly, cannot fail to prove a most delightful center of amusement, good living and luxury.

The Arlington Hotel, at Santa Barbara, is enjoying a most prosperous season. For some months past it has been under the exclusive control of Mr. E. P. Dunn, and if reports count for anything it has not only maintained its former prestige, but improvements seem to be the order of the day. Santa Barbara is celebrated for its perfect climate, its beautiful drives and its incomparable sea bathing, and in order to fully enjoy these attractions it is only necessary that the headquarters of all tourists should be made at a first-class hotel. There is but one—the Arlington.

THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL.

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THE GROUNDS upon which it stands comprise an entire square fronting on Hotel Street. There are twelve pretty cottages within this charming enclosure, all under the hotel management. The hotel and cottages afford accommodations for 200 guests.

Band concerts are given upon the arrival and departure of all foreign steamers. The new band pavilion is picturesquely located on the front lawn of the hotel premises, and, lighted with colored electric lights, presents a veritable fairy scene.

The fare dispensed is the best the market affords, and is first-class in all respects. Hotel and cottages are supplied with pure water from an artesian well on the premises, and furnished throughout with electric lights and electric bells.

Every effort has been made, and money lavishly expended under the present able management to make this establishment THE MODEL FAMILY HOTEL, a reputation it now enjoys and most justly merits.

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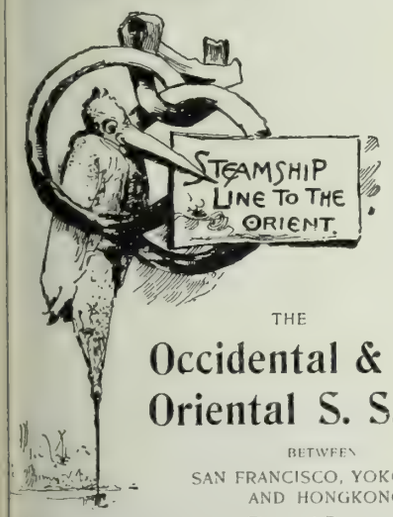

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GAELIC .....Wednesday, April 21, 1897
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The Hungarian Court Orchestra in concerts, every evening after the regular performance, in the Orpheum Annex.

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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4.2) per cent on term deposits and three and five-tenths (3.5) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes; payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4.26) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3.55) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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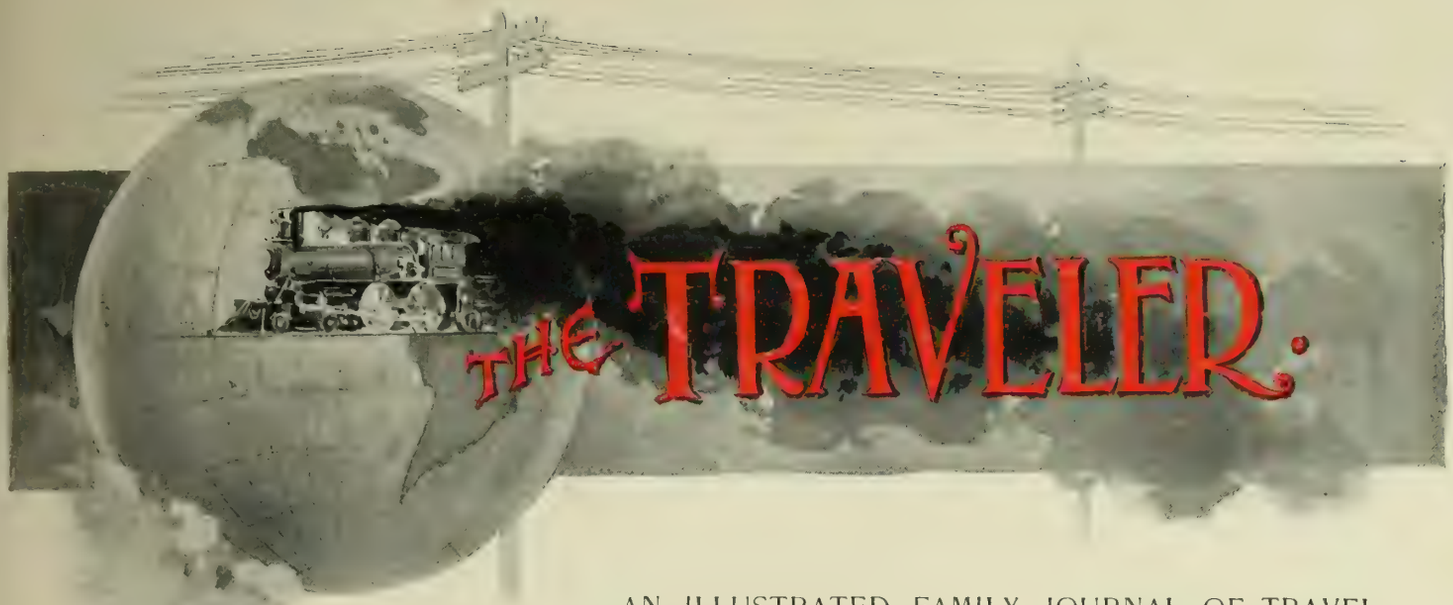

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS. MARCH, 1897. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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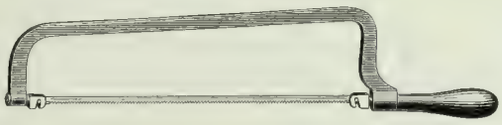

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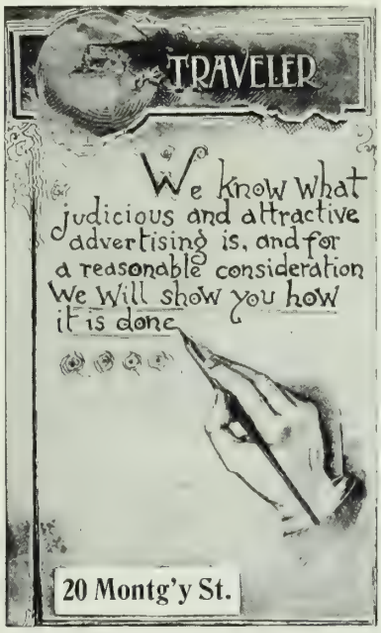

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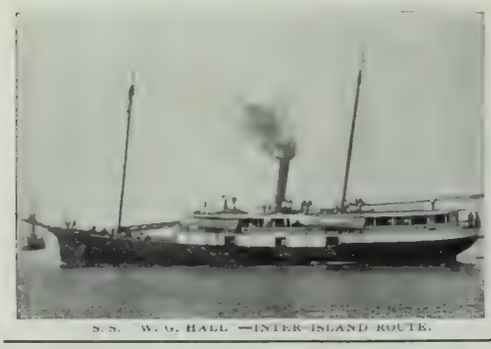

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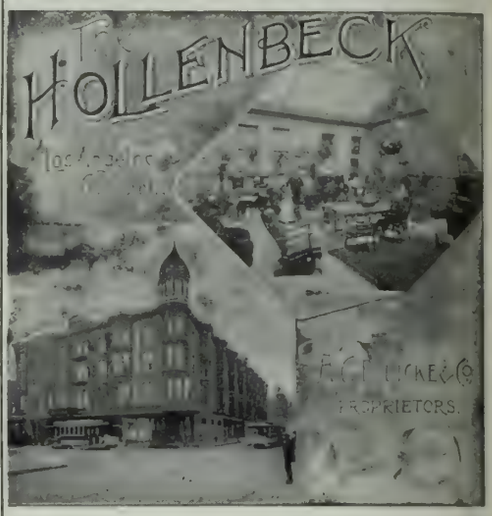

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IX. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1897. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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OFFICIAL statistics for the past five years have shown a most distressing decrease in railway construction, and the year 1896, just closed, presents the most discouraging report of all. It is refreshing, however, on top of these items, to note that since the first of this year we seemed to have reached the turning point, and while no data can be given at this time, yet the fact remains that a considerable number of new undertakings have assumed a definite shape, while many enterprises of this character which have lain dormant for many years appear to have secured a new lease of activity and the means for continuing it.

This opinion is based only upon telegraphic news, but savors strongly of genuineness, and, in addition to these legitimate enterprises, there seems to be something of a stir in paper schemes for the construction of a new transcontinental line, etc. Let us hope that these are stern facts.

THE beginning of each year seems to be the occasion for all the suckling vampires of the daily press to spread their wings, dilate their nostrils, and swoop down upon the successful branches of the community with a recklessness and a venomous swish characteristic of their invidiousness and their motives. Periodically the so-called "Soulless Corporations," men of wealth and prominence engaged in public enterprises, form the target for the mercenary sting of these great dailies who never undertake an attack of this character except for the "public good," and an innate conscientiousness of "what is right."

Journals that indulge in this reprehensible sortie are really more to be pitied than despised, because their motives are at once palpable, as indicated by the virulence of their onslaught, and have really no weight with the thinking population at large.

Just now the Gas and Water Companies of San Francisco have been passing through a campaign of this sort, and the Pullman Car Company has been contending with cinch bills in various states for a modification of their charges. It seems preposterous on the face of it that any body of men could in the period of sixty days act with any degree of intelligence or fairness in attempting to alter the fixed charges of any public corporation, whose interests extend into the millions, and conserved after years of experience and study by some of the brightest and most capable business men in the municipality.

THE province of modern journalism should not be to evolve pessimistic ideas, but there are conditions in society at large where it is better to ventilate the absolute facts rather than suppress them. Those who are ignorant of their faults can hardly be expected to correct them unless they are called to their attention.

It is undeniably the fact that the past four years have been the most disastrous and discouraging in the history of our commonwealth, eliminating, of course, the periods covered by foreign and internecine strife. The heavy hand of stagnation has pressed upon us with a weight never before experienced. The rich and the poor alike have suffered. Values have shrunk to an alarming extent. Labor has been largely idle because of the suspension of thousands of enterprises upon which it depends. Property-owners have been compelled to waive the returns from their investments to the extent of from one-fourth to one-half of the former emoluments, and, in consequence, the investment price has correspondingly depreciated. Thousands of the unemployed are raising their voices in desperation, waiting for even a faint glimmer of hope that may justify a little further patience. And even while this unfortunate condition of affairs exists, what are the adjusters of our grievances and our distress engaged in? Our law-makers are now playing high jinks with what little money there is left in the public treasury. High taxes seem to be the rule, the unblushing greed of the office-holder flaunts before our very eyes, and those of them who are proverbially impecunious are flagrantly liberal with the money of others. New sinecures are created, expensive buildings provided for, salaries increased, and the roll of pseudo-pensioners constantly augmented, thereby burdening and mortgaging the resources of the country, and crushing the energy of its people. The question is, how long will the people stand this terrible drain and criminal recklessness?

CHILDHOOD. *Chas. Y. Lamb, Artist.*

WHEN THE RAILROAD COMES TO MENDOCINO.

E. BROWN.

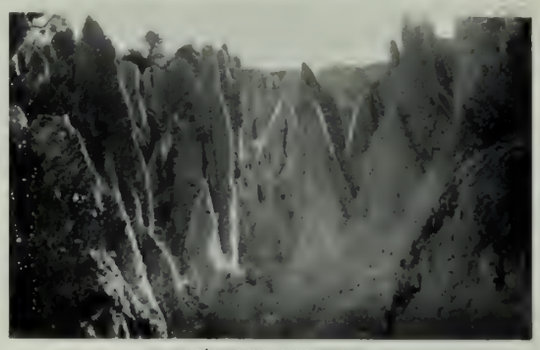
MENDOCINO COUNTY, though one of the largest in California, has less than thirty miles of railroad in operation. Ukiah alone, of all its towns and hamlets, has direct rail communication with the metropolis, though the villages of the coast enjoy occasional opportunities, when the wind and tide permit, of traveling to the bay on the deck of the small steamers which sometimes visit their ports.

The very first glimpse of the return to the State of the prosperity of former years will witness the revival of the railroad building spirit which has lain dormant for some years, but is only waiting the opportunity to burst forth into vigorous life again.

The line from Ukiah to Eureka, in Humboldt County, has been surveyed again and again, and a route perfectly practicable and offering no special engineering difficulties has been selected. The people of Eureka, now that the government has created for them one of the best harbors on the coast—the best between the Bay of San Francisco and the Columbia River—have been clamoring for a railroad connection. They have built a short road running into the lumber district and are willing to bond their city for a liberal amount to aid in the construction of a line to Ukiah, where the North Pacific has its present terminus. By extending this latter road up the valley of Russian River to its headquarters, an entrance to the valley of Eel River could be secured, and a direct course to Eureka would be open. The whole line could be easily constructed at a minimum of cost, with grades that would be easy and light and through a country most wonderfully rich in agricultural, forest, and mineral resources.

MENDOCINO REDWOODS.

To many who know the charms of Mendocino the advent of the iconoclastic railroad would be observed with profound regret. Most of the area of that great County is to-day in a state of nature as complete as when the bands of Indians roamed in undisturbed seclusion among its lofty redwoods. The County was always the favorite hunting ground of the aborigines. Its rivulets teemed with fish and its woods with game, and life was easy to live among its leafy groves. The whites, when they succeeded the tribes in possession, also found the land fair to look upon. Their cattle throve on the hillsides and increased mightily. They were a rigorous race, those settlers of Mendocino, and when the Indians, looking upon all game that roamed at will as their own, acquired a taste for the white man's beef, the latter retaliated by exterminating the thieves. The flocks and herds were then left in peace, and with the removal of the few surviving began the real onward march of this section of California.



DEVIL'S GLEN, MENDOCINO.

Statistically, Mendocino has in its redwood forests alone over sixty thousand million feet of timber. It has mines of coal which are exhaustless, and abounds in silver, gold, iron, and copper mines, and all these resources are unavailable so long as transportation facilities are so meager. Until the railroad is built, Mendocino must remain stagnant. The first breath of railroad extension would quicken into life numberless projects of development which are now dormant. Mendocino is truly the paradise of the hunter and sportsman. Bruin still stalks through its dense woods and wildcats abound within call. The deer swarm by thousands, and, in the season, affords to the most inexperienced an easy chance for building up a reputation as a mighty hunter. Nowhere else can the trout fisherman enjoy himself half so well. The streams are the native haunts of this gamy fish, and for ages they have sported undisturbed and waxed mighty, both in size and numbers. The home of the trout is in the dark recesses of the deep gorges which descend from the mountain tops, each the bed of a trickling rivulet whose waters are of icy coolness.

Deep in the recesses of these dense forests are found the camps of the hunters of big game, built of logs and furnished with a degree of comfort quite unlooked for by the chance visitor. The stranger is always sure of a hospitable welcome from these hermits of the chase. He is tempted to linger and his welcome never grows less.

With the advent of railroad communication the hundreds of medicinal springs which abound in Mendocino will derive a more extended reputation than they now enjoy. Around Ukiah are several, the waters of which are unsurpassed. These springs are of all kinds, hot and cold, effervescing and chalybeate, and of such copious volume, many of them, as to be able to turn a mill wheel. The waters at Vichy are much like their European namesake and satisfying and delicious.

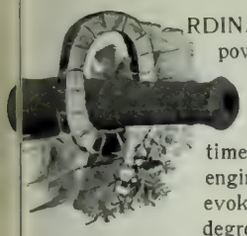
HUNTER'S CABIN, MENDOCINO.

Mendocino County is not without its natural freaks, like the Devil's Glen, for instance, whose weirdness is impressive and strikes the beholder as appropriately named. There are hundreds of other scenes as wild and peculiar to which thousands of tourists will flock as soon as they are made accessible to the outside world.

Not the least of Mendocino's attractions is its celebrated and picturesque lumber camps, the largest being located on the Gualala River. This stream, and the canyons through which course its several tributaries, afford every inducement to the sportsman. Two and a half miles up the river from the town of Gualala is the confluence of the North Fork, and just beyond is the beautiful Rock Pile Creek. Here may be had some of the finest trout fishing in the world. Early in the season they are rather small, but voracious and plentiful. Now and then a gamy twelve-incher would display himself, grasp the tempting bait, and then comes a few minutes of real sport until he is landed. A more delightful locality for camping cannot be found than in this neighborhood, for in addition to splendid fishing and hunting there are ample facilities for both bathing and boating. With the Gualala only a day's ride from San Francisco by rail and stage, or easily reached by steamer to Point Arena, it seems odd that it is not better known and more frequented.

THE "OREGON" IN BATTLE.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.



ORDINARILY when one sees anything suggesting aggressive power—a regiment of infantry on peaceful parade, a battery of light artillery dashing through a rattling drill of men and guns, a great coast defense gun in operation for the training of the soldiers who will serve it in time of war—there is a natural wish to see all the dread engines in action with serious purpose. That feeling is evoked with almost fierce desire in a man possessed of any degree of imagination who sees the new mighty American battle-ship "Oregon," as she lies at the docks in San Francisco awaiting the final completing touches before she goes into the service of Uncle Sam's maritime and coast defense. The dashing battery of light artillery, the plunging troop of cavalry, the composed and steady ranks of infantry, suggest latent power; the battle-ship—our first and greatest Pacific Coast battle-ship —"Oregon" is the most eloquent expression of power. It is not necessary to know that this terrific fighting thing is rated by naval experts as one of the four most effective battle-ships afloat to be profoundly convinced of that fact; that conviction would rush into the mind of any one without technical information on the subject as quickly as it would into the mind of the expert most deeply versed in the esoterics of naval architecture.

From the "Oregon's" turrets, with a roar of thunder, will be hurled ponderous masses of steel, which will crush through the armored sides of a ship miles away; from her superstructure a crash of quick-firing guns will batter and desolate any enemy less mighty than herself; from her fighting tops machine guns will dash a vicious hail to dismay and stampede the enemy's men, and from lower portholes will plunge the awful torpedoes, swimming silent and unseen beneath the waters, to rush with a volcanic fury of explosion under the doomed and helpless target.

She lies low, as a tiger crouches for its spring. There is little of her hull exposed as a target, yet what little there is above the water line of the "Oregon" which could be shot away, might be shattered and torn from her sides to sink in the sea, and still leave her terrible batteries, her chief aggressive forces, uninjured. With all of her superstructure and her hull above the water line forward and aft of the two greatest turrets wrecked and battered into uselessness, this fighting machine would still be not only unconquered, but unconquerable and resistless. She would still have in dreadful action, above this confusion of wreck, not one, but six turrets; not two, but twelve guns; a warrior whose helmet was crushed, and whose cuirass was rent, but whose shield was whole, and whose stout arm and sword were unscathed.

THE "OREGON."

One forward, one aft, are the great turrets, each containing two of those most terrible instruments of war, the 13-inch rifle. They do not contain them all, they hold the breech of the guns and so much of them as holds their charge and projectiles, but the long, fine steel muzzles project far out over the decks. In the turrets, too, are the mechanism which operates the guns, and the men who serve them. It is as silent as the tomb in one of those turrets, and black as night until some one turns a current of electricity into a lamp; then you look about and are startled to see at your feet a dark hole leading down into some unknown depth, where the ammunition is safely stored.

Let us imagine a battle is imminent for the "Oregon." It is time to prepare for work, and the ten men at each gun stand tense and alert for the gun captain's orders. A signal is given to the magazine, and up from that mysterious depth shoots a "carriage," in whose hollow lies a long mass of steel and powder weighing 1700 pounds. At an order one man turns a wheel —a child could turn it—and the 5000-pound gun is slightly depressed at its breech; another man turns a crank and the breech block is unlocked, slips from its resting-place and swings open. Now, you may look through the long, polished bore of the rifle and see a disk of blue sky. The open breech is opposite the carriage with the projectile, but how is that mass of steel to be forced into the chamber? A third man touches a lever and a rammer is lowered, its end snuggles up to the end of the charge, and, as a telescope extends, the rammer extends, pushes the charge into place by steady, hydraulic power, and automatically goes back out of the way. The breech block is swung back, screwed in, and locked. The gun-captain's hand touches a lever, his eye is upon the enemy, which he sees through the opening for the gun, and the mighty turret turns smoothly until the lever is reversed, and then stops without shock or jar. Another signal, and the gun is depressed more or raised. The gun captain knows (science has supplied him with simple instruments for determining these things) the exact distance of the enemy, his rate of speed and course, and thus he adjusts his aim. There is a quick jerk of a cord in his hand, and the air is rent by the shrieking flight of steel which, with a horrid crash, will burst through any armor afloat. Before the long flight of the projectile has ended the breech block of the gun will be swung back, a stream of water turned into the chamber, and compact sponges will be cleaning away the choking deposits made by the exploded powder. So adapted to every purpose is every bit of machinery, so carefully trained and cool-headed are the bare-skinned men in the turrets, that all that has been here described is done and repeated in the time that it takes you to read the paragraph. And not one, but four 13-inch thunderers, and eight 8-inch rifles are all being operated at the same time by the men who are proud to affirm in that way their love for the flag floating above them.

On the superstructure, higher than the turrets, swinging as easily as a sportsman swings his rifle, sixteen 6-pounders, rapid-firing guns, are being directed up, down, right or left, where they will cause the most destruction, create the most panic, by their accurately aimed, maddingly persistent rain of tearing, splintering projectiles. Higher yet are 1-pounders plunging their vicious fire on to the decks of near-by ships, and higher yet the machine guns are darting long, slender shafts of steel encased in lead at any human target in sight. Even that is not all. The marines and any sailors not employed at the other guns, at any opening they can find, are ready, with rifles in hand, to add to the greater attack their missiles of death.

In a duel with any ship afloat the "Oregon" would probably receive very little damage, even to her superstructure, from the enemy, but she cannot select the kind of battle her officers might prefer. She may be called upon to go into action with a fleet against a fleet, and in such an engagement she could be shot away in her lighter structure by one ship while engaged against another. It has been told how she could fight even then, but she must also be navigated, and the wheelhouse has gone with the other parts of the superstructure. Still, she would be properly navigated. Beneath the wheelhouse is a conning tower, a steel cell so small it could scarce hold more than the skipper and a quartermaster at the wheel. From here she could be navigated until some gun, if there be one powerful enough, destroyed the conning tower, and yet this fighting thing would not be without a man at a wheel. There are five widely separated points from which she can be steered, and one of them, below the line of her armor belt, is believed to be impenetrable. When this was told the wonder was what use it would be to navigate the ship after the conning tower was destroyed. An enemy which could injure that could also injure her turrets, and then would it not be time to surrender, or blow up the magazine? No; she is as good a ram, her officers say, as is the "Katahdin." Oh, but it was good to hear that said, understanding what was meant. If her mighty guns were silenced, if her torpedoes all went astray, if her last chance of destroying by projectiles was gone, she could ram—and she would! So down in some protected depth they have equipped the means for navigating her when no other way is left to her to assault the enemy except to charge.

Some statistics about this supreme fighter of the seas may be interesting. The "Oregon" cost Uncle Sam $3,180,000. The contract for her construction was let to the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, in August, 1890. She is similar to the other first-class battle-ships—the "Indiana," "Iowa," and "Massachusetts." Her keel was laid in November, 1891; she was launched October 23, 1893, and her trial took place in March, 1896. She is the fastest battle-ship afloat. Her crew will consist of 36 officers and 424 men.

A DAY'S FISHING AND HUNTING IN ALASKA.

JOHN E. BENNETT.

THE territory of the Alaska region is such that so long as its climate remains as at present it will be impossible for human nimrods to exterminate, or very materially decrease, its wealth of game. Nature has well protected the game that abounds there, for the surface of the country is wild and broken and in a great number of places is covered by foliage impenetrable to man, and often paved with perpetual ice, or blanketed with enduring snows, also by the fierce blasts which punctuate the interval of its long and gloomy winters, its season of pelting and pitiless rains, and the general spirit of danger and desolation which pervades it, disastrous to sporting proclivities, and indulged in only by those indifferent to danger and hardships in the search for gold and wealth.

Alaska is not likely to be ever a district where the pot-shot sportsman will repair with his lackey for a season of unlaborious fun. But there is a period in its dreary year when its climate yields to the sun, and opens an inviting opportunity for the hardy and the venturesome to indulge their appetites for sport, rendered keener by the peril which its quest involves. This is the summertime, between the early days of the months of July and September. It is at its best in August, and it was in this month last past that our party equipped themselves for a hunting trip to that country.

Arriving in Juneau we proceeded by a small sailboat northward for a distance of sixty-five miles, when we moved toward the shore behind the archipelago—the group of islands which flank and shelter the coast of the mainland, and distribute themselves over a vast area of sea, along almost the entire shore line of Alaska. In these comparatively quiet waters the little sailboat proceeded to a little creek gushing from the mainland, and to which we gave the name of Mellon. A short distance off shore our boat was anchored, and a skiff carried us to land.

Our party had really come to this place in search of bears, which were said to be plentiful there, not because there were not an abundance of them everywhere along the coast, but because here a safe landing could be made with ample opportunity of lying in wait for the bruins.

Upon arriving at Mellon Creek the attention of our party was attracted by the quantities of big salmon in the stream. They had just entered it, and were en route to its headwaters to spawn. The salmon is supposed to be prompted to enter the fresh water streams by their comparatively cold temperature in contrast to that of the surrounding atmosphere. At the period of entering these streams the salmon are considered as being in their most delectable condition, and it is not until they have progressed farther (never to return to the sea) that they become unfit to eat. Then they become thin, often white, are cut and bruised by rocks, the abrasions sometimes resulting in gangrene, yet swimming on until exhausted they seek a cove, deposit their eggs, and die. But the salmon at Mellon Creek were in a fine condition, full of life; few of them weighing less than twenty-five pounds. The hunters caught them in a most unique manner. As the fish moved slowly along they thrust a boat hook into the shallow water, and yanked them out by the gills. Sometimes they shot them with a pistol, when the dog ran in, seized them in his mouth and brought them to the shore. We saw several in a little, shallow rock-hedged pool; big fellows they were, waving softly their thin tails, and working their jaws most contentedly. One of our party approached them from behind, thrust his hands quietly into the water, and slowly closed his thumb and forefinger about the tail of the largest one, just where it joins the caudal fin; then looking about him he successfully repeated this experiment upon another big fellow, when suddenly, and incredible as it may seem, he pulled the two twenty-five pound salmon out of the water and landed them on the shore, having thus landed both fish entirely with his hands. But, strangest of all, was the manner in which large numbers of these fish were taken. A large log was turned diagonally across the stream, so that its lower end rested at the water's edge upon a broad dry sand bar. Then one of us stood by with a club, while several of the party some distance up the stream drove the fish toward the log. Panic-stricken, they came scudding down and gliding by the log, struck the bar, many of them leaping high in the air through their momentum, and landing out of the water on the hard sand bar, where they were quickly rapped on their heads with a blow of a club. In this way there were caught in less than an hour fully one thousand pounds of excellent salmon, making in all over fourteen hundred pounds caught in about two hours. Fortunately for the veracity of these statements, we had a photographer in the party, who took a view of a quantity of the fish just after they were caught, and which is here presented.

Night coming on, all of the party, except one, proceeded to load the boat with fish to take off to the little vessel; but the latter took his rifle and pushed a short distance up stream, to determine if it were possible to get a shot at a bear. Along the banks of the creek he could see a number of bear signs in the quantities of torn and half eaten salmon which lie strewn about, and which the beasts had caught and wasted. Here and there as he passed were paths leading out of the brush, which the animals had made in coming to the stream to fish. He took position on a round stone and kept very still; so still that the pestiferous gnats swarmed upon him as bees about a hive. Afraid to break the stillness, when the scourges became unbearable, he merely raised his hand and passed it along his face, killing as many of the gnats as was possible.

It was a painful and heroic business hunting bears in this fashion, and the period of waiting and discomfort was fast becoming intolerable. But as the night shadows began to deepen and the air become colder, there came from the opposite bank and a short distance down stream a crackling of twigs and brush. It was a burly black bear, just coming out of his lair, making toward the stream, intent upon salmon. With flushed face and thumping heart he raised his rifle, and taking quick but sure aim, pressed the trigger. Bang! went the rifle, and the noise reverberated as it rolled through the ravine, while the bear, growling frightfully, turned about and made for the thicket.

He did not proceed far, for our friend could plainly hear him groaning and gnashing his teeth in his anguish of death pangs and spasms. He listened breathlessly, his cocked hammer ready to send another bullet into his bearship should he reappear from the copse; but he came not, and the growls were too ferocious for him to venture there.

A DAY'S SPORT IN ALASKA.

The next morning we visited the scene of the tragedy and found everything as it had been left. The hunter at once forced his way into the brush, while the others remained on the outside awaiting developments, soon there was a triumphant cry from the hunter, for there against a log, his head resting upon it, his paw thrown over it, lay the great bear dead as a door nail. We dragged the three hundred pounds of bear out of the brush and upon the open bank. A little further on he was photographed when the camera was adjusted, as shown by the above illustration.

ANCIENT ORIZABA.

KATE CLARK BROWN.

ON THE road that leads from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz there is a remarkable ride down the mountain, from the Tableland to the Hot Lands, unlike anything else in America.

After leaving Boca del Monte, which is more than seven thousand feet higher than Vera Cruz, and only one hundred miles away from that city, the grade is so steep as to alarm the traveler if he were not lost in wonder at the marvelous and beautiful scenery. As the train winds round and round the mountain, dashing through tunnels, over trestles, one catches glimpses now and then, down the dizzy stretch of mountains, of a rushing river tumbling out of sight into the depths below, and still further on of a lovely valley and the pretty little town of Maltrata far, far below.

On the border of the Hot Lands is the quaint old town of Orizaba; it was a city—to use the words one so often hears in Mexico—"before Cortez came." High hills surround the town, and a broad, swift stream of water, clear as crystal, flows through its very center; the banks are always lined with busy workers, Mexican and Indian women, washing clothes—washing as they always have washed since they have worn clothes, by rubbing the garments on rocks that are on the river bank.

Orizaba is an oriental-looking place; the houses are mostly one-story, with red-tiled roofs and low iron-grated windows. The two-story houses always have balconies, but whether balcony or window many a saucy, coquettish face can be seen peeping at the stranger from behind the iron bars. The streets are uneven and crooked and paved with lava sent out—whether for that purpose or not—from the great volcano many years ago. It is as much as one's life is worth to drive over these streets, and it is seldom that a wagon or carriage of any kind is seen. The Indians and burros carry goods to and from the markets.

Along the banks of the river, and on the outskirts of the town, the banana, orange, and coffee trees are growing everywhere. There is no describing this wilderness of growth, this tangle of fruit and flowers and vegetables, the intense green of the foliage, nor the vivid hues of the flowers in the tropics.

The old Alameda, neglected as it is, is a never-to-be-forgotten thing of beauty; the old stone gates and rows of curious stone benches stand as they have stood for years. The trees are so green, the flowers so brilliant, the sky so blue—and it is all softened and beautified by a great quantity of soft, gray Spanish moss that hangs from each one of the grand old trees and hovers over the whole of the Alameda like a bit of soft lace. And here and there, through the gray and the green and the red, flit butterflies whose wonderfully colored wings might put all the flowers to shame. And the air is heavy with the perfume of orange blossoms, of tuberoses, and jessamine. Orchids are everywhere. Above it all towers the hill of El Borega, where thousands of Mexicans were routed that night in 1862—during the French invasion.

ORIZABA.

Just beyond the green mountains rises the famous Peak of Orizaba. Only the snow-covered top can be seen from the City of Orizaba of this mountain next in height—some claim higher—to Popocatepetl.

Poor Maximilian loved Orizaba. It was the irony of fate that he should have been deserted at this place by General Bazaine—of course, by Napoleon's order. Where he had spent so many happy days he was forced to realize the falseness of friends, to awaken from a bright dream, to see his kingdom tremble, and to lose hope after brief happiness.

Like all Mexican towns Orizaba has many churches. El Calvario, the oldest, was built in 1564; the newer and handsomer one of San Miguel, in 1720; and San Jose de Garcia, church and convent, is still more modern. There are a number of smaller ones, none of them so imposing nor as rich in interior decorations as the churches and cathedrals further north in the Republic.

A Mexican market-place is always interesting, and Orizaba has an excellent market. The building, if it can be called that (it is a large shed with open sides), covers nearly a block. Confusion reigns, but if you are patient and stay long enough you are sure to find anything and everything that is grown or manufactured in Mexico. At the stalls are onions and oranges, pomegranates and pineapples, nuts and dulces (sweets), sombreros and shoes; fresh meat and dried bones, and beans, beans, *beans.* Sometimes an exquisite rose or orchid finishes off a heap of carrots. Outside, on the sidewalk, and even out in the street, sit many men and women selling wares of different kinds, baking tortillas on little charcoal ovens, or selling straw work or pottery. They are picturesque, these people, the women with their cotton dresses and bright colored reboses, and the men barefoot often, and with handsome sombreros and gaily embroidered zarapes. Many of them are Indians, and they have not changed their habits nor customs in these many years. Some writer says they are never known to laugh. They are industrious, more so than they get the credit of being, and they laugh a great deal, for they are as careless and happy as children.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES.

The Executive Committee of La Fiesta de Los Angeles has prepared an elaborate program for the annual carnival, which will commence on April 20th and conclude on the following Saturday.

On Tuesday evening the opening ceremonies will consist of a fancy dress ball, at which La Reina de La Fiesta will make her first appearance, surrounded by her court, consisting of twelve maids of honor, selected from among the most prominent families of Southern California, her Prime Minister, her pages, all in gorgeous court costume, and escorted by Her Majesty's lancers as the guard of honor.

At sunrise on the following day a salute will be fired from different parts of the city, and during the morning concerts will be given in the city parks. At two o'clock the grand street parade will take place. In this procession will appear a cavalcade of caballeros in their characteristic Spanish costumes, and the evolutions of their fiery steeds have been one of the most attractive sights of the day parades. The Chinese colony in gorgeous Oriental costume will be another attractive feature in line, and they will carry with them the Sacred Dragon, five hundred feet in length and operated by over one hundred Celestials. The different companies of the National Guard stationed in Southern California, uniformed societies, and elaborate floats from surrounding towns will form the remaining part of the interesting parade.

In the evening there will be a grand concert, in which well-known artists will take part, the program consisting of both vocal and instrumental music of the highest character.

On Thursday, April 22d, the afternoon will be devoted to athletic sports, participated in by over one hundred Indians, showing their native sports and old Spanish athletic exhibitions. There will be tournaments, bicycle races, and, in fact, everything that constitutes the highest of sports. At eight o'clock in the evening the grand illuminated pageant will take place. The theme selected for this pageant is the "Legend of the Flowers," portrayed by twenty of the handsomest and most artistic floats, designed and constructed by Mr. James Robinson, the well-known artist, who, for years, has supplied New Orleans, Kansas City, and Mobile with their pageants, and who was the artist who inaugurated the "Carnival of Mountain and Plain" at Denver, which has been considered one of the most artistic and successful events in this country.

Friday at two o'clock the floral parade will take place, the event that has made La Fiesta de Los Angeles famous throughout the world. In no other section of the Union can a similar sight be presented at this season of the year.

At eight o'clock in the evening the grand Water Carnival takes place, for which has been selected the largest lake in the city. A magnificent display of fireworks will be given. The Queen will be enthroned upon an elaborately decorated Venetian gondola, draped in the most gorgeous and richly embroidered tapestry, and Her Majesty will be surrounded by equally beautiful barges for her large court and retinue. Some of the handsomest floats will also be displayed on the water amidst a sea of electric lights.

On the last day of the Fiesta, Saturday, the school children of Los Angeles will form the main feature of the morning. There will be some patriotic exercises, such as flag-raising, singing of National hymns, salute to flag, and May-pole dancing.

But the grand event of the Fiesta, and one which has caused the greatest surprise and joy to all visitors, is the Revelry of the Maskers. Although an impromptu affair, the residents and visitors vie with one another to make this event one never to be forgotten. Over thirty thousand maskers in every conceivable costume throng the streets until locomotion is almost impossible, and the street cars are even obliged to stop running for several hours during the evening. For ten blocks the street from one side to the other is made impassable by the maskers who celebrate the end of the successful carnival in a most ridiculous manner, but at the same time free from rowdyism.

CALIFORNIA WINES.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THE subject of California wines is one with so many ramifications that an endeavor to treat it thoroughly in the compass of a single article would certainly prove futile.

As my mind dwells upon the latest inventions which press the juice from the purple globules, my thoughts involuntarily revert to the past, when, as a child in the City of Los Angeles, I used to watch, with the fascination of a horrified sense of the fitness of things, native Californians manipulating a primitive wine press, and the comparison, to say the least, is highly satisfactory.

In a little back yard in the rear of a long, low *adobe* stood a huge vat; the laden wagons were driven close to it, and the grapes—great luscious bunches—were tossed into it by the medium of pitchforks, and then, when the wagons were empty, the men jumped in, too, and champ, champ, slush, slush went their booted, or bare, feet, as often happened, as they patiently trod out the vintage.

How well memory retains the vision of those dusky sons of the soil, who earned their wine by the sweat of their brows, for it was warm work in those early fall days.

Then, later, thought travels to another winery near the same city, where the grapes were pressed by horse-power, and again a picture is flashed athwart my mind —this time of a patient animal who plodded around and around until the tightened rope gave evidence that the press needed refilling, and he might rest for awhile. To-day, steam furnishes the power and endless elevators deposit the grapes in the presses.

STORAGE CELLAR—INTERIOR.

Of yore the great square wagons bore their contents loose and unboxed, over rough country roads, but to-day the necessity for rapidity of weighing and handling renders boxing necessary.

The march of progress blots out the picturesque, and the dreamy, *dolce far niente* days of the past, when labor was at a discount and existence above par, have given place, in wine-making, as in everything else, to the hissing of steam, the whirring of wheels, and the rush for achievement and pre-eminence.

I doubt if the majority of our people are aware of the magnitude of the wine industry in California, or even the amount of the export. To such a successful issue has the business been brought that it is certainly only a question of time when this State will lead the world, not only in the quality, but the quantity of the wine produced.

Even now our wines are sent in quantities into some of the wine-making countries of the Old as well as the New World. There is food for thought in the fact that while Central America is a wine-making country, it is at present the best foreign market we have, as about ninety per cent of our export is sent there. Our neighbor, Mexico, however, takes very little from us, though she produces a comparatively small amount, preferring to import from Spain. Germany is an excellent customer, and the Hawaiian Islanders consume considerable California wine.

DISTILLERY. *Taber photo.*

The trade with Tahiti alone is $40,000 a year. France and Spain are beginning to import small quantities, and a remunerative trade has been established with China and Japan, so you will see that, though we are at present exporting only about four million gallons a year, the markets of the world are open to us, and it depends alone upon the ability to supply the demand whether we, in time, gain a large proportion of the trade.

There is England, for instance; her great adjunct, Australia, is a wine-making country, and has been trying for a quarter of a century to gain a monopoly in the English markets, but the history of the past few years proves how ineffectual her efforts have been. During the whole time that Australia has been shipping wine to England the largest amount shipped in any three years was 3,000,000 gallons, while California, in the three years last past, sent over to the "mother country" 249,355 gallons, and 97 cases besides. One firm alone marketed 150,000 gallons in London in 1896.

Now let us glance over our own land and note the manner in which home productions are appreciated. In 1885 only about three million gallons found a market in the East, while last year fifteen million gallons were shipped to various points east of the Rockies.

In this State 7,000,000 gallons were consumed; add those two sums to the amount exported and we have a total consumption of 26,000,000 gallons, which indicates that we have something of an industry in our State.

Of home markets the best are found where there is a preponderance of the Latin race, who, as we well know, are a wine-drinking people. This makes our sales largest in New York, Chicago, and the cities of Texas. Think to what an extent wine-making would be carried if the population of the United States used native wines in the same proportion that the people of California do. In such an event 300,000,000 gallons would be consumed annually. Certainly with the acreage that would then be under cultivation, the employment that such acreage would afford, and the increase in the number of men requisite to handle the product, there would be a cessation of the cry of "hard times," and the causes therefor.

The Great Tun of Heidelberg, the fame of which has come down to us from preceding generations, will no longer be gazed upon with awe by those people who know there are larger ones in California. A redwood tun at the Malter Vineyard, Fresno, has a capacity of 105,000 gallons, and an oak tun in one of the vaults of the California Wine Association, in San Francisco, holds 80,000 gallons, or 32 carloads. Pretty big specimens of cooperage, are they not?

California possesses the largest vineyards in the world, that at Vina, Tehama County, belonging to the Stanford Estate, comprising 3840 acres. However, wine men will tell you that large vineyards are not so desirable as smaller ones, for the reason that the smaller the size, the more thorough the attention that can, of necessity, be bestowed upon it; therefore vineyard holdings of from twenty to thirty acres can be more advantageously worked than those that are a hundred-fold, or more, larger.

The total area of wine vineyards in this State is ninety thousand acres while of table grapes there are probably ten thousand acres, and of raisin grapes possibly ninety thousand acres more.

Though Zinfandel is the truly characteristic California wine, other varieties of claret manufactured here are equally fine, and, with the sweet wines, certainly compare favorably with those that come to us from the Old World. The Zinfandel grape came originally from Hungary, and is used for wine-making in this State only. There is a growing demand for California sherry, and when our sherry-makers have learned a lesson in patience from those of the Old World, there will be an increased demand for their wine. California champagne, too, is esteemed of excellent quality, and the day will come when our champagne will stand comparison with the best in the world.

Some interesting facts worthy of note are connected with the localities in which wine grapes yield their best, that is, contain most juice and finest flavor. Berries grown upon hill-land will not produce sweet wines, but as white wines are made from fruit which requires a cool, dry climate, the hill-lands are best adapted for these. The soil in the valleys is richer and the climate warmer, hence the fruitage from valley vines is better flavored, contains a larger proportion of sugar and yields a greater percentage of juice. Had it not been for the phylloxera it is probable the production would be much greater to-day than it is, but it is doubtful if the quality would be as fine, as, in the endeavor to graft resistant stock upon vines that were but too surely food for the disease, the necessity for observation and study became apparent to every one interested in fine wines.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

OUR COMMON WILD BIRDS *Concluded.*

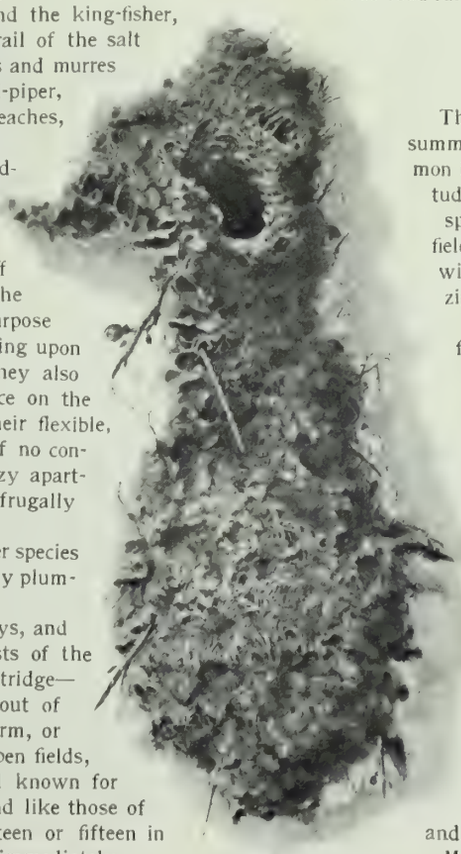
ONE of our largest wild birds is the crane, or heron, which frequents the vicinity of the tule marshes, in company with ducks, geese, and other water-fowls. When fishing, it is not easily detected by the ordinary observer, as it usually stands motionless, on one leg, under the shadow of a shrub or bank, watching for fish, reptiles, and water-rats, which it pierces with its long, sharp bill. On its breast there is visible at night a patch of phosphorescence, which is said to serve as a lure to attract its prey. About September large numbers of these birds may be seen migrating in the direction of Mexico, each flock being headed by a chosen leader and executing a series of maneuvers that are very interesting to the observer, while their shrill cries echo through the quiet air. A near relative of the crane is the bittern, though it has shorter legs and its color resembles that of a sea-gull. It is sometimes found in the neighborhood of the Overland Station in Oakland, but is very shy and retiring in its habits and quickly resents unusual intrusions.

Other aquatic birds include the pelican and the king-fisher, the dusky little California snipe, the clapper-rail of the salt marshes, the plaintive-voiced curlew, the gulls and murres of the Farallones, the little, long-legged sand-piper, running nimbly along the edge of the sea-beaches, and the cheery water-ouzel of the Sierras.

In the woods live the black and white woodpeckers, one variety being adorned with a crimson cap or hood. Clinging firmly to the tree trunks by means of their strong, hooked claws and propped by their straight, stiff tail feathers, they industriously peck holes in the decaying wood of forest trees, either for the purpose of storing away acorns for winter use or of feeding upon the grubs and insects beneath the bark. They also consume large quantities of ants and wood-lice on the surface of the trees — spearing them with their flexible, pointed tongues. During the nesting season, if no convenient hole presents itself, they excavate cozy apartments in which to place their nests, which are frugally composed of the bored-off chips.

The "flicker," or yellow-hammer, is another species of woodpecker, and is characterized by its showy plumage of red, gold, and drab.

Partridges inhabit many of our coast valleys, and grouse are found in summer in the pine forests of the high Sierras. Those near relatives of the partridge—the valley and the mountain quail—whirring out of sight in the shrubbery at the first note of alarm, or sending their triple notes ringing out over the open fields, or through the tangled canyons, are too well known for comment. Their nests are built on the ground like those of meadow-larks, and the eggs, which are fourteen or fifteen in number, hatch into pretty, fluffy chicks, which immediately begin to skurry after their demure little mother as she searches for their food. Mountain quail prove an interesting study for those who take an interest in the feathered tribe.



NEST OF TITMOUSE.

The diminutive, mouse-colored house-wren is readily distinguished from other birds by its small, plump form, active movements, delightful warble, and queer, jerky, little tail, which it carries in an upright position. It takes up its residence impartially in a cavity in a tree, in the side of a hollow gate-post, or in odd corners around barns and houses, its arch-enemies being the inquisitive boy and the family cat.

The titmouse, or "bush-tit," is a tiny, long-tailed bird that belongs to the chickadee family and constructs a remarkable nest, shaped like a bag or purse about nine inches in depth, the opening being through a round hole near the top of the structure.

The specimen shown in the illustration was found hanging in an oak in the Berkeley hills, and is composed of small dry leaves, grasses, and red sorrel blossoms, bits of moss, lichens, and wood-fiber; and the floor is thickly padded with sheep's wool and the stamens of wild flowers—the whole representing a vast amount of patience and ingenuity on the part of the little feathered architects.

In a garden shrub, in a shade tree in the open field, or in the great pines and firs of the mountains the beautiful, iridescent humming-birds settle down to the delights of housekeeping. Their fairy cradles are barely two inches in diameter, and being composed of chaff, gray lichens, cobwebs, and other substances of neutral shades, are often mistaken, at a distance, for a knob or other natural growth of the tree. The two white eggs are about half an inch in length, and develop into comical little fledglings, whose mites of bills are ever open to receive the sweet nectar brought by their attentive parents.

These birds are easily tamed, and may be kept for some time in captivity if regularly fed with honey, sugar syrup, and minute insects, or if allowed to feed themselves from growing flowers and to exercise *ad libitum.*

The bold, omnipresent English sparrows, chattering noisily under the eaves or picking up a scanty living in our busy city streets, are universally despised as they not only kill or drive away our native song-birds, but are great consumers of newly planted grain, young sprouts, and garden seeds, extermination being impossible on account of their numbers. Their redeeming characteristic, however, is that of devouring certain species of insects, which, if permitted to increase unchecked, would work great ravages with vegetation.

Among other winged denizens of field or forest are the eagle on the crags of the Sierras, several varieties of owls, the swallow and its cousin, the swift, the condor and the turkey-buzzard, the mourning-dove, the oriole, the finch, the bunting, the dainty little fly-catcher, the grosbeak, and the curious road-runner, or chaparral cock of Southern California and Mexico.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

MORRIS RICE.

This interesting, but hardly well-known, bird is an invariable summer resident of the State of Missouri, and is more or less common in certain localities. It is a bird that loves the deepest solitudes, and is usually found in the darkest and most secluded spots of the thickest woods. I have never seen one in an open field, although I have been told that, when in search of food, it will sometimes hunt over open fields, always flying low, a low zig-zag flight being characteristic of this bird.

The principal food of the whip-poor-will consists of night-flying lepidoptera (moths, etc.), and the number of these insects destroyed is immense; it is therefore a very valuable bird to the farmer. The whip-poor-will and night-hawk closely resemble each other in general appearance, and one is frequently taken for the other, especially by persons unfamiliar with our birds. The whip-poor-will is a nocturnal wanderer, generally arriving about the last of April. It begins to sing with the approach of twilight, but not in the dark woods only; it is then it begins to move about, and occasionally lights near the farmhouses, uttering plainly its doleful song, "whip-poor-will"; sometimes it will utter a kind of cluck as a sort of preface to the song. When two or more males meet, their "whip-poor-will" articulations become much more rapid and incessant, which seems to indicate that a spirit of rivalry in song-making exists among them. Toward midnight they become silent, except on bright moonlight nights, when they may be heard with little intermission 'till the gray of early morn. During the day they are silent and rarely move about. They begin to lay about the middle of May. They make no nest, but deposit their eggs in a very slight hollow which the female makes by scratching; always selecting dry situations usually near a log or rock. Sometimes they choose a bare spot on a hillside, making no pretense whatever at nest building. I have found their eggs in such situations, but whatever the character of the nesting (?) site, it is sure to be in the most unfrequented part of the woods. The eggs are two in number, of a creamy white color, with light brown and lavender markings, although liable to variations, and, altogether, are very pretty eggs.

As I have remarked, the whip-poor-will is a bird of the deep forest, a lover of the silence and twilight, but it has also one other favorite haunt, a creek with high precipitous banks covered with a dense growth of bushes. If there are any of these birds in your neighborhood, you are sure to find some of them in such situations. The female, when her young are discovered, feigns lameness, and does it so well, that the intruder, if unacquainted with her trick, will surely be led a fruitless chase, and far from the nest of her fledglings. About the first of September they begin their southern migration, the female leaving first.

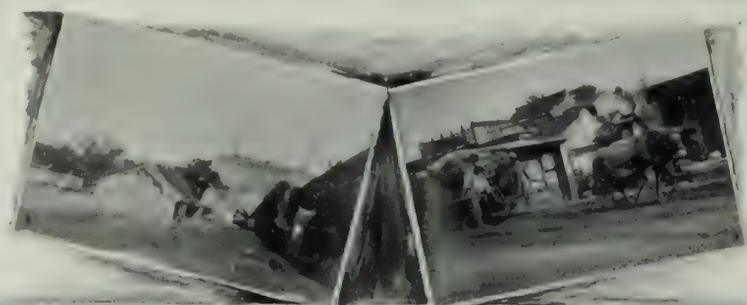
The whip-poor-will is a bird that is frequently heard, but seldom met, and may even dwell in the same locality, year after year, without even once being seen. When it does happen to approach the dwelling of man (which is not often) it is generally so late in the evening that it cannot be distinguished in the darkness.

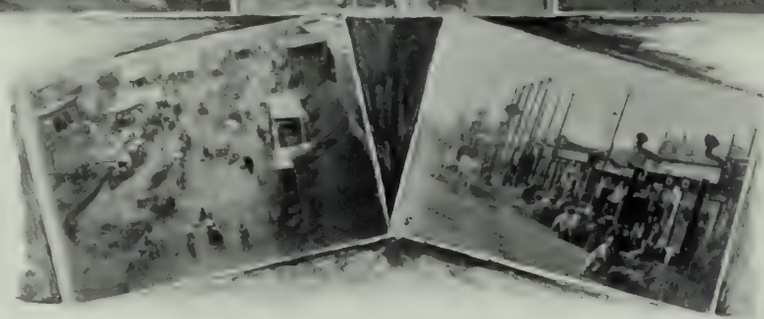
GLIMPSES OF PEKING.

BY A GLOBE-TROTTER.

PEKING, the capital of the Chinese Empire, is situated on the northern extremity of the great alluvial delta which extends southwards from its walls for 700 miles. For the last nine centuries Peking, under various names and under the dominion of successive dynasties, has, with some short intervals, remained an imperial city. Its situation near the northern frontier recommended it to the Tatar invaders as a convenient center for their power, and its peculiarly fortunate position as regards the supernatural terrestrial influences pertaining to it has inclined succeeding Chinese monarchs to accept it as the seat of their courts.

The modern city consists of two parts, the *nui ch' ing*, or inner city, commonly known to foreigners as the "Tatar City," and the *wai ch' ing*, or outer city, known in the same way as the "Chinese City." These names are somewhat misleading, as the inner city is not enclosed within the outer city, but adjoins its northern wall, which, being longer than the *nui ch' ing*, is wide and outflanks it considerably at both ends. The outer walls of the double city contain an area of about 25 square miles, and measure 30 miles in circumference. Unlike the walls of most Chinese cities, those of Peking are kept in perfect order. Those of the Tatar portion, which is the oldest part of the city, are 50 feet high, with a width of 60 feet at the base and 40 feet at the top, while those of the Chinese city, which were built by the Emperor Kea-tsing in 1543, measure 30 feet in height, and have a width of 25 feet at the base and 15 feet at the top. The terre-plein is well and smoothly paved, and is defended by a crenellated parapet. The outer faces of the walls are strengthened by a square buttress built out at intervals of 60 yards, and on the summits of these stand the guardhouse for the troops on duty. Each of the sixteen gates of the city is protected by a semi-circular enclosure, and is surmounted with a high tower built in galleries and provided with countless loopholes.





OBSERVATORY. MERCHANDISE SERVICE.
WALLS OF PEKING. CHINESE STREET BARBER. PORT OF JUNG CHEON.
STREET IN PEKING NATIVE STORES.

The population of Peking is estimated to be about one million, a number which is out of all proportion to the immense area enclosed within its walls. This disparity is partly accounted for by the facts that large spaces, notably in the Chinese city, are not built over, and that the grounds surrounding the imperial palace, private residences, and temples are very extensive. Viewed from the walls, Peking looks like a city of gardens. Few crowded neighborhoods are visible, and the characteristic features of the scene which meet the eye are the upturned roofs of temples, palaces, and mansions, gay with blue, green, and yellow glazed tiles, glittering among the groves of trees with which the city abounds. Enclosed within the Tatar city is the *Hwang ch' ing*, or "Imperial City," which, in its turn, encloses the *Tsze-kin ch' ing*, or "Purple Forbidden City," in which stands the emperor's palace. On the north of the *Tsze-kin ch' ing*, and separated from it by a moat, is an artificial mound known as the King shan, or "Prospect Hill." This mound, which forms a prominent object in the view over the city, is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and is topped with five summits, on each of which stands a temple. It is encircled by a wall measuring upward of a mile in circumference, and is prettily planted with trees, on one of which the last emperor of the Ming dynasty (1644), finding escape from the Manchu invaders impossible, hanged himself. On the west of Prospect Hill is the Se yuen, or "Western Park," which forms part of the palace grounds. This park is tastefully laid out, and is traversed by a lake, which is mainly noticeable from the remarkably handsome marble bridge which crosses it from east to west. Directly northwards from Prospect Hill stands the residence of the Titu, or "Governor of the City," and the Bell and the Drum Towers, both of which have attained celebrity from the nature of their contents—the first from the huge bell which hangs in it, and the second from the appliances it contains for marking the time. The bell is one of five which the Emperor Yung-lo ordered to be cast. In common with the others, it weighs 120,000 pounds, is 14 feet high, 34 feet in circumference at the rim, and is 9 inches thick. It is struck by a wooden beam swung on the outside, and only at the changes of the night-watches, when its deep tone may be heard in all parts of the city. In the Drum Tower incense-sticks, specially prepared by the Astronomical Board, are kept burning to mark the passage of time, in which important duty their accuracy is checked by a clepsydra. Another of Yung-lo's bells is hung in a Buddhist temple outside the northwest angle of the city wall, and is covered both on the inside and outside with Chinese texts.

Turning southwards, we again come to the "Purple Forbidden City," the central portion of which forms the imperial palace, where in halls which for the magnificence of their proportions and barbaric splendor are probably not to be surpassed anywhere, the Son of Heaven holds his court, gives audience to ambassadors from tributary states, and receives the congratulations of his ministers at the annual seasons of rejoicing. In the eastern and western portions of the city are situated the residences of the highest dignitaries of the empire, while beyond its confines on the south stand the offices of the six official boards which direct the affairs of the eighteen provinces. It was in the "yamun" of one of these boards—the Le Pu, or Board of Rites—that Lord Elgin signed the treaty at the conclusion of the war in 1860, an event which derives special interest from the fact of its having been the first occasion on which a European plenipotentiary ever entered Peking accompanied by all the pomp and circumstance of his rank.

Outside the "Purple Forbidden City" the most noteworthy building is the Temple of Heaven, which stands in the outer, or Chinese city. Here, at early morn on the 22d of December, the emperor offers sacrifice on an open altar to Shang-ti, and at periods of drought or famine presents prayers for relief to the same supreme deity. The altar at which these solemn rites are performed "consists of a triple circular marble terrace, 210 feet wide at the base, 150 in the middle, and 90 at the top." The uppermost surface is paved with blocks of the same material forming nine concentric circles, the innermost consisting of nine blocks, and that on the outside of eighty-one blocks. On the central stone, which is a perfect circle, the emperor kneels, "surrounded first by the circles of the terraces and their enclosing walls, and then by the circle of the horizon." In the same temple stands the altar of prayer for good harvests, which is surmounted by a triple-roofed circular structure 99 feet in height.

In the southeastern portion of the Tatar city is the observatory, which was built in 1296. During the period of the Jesuit ascendency, the superintendence of this institution was confined to Roman Catholic missionaries, under whose guidance the bronze instruments now existing were constructed. Unlike the thoroughfares in the cities of central and southern China, the streets of Peking are wide and open, but, being unpaved, and the soil being light and alluvial, they easily become almost impassable from mud in wet weather, and ankle-deep in dust in dry weather. The inhabitants of Peking being consumers only, and in no way producers, the trade of the city is very small, and the article of the European treaties which prohibits foreign merchants from trading within the walls is, therefore, to be regretted only as an instance of the narrow-mindedness of the Chinese government.

BY TALLY-HO FROM LOS ANGELES.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

TO BE exact—and exactness is one of the tenets of modern literature, is it not?—the day set for our excursion to Santa Anita was the reverse of propitious. At the risk of damaging Southern California's reputation as a "land of perpetual sun" I am constrained to admit that nowhere within the range of vision was there a strip of blue sky as large as the proverbial "sailor's breeches"; that the roads were as "heavy" as recent rains and a soil largely 'dobe could make them; also a rawness of atmosphere that tinged the artist's nose an unbeautiful red and played havoc with the frizzes of the feminines. But as a compensation for these drawbacks, the lunch baskets were ample and filled to overflowing, the Bicycle Girl wore her stunning new suit—a dream in cream and gray—and the driver had thoughtfully provided an extra brass horn, which was tooted by the young man from the Business College and the Stamp Crank alternately. The Stamp Crank rode on the front seat and gave the driver points on the management of a four-horse team. The Artist and the Booby flocked with the Bicycle Girl and the Soloist, and the rest of us appropriated the intermediate spaces. The tally-ho, scheduled to leave town at 8:30, did finally get off, though an hour late.

En route to Pasadena a short stop was made at the ostrich farm, where we hoped to catch a glimpse of the ungainly birds from the high seats of the tally-ho, thus avoiding the customary tax of ten cents per head. But the ostriches would not lend themselves to this scheme, and not so much as a feather did we see. With a clatter and a braying of horns we swept through Pasadena, past stately mansions, rose-covered cottages and handsome business blocks, and again we were on the highway to Santa Anita. The girl who said she "didn't like the mountains because they hid the scenery" was not of our party, judging by the expressions called forth by the sight of the Sierra Madre Range, that loomed like a mighty citadel far ahead, seemingly no nearer than when we set our faces toward it. The Soloist thought the mountains "sweet," the Bicycle Girl said they were "immense," and the Chaperone so far forgot herself as to proclaim them "out of sight."

The brother of the Booby grew faint with hunger; his watch announced the noon hour. "I say" he called to the driver, "how long before we reach the Santa Anita ranch?"

A semblance of a smile passed over the driver's face as he replied: "We've been on the Santa Anita ranch for the last twenty minutes."

It was indeed true! A ranch of 47,000 acres is not to be traversed in a hurry. We drove down a long avenue of eucalypti; there was apparently no end to it. Finally the driver drew rein and informed us that *he* was going on to the hotel for lunch, and as for us, we might as well take our cold bite right there as anywhere.

We needed no second invitation, and while the Booby, his brother, and the Stamp Crank started a smudge under the coffee pot, the cloth was laid and an appetizing lunch set forth.

The Bicycle Girl had just finished her second dozen of deviled eggs when we heard the rumble of wheels, and forthwith appeared our Jehu, fed and in his right mind. We clambered into the vehicle and were driven past groves of orange-trees, powdered with blossoms that gleamed snow-white above the golden fruit still ungathered, past olive orchards and vineyards, and then we were told that we could proceed no further unless we wished to explore the grounds adjacent to the house on foot. Not to see the grounds of Santa Anita would be like witnessing the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out; so we disembarked in short order. There were winding paths trending through mazes of shrubbery, that seemed made for loitering lovers; there were rustic houses, embowered in vines and almost hidden from view by broad-leaved tropical plants; and there were flowers everywhere. The graveled walks were bordered with masses of purple violets, which were so temptingly lovely that a bunch was surreptitiously gathered by the Soloist and divided with the Booby. These little pilferings were all the more enjoyable because they were like the "stolen fruit" from the garden of the Hesperides.

PATHS FOR LOITERING LOVERS.

OLD BELLS, SAN GABRIEL MISSION.
LAKELET—BALDWIN'S RANCH.
SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

The waters of the pretty lakelet reflected the down-bending trees with the fidelity of a mirror, and likewise the charming phiz of the Freak as she leaned over to see if her hat was on straight.

Beyond the home grounds were the stables, and here one of the most attractive features of the ranch, Lucky Baldwin's "string" of race horses, was to be seen. Row after row of stables, divided into commodious box stalls, were ranged along the race track, where the young horses are broken to the serious work preceding the purse-winning on eastern tracks. The upper half of each door, leading to the stalls, was open to admit light and air; and as we passed along velvety noses were thrust out, and wistful eyes begged for just a taste of the juicy grass that grew beside the fence. They did not beg in vain.

A crowd of grooms and stable boys loitered near, and to our anxious inquiry as to the whereabouts of the horse with a record, they pointed out the corner stall in the row. There we saw the famous Emperor of Norfolk, that won the Chicago Derby in 1887, besides other winnings amounting in all to $87,000. Not only did we see him, but we were permitted to pat his aristocratic nose, and he condescended to munch the grass that was respectfully tendered him. In an adjoining pasture were a number of colts, rough-coated little fellows, without a trace of pedigree about them so far as was apparent to the eye of the uninitiated. But that was where the uninitiated eye was at fault, for every one of the little creatures was a thoroughbred.

Retracing our steps to where we had left the tally-ho in waiting, we found the Freak and the young man from the Business College, who had gone on ahead, moralizing over the old bell of San Gabriel, which was swinging in a rustic temple. The Freak—who is nothing if not instructive—was giving facts and figures relative to the founding of San Gabriel, and so forth, in a way to beat a modern encyclopedia, when we rescued the hapless young man and bore him away. The return trip was made by the way of San Gabriel.

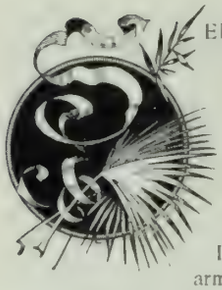
As we drove through the narrow, crooked street of the little *pueblo*, under the low-hanging boughs of the plumy pepper-trees, the Artist was heard to remark to the Soloist that with one congenial soul he could dwell forever among such sylvan scenes.

The little *pueblo* of San Gabriel matches the Mission,—so said the Soloist. It has the same old-time, musty atmosphere. The narrow street zigzags about after the manner of a cow-path. The houses are low, one-story adobes, and the whitewash is mellowed and *yellowed* by the wear of the elements into an indescribable tint.

The street swarms with black-eyed, olive-cheeked babies, and dogs galore; one is in luck if one can avoid stepping on either. We turned our backs on San Gabriel with regret, but the sky, which had been sulking all day, grew more lowering, and the prospect of an eight-mile drive through a rainstorm is not enticing. The four-horse team made such good time that we did not feel the first warning drops of the threatened shower until we were in sight of the twinkling lights of Los Angeles, and a quarter of an hour later we clattered through the streets, just ahead of the oncoming storm, for in spite of all that has been said of this glorious "land of sunshine" we are forced to admit that sometimes we do have rain—to bring out the flowers!

THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



SEPTEMBER 15, 1830, in Oaxaca, Mexico, Porfirio Diaz was born. After receiving the education obtainable in the schools of his native town, he began to study law, but when the Americans, in 1847, invaded his country, he left his codes and joined the National Guards. It was not the fault of brave young Diaz that Mexico lost two-fifths of her territory as a result of that war, now almost universally admitted to have been an utterly unjust one. In 1854 Diaz joined the army of insurrection against Santa Anna, and for many years was engaged in various revolutions against the governments that successively tried to gain supreme control of Mexico. He showed himself possessed of great capacity as a soldier and leader, and, in 1861, at the suggestion of his military chief, General Ortega, he received his commission as a General. On May 5, 1862, he performed his greatest military exploit, repelling the French army at Puebla. Besides being a capable soldier, Diaz was gifted with that good fortune which is an indispensable part of the equipment of the man who is destined for great things, for, though twice made a prisoner by his enemies, on both occasions (in 1863 and 1865) he effected his escape. The present Consul-General of Mexico in this city, Mr. A. K. Coney, owes his position to the valuable aid he rendered to Diaz at a most critical point in his career. In 1876 Diaz became President, but Mexico was in so disturbed a condition that his time and energy were almost entirely occupied in quelling revolts. When his term expired in 1880, he secured the election of General Gonzalez, who had been Secretary of War, as President, and himself became a Cabinet officer and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. However, he did not take his seat on the bench. In 1884 Diaz was elected President for the second time, and since that time he has regularly succeeded himself.

Diaz has a swarthy complexion, and is, I believe, a pure-blooded Zapotec Indian. He is a worthy successor of his predecessor in office, Benito Juarez, the Liberator of Mexico. Firm will and executive capacity are plainly stamped upon his countenance. When he first became President there were scarcely any railways or telegraphs in Mexico; now telegraph lines run to every part of the country, and there are 7000 miles of railroad track. He is an admirer of the energy and business ability of Americans, who, on account of their brusqueness, are not generally liked by Mexicans, who are exceedingly punctilious and courteous, and never allow business to interfere with politeness. Diaz has great organizing ability, and has pressed the railway and the telegraph into his service; every morning there is laid upon his table news from his agents in every part of the country. The certainty and quickness of the intelligence received by him have rendered brigandage and revolution practically impossible. Troops are at once sent by train to any point where disturbance threatens; a brigand caught plying his trade is led up to a wall and promptly shot. There is no trifling with Diaz, yet he knows how to temper severity with clemency; many of the most faithful and efficient *rurales* (or country police) were notorious bandits, whom good pay and the certainty of a whole skin have lured from the dangerous profession of brigandage. No man better suited for the work that has to be done in tranquilizing and modernizing Mexico could be found than Porfirio Diaz—his methods are, doubtless, autocratic, but they are prompt and entirely effective. In the twenty years that have elapsed since he was President for the first time his enemies have died or become his friends; there remains no man who has it in his power to become a dangerous rival.

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

Diaz is well aware that no real and permanent elevation of the mass of a people can be effected without education. Accordingly, he has encouraged the extension of a system of public education, until now almost every village in Mexico has its well-equipped public school, while in the larger cities there are schools for the training of teachers, law schools, and many other institutions of higher education. According to the most recent observer, Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who has traveled extensively in Mexico to gather fresh material for a series of articles on that country for *Harper's Magazine*, the teachers in Mexican schools are almost uniformly enthusiastic, and generally well-equipped for their work. The schools of law and medicine, of surveying, engineering, etc., are excellent, and near the capital is a military academy modeled after that of the United States at West Point.

Life and property are now almost universally safe in Mexico, while the City of Mexico, with a population of nearly 400,000, is the most orderly and best-managed city on the continent. Mexico has a well-organized postal system, and telegrams are cheaper than anywhere in the United States. Both the Federal and the State officials are honest and capable, though it is not many years since they were exact counterparts of the office-holders in other Central American States. Modern waterworks are being constructed, electric lights are found even in small towns, and the buildings devoted to public purposes far surpass in commodiousness, suitability, and beauty the public buildings of the United States. The Paseo de la Reforma, the fashionable driveway of the capital, is one of the noblest avenues in the world, and between three and five o'clock on any fine afternoon can show a display of horses and carriages surpassed by few cities in Europe.

Though Diaz must have had extraordinary opportunities for self-enrichment, he is only a moderately wealthy man, and has always scorned to make politics a speculative trade. His personal habits, in a country where ostentation is much to the taste of the people, are remarkably simple; the carriage in which he drives from his summer home at Chapultepec to the city is quite plain, the driver dons no livery, and the horses wear their tails long, as Nature intended them to do. Sometimes Diaz even contents himself with so humble a conveyance as the ordinary street car, which reminds me to say that the "tramways" of the capital and its suburbs provide an excellent service and are extremely profitable. Though now in his sixty-seventh year, Diaz looks younger, and is still capable of much hard work in his office.

The wife of President Diaz is Senora Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz, daughter of a lawyer who was one of the framers of the present Constitution of Mexico, and who has successfully administered the affairs of the Interior Department. She is a charming and highly cultivated woman, a sincere Catholic, and a friend of the poor. Personally, she is very comely, and an universal favorite; she is commonly spoken of as "Senorita Carmelita." All Mexican women named "Carmen" celebrate the 16th of July as that of their patron saint, and on that day in each year Senora Diaz receives innumerable bouquets and wreaths of flowers. She is the leader of the society of the Mexican capital, and has proved a helpful companion to her husband.

President Diaz's official town residence is the National Palace, which occupies one side of the Grand Plaza in the City of Mexico. It is one of the most extensive buildings in the world, and contains, besides the President's quarters, rooms for the various Cabinet officers and their clerks, the Hall of Ambassadors, and accommodation for a regiment or two of soldiers.

But far more attractive than the National Palace is the President's summer home at Chapultepec, a few miles from the city. The Castle of Cha-

pultepec is a huge, rambling structure, built upon a rock, and commanding a superb view. From the base of the rocky "hill of the grasshopper" runs the Paseo de la Reforma, 200 feet wide, with a double row of trees on each side, and here and there expanding into a *glorieta*, or circular space, adorned with a fine statue. The towers and domes of the many churches of the city, topped by those of the great Cathedral, rise in picturesque confusion, and beyond them are the blue waters of Lake Texcoco. To the left is the Church of Guadalupe, and to the right are the country-houses of wealthy Mexicans at Tacubaya and San Angel. Beyond is a barren expanse covered with lava belched forth from the entrails of the volcanic mountain, Ajusco. The Valley of Mexico, over which we are looking, is surrounded by mountains that are barren, chief among which are Popocatepetl, (the mountain that smokes), and Ixtaccihuatl, (the white woman). The bold rocky hill of Chapultepec is one of the most historic spots in Mexico. In the days of the Aztecs two colossal statues, said to represent Montezuma and his father, were carved upon the face of the rock, which was crowned by an Aztec palace: rock statues and palace were alike destroyed by the *conquistadores* of Cortez. The castle built upon the rock necessarily follows the shape of its foundation, and is a long, rambling structure, commanding a view over the Valley of Mexico and its surrounding mountain ranges that is surpassed by few in the world, and, when its sentimental interest is taken into account, it might almost be said by none. The present castle was built by the Spanish Vice-Roy Don Bernardo de Galaz in 1785, and was used by him and his successors as a country house. Before Maximilian became Emperor of Mexico it had ceased to be a sovereign's residence, and was used as a military school. The Austrian Archduke had it thoroughly repaired and decorated with classical statuary and wall paintings like those of a Roman noble's villa at Capua or Pompeii. The castle was the favorite abode of the ill-fated monarch and his wife Carlotta. After them came President Juarez and Lerdo de Tejada. Now Chapultepec is a military college once more, and in its historic corridors wander beardless students of the art of war. The rock and Castle of Chapultepec stand in the midst of a grove of cypress trees, some of them forty or fifty feet in circumference, and all of them draped most picturesquely and fantastically with long streamers of Spanish moss. The largest and oldest of them is called "Montezuma's Tree." Compared with the sequoias of Calaveras and Mariposa Counties, and the still greater eucalypti of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, it is a small tree, being only 48 feet in circumference and 170 feet in height, but in the wealth of its associations it is perhaps the most interesting tree in the world. Think of the changes in men and manners that this venerable giant, itself almost unchanged, has witnessed! What a different Mexico now from that of Aztec days! Different indeed; but a noble, glorious country, that has made great strides in recent years, and may yet play a great part in the world's history.

NATIONAL PALACE, CITY OF MEXICO.

CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

THE FICTION OF ROMANCE.

J. M. SCANLAND.

In "Old Town," which means the original San Diego, and, by the way, is the oldest town in California, the traveler is shown a magnificent specimen of an ancient adobe building in ruin. He is glibly told by the guide that it is "the 'dobe where Ramona was married." The guide then tells who Ramona was, according to Mrs. Jackson's novel, and that she was married to Alessandro.

If the traveler visits San Jacinto, he is shown the village of Ramona, and if he continues up the coast line, on reaching Camulos Rancho, he is invited to poke his head out of the car window and see the old cracked bells that summoned Ramona and Alessandro to service in the little chapel. The story is well written, as a fiction, but its romantic interest is lost sight of when the characters stand in their true light. Ramona is not a "beautiful Indian maiden," neither is Alessandro a type of the heroic lover. Ramona, whose real name is Maria, was a domestic at the Camulos Rancho, north of Los Angeles. Alessandro followed sheep-shearing and was an excellent horseman, also a "fiddler." His love for horse-flesh got him into trouble, and on that hinges the romance.

It was at the annual sheep-shearing at the Camulos Rancho that he met Maria, or Ramona. He first saw her at vespers, and at once their minds were diverted from worship to love. Their next meeting was at a brook where she was washing the altar cloth which she had mended after having accidentally torn it. Here they told to each other their troubles and concluded that matrimony was the only remedy. And so they eloped and were married in this old adobe house, but, strangely, did not "live happily ever after." Alessandro unromantically became possessed of a horse which was owned by Sam Temple, known in the novel as Jim Farrar, and depicted to be a desperado and bad man generally. He owned a ranch near San Jacinto, and the loving couple had located in Temecula Canyon not far distant. Temple claimed that he shot Alessandro only after he had refused to surrender the stolen horse. The novelist characterizes the killing as unjustifiable, as Alessandro had taken the horse "while bereft of reason," to which state he had been driven by previous wrongs from white settlers who had taken his lands.

The burial of their baby-child on the San Jacinto Mountains was pathetic and describes the spot on Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado, which the novelist had selected for her own burial, and in describing Alessandro as carrying the little coffin on his shoulder to the summit of San Jacinto Mountain she also described the manner of her own burial, for, a few years later, Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson died and was buried on the summit of Cheyenne Mountain, a few miles from Colorado Springs, Colorado. The hearse could only travel about half the distance, and the coffin was carried by hand to the summit, where it was deposited at a spot previously selected by herself and which she has so realistically described as the burial-place of the baby of Ramona and Alessandro.

After her visit to Camulos Rancho, where she laid the opening scene of her novel, Mrs. Jackson spent some time at San Jacinto, and being a lover of nature, made many excursions over the mountains and through the picturesque canyons.

Ramona was not pretty as the novel depicts her to be. She was rather homely and affected red dresses and cigarettes. She appreciated her importance and did quite a good business in selling her photographs to sentimental curiosity seekers who visited the Indian village, near San Jacinto, named in her honor. Since then, several rival Ramonas have sprung up and there are also several villages of that romantic name, one being near San Diego. And in "Old Town" we have the only and original house in which she was married. This is a historic "adobe," one of the oldest in California. In the early days "before the Americanos came," it was the *gran casa* of Don Juan Estudillo, and was noted for its *gran bailes* and the hospitality of its owners. It was successively the "palace" of the military commandante and of the alcalde, and then of wealthy dons, and always the headquarters of social life. After the lapse of nearly a century, the old *casa* seems good for at least another half century. Only for the telegraph poles which have invaded its picturesqueness, and the sign of a painter, who, for a time, dwelt in one of its corners, this old *casa* would appear more romantic. This modernism somewhat dispels the charm of antiquity. It has far more interest than being the "wedding place" of Ramona. Its history is one of romance. But its sweetest romances are buried with the gay characters that for so many years enlivened its walls.

RAMONA'S WEDDING PLACE.

A TRAIL OF ARROWS.

An Actual Experience.

C. F. DAVIS.

WHEN at work, one day, about seven miles from our camp, one of the escort was seen approaching us at top speed, wildly brandishing his carbine and evidently much excited. Clustering together, we anxiously awaited his arrival. He was soon up to us, and pulling in his horse, white with foam, he blurted out: "Two hundred Cheyenne warriors in our camp!" and, pointing toward the hills, "Just look over there!" Glancing in the direction indicated, we could see smoke issuing from at least half a dozen different points, presumptive evidence that the Indians had been watching us, possibly for days, and, having now disclosed their presence, were starting their signal fires.

To say that we were badly frightened, puts it mildly. A hurried consultation followed, and coming to the conclusion that there was nothing for us to do but return to camp we at once set out, the two engineers, who were mounted, leading the way. I believe I carried that heavy level seven miles without changing shoulders, and so engaged were we with our own gloomy thoughts that hardly a word was uttered during the entire distance. Personally, I had concluded—as, indeed, from all precedent, I well might—that our chances of living until sundown were extremely slight, and the many terrible stories I had heard of Indian atrocities, and long since accepted as true, now flocked through my mind with startling rapidity.

Mingled with these vivid pictures were "melting thoughts of home and friends," and it was no little relief when our funeral procession—as, indeed, we so considered it—came in sight of our camp. It was occupied, as the cavalryman had said, by at least two hundred Indians in full war paint. The chief of the party, a small but aged savage, whom we afterward learned was Pretty Bear, stepped forward to greet us, and by means of signs informed our chief engineer, Mr. Mills, that he and his warriors wanted something to eat. We breathed again; this was a respite, if nothing more; and the haste with which all hands set to work getting dinner ready was something astonishing. Our unwelcome visitors quite evidently appreciated the humor of the situation; for, while we were so engaged, they sat around us, laughing and chatting, and evidently having no little amusement at our expense.

Humiliating as our position was, it was not nearly as unpleasant as being burned alive at a stake, or perforated with barbed arrows, and the alacrity and politeness with which we waited upon our savage guests when the meal was prepared have, I believe, seldom, if ever, been equaled, even at first-class hotels! And the gluttony of the brutes!

I remember passing one of them a plate of crackers, and, instead of taking one, as I had expected, he cleaned the plate at one swoop, concealing all but a handful of them under his blanket. I smiled, however, as if it were a good joke, and passed him the meat! It was evident that the Indians were making alarming inroads into our stock of provisions; but there was no help for it, so we kept actively at work until their hunger was appeased.

They remained with us all day, and, toward evening, to our great relief, withdrew about half a mile down the creek, and there camped. It became apparent, during our interview with them, that the young bucks were disposed to annihilate us, and were only prevented from doing so by their chief, Pretty Bear. As the power of an Indian chief rests largely on personal influence—which we felt, in this case, was liable, at any moment, to be overcome—we slept that night with our boots on, and it is no figure of speech to say that we confidently expected to die that way. But our time, it seems, had not yet come, for the band moved eastward the next morning.

Some days after this, the wagons reached us, in escort of a company of cavalry—the latter having been detailed to accompany us through the more dangerous portions of our work. Proceeding with our survey, we crossed over the Divide, from the head of Pawnee Creek to Crow Creek—near where Cheyenne now stands—then a rolling prairie, covered with prairie-dog villages and sage-brush.

Escorted only by a company of cavalry, some sixty in number, under command of Major Doolittle, we were still pushing our weary way along the Platte, when, one day, our assistant engineer, Toland by name, reported that he had come across a camp, recently occupied by Indians. Others of the party also reported "Indian signs," and, one day, we came across a rifle-pit, evidently constructed a short while before by some emigrant train as protection from an attacking band of savages. It will be remembered that there were then no whites to the eastward of us nearer than Julesberg, opposite the mouth of Lodge-Pole Creek, perhaps one hundred and twenty-five miles distant; in a southwesterly direction, the nearest settlements were on the Cache la Poudre, fully seventy miles away; and north of us there were no whites, save at the widely scattered trading-posts. One morning, the engineers and linemen proceeded to their work, escorted, as usual, by ten soldiers, and Mr. Mills, the engineer in charge, and a man named Barker, pushed ahead, on horseback, to select the route for survey. Mr. Mills, it may be well to mention, had often been remonstrated with for going on such trips without an escort; but, apparently unaware of the meaning of danger, had always treated such remonstrances with indifference. The balance of the party, consisting of cooks, teamsters, and soldiers, remained behind to move camp to the point the surveying party expected to reach that night, a distance of perhaps ten miles.

Mills and Barker had just left us, and we had begun work on the line, when one of the soldiers raised the startling cry of "Indians!" Our first assistant engineer, Shaw by name, had speedily brought us together, and, thus bunched, we made all haste to join the escort. The line, at this time, was being run through a shallow swale, or depression, one edge of which overlooked a wide expanse of rolling prairie; and, when first seen, the Indians, a hundred or more in number, all mounted, were coming across this prairie at full speed, and headed directly for us!

Feeling sure that we could not better our position, we stood our ground, and the Indians, separating at the base of the hill, completely encircled our little party, brandishing their bows and arrows, and uttering their fierce war-whoops! In executing this maneuver, they did not, however, come within gunshot, though they were near enough for us to see that they were profusely decorated with shells, beads, and feathers, and in full war paint. Had we been ensconsed, we will say, behind the walls of a substantial stone fort, or in some equally secure position, the yelling horde of picturesquely attired savages, riding their fiery, half-wild mustangs with consummate grace and skill, would have presented a decidedly brilliant and interesting spectacle; but, as it was, the sight had few charms for us. Our only thought was: Outnumbered five to one, on foot, and poorly armed, what chance have we for our lives if they make a determined attack upon us? And our own beating hearts supplied the answer—None! I have said that we were poorly armed; such, to our consternation, proved to be the case, though it is true that there was no one else to blame in the matter but ourselves.

As had often been the case before, the weather being warm, and our pistols heavy, many of the latter had been left behind, in camp; and, upon making a hasty examination, we found that there were but five or six in the party, and some of these not fully loaded. The soldiers, it is true, had their carbines, but several of these, even, were out of repair. Serious as our predicament was, I could not help being amused, inwardly, at our attempts to present a fierce and formidable appearance—several of the party standing ready to fire off the transit with the "plumb-bob," while others made similar warlike demonstrations with the level and rod. Whatever the cause—whether from a wholesome dread of our instruments or not—they continued to keep at a respectful distance, and, encouraged by their show of indecision, we commenced moving slowly toward camp, the Indians still encircling us, but falling back as we advanced. In the meantime, the wagon train had started ahead, and could be seen, perhaps a mile below us, moving slowly across the plain.

Making all haste possible, we had soon come up with it, when the Indians withdrew, in a body, to a considerable distance, soon disappearing from view behind a slight "rise" in the prairie. It seems that the party in charge of the wagon train had observed the Indians about as they surrounded us; the teamsters and cooks urging the officer in command of the escort to go to our rescue. This he had flatly refused to do, claiming that what they believed to be Indians were wild horses.

Our first thought, upon reaching the wagon train, was concerning Mr. Mills's safety, and Mr. Toland begged the Major to go in immediate search of him. This he finally consented to do.

Selecting a few men to look after the camp, we took the mules out of the wagons, and, mounting every available animal, set out in pursuit of the Indians.

We then had an opportunity of observing, for the first time, the tactics so often and successfully adopted by Indians under similar circumstances. One by one they separated from the main body, branching off at both sides of our course; and, not daring to break our own party, we soon found ourselves in pursuit of a mere handful of them, and they—evidently among the best mounted of them—commencing to draw away from us.

The uselessness of pursuing them farther soon became apparent to us, and, giving up the chase, we commenced an active search for Mills and Barker. It was, for a time, fruitless, but, at last, one of the party discovered an arrow sticking nearly upright in the ground. Following the direction it pointed, another was soon found, and still another—in fact, it finally developed into a clearly defined trail of arrows! Our fears for the safety of our comrades were now aroused to the utmost, and not without cause, for, at the end of this singular trail, we came upon the nude body of poor Mills, scalped in two places, perforated by several bullets, and transfixed by no

less than nineteen barbed arrows! It was, indeed, a horrible spectacle, and our own escape that morning from a similar fate was brought home to us with startling distinctness.

But there was little time for words or tears. Reverently covering "the poor, cast-off garment of humanity" with our coats, we conveyed it back to camp, and at once instituted an active search for Barker.

We had about abandoned it, when, near the end of the third day, the searching party of which I was a member came in sight of the missing man making rapidly away from us. Upon overhauling him, we found that he was partially demented, and had mistaken us for Indians.

We took him back to camp, where, after a few days of rest and careful nursing, he recovered sufficiently to tell his sad story. The Indians, it appeared, had come upon them just as Mr. Mills, who was an enthusiastic sportsman, was attempting to extricate an empty shell from his Henry rifle; he having dismounted a moment before to take a shot at an antelope. At sight of the Indians he sprang upon his horse, and, together, a pistol in each hand, they attempted to dash through the encircling band of savages. Barker was almost immediately knocked from his horse by one of their clubs, and as he fell one of the Indians pulled up to give him his *coup de grace* with an arrow. But it was not so ordained. The arrow flew from the string with enough force to have pinned him to the earth, but, striking a huge tin tobacco box that he carried in his pocket, fell to the ground. The Indian started back in astonishment, and, as Barker leveled his gun at him, yelled "Pohone!" (Medicine Man) and kept on after poor Mills, concluding, no doubt, that Medicine or no Medicine Barker would not be able to get far from the spot on foot. Crawling off among the bushes, he had finally succeeded in reaching the hills, and making good his escape. Both men were well mounted and armed, and had they but kept on high ground would have stood a good chance of escape.

Mills's body was taken to Cache la Poudre and there buried. Barker recovered, in the main, though, I believe, that his terrible experience left an impression upon his after-life.

We boarded the train at North Platte, and happier men than we, when we realized that for a time, at least, our troubles were over, it is difficult to imagine. That was my first experience in frontier life—though by no means my last—and for months, aye! years, afterward, the more startling incidents of it intruded themselves even upon my dreams.

THE POSTAGE-STAMPS OF THE WORLD.

CHARLES E. JENNEY.

How little attention the average person pays to so insignificant a thing as the postage-stamp on the letter he receives from the postman; yet it is a talisman of wonderful, aye, magic power. It has brought the letter to him from a friend miles away, perhaps across the continent, perhaps over the sea and half around the world. It tells him at a glance from what far country it has come, and also gives him more or less practical information about that country. A collection of the postal-stamps of all countries is a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge. Not only is the collecting of these little pieces of stamped paper fascinating, but the number of facts, otherwise unheeded, impressed on one's mind in the process of collecting them, is astonishing. History, geography, biography, zoology—lessons under all these headings and many others are learned by the philatelist, which means a collector of old postage-stamps.

Many countries have, as a design, their coat-of-arms displayed on their stamps, as Russia, with its double-headed eagle, Germany, and Turkey, which usually denotes them as monarchies.

The portrait of its ruler is the favorite design of a great many countries. Queen Victoria's portrait has adorned every English stamp ever issued and most of the stamps of England's colonies, and in this way has traveled to every corner of the world. Good British subjects are reminded that they are kissing their Queen whenever they moisten the gum of a stamp to put it on a letter.

Oscar II. of Sweden is seen on the Swedish stamps and Victor Emanuel on the Italian. Little Queen Wilhelmina, though now quite a young lady, still sends out her picture, taken when nine or ten years old, on the stamps of Netherlands; while baby Alfonso of Spain may be seen on the Spanish, Puerta Rican, and Cuban stamps—at least those Cuban stamps that come from Havana and the Spanish lines, for the insurgent Cubans have issued a stamp for themselves with the motto "Cuba Libre" on it.

Our own United States stamps are a regular portrait gallery of our great statesmen and warriors. Franklin, Washington, Lincoln, Jackson, Garfield, Grant, Sherman, Webster, Scott, Clay, and Commodore Perry are all pictured on our postal issues. The one-cent stamp has always borne the face of Franklin and the value of the common letter rate usually that of Washington, a living testimonial to the Father of his Country.

It has been the aim of most countries to present on their stamps characteristic features of their climate and soil, either in the animal or vegetable world, or scenes of great interest for which those countries are noted. Such stamps are not only very beautiful examples of engraving, but of especial interest for the lessons they teach.

On the stamps of Guatemala we find the quetzal, the sacred bird of the Aztecs; on New South Wales stamps, the lyre bird, the emu, and the kangaroo; on Peruvian stamps, the llama. Stamps from Indo-China and the Straits Settlements picture a tiger springing from the jungle; Persian stamps show a lion; Newfoundland, a seal, a codfish, and the head of a Newfoundland dog; Sirmoor, a Native Indian state, has an elephant. On the stamps of Labuan may be seen a stag and a crocodile; on Liberians, a hippopotamus; on Seychelles Islands, a turtle.

The handsome West Australia stamps have a swan on them, for this colony was once known as Swan's River. Tasmanian stamps show us the duck-billed platypus, that curious "missing link" peculiar to this country.

Illustrative of the vegetable world, Samoan stamps show the palm tree; Japanese, the chrysanthemum; and Nova Scotian, the shamrock and thistle.

Designs emblematic of the postal service and its methods are also used on the stamps of many countries. Certain Austrian and Greek stamps have the head of Mercury, that fleet-footed messenger of the gods, on them. Norwegian stamps have a post-horn, that being the means of notifying the people of the arrival of the mails in that country. On New Brunswick stamps is seen a locomotive, and, also, a steamship; on Nicaraguan stamps, a telegraph instrument. Mexican stamps represent a peon runner with a mail-pouch slung on a pole, and, also, a pack-mule train. Stamps from the Somali Coast, in Northeast Africa, represent a camel, there a factor in the transportation of the mails to the interior.

Changes in government are at once indicated by the postage-stamps of the country. In France, the First Republic used stamps with a picture representing Liberty. When Napoleon changed it to an empire again his portrait appeared on all the stamps; and after his downfall and the return to a republican government the design on the stamps represented "Fraternity and Equality." In Brazil, the displacement of the Emperor, Dom Pedro II., was made known to all the world by the withdrawal of the stamps that contained his portrait and the issue of a set representing "Liberty" and showing the Southern Cross.

The few and rare stamps of the Southern Confederacy, representing Jefferson Davis in place of our own revered Washington, are a frail memorial of the brief reign of the Southern Confederacy, when our nation nearly became two.

Among other interesting stamps are those of Hawaii, showing a view of the harbor of Honolulu; Congo, picturing the cataracts of the Congo River; Salvador, showing a volcano; Obock, with its group of naked savages; Egypt, presenting the Sphinx and the Pyramids; and the stamps of Greece, issued last year to celebrate the Olympian Games held at Athens, and representing the wrestlers, the discobolus, and the amphitheater.

The first stamp, an English one, was issued only a little over fifty years ago, in 1841. The first United States stamp was issued in 1847. The best work of the artist and engraver has always been employed in the design and manufacture of our stamps, and the same care is taken in handling them and guarding against theft that is taken with our paper money.

A two-cent stamp will take a letter from the tip of Alaska to the most southern cape of Florida, a distance of over six thousand miles. Is it any wonder that we should look with pride to our Postoffice Department? Is it any wonder that these little pieces of paper—postage-stamps—have found a wonderful interest for collectors? It is probably not more than thirty years ago that the first boy conceived the idea of keeping all the different stamps he could get from foreign countries, yet the fad has so spread that to-day there are 600,000 collectors in the United States alone. So strong a hold did the fad take that men began to deal in old, cancelled stamps, selling them to collectors. To-day the stamp dealer is a recognized tradesman in all our large cities, and transacts thousands of dollars' worth of business in stamps in a year. Catalogues are issued, and the stamps are all priced according to their scarcity. Some very high prices have been paid by collectors for certain very scarce stamps. For instance, two British Guiana stamps sold for about three thousand dollars, and recently two United States local stamps sold for almost five thousand dollars. Of course, these were exceedingly rare specimens, but they help to show to what extent stamp collecting has been carried, placing it in the rank with autograph, rare china, and old coin collecting; in fact, it has almost displaced the latter in popular favor. The mania for stamp collecting has struck all classes of people—doctors, lawyers, ministers, as well as schoolboys. Royal heads of Europe are not exempt from the fascination, and it is pretty certain that if once a person becomes thoroughly interested he never gets over it. After all, if it is a fad and a mania, have I not shown that it is a most useful and instructive one, and have I not proven that there is a vast amount of interest in those little pieces of perforated paper we call postage-stamps?

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

DAY.

A sweet smile dawned on her fair, young face
As she slipped from Night's shadowy, fond embrace.

Spangled with dew in her bright array,
She wakened the world where it sleeping lay.

And lo, at her coming, the wild birds sang
Till valley and woodland with music rang.

On through the cities she blithely sped
Where the struggling masses toil for bread.

She lit up the byways of Charity,
But they pressed on blindly and would not see.

She whispered of gold in its earthy bed;
They reached for the shining dross instead.

She pointed the path to the goal of Right;
They covered their faces from her sight.

When the lilies drooped and the fading west
Sent a mute farewell to the mountain's crest.

Slowly and sadly the lonely Day
In her dust-stained garments stole away.

Weary with watching the haunts of men,
She crept to Night's sheltering breast again.

Paris has a veteran executioner in the person of M. Deibler, who has gone through life decapitating his fellow beings until now he has a list of two hundred people whom he has beheaded. These names he "points" to "with pride," much as an Indian wears the scalps of his tomahawked victims at his belt. It is, of course, a very commendable and praiseworthy thing to take a great deal of interest in one's vocation, and to be ambitious about making a success of one's profession. But it seems a trifle gruesome to behold an executioner entering with zest into the details of his peculiarly unattractive business; and when he carries his enthusiasm to such an extent as to hope (which the Parisian gentleman is credited with doing) that he will lop off the three hundredth head before his career closes, it rather jars upon the sensibilities of a person who has not had any experience in the gentle art of decapitation. Some beings are, however, singularly constituted. No doubt the guillotine and Monsieur, its operator, are on as friendly terms from long association as a woman and her curling irons, or a housekeeper and her cheese knife. Constant intimacy, perhaps, may take the rough edge of horror even from a guillotine, to one who lives, as it were, within its shadow, but I do not envy the French expert his job. It surely cannot be conducive to sweet slumber, when one seeks one's pillow in the dark, stilly hours of night, to recall the day's achievements in the matter of head collecting. M. Deibler must have cast-iron nerves, a heart of steel, and a digestion that would make an ostrich turn green with envy, else would he abandon his fearful responsibilities and gladly become a trolley-car gripman, where he could take human life unintentionally, if taking life were his peculiar destiny. I think I would be supremely glad of "any old thing" that would net me a livelihood were I in M. Deibler's shoes. Two hundred heads! Br-r-r-r-r! It makes one shiver just to think of it. And do they never haunt you, M. Deibler?

It seems to me, did any sinful mortal,
Through me, approach eternity in dread,
That I, than send him crashing through death's portal,
Would infinitely rather lose *my* head.

That lowly but succulent morsel, the potato, has great possibilities, if we are to believe the statement of a recent German writer that there are no less than eight hundred and ten ways of preparing it for the table. The ambitious young housewife who is heroically trying to master the secret of boiling a potato properly is apt to get discouraged when she reflects on these eight hundred and nine ways that she don't know anything about. Cookery is such an elusive art, anyway. It takes pains and brains to be a good cook. As for the other virtues in the way of patience, angelic temper, and a fondness for soot, perhaps the least said concerning them the better. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the physical side of the question. A fine scorn for such petty frailties as backache and weary muscles should animate every woman who grapples with this stupendous question. In the bright lexicon of a cook there should be no such word as fail, for failure means that indigestion will be the frightful consequences, and divorce follows indigestion as the night the day.

Of all the idiots, cheerful and otherwise, abroad upon the face of the earth, none is so insufferable and so dangerous as he who deems it a witty thing to pull a chair from under another and suddenly precipitate the victim of his murderous pleasantry to the floor. The injuries that result from this all too frequently recurring demonstration of lunacy are always painful and sometimes fatal, and 'twere indeed a thousand pities that the fatality could not be shared by the several kinds of fool (will my men readers kindly supply the blanks for me with the strongest epithets at their command?) who is responsible for the disaster. A case of this kind occurred not long ago in Sacramento, the very estimable young lady upon whom the trick was played by a young man, expiring after a frightful illness. Although as much a murderer as though he had performed the equally idiotic and death-dealing feat of pointing and firing a pistol that he did not suppose was loaded—after the manner of other idiots the world over—this perpetrator of a crime goes free of punishment. This is not right. In all justice, a terrible example should be made of such offenders, in the hope that similar accidents might be prevented thereby. The world can well spare the idiots who infest it.

Wonderful, indeed, are the improvements made for the simplification of domestic duties, but somehow nobody has so far brought scientific invention to bear upon a new method of darning punctured socks or spanking refractory babies.

When work and I have said good-by,
And folded lie these hands of mine;
When dumb to all thy questioning
I answer not by any sign;
Yet shall I know that sad thou art,
And love thee even more, sweetheart,
Than in the days ere work and I
Had said good-by.

When work and I have said good-by,
The voice that soothed my every ill
And cheered me when the way was dark
Shall be my sweetest music still.
The dead can hear. The dead can see.
In death I shall have need of thee.
Oh, be thou nigh when work and I
Have said good-by!

Mrs. Cleveland, in planning her new home at Princeton, has given the decorative work to a young Washington artist, Miss Grace Temple. This graceful recognition of her talent will, without doubt, lay the foundation of a fortune for Miss Temple. Other people of wealth and prominence will follow Mrs. Cleveland's example, and the future of her protege will be assured. In many ways the charming mistress of the White House has been a mascot to others. It pleased her fancy, in the early days of her social reign, to "drop in" for luncheon at an obscure little establishment unknown to the world of fashion. The news went abroad throughout the city, and so great was the rush of patronage to the restaurateur's shabby parlors that in a very short time he was enabled to remove to commodious quarters. By the time his distinguished patron, annoyed at the staring to which she was subjected, was obliged to seek a more secluded retreat, his place had made its reputation, and he was on the high road to prosperity. This once struggling caterer is now a wealthy man.

Baby shows having been declared illegal in New York, will not, it is to be hoped, have a depressing effect upon that branch of home industry. It is a sensible law, and should be enforced in every State in the Union that betrays a tendency to break out in this fashion. The place for babies is at home, and not on exhibition in a hall which, however ventilated, may injure by its temperature the health of the unfortunate infant thus paraded before a public which is more than likely to bring countless disease germs within breathing distance of the "exhibits." Notwithstanding what it can do in the way of lung exercise, especially in the solemn watches of the night, a baby is but the tenderest of earthly blossoms, and cannot be too carefully guarded from physical ills that may render its future existence a curse instead of a blessing. Mothers, keep those dear little prizes of yours in the home nest.

"What shall we eat?" the man of science cries,
And solves the problem deep, as he has met it.
But that which most concerns us, I surmise,
Is not "What shall we eat?" but "But how to get it."

Somebody is agitating the question, "If a man were placed in a twenty-year trance, what would be his first request upon regaining consciousness?"

Well, if he were a San Francisco man, he would probably say, "Put me to sleep for another twenty years. I want to see them lay the corner-stone of our new postoffice."

This is a very inconsistent world. Sarah Bernhardt, we are told, is particularly fond of tiger cubs as pets, and the young Duchess of Marlborough prefers vultures, eagles, and reptiles of all kinds. We look upon such idiosyncrasies with mild indulgence, but let a man have snakes and we bundle him into the Home of Inebriates without ceremony.

A "practical" invention which seems decidedly impractical is a revolving table for the dining-room, a burst of inspiration on the part of a woman, who must certainly be the mother of a large and hungry family else would she never have been driven to such a labor-saving expedient. It is a table in two parts, a central revolving disc, with an outer stationary ring. Around this the family sit in their accustomed places, and when they desire something from the opposite side, they move the central part of the table until the wished-for article is at hand. There are only about twenty objections, more or less, to this scheme. It is confusing to even imagine the uproar at that up-to-date family board when papa's darling boy wants the syrup at the identical moment that mamma's pet daughter decides to whirl the patent table until she can reach its syrup cargo herself. For a noisy household of badly behaved infants from three to thirteen years (you and I, unfortunately, have at some time or another encountered such in our pilgrimage through this vale of tears), I can imagine the pandemonium that would ensue at meal-time, and the wholesale slaughter of dishes when that table was groaning under the manipulations of half a dozen youngsters intent upon whirling it in half a dozen ways. Then the question of patent adjustable tablecloths suggests itself. No, that "practical" table of yours, dear sister, will prove a delusion and a snare. Try something else that will benefit the human race in general and your suffering sex in particular. Invent a theater-chair that will snap, with a time lock, a clamp across the knees of the man who sits therein, and not release him until the play is over, in order to conquer that little habit he has of going out via your toes between the acts. Invent a pocket that we can locate in our skirts without calling in the neighbors or telling our troubles to a policeman when we want to find a handkerchief. Invent a folding-bed that will not abuse your confidence by trying to make a ham sandwich of you when you are asleep and can't help yourself. Invent any one of a hundred things for which there is a long-felt want, from a hairpin that will not lose itself inside of five minutes, to a suspender button contented with its sphere of usefulness. Your table, dear sister, won't work a little bit.

NEW GOLD.

MY SWEETHEART.

W. V. BRYAN.

Sometimes a fellow will digress
From beaten paths of life;
And, doing so, perhaps impress
Another than the wife.

I have a sweetheart, cute as can be,
Prone to hug and kiss.
How on earth could any man be
Cold to one like this?

I confess that I've embraced her,
In our great armchair;
Often kissed her as I faced her,
Stroked her sunny hair.

One day my wife came in and found me,
As in my arms I caught her;
And hers, too, were both around me,
Why not—she was my daughter!

ITEMS.

Swain's Restaurant, on Sutter Street, has been more than unusually popular since the adoption of the "Table d'Hote" dinner for $1.00. Swain's is one of the best known restaurants in the city, and caters especially to the tourist trade. With these splendid dinners and their elaborate bill of fare, one can be as well served as at the famous Cafe Savarin at New York.

In case you are troubled with defective vision or any other difficulty in connection with the eyes, you will find that the California Optical Co., at 317 Kearny Street, San Francisco, is unquestionably the best place in the city to visit. They are both scientific and practical in the conduct of their business, and rank among the best opticians on this Coast.

Since Messrs. Nichols & Co., San Francisco, took the agency for the Sterling Bicycles, they have had every reason to feel more than encouraged at the outlook for the season. The Sterling this year is built just as fine as ever, and little improvements have been made wherever it is possible to do so. The Sterling will always be popular, and without question ranks to-day as the highest classed wheel in the American market. It is well when buying a wheel to bear facts of this kind in mind, and get one upon which you can have some dependence when you may be ten or fifteen miles from home.

Tourists visiting San Francisco should make it a point to call on Frank Deardorf, 218 Post Street, who makes a specialty of keeping on hand a most elaborate and elegant assortment of Japanese curios. Mr. Deardorf is, furthermore, a most congenial gentleman, and would be pleased to have any visiting tourists at San Francisco call upon him and inspect his beautiful collection. It costs nothing to look at them, and it is really one of the places of San Francisco which should not be missed by those visiting the city.

The Robert Malcom Co., 735 Market Street, San Francisco, carry an elaborate supply of bicycle parts, tires, etc. Call on them for anything in that line.

"I'm not going to let this paper be caught in any more libel suits, if I know it, by George!" exclaimed the editor of the *Morning Sensation*, running his eye rapidly over a page of copy that lay on his desk. And he inserted a word, so that the sentence read: "Cain, the alleged murderer of Abel," etc.

Cheap articles are usually the most expensive in the end. When you want anything in the fur line (especially sealskins) drop in and see Max Hoflich, No. 121 Post Street, San Francisco. He carries a complete stock, and does nothing but first-class work at reasonable rates. You may save a few dollars by trying him.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

Willis—When my wife makes me a present, it is sure to be something that will last.

Wallace—My wife is just like her. Five years ago she made me a present of one hundred cigars, and I have ninety-nine of them yet.

Prattle (to his wife)—You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions.

Mrs. Prattle—I should like to know how you get at that conclusion.

Prattle—You say, there's no use talking, and then you talk for hours.

Mme. Trapino—You told me, sir, that all I had to do was to leave the table-cloth outside during the night, and the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I did so last night.

"Ah! then the stains——"

"No; it was the cloth that disappeared!"

Together they were looking over the paper. "Oh, how funny," said she.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Why, here is an advertisement that says, 'No reasonable offers refused.'"

"What's so odd about that?"

"Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush, "only those are my sentiments."

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Senior Partner—Look here, Mr. Sheeply, the first of last month you came to me and said you were thinking seriously of getting married, and on the strength of that I gave you a raise in your salary. What's the matter? Aren't you going to get married?

Sheeply—No, sir. I thought so seriously of it that I concluded I wouldn't.

Little Ethel surprised cook in the kitchen in the act of skinning a rabbit. Shocked beyond measure, she inquired with mingled pity and indignation in her wide-open eyes, "Whatever are you doing, cook?" "I'm dressing the rabbit, Miss Ethel." The child reflected an instant, and said, "I should think you were undressing it."

The Colonel What was that noise I heard just now?

His nephew Oh, I was blowing up my servant.

The Colonel May I ask why?

His nephew—Well—aw—you see he is such a confounded idiot!

The Colonel—But did it never occur to you that if he weren't such a confounded idiot he could never have been your servant?—*Punch*.

Miss Casey—I always pay as I go.

Gertrude (who is tired)—Do you see anything in this room you would like to buy?

GOOD LIVING

is the first requirement for an even temper and peace of mind. You like your meals well served, palatable, and reasonable in price. We combine all these features, and between the hours of 5 and 8 P. M., serve the finest "Table d'Hote" dinner in the city for $1.

AT "SWAIN'S"

213 SUTTER ST., Near Kearny. SAN FRANCISCO.

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317-319 KEARNY STREET.

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Most centrally located. Cable cars pass the house for all parts of the city. Floors carpeted with the best body brussels and velvet. Electric bells and heated by steam. The only house in the city running a FREE 'BUS both ways and independent of the Transfer Co. Watch for the Natick House 'bus. Rates, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per day. HART BROS., Proprietors.

London, Chatham, & Dover Railway.

A. THORNE, Formerly at H. B. Claflin & Co's, New York. American Representative in England, London, Chatham and Dover Railway, Victoria Station, London, S. W.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

Telegrams: Caldover, London.

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Pipe Organ Manufacturer.

No. 620 Sixteenth Street, OAKLAND, CAL.

Repairing, Rebuilding, Revoicing and Tuning Promptly Executed. Write for Catalogue.

ST. HELENA SANITARIUM.
ST. HELENA, CAL.

Beautiful home on the mountain side over-looking Napa Valley, consisting of large main building, cottages and tents. Elevator, steam heat, call bell and night watch service. Swimming tank, gymnasium and beautiful walks are among the attractions. Best adapted for those who want quiet and rest. Massage and electricity among the agents used; treatment for all chronic ailments. Accommodations first-class and terms reasonable. Send for circular.

HOTEL ITEMS.

THE new hotel at Highland Springs, Lake County, is about completed, and forms a very beautiful addition to that interesting and fascinating resort. With this structure in addition to the old hostelry, Highlands can now accommodate about five hundred people, and there is every indication it will be taxed to this capacity and more during the coming season. There are a great many other improvements in addition that have been made throughout the grounds, including the modernizing of the open-air swimming-tank, which will henceforth be quite a feature of the place. Mr. Craig, the manager, deserves much credit for his zeal, enterprise, and originality in conducting unquestionably one of the most popular resorts in the State of California.

The Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara is as beautiful and charming as ever, and has lost none of its former patronage under the management of Mr. E. P. Dunn, and is without question one of the most desirable summer and winter resorts in Southern California. The famous drives of Santa Barbara, with its exceptional sea-bathing and its incomparable climate, are in themselves enough to make this one of the most delightful resorts imaginable. The patrons at the Arlington during the past season have proved that this feature has been duly appreciated.

The Painter Hotel at Pasadena has been doing a splendid business this season. Always neat, attractive, and homelike, it draws regularly from the better class of people who enjoy a place of this character. The drives are delightful, and withal it enjoys the advantage of being located in the most picturesque section of the San Gabriel Valley, and convenient to a great many places of amusement and interest for tourists.

The St. Nicholas Hotel at San Francisco seems to have suffered no diminution in its standard since it was first opened by Messrs. Doolittle & Son. It has a high standard of excellence, and the reputation adopted at the outset has been maintained ever since, and to-day it is taxed to its utmost capacity.

Under the management of F. A. Shepard, the Hotel Mateo at San Mateo seems to have taken a new lease of life. It has always been popular with the public, but Mr. Shepard is making every energy to increase its good name, and to offer various kinds of amusements and improvements to secure a large share of the summer exodus. Mr. Shepard is untiring in his efforts, and we have every reason to believe that San Mateo will have the call for the coming season's business.

We understand that the Hollenbeck Hotel is still filled to overflowing. It ought to be, for it is well managed and most centrally located in Los Angeles. Mr. A. C. Bilicke deserves all the success he has achieved since his connection with the hotel.

The Brewster Hotel at San Diego has been filled to overflowing within the past few days, during the Water Carnival at that point, and, consequently, Manager O'Brien is correspondingly happy. The Brewster enjoys a splendid location, and whenever any trade comes to San Diego he manages to get more than his share of it.

The Hotel Van Nuys at Los Angeles has been financially successful since its opening a little over a month ago. It is magnificently equipped throughout, and ranks with some of the best caravansaries in the United States. The experimental part has passed, and Mr. Potter, the proprietor, can be assured of continued success and prosperity.

The Natick House at Los Angeles is doing a good business, and Hart Bros. deserve much credit for the admirable manner in which they conduct this well-known house. The season will shortly open for the annual migration to Paso Robles Springs. The hotel has been thoroughly renovated and many changes made for the comfort of its guests, and indicates a most lively and prosperous season.

Just a couple of hours' ride from San Francisco, at St. Helena, Cal., is located one of the finest equipped sanitariums in the State, known as the St. Helena Sanitarium. It overlooks the beautiful Napa Valley, and the buildings throughout are large and contain every comfort known to modern art and neatness. There is a swimming-tank, gymnasium, and other attractions for the visitor. Those desiring a real good rest in connection with any necessary medical treatment, will find this sanitarium to fill the bill in every respect.

A SPANISH BEAUTY OF SAN FRANCISCO'S "400." *Fischer's Photo.*

The Palace Hotel Grill Room at San Francisco continues to be a theme of popular trade. It has been well patronized by the public for several months past, thereby enjoying a season of most gratifying prosperity. It is rich, elegant, and up to date in every particular, and, above all, the prices are most reasonable.

We are advised by the *Great West*, formerly a Denver publication, that it has moved its offices to Chicago, Ill., with a view to increasing its field of usefulness. It is quite an interesting magazine, and the move would seem to be a very judicious one, and will, no doubt, result in increasing prosperity for this very pretty paper.

THE BANQUETS OF DENVER.

By far the largest and most interesting banquet of the season in Denver was served in the Grand Banquet Hall of the Windsor Hotel, on the evening of Friday, February 12th, by the Colorado Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

It is the practise of the Loyal Legion to give a dinner once a month, but each year, on the occasion of the birthday of that noble leader and statesman, Abraham Lincoln, a more elaborate affair is given. In this instance the immense dining-room was beautifully decorated with flowers, flags, and evergreens, interspersed with military appliances of all kinds. The excellent music was furnished by the Seventh Regiment Band of Fort Logan.

Owing to its elegant facilities, the Windsor seems to control most of the large banquets given in Denver. Another important affair which followed was the banquet of the Denver Bar Association on February 20th.

When escorting a woman, ride on her left hand, in order that you may have your right ready to assist her. The position to the left also places you between the woman and danger that may arise from passing vehicles.

THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL.

HOTEL STREET, HONOLULU.

THE GROUNDS upon which it stands comprise an entire square fronting on Hotel Street. There are twelve pretty cottages within this charming enclosure, all under the hotel management. The hotel and cottages afford accommodations for 200 guests.

Band concerts are given upon the arrival and departure of all foreign steamers. The new band pavilion is picturesquely located on the front lawn of the hotel premises, and, lighted with colored electric lights, presents a veritable fairy scene.

The fare dispensed is the best the market affords, and is first-class in all respects. Hotel and cottages are supplied with pure water from an artesian well on the premises, and furnished throughout with electric lights and electric bells.

Every effort has been made, and money lavishly expended under the present able management to make this establishment THE MODEL FAMILY HOTEL, a reputation it now enjoys and most justly merits.

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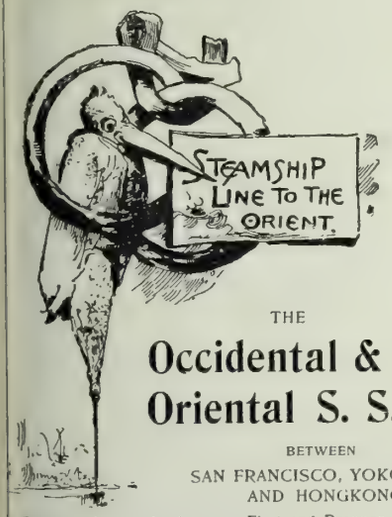

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COPTIC (via Honolulu) ..... Thursday, April 1, 1897
GAELIC ..... Wednesday, April 21, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu) ..... Tuesday, May 11, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu) ..... Saturday, May 29, 1897
COPTIC ..... Thursday, June 17, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu) ..... Wednesday, July 7, 1897

NOTE.—Cabin passengers may, if they desire, and without extra charge, lay over at Honolulu from an O. & O. or Pacific Mail steamer, either outward or homeward, and continue journey by a succeeding steamer of either company.

Holders of Regular single-trip Cabin tickets can avail, without extra charge, of a steamer of the Oceanic S. S. Co. between San Francisco and Honolulu; on twelve-months' round-trip tickets this privilege is allowed one way only, as passenger may elect. This will also apply to through tickets sold in Europe, Canada or Eastern Cities of the United States for Japan and China.

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First-class Family Hotel. RATES: $1.25 per day, $7.50 per week, board and room. Tramcars pass the door.

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Haight Street, near Park.
The Chutes, Casino, and greatest Scenic Railway on earth. An ideal pleasure resort, open afternoon and evening. Admission, 10c.

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O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell.
Prices, 25c., 50c., and 75c.
March 1st to 7th, "By Proxy."

COLUMBIA,

Powell Street, opposite Baldwin Hotel. Prices, 15c., 25c., 50c., 75c., and $1.00
March 1st to 14th, Fanny Rice.
March 15th to 28th, Cissy Fitzgerald.
March 29th, "For Fair Virginia."

ORPHEUM,

O'Farrell Street, between Stockton and Powell.
Prices, 10c., 25c., and 50c.
Continuous high-class vaudeville.
The Hungarian Court Orchestra in concerts, every evening after the regular performance, in the Orpheum Annex.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE,

Eddy Street, near Market. Prices, 25c., and 50c.
Seventeen years of consecutive opera. The most popular opera house in San Francisco.

HEADACHE POWDERS. If you are debilitated by hard work, mental worriment or the heat of summer, or from any other cause resulting in headache, try

DUPREY'S CELERY HEADACHE POWDERS.

They relieve you at once, and have no ill effect.

CONSULT YOUR DRUGGIST.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

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OROVILLE, CAL.—UNION HOTEL; first-class commercial and tourist hotel; $1.00 to $2.50 per day.

REDLANDS, CAL.—BAKER HOUSE; commercial hotel; free 'bus; rates $1.50 to $2.00 per day.

SAN FRANCISCO.—LICK HOUSE; American or European plan; the finest dining-room in the world; board with or without rooms; K. B. Soule, manager.

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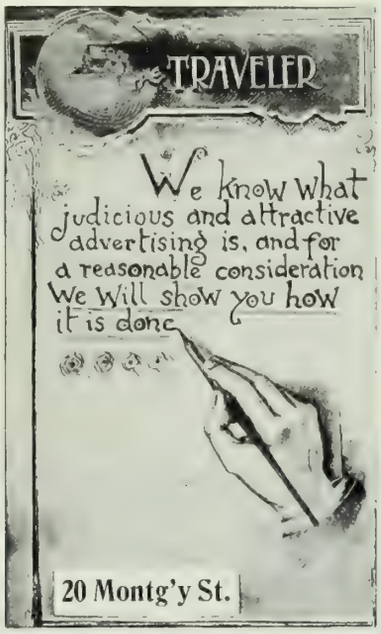

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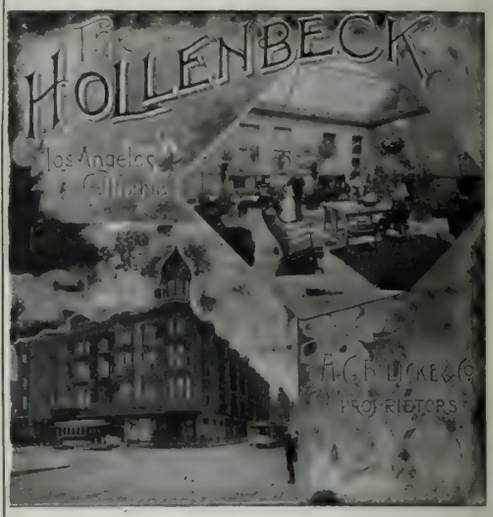

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IX. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL, 1897. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE great increase of trolley systems in competition of cable and steam railways for the carriage of passengers, and also of freight, and even mails, and the great increase in speed and frequency of trains which the growing competition has stimulated, has not been accompanied by corresponding increase of skill and care in operation. The work of running and conducting a trolley car is not looked upon as skilled labor, requiring experience, special education, and certain inherent qualifications. Anybody who can turn a handle bar or collect fares is eligible to the position of motorman or conductor on a trolley line. The long training in regard to train rules and orders, signals, meeting and passing points, grades, curves, condition of rail, holding power of brakes, precautions against accidents, and what to do when accidents occur, to which steam railway men are subjected before they are given responsibility for life and property, has little if any place in the selection of trolley operators. The movement of each independent car is placed absolutely in the discretion of the two men running it, without possibility of control by any system of train-dispatching, although the suburban electric road is always single track, and generally abounds in heavy grades and sharp curves, with the additional danger ordinarily of occupying a portion of a public highway.

The result of all this has already been seen in numerous accidents on trolley roads, including several of that most inexcusable form of accident, head-end collision, proving the necessity.

We might cite plenty of examples to show the immediate necessity of placing the operation of electric roads on a higher plane of skill and experience than at present characterizes them. Indeed, the time has come when State and National authorities should place around this new form of locomotion much the same restrictions which have long been considered necessary with regard to steam railway operation, and it should be done immediately.

TWO grand festivities are booked for Californians during the months of April and May: first, La Fiesta at Los Angeles on April 20th, and second, the Carnival of the Golden Gate at San Francisco during the week commencing May 3d. The Fiesta is the third of its kind given at the southern metropolis, and will continue for four days. More elaborate preparations than ever have been made for the coming festival, and from the announcements already made through the Bureau of Publicity there is every indication that the coming fete will excel in splendor and interest both of the prior affairs. Los Angeles was the first to introduce this innovation, and that it has proven a most phenomenal success is attested by the fact that the idea has been almost universally copied by other cities and towns throughout the State. The dazzling and profuse floral display, the cordon of Spanish Caballeros, Indians, and Chinese, and the many other unique equipages appropriate to the occasion, form one of the most striking pageants imaginable.

The Carnival of the Golden Gate in May promises to be the most brilliant festival witnessed in the West, and every effort will be made to far eclipse the display of our southern friends. New and unique features, never before introduced, and an unbroken succession of surprises and attractions will characterize this festival. California's startling and romantic history since the days of '49 will be elaborately typified, as well as many novel creations to exemplify her remarkable industrial progress. The committees having the details in hand are of the most patriotic and progressive of our citizens, and it is proposed to make this affair so gorgeous and unique that it will live forever in the calendar of the Golden Gate.

COMPARATIVELY few people—at least few of good taste and of well-balanced minds—take special cognizance of the various freaks that appear in the "Personal" columns of our great dailies, and, perhaps, fewer still realize the necessary discretion exercised by the editors of reputable magazines and journals in the acceptance of all kinds of queer advertisements that are offered for insertion from time to time. A well-regulated journal, cleanly in its appointments and select in its contents, constantly has difficulties to contend with in this line. Discreet criminals, blackmailers, home destroyers, embezzlers, charlatans, and the like, frequently use the church as a cloak to their intending perfidy and as enabling them to better promote, conduct, and shield their nefarious objects. So it is with reputable journals. These are among the first sought for by illegitimate or irresponsible advertisers, well knowing that the acceptance of their schemes at once lends a practical endorsement to their genuineness. THE TRAVELER, like some other high-class publications, has had frequent occasion to exercise the most careful scrutiny over applications of seemingly questionable character, and we think our readers will bear us out that nothing offensive has ever appeared in its columns. The offers that these scheming tricksters make for the placing of their advertisements often prove too tempting for a great many business managers, and consequently the business of the tricksters flourishes and innocents suffer.

SAILING BOATS.

BIRDS AND BEASTS IN THE PARK.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE Commissioners of Golden Gate Park have certainly acted wisely and added much to the public enjoyment by setting apart ample spaces for the accommodation of interesting birds and animals. To the south of the main driveway through the Park is a stoutly fenced sandy hollow, having a pool of water at the bottom, and adorned with enclosed and tree-planted spots. The western and higher end of this hollow is thickly overgrown with scrub oak, in which shy animals find shelter from the sun and from the inquisitive eyes of visitors. This is the "deer-glen," in which are some thirty specimens of the deer family, twelve of them being elk or moose. The elk is the largest living deer, having higher shoulders than a horse. Its head is two feet long, and its broad antlers often weigh from fifty to sixty pounds; the neck is short and stout. The hair, brown in color, coarse and thick in texture, grows longest on the neck and throat. Owing to the length of its legs, the elk cannot feed close to the ground, but in its wild state browses on the leaves of trees, the tops of plants, and the young shoots of birch and willow. In "the glen" the deer eat hay, cut grass, bran, and ground barley. The elk's antlers attain their full growth when the animal is in its fifth year, but the number of branches goes on increasing until there are fourteen of them. It is at first sight hard to understand how a creature with antlers that spread so broadly can make its way through a forest, but by carrying them horizontally entanglement in the branches of trees is avoided. Ordinarily, elk shamble along at a trot, but when alarmed they can gallop very rapidly. In the wild state they are shy and run away at the sight of man, but those in the "glen" are so much fed and petted by visitors that they are generally to be found near the railing. During the breeding season the males are fierce, and will attack with hoof and antler any creature they meet. The female elk usually has two fawns, which she brings up until they are two years old. The elk is found on the continent of North America over an area extending from the New England States to British Columbia. It is now seven years since the first pair came to San Francisco, having been captured in Humboldt County, in the northern part of the State of California, and presented to Golden Gate Park by Mr. Alvinza Hayward. There are now twelve of them, all thriving. Mr. A. B. Spreckels, the sugar-planter, presented some spotted deer from the Hawaiian Islands. The "glen" also contains a specimen of the only species of deer that has been domesticated and rendered practically useful to man—the reindeer; this species is particularly remarkable on account of the fact that males and females alike have long and branching antlers, though those of the female are more slender and not so much branched as those of the male sex. The reindeer is very fleet and possessed of great endurance; it can carry a load of three hundred pounds, and is able to travel a hundred miles with a sledge over hard frozen snow. These qualities render it very valuable as a draught animal, and serious attempts are now being made to domesticate it in the District of Alaska for the use of the natives, who, having no horses, mules, or donkeys, stand much in need of a strong and serviceable domestic draught animal.

There is in the "deer-glen" one representative of the interesting and curious marsupial tribe, so-called from the *marsupium*, or pouch, in which the mother carries her young until they are well grown. The Park specimen of the Australian kangaroo is a small one, and was presented to the Commissioners by Mr. A. B. Spreckels.

In an enclosure to the south of the "deer-glen" are specimens of the two largest known birds, the ostrich, and the emu or Australian cassowary. Emus were found in great numbers in the southeastern part of Australia on its first settlement by white men rather more than a century ago, but since that time they have been so much hunted that it is hard to find one nowadays in any of the settled regions of the continent, while in the adjacent island of Tasmania it has been exterminated. The emu feeds on roots, grass, and fruits, and lays its eggs in a hollow scraped in the ground. Emus' eggs are of a fine green color, with strong, thick shells, and are hatched by the cock-bird, who sits on them for seventy or eighty days. The young chicks at birth are striped lengthwise, with dark bands on a light ground. The eggs are much used in Australia to make goblets, inkstands, and other things as souvenirs. Emus thrive well in captivity. I remember well that about fifteen years ago I saw an enclosure at Blenheim Palace, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, in which several emus and kangaroos lived in apparent great contentment. The bird is a good swimmer and takes naturally to the water.

To the north of the "deer-glen" and of the enclosure in which the emu and ostrich proudly stalk is what is generally called the "buffalo-paddock." Here we find seven specimens of the *Bison Americanus*—three bulls, two of them full grown, three cows, and a calf or two. About six years ago the Park Commissioners purchased in Wyoming two bull bisons and a cow; one of these died and was replaced by one brought from the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia. The calf was born in May of last year, and is the only bull bison born in the Park. The *Bison Americanus* is a most powerful animal, remarkable for great breadth of forehead, long limbs, and a hump of powerful muscles on the shoulders. He has fourteen pairs of ribs, or one pair more than the ordinary ox. The forehead and neck are covered with shaggy, long, dark brown hair, which in winter spreads over the hump and shoulders as well. Originally the bison was very widely distributed over North America, being found as far north as latitude sixty-three degrees, and as far south as New Mexico, but rarely to the west of the Rockies. Enormous herds used to roam over the western prairies in search of the young grass which sprang up after a prairie fire. During most of the year the bulls remained by themselves, but in the breeding season the two sexes joined company, and many were the fierce battles between the bulls contending for the favor of the cows. The Indians, who found their flesh, hides, horns, and bones useful for many purposes, used to shoot the bisons from horseback with arrows, or drive them to the edge of a precipice, over which those in the rear would push the leaders. But the introduction of repeating weapons has swept almost all the herds out of existence.

Taber Photos. KANGAROO THE OLD ELK. "MONARCH," THE GRIZZLY.

BUFFALO PADDOCK

Another animal that has now become scarce is the Californian grizzly bear. A fine specimen, named Monarch, was exhibited in a pit in "the '49 Mining Camp" at the California Midwinter Exposition in 1894 by the San Francisco *Examiner*. After the Exposition was over Mr. W. R. Hearst, the proprietor of the *Examiner*, presented Monarch to the Golden Gate Park. He is a large animal, and said to be the only Californian grizzly now in captivity. He is confined in a strong iron cage about seventy feet long and thirty feet wide, having outside it a railing to keep people from getting too near to the bars. Monarch is fed on bread, carrots, and other vegetables, and gets meat only twice a week. But visitors throw him so many cakes and apples that he has grown fat and lazy, and can rarely be induced even to stand up. Within the limits of his cage is a little pool of water, in which he often wallows.

In the Japanese Garden, which was one of the attractions of the California Midwinter Fair, and is now one of the permanent ornaments of the Park, are two Japanese storks, which stand around on one leg in a miniature lake and meditate on their early days in the land of the chrysanthemum.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT STRIKE.

FLORENCE MAUD PATTON.

IT WAS June of '94. The great railroad strike in Chicago, which followed the closing down of the Pullman works, was fully inaugurated. Doubt, uncertainty, and expectation pervaded everything. The city had been declared under martial law, and, whether constitutional or unconstitutional, the mayor had been deposed, as it were, and temporarily set in the background as an insufficient functionary, while the great populace was in the hands of the United States troops, with Major-General Nelson A. Miles in command. Trains stood still in the yards or lay demolished on the tracks, where kerosene and dynamite and gunpowder had done their destructive work; and if an engineer was ordered out with his train he never knew, neither did the conductor nor any official of the road, whether it would get to the end of the line or lie demolished beside the tracks with their disfigured bodies underneath the wreck.

People gathered together in groups on the street corners, read the bulletin boards, and watched the gathering storm. Extras, damp from the press came out every hour. The great daily with which I was connected had been threatened, and at the close of the day a message was telephoned in from the stockyards that all the cars in that vicinity had been saturated with combustibles and that South Halsted Street would be in a blaze in less than half an hour. The mob in that neighborhood, which, up to this time, had been held in check, was now getting past all management, making the wildest demonstrations, building barricades, and taking on all the aspects of a Paris commune, and the militia were in line, holding their fire for an attack. It was sheer recklessness to go to the scene of the riot, and yet I felt impelled to go. How often had I imagined the wild excitement of a city under siege! How often painted in imagination the bombardment of Alexandria, the sacking of Rome, and the storming of Constantinople! I felt that I was about to see some such dream fulfiled. I knew if I asked to go I should be assigned some other duty, so, leaving a hastily written note on the managing editor's desk, I took advantage of his absence and hurried away, borne on by that irresistible fascination born in the hearts of children whose cradle songs were fraught with the dying echoes of the guns of the Civil War, whose cannonading was not yet too remote to be a terrible memory in the hearts of the mothers who rocked them, and who are still mourning for loved ones that gave their lives to the cause.

Another member of the staff accompanied me, and, calling a cab, we hurried southward. Some two or three blocks away we halted at the smell of fire and got out to reconnoiter. Policemen, whose importance had been wholly eclipsed by the arrival of the troops, were walking idly about, exercising what authority they could command by making law-abiding citizens as uncomfortable as possible. "It's no place for a woman," I heard one of them say in a coarse voice as I went by with my companion, and wondering if it were any place for a man, I walked on, knowing that the badge I wore would admit me to any place I wanted to go.

Further on, a little band of Salvationists were holding their regular evening service, undeterred by the terror and threatened destruction around them. In the center of the group a girl was singing, in a sweet soprano voice, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and looking at her saintly face, we could not doubt her words,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

A face more divinely beautiful was certainly never encircled in the halo of a saint than that framed in the blue and red of an old Salvation bonnet; and as she sang, she seemed perfectly unconscious that her already divine face would need no transfiguration to beautify the upper courts when she should be called from that Halsted-street corner to sing in the choir immortal. And if she did not call angels down with her heavenly voice, as Saint Cecelia did, she certainly drew men away from fire and bloodshed to listen as she sang—

"I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence in the dim and flaring lamps,
Our God is marching on!"

All unconscious of her radiant beauty and the admiring eyes upon her, she dropped on one knee and began her prayer, with one hand held up in invocation and the other grasping the staff of the flag whose folds gently swept her shoulders, rested there and floated away, only to drop gently back as they were moved by the evening wind. But the young volunteer who marched beside her, and carried the colors, was not unmindful of her beauty as he held her tambourine while she prayed. I said to the young man with me, who stood lost in admiration over those white, uplifted arms, from which the loose sleeves had fallen back, and the yellow curls that played about her white forehead, insubordinate to military discipline, and refused to stay inside the bonnet where the daughters of the Army are wont to wear them—I said, "Do you wonder that the old Greeks should have dedicated a temple to the worship of beauty?" I longed to have the picture in a frame, to put it on canvas where it could not be lost, for I felt that I should not look upon its like again.

"You'll have to get away from there," shouted the big voice of a policeman from across the street. "The mob is movin' this way and they'll be here in five minutes!" But, as his eyes fell upon the dramatic picture under the flag, he did not come to enforce his command and the little devotee went on with her petition. Although he had about as much respect for the Salvation Army as an anarchist has for law and order, he paid the tribute of a man's devotion at the shrine of a woman's beauty, and looked on and left her undisturbed.

Meanwhile, the mob was moving slowly, advancing and retreating, but gradually gaining on the troops, who sought to control it without opening fire, when somebody sprang upon a kerosene barrel and made a fiery appeal to the Poles and Hungarians in the vanguard to charge upon the soldiers with clubs and crowbars, which they did with maddening fury, and got a volley from the rifles of the militia in return. This spread terror and panic in every direction. Skirmishing was now at an end. The troops settled back into position with determination written on their faces to control the strikers or demolish them. A body of infantry just in from Fort Leavenworth and weary of the hot march from Blue Island, where their train was ditched, were pushed rapidly past us to take their position in front. A detachment of cavalry galloped by, flourishing their sabers, and leaving a cloud of dust in their wake. My companion and I retreated to the stone steps of an abandoned church near by and our little friend had begun the last stanza of her hymn—

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me——"

when, suddenly, from around the corner and into the dust-cloud left by the dashing cavalry came thundering the heavy artillery of the Illinois National Guard; and huge artillerymen with bare heads, bare throats, and flashing eyes, held the whips over their plunging horses, as they swept on to pull their batteries into position. When they had passed by, the little prayer-meeting had broken up without a benediction, tambourines and drums lay scattered everywhere, the flag, torn by the horses' feet and dragged in the dust, and the unconscious figure of a girl in a Salvation gown was picked up and carried into a drug store near by.

"They ought to have had better sense than to stand there and sing and pray as if they thought the Lord was going to stop an artillery wagon or a cavalry charge, if *they* happened to be in the way," I heard the big policeman saying, trying to appear unmoved, as he went to ring for an ambulance. They carried her out and took her away, and my heart went with her in that Red Cross ambulance, whither my feet followed soon; and all night long we watched beside a white cot in the emergency hospital, where a little quivering figure lay, with her head bound in ice, the yellow curls, escaping from the saturated towels, lying damp and heavy on the white forehead, and the sweet lips ever murmuring incoherent things that we could not understand. The color-sergeant who was with her at the evening's devotions was beside her now, with unspeakable agony on his strong, smooth face, who was yet helpless in his strength to save her or avert the end so near at hand. In the gray of the morning a messenger from an unseen country came with hurrying feet down the long winding corridors of the dimly lighted hospital and into the ward where we watched. The attendants softly drew the sheets about a face and form more beautiful than Greek art ever dreamed of, and quietly beckoned us from the room.

I went back to report at the office with weary eyes from which sleep seemed forever to have departed. There was but one thought in my mind, one face before my eyes—that of a little plain coffin in the Salvation Army barracks with not a flower, perhaps, to break the hardness of its outline, unless some kindly hand had brought it from the outside, for I knew that those stern disciplinarians would not permit the Lord's revenue to be expended in the purchase of perishing flowers, even for such an occasion as this.

That afternoon we followed to the cemetery a little flag-draped coffin on whose cover lay a single cluster of white roses, my humble tribute. As we stood apart from the group that surrounded the grave and watched the casket lowered into its place, I remembered that Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, Abraham Lincoln, and Wendell Phillips and a long array of dignitaries and demi-gods had lain in state under the folds of the American flag and had been lowered to rest under its guardian stars while the booming cannon thundered their last farewells above the closing vaults, and wondered who among the country's immortals was more worthy of military honors than this little unknown soldier of the Salvation Army, whose coffin was lowered to its place wrapped in the colors of her country; and wondered, too, who would be held to answer for the loss of this stainless life—whether it were the strikers, the railroad officials, or the Illinois National Guard.

BARBADOS AS A RESORT.

MRS. M. G. ASH.

A SUMMER'S jaunt, somewhat outside of the beaten track of travel, was a trip taken last June to the Island of Barbados. Consulting your map you will find "Barbados" to be one of the West India Islands, and one of the tiniest of the group. Of coral formation, this veritable child of the sea lies lovingly embraced and caressed on every side by the blue waters of the Caribbean. Leaving New York by the little steamer "Flennenmie" of the Booth line, I found myself one of a quartet of passengers, which formed the entire list for the trip. Just as we were beginning to feel so contented and happy and like one family, and quite willing—at least, so we thought—to have sailed on indefinitely under turquoise skies of purest hue, o'er summer seas and dancing ripples, we sighted the island at about two P. M. on Sunday, and two and a half hours later we dropped anchor in Carlisle Bay, in a bend of the shore. A small boat presently came alongside, manned by four negroes, into which our party and our luggage were lowered, and in less than twenty minutes we landed at Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, and, in fact, the only town worthy the name in point of size. This over, a negro porter took my luggage and conducted me to a "fly" driven by a negro, and I soon alighted at the Marine Hotel, just beyond

ROEBUCK STREET, BARBADOS.

the garrison, a little out of the city. The "Marine" is the principal hotel in Bridgetown, and was opened some little time ago by an American named Pomeroy as a winter resort. The house is beautifully located, as the name would suggest, overlooking the sea. The table and attendance are excellent, all the employees being colored. The rooms are spacious and comfortable, and the hotel has telephone communication with other parts of the island. Barbados (pronounced "Bar-*bay*-dos") was first settled by the British about 1605. I noticed some of the earliest inscriptions on the grave stones in one of the old cemeteries bore the date 1607. It is the most densely populated place on earth; the last census, in 1890, showing 180,000 population—over a thousand to the square mile. Of these 15,000 only are white, the remainder being colored. The thermometer ranged daily from 83 to 85 degrees in the mornings, and from 87 to 89 degrees in the afternoons, the heat being delightfully tempered by the trade winds which blow all the time. The island is extremely healthy, and there are probably not five acres of low or swamp land in its entire length and breadth, which is about sixteen miles by twelve at its broadest part. The soil, though thin, is wonderfully productive, and being well manured yields large crops of sugar, this being the main industry and support of the island, over eighty-five thousand hogsheads having been exported in a good year. The large population of blacks is an extremely law-abiding and contented one. Most of the mechanics, laborers, railway employees, and house servants are colored, as are also many of the shopkeepers. I found them all very courteous and civil. They are eligible to all offices, and the present Chief Justice, "Sir Conrad Reeves," is a colored man. Another Judge of the Court of Appeals is also colored. I attended a concert there which was advertised in the *Barbados Advocate*, "as being conducted" under the distinguished patronage of Sir James Shaw and Lady Hay, Major-General and Mrs. Fowler Butler, and "*Sir Conrad* and *Lady Reeves*" (the latter, as I have already said, are colored). The attendance was large and fashionable, but consisted principally of whites. The "color line" prevails to some degree socially, but the blacks and whites attend the public schools without distinction. There are five or more tramways running to different parts of the island, the cars being drawn by mules, and the drivers and conductors, of course, being colored. An enterprising American recently tried to introduce the electric cars in Barbados, but the authorities being opposed to the dangers of the trolley system, the scheme was abandoned.

SUGAR-CANE SELLER.

The sea-bathing is delightful, many of the estates having their private bathing-houses where the homes are on or near the sea. The scenes in High and Roebuck Streets and the "Milk Market" are interesting in the extreme, with the varied crowds of busy citizens, the better classes of blacks, and white men in white or light suits and "solar topees," the ladies in their dainty dresses of muslin and lawns, and the negresses, who form a most striking and picturesque adjunct to the ever-changing panorama in their bright-colored prints and with gay "bandannas" on their heads. A noticeable feature is the superb carriage of these black women; they walk like ideal empresses, their heads erect, their shoulders thrown back, and their gait free and bold. This is said to be the result of the common practise, which has been theirs for generations past, of carrying all sorts of burdens upon their heads, such as baskets of clothes, and even large pails of milk or water. The ladies of Barbados are, as a rule, pretty and of a refined appearance, though of rather a fragile type. This delicacy of appearance is but "skin deep," as they are, as a class, healthy and robust and of good enduring qualities. The brunette type prevails, as is common in Southern latitudes, but I saw many lovely women of Saxon fairness, which condition was natural, the island having been originally settled, as I have said before, by the English. The dwellings are mostly of gray stone and the architecture a sort of go-as-you-please, but usually spacious and comfortable and surrounded by glorious gardens, the lovely flowers and foliage of which are, of course, distinctly tropical in their nature and are profuse. A splendid tree which grows extensively there is the "flamboyant"; it is some fifty feet in height, and resembles somewhat the feathery acacia, and is covered with masses of rich scarlet blossoms in fine contrast to the vivid green of the leaves. The different varieties of palms are, of course, to be seen in vast numbers. There are some fine drives on the white roads, bordered on either side by noble palms, running to the edge of the blue sea.

SWAN STREET, BARBADOS.

A most pleasing feature of the island is the absence of poisonous reptiles or insects. Occasionally one finds a scorpion—scarcely a domesticated creature, it is true, but they do not abound by any means, and this is rather remarkable in a tropical country. I must add that there are, indeed, armies of ants to be called forth by a sufficiently alluring bait, but keep your "sweeties" away and they will not invade you. Any one desiring a trip full of pleasure and interest and delicious weather and balmy breezes would do well to run over to Barbados. Once in New York the seven days' sail to this furthermost isle of the sea is a lovely dream.

THROUGH A GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT.

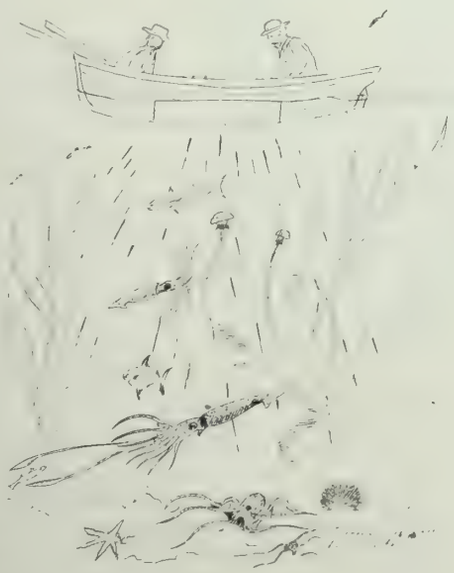
CHAS. FREDERICK HOLDER.

THE lover of nature, or even the casual observer, cannot fail to be impressed with the wealth and diversity of marine animal life on the Pacific Slope. This is particularly noticeable in the southern portion of California and at Santa Catalina, which looms up, a semi-tropic island, in the heart of the great warm current of Japan, which sweeps down the coast, making an almost tropical fauna possible and converting the islands and the region about them into neutral ground where forms from the tropical and temperate zones abound. So rich is the fauna about the island mentioned that a movement is on foot to establish a summer school of zoology here.

The fishermen of the Bay of Avalon have glass-bottomed boats from which the wonders of the ocean may be watched. Through this glass window one sees the bottom as he would in walking along in a diver's armor, and at once realizes the abundance of animal life. The great kelps rise in graceful shapes, waving to and fro in the current, forming arches, parterres, and colonnades in which gaily-colored fishes float. Here is a golden perch, the exact color of the gold-fish of fresh water; others are ornamented with blue tints, while smaller fry gleam in emerald hues—veritable gems of the sea.

Along the moss-covered rocks are stretched brown slug-like creatures, holothurians, cousins of the star fishes, the trepang of the Chinese. A Florida specimen found by the writer contained a long, delicate, glass-like fish that came out as soon as the holothurian exhausted the air in the glass in which it had been placed, showing that the intestine of the cucumber-like animal was its home. At the Naples Aquarium the same fish, Fierasfer, was observed by the naturalists in charge to return to its host, tail-first at that, the act of the holothurian in taking in water aiding in the return.

This singular habit suggests similar habits in the anemones which cover the bottom and are plainly seen through the glass window. They are of three or four varieties; some as large as the palm of one's hand—a huge living flower with wide-spread tentacles, their tips tinted with splashes of rose pink, the body a delicate gray; others look like ripe strawberries and have slunk into the rocky crevices out of the way. In China a naturalist observed a small fish take refuge in an anemone, darting into its open mouth, and it was thought that this was an actual case of commensalism. The anemones fairly cover the rocks with brown velvet-like masses in spots, and are interesting as being the cousins of the corals. Soon through the boat window small circular objects are seen—true corals, off Los Angeles County. They are individual polyps and are more numerous in deeper water.

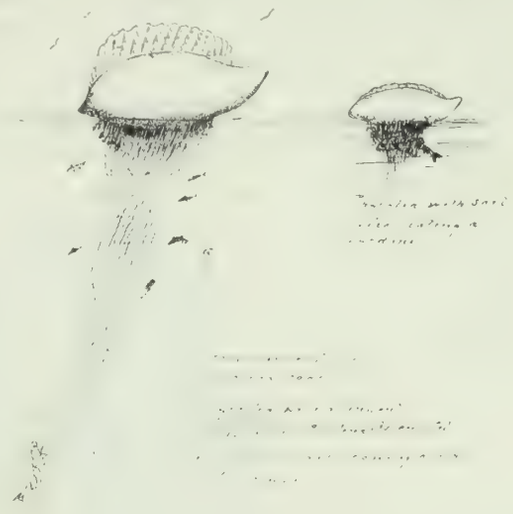


As we drift slowly along the scene is ever changing. Here a vicious sea-eel, a murry, peers from beneath a rock, eying the boat, and possibly the faces, with alarm. Huge star-fishes stand out in startling colors of red and yellow, and among the rocks are bunches of the snake-like ophiurians, active fellows which drop their arms when touched and become armless forms like echini. The commonest star is Asterias, which is preyed upon by the rock-bass and sheepshead to such a degree that we see them despoiled of limbs—some with one, others, two or more, of all lengths, reproducing others as rapidly as they can; and in one instance a lone arm seems to be reproducing the body which has been carried away. From cracks and crevices the black needle-like tentacles of the echini protrude, the uninviting morsel being known as the sea egg in the Mediterranean.

Pulling up a bunch of kelp to obtain a closer view, a wonderful variety of life is obtained. Crabs, shells, even fishes drop out, the latter being small specimens in which the ventral fins form a sucker by which they are enabled to cling to rocks and weeds. This suggests another singular fish common here, the remora, which comes in on nearly every shark hooked at Avalon. The fish is the companion of the shark, and is provided with a curious sucker upon its head by which it turns over and fastens itself upon its big companion, so traveling about at will. The remoras taken here are black and white, beautifully marked creatures.

Clinging to the rocks everywhere, seen through the window, are abalones, feeding upon the weed. These shells were undoubtedly the chief support of the ancient islanders, and mounds of the shells are found on all the islands of the Santa Catalina Channel. They were made into hooks, ornaments, head plates, beads, and employed as water dishes and for countless purposes.

A singular creature dashes into the line of vision as we drift along. It is a squid and it darts into a school of sardines, tail first, turns quickly, and seizing one with its long suckers, quickly envelops it with the others, pressing the struggling body to the sharp parrot-like beak. All the while the body of the squid is pulsating with excitement: its color changing rapidly, now flushing a deep red, then paling to almost white to become mottled. The squid is a beautiful creature, a veritable phantom, typifying the highest form of the mollusks. Its body is like an arrow; its head, with two large dark eyes, from which extend the undulating tentacles, two of which are long and eight short, the latter lined with suckers which act like air-pumps. The squid has a siphon out of which it ejects water to force itself along, and when threatened with danger this siphon can likewise suck the water into it, and when emitted, after contact with a coloring fluid within, it clouds the surrounding water and enables the squid to escape from its enemies. It is a singular fact that in almost every instance the squid, in attacking a small fish, bites through the back bone, rendering it at once helpless and ready for the sacrifice.



Out from a crevice in the rock comes a seeming mass of snakes, feeling its way with writhing, undulatory motion altogether disagreeable. It is an octopus, an eight-armed ally of the squid, a hideous creature over whose whole mottled body waves of light and color seem to pass, expressive of its emotions. It steals along the irregular surface, probing each nook and corner of the ocean floor with its attenuated arms, drawing itself into impossible crevices to escape observation, and occasionally emitting a puff of seeming black smoke. Suddenly it touches a crab; the latter essays to escape, but one of the snake-like arms glides over it, a score of suckers hold it firmly, and the entire body moves imperceptibly over the unsuspecting victim, when the tragedy through the glass window ends. The octopi are very common here, but rarely attain a width of over two feet. In Alaskan waters specimens have been reported with a radial spread of nearly twenty-eight feet—a formidable antagonist for the fisherman.

If these bottom animals, the sulkers among the rocks, are interesting, what shall we say of the delicate forms which float by the window of the boat? The water is filled with life. Every drop is charged with diatoms and other forms—lance-like bodies of great beauty invisible to the naked eye. The watery atmosphere seems to abound in mimic constellations: comets in cut-glass, the most delicate forms of the idealist standing out in strong relief, their long tentacles suggesting the train which at night is often luminous. These are *medusæ*, or jelly fishes, as often ninety-five per cent of the entire animal is composed of water. As light and diaphanous as are these beautiful creatures, they pulsate with perceptible motion, and are, in many instances, possessed of brilliant colors, which add to the beauty and variety of this world beneath the sea as seen through the glass-bottomed boat.

It is doubtful if there is any place in the world of the same extent of coast-line of seven hundred and fifty miles that can produce so many varieties of curious specimens of fishes as California, covering as it does nearly ten degrees of latitude. Nor is it lacking in the production of the large numbers of edible fishes. There are many specimens of quaint and curious salt water life that have not been touched upon in this article, whose habits admit of closer inspection, on the rocks, on the water's edge, and on the piles, to say nothing of the oddities washed ashore on our sandy beaches.

STREET SCENES IN MEXICO.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

FULLY two-thirds of the 300,000 population of the City of Mexico live literally in the streets. The high altitude, the mildness and dryness of the atmosphere even in the depth of winter, and the almost constantly clear blue sky combine to make out-of-door life as attractive as may be found perhaps anywhere in the world. There is an exhilarating lightness and uplifting buoyancy in the air that give people a dislike for confinement in the close, heavy houses of Mexico. Multitudes of persons of wealth eat, sleep, work, visit, and idle their time through the whole year in their gardens or on the very broad porches that extend all about the universal *patio* of their low rambling houses. Thousands of the poorer classes here never have any homes but cheap tent and hut like *adobes*, and for years have slept wherever drowsiness may overtake them; it matters little whether it be in the open doorways, on the cathedral steps, in the market-places, or in the fields about the city. As a natural consequence, the people of the City of Mexico are noted for habits of early rising. Even the wealthy, at so early an hour as seven o'clock, almost any morning, especially after the long hot summer season is over, may be seen dashing through the park in elegant equipages, not a few of the liveried drivers holding ribbons over sleek buckskin mules—for here the mule is not relegated to the service of the plebs but holds his own with equine aristocracy and becoming dignity.

INDIAN BEGGAR

MARKET VEGETABLE VENDERS

The Pasco de la Reforma in the morning is almost empty of turnouts, but by five o'clock one will see it a struggling mass of vehicles; dignified family landaus, quiet coupes with jolly parties, flying steppers, and dashing caballeros will fill it to overflowing, and till eleven at night, and sometimes later than that, the paving will resound to homeward-bound hoofs. But even in the morning there are many interesting passersby to see. Here will come one of the kin of James's "solitary horseman," flinging up an aureole of golden dust on this great highway—a rich *hacendado* just coming in from his broad acres. His riding-suit will be an example of one of the few typical costumes of the country that have survived foreign innovatio—the trousers widely sprung over the patent-leather boots and buttoned down the side with silver buttons and chains; the coat short, slashed, and trimmed to correspond with the trousers; the fawn-colored sombrero, broad-brimmed and high-crowned, and a bright red sash knotted at the waist. How well he sits on his horse, twisting his mustache with jeweled fingers and well-feigned indifference; now he knows he is observed, while he gives the beast a taste of the silver metal at his boot-heel to prove himself a veritable centaur; a well-knit figure and a well-cut, well-bred face in spite of his ludicrous air of grandissimo, consequently greatness, supposed to express truly the haughty Castilian spirit. You witness in him a Mexican exquisite of the first water—a landed country gentleman.

Groups of little folks are to be seen too, solemn little morsels of humanity with big dark eyes, marching to and fro with their *nodrizas*, enjoying life with the subdued manner of *octogenarians*. Here, too, fair senoritas, with prayer-book and rosary, steal demurely by, the inevitable servant in their wake. And if you are of the dangerous sex the old duenna will keep a watchful and observant eye on you and crystalize in her memory any look of admiration bestowed on her fair charge. Yet to ignore is as undesirable as to prove too familiar. To reach the excellency of real Spanish politeness you should give a prolonged admiring stare, followed by a look of vacuous surprise—quite overcome at being suddenly confronted by such loveliness. Then if you have a smattering of Spanish it is quite admissible to draw your breath hard and mutter in an audible whisper, "Jesus! Que querida!" Although not a quiver of the fair senorita's eyelash is perceptible and the attendant only looks a trifle grimmer, you may be certain not an intonation is lost and it will be related with gusto to the worshipping few when the old duenna reaches home.

But in the midst of all this beauty and fashion there suddenly comes something creeping toward you on all fours. It writhes along with painful effort, propelled by you hardly know what, close to the ground, until, encountering your feet, it throws back a mop of matted hair and discloses the repulsive, distorted face of a man in which there is scarce a semblance of humanity. In pitiful, quivering tones he relates his misfortunes, with a look of hopeless misery on his face; but all you can distinguish is an appeal for aid in the name of "Santissimo Trinidad." This may give you a shock at first, but if you remain long in the land of the cactus you grow accustomed to it, for this is but one of a thousand specimens of loathsome deformity that will greet your eyes in a day's stroll over the city, besides the ragged, able-bodied beggars who swarm on every street corner and seem to multiply themselves at every public gathering.

But the real born and professional beggar is the lepero—a hybrid between a low Spaniard and common Mexican—like one we saw sunning himself on a neighboring bench—a combination of gambler and thief, renegade and musician. His muscular arms were hardly covered by his *sayal*, and his sturdy calves stood out in bold complacency below his flapping breeches, or *calzineras*. Agile, cunning, and alert, he found in playing the battered guitar swung across his shoulders with a ribbon a halt pretext for a living which lifted him a trifle above the lowest of his kind.

Passing up the main commercial thoroughfare, Calla de San Francisco, with its solid walls of adobe flush with the walk, jewelry palaces and dry goods emporiums are everywhere to be seen, their windows showy with foreign importations and holiday effects. Diamonds and precious stones generally are considered very reasonable in price here. The native opals, chalcedony, agate, heliotrope and turquoise are mounted in artistic style by native jewelers. The purely Mexican filigree work so much sought for by the tourists has been crowded from the stores by more pretentious importations, so that when you find this in all the dainty elegance of the work it is in some side street in limited quantities. It comes high, and the wealth of the shop may consist of one or two pieces, a jewel-box or card-basket, but so quaintly designed and finely wrought it rivals the hoarfrost upon a window-pane.

NATIVE REBECCA.
A NOON REST.

And we now come to the Plaza Mayor, the green spot in the center of which, surrounded by trees, with a band discoursing the sweetest of Flotow's operas, is the Zocalo. Here, like the Five Points of New York, focus a number of the prominent streets, and it is more pregnant with historic interest than any other part of the city.

In the afternoons, especially at times previous to any church holiday, the Zocalo is the scene of the liveliest traffic. Around the outside of the little park, under the protecting towers of the cathedral and the very nose of the *palacio*, the Indians from the suburbs erect their booths and expose their wares. The traveling pulque and coffee shops supply their food, and a handful of moss, a braided mat, and the curbstone make their bed. We wander through stall after stall filled with their ingenious handicraft, listening to the music of the band and watching the crowd of well-dressed loungers. These street scenes cannot fail to interest the tourist. There is much that is odd to be seen in the City of Mexico, but the length of this article forbids any mention of them here.

In conclusion it might be well to add that the City of Mexico rests upon a plateau 7524 feet above the level of the sea. It is 173 miles by rail from Vera Cruz on the Atlantic, and 290 miles from Acapulco on the Pacific. The city forms a square almost three miles each way and is laid out with perfect regularity, all its six hundred streets and lanes running at right angles, and covering, within the walls, an area of about ten square miles, with a population of about two hundred and fifty thousand. A large portion of the natives are mendicants or vagrants, and the distinctively criminal element is kept in order by a police force of about fourteen hundred men. The broad, well-paved, and gas-lit streets present a picturesque appearance with their quaint two and three storied stone houses, gaily painted in white, red, yellow or green, and terminating everywhere with a background of rugged sierras, or snowy peaks, which, owing to the clear atmosphere at this elevation, seem remarkably close, although forty to fifty miles distant.

HOW THE SPANIARDS OBSERVE EASTER.

MRS. F. B. ANTHONY.

THE faithful adherents of the Roman Church strenuously observe Passion week, Holy week, and Easter, particularly during this season of the church's year throughout Spain.

Seville is the great center to which pilgrims flock from all parts of the country during the holy season. Few priests are seen in the streets during this time, but in the cathedrals and chapels scarlet-robed cardinals without number, each wearing the conspicuous signet ring, with hundreds of priests are kept busy saying masses from early dawn until evening. Bells clang the whole day through, and the streets are alive with church-goers, particularly Spanish women who hurry on to attend the call, nearly all of whom are followed by a bright-eyed attendant carrying a camp-chair or kneeling-stool, as none are provided in the churches, and the masses are oftentimes of great length.

Beggars, at this season, are allowed the privilege of the streets—an opportunity which they readily seize upon. The church entrances and the streets are literally filled with them. They come like birds of the air, seemingly from nowhere, apparently springing out of the very earth on every side at the approach of passers-by, especially so if the passer unfortunately happens to be a stranger from another land, which fact these creatures seem to detect at a glance.

READY FOR THE BULL-FIGHT.

Bands of music clash out both major and minor chords, creating a pandemonium in sound as the procession moves on. The floats represent scenes in the last days of the life of Christ, and His death.

Next comes the representation of Christ bearing the cross, wearing the scarlet robe of scorn and an immense crown of thorns. Next, Mary with great sorrow depicted upon her face, dressed in a black velvet robe heavy with gold embroidery. The acolytes with this are dressed in black and gold. An audible sob is now heard from the crowd, pressing hard to get a sight of what is passing by.

In the next representation Christ has fallen beneath the cross. Another great sob and a groan is mingled, and comes like a wail from the hearts of the swaying crowd. Next comes the scene of the crucifixion, so real that the multitude now is weeping and wailing aloud, and a great sigh of contrition seems to pervade the air. Bands play the softest, sweetest minor strains as the great imaginary funeral procession moves on, finally giving the representation of Christ hanging upon the cross, with the thieves on either side.

Next, the descent from the cross; Mary standing at the foot of the cross, with arms clasped around the feet of her dead son. The next represents a large gilt and glass tomb, in which lies the dead Christ. The last float but one in this procession represents death lying at the foot of the cross, the grinning skeleton face turned toward the crowd, with one arm leaning on the anchor of hope.

Following this, the acolytes wear blue and white gowns, with blue and gilt battle-axes of immense size for hats, surmounted with crosses; these are lifted to disclose the faces of priests. After them come bands of children bearing torches and crosses, all having gossamer wings attached representing angels.

The last float bears a single figure, that of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The carving of the face of this wooden statue is the finest of all; the expression here portrayed with the upturned, tearful eyes is so sweet and heavenly that the multitude with one accord send up a great shout for joy; prayer after prayer is repeated; all the past sorrow seems forgotten in their ecstasy of adoration. Many kneel amidst the crowd and pray aloud; joy and holy faith have taken possession of hearts which but a moment before seemed broken with grief. The beautifully carved hands of the statue are clasped as if in supplication. The dress of blue velvet and white is covered with embroidery, and jewels the most precious cover the entire figure from head to foot, making it in the glaring sunlight of an afternoon in Seville, a dazzling wonder, a picture which even the poor beggar of the day can gaze upon, believe in, and pray to, to his soul's content.

The immense procession passes through the great plaza, de la Constitution, around the cathedral, then on through the principal but narrow streets, and keeps moving, followed by thousands upon thousands of people, until night comes on, when all the torches and tapers are lighted, making it a brilliant sight indeed to witness. As one after another the churches are arrived at where the different floats belong, that, with its attendants, is dropped out, and by ten o'clock the last torch is extinguished and every figure put in place, to remain a fixture there until Good Friday comes around again. After this is all over, those who have been fortunate enough to have gained admission repair to the Palace of Pilate, where the scenes of the days past, or the "Passion Play," is performed with great exactness. This house is one of the chief attractions to Seville. It was built in 1819, and is said to be the perfect model of the house in which Pilate lived at Jerusalem, and the earth upon which the foundation stands was brought from Jerusalem direct.

Easter morning breaks over Seville bright and beautiful. The bells have lost the sound of the solemn ding-dong, and clang out together right merrily. Everybody hurries to church, the black dresses of yesterday are thrown aside, and bright colors and swinging fans make the streets a marvel. Everybody to-day wears a joyous smile, happy greetings of "Christ is risen" are exchanged on all sides, and lovely flowers, heaps of them, are worn and carried by every one, senor, senora, senorita. The churches are strewn with flowers, and the odor of them fills the air.

Church over, duties done, and now what? Hurry-scurry through the street. Where is everybody hurrying to, and why this eager, anxious look and desire to be first? Is the grand procession again forming? Ah, no; it is the much loved, long expected, wished for, delightful, royal bull fight. All Seville is pressing on in one direction. The beautiful senora, the black-eyed maiden, the man, the boy, the child, all hastening, pushing, and jangling together to gain admittance to the great black pen, where blindfolded beasts are tortured to death to satisfy their barbarous and cruel desires.

We have no desire whatever, and cannot be persuaded to go even to a much enjoyed national bull fight, but a very determined, reliable, and exceedingly inquisitive friend of ours would go, and so furnished us with a description of the elevating entertainment, as an appropriate ending up of "church observances in Spain." We copy his words.

"This Easter Sunday opens bright and clear. Church in the morning ends the Sabbath in this land, and in the afternoon every one is preparing for the grand annual display in the bull ring. At 3:15 P. M. the doors open and the riders enter, also teams for hauling off such carcasses as may be left upon the ground. At four P. M. the great gate opens, and the first bull, a noble animal, enters. This creature has been kept in a darkened cell and tortured until he is perfectly enraged and wild before he is permitted to enter the arena.

"Of course, he charges upon the first thing he sees that shows signs of life. This is a gaily colored blanket flaunted before him by a fellow who is careful to keep himself from danger by holding the blanket beyond the reach of the enraged bull, yet attracting attention to this blanket only.

"After several attempts to attract the animal's attention, the picadors and the lancers are permitted to enter. The fellows enter and torture the bull by thrusting sharp-pointed darts into his neck for a time, and when the poor bull is nearly exhausted, another attack is made by men on horseback; the horses are blindfolded, while the men, or animals calling themselves men, carry long-handled lances. The horses, being blindfolded, are, of course, an easy prey to the now infuriated beast, which makes a charge and plunges his horns deep into the belly of the defenseless horse, upon which the charge is made, while the safely secured picador inflicts other torture upon the bull by plunging his lance into the bull's sides, and in numerous other ways torturing the poor brute.

"After the poor bull has become powerless from loss of blood and over-exertion, another "brave cavalier" enters with a long sword drawn, and maybe, after several ineffectual attempts, succeeds at last in murdering the poor, defenseless creature. There were on this day five bulls slaughtered, after much useless torture, ten horses were mangled and killed, and several men wounded, but no man injured to any extent. This was a great disappointment to the eager crowd. The monstrous, unattractive looking enclosure, which I term the bull pen, was literally packed with human (or inhuman) beings. Spanish women in their gay trappings or bright dresses, lace mantles, and fans, comprised the majority of those seated in the gallery.

"Many of them, so my guide informed me, were high-born ladies who were thus celebrating the great jubilee day of the year. What pleasure any human being, and especially women, can get from such a barbarous, cruel scene as I foolishly witnessed this day, is more than I am able to comprehend.

"I had the curiosity, and have now witnessed a real bull fight, and I must confess it is the most inhuman sight that can possibly be imagined, and such a thing should not be allowed by any civilized nation. There is no possible inducement to it but for the pleasure of seeing helpless animals tortured. Mankind derives no benefit by inflicting such torture, and consequently no excuse can be offered for this degrading form of amusement.

"The performance cannot be photographed nor described, and is too horrible even to think of. No conception can be formed of its horrifying details."

WASHINGTON AND THE INAUGURAL.

MY DEAR TRAVELER—I hardly know where to begin, when it comes to telling about our visit to this fascinating city. Indeed, one has good cause to be proud of this, our capital city, with its broad, tree-lined streets, its numerous statues in and about the city, and its imposing buildings.

Of course, we have seen Washington on one of the most enthusiastic and splendid occasions that it has ever experienced. Excitement has been in the very air, and with the streets thronged, and every available nook and corner taxed to their utmost, it has seemed like a repetition of the festivities at the World's Fair.

San Francisco has always held the reputation of being most hospitable, but I'm sure Washington is in no way behind it in that respect, for more truly kind, courteous, and entertaining people it would be hard to find. We came with letters from good friends from home, and through them have come in contact with most charming people. It was a pleasure to us to be so cordially received at the White House, and be granted a private reception by the august President Cleveland. But we were more than delighted with Vice-President Stevenson and his son, who were most gracious in their attentions, and showed us about the Capitol and pointed out all the prominent men, whom we had known by name only. All were cordial and kind, especially our own Representatives, Senator Perkins and Representative Maguire. The Senate reminds one of a great school-room with a lot of inattentive pupils, yet when one remembers that the affairs of the Nation are carried on here, there cannot be as much indifference as there seems to be to the outsider.

I must give a few words to the new Congressional Library, lately opened to the public in all its splendor, while as yet it is not ready for use. It is a low, broad, white granite building, of the Italian Renaissance order of architecture, surmounted by a golden dome which catches the sunlight, and glistens from all parts of the city like a great gem—and such it proves to be upon entering its huge bronze doors. Then its beauty dazzles one with its bright, rich coloring, marble carvings and columns, its wonderful mosaic walls and arched ceilings, and its frescoes in the most gorgeous, yet beautifully, blended colors, each separate one being a gem of art and beauty. It is claimed to be the most beautiful building in the world, and I am ready to believe it, for in every detail it is exquisite, and is a magnificent monument to American art and skill, for no one but American artists have had the privilege of leaving their work and names upon that structure. It is useless to try to describe such a building, for its magnificence is beyond such an effort, as well as the new Corcoran Art Gallery, and many other places and historic scenes that Washington possesses.

Miss Corinne Tebault, a Creole resident of New Orleans, well known among the upper ten of the Crescent City, as well as among those of San Francisco where she spent the past winter as a guest of one of our most popular society belles.

Then Inauguration Day! What a beautiful, clear, crisp day it was, and what a sight to be remembered! A day in which we became familiar with the greatest men of our Nation—those upon whom we all shall look for a term of prosperity and peace. Through the kindness of a prominent gentleman, we were fortunate enough to have seats given us on the President's reviewing stand, in front of the White House. For three hours we watched the parade and faced McKinley, as he acknowledged the salutes and cheers from the passing soldiers.

It was altogether an impressive sight, and stirred one to a high pitch of patriotism, to see the old veterans salute, and the old battle-worn flags dip in his honor, which the new President graciously acknowledged. No one could help admiring him, for he has a good, strong, lovable face, and his considerate attentions to his old mother and invalid wife only confirmed the first impression of him Then came the fire-works in the early evening at the base of the simple, but beautiful, shaft, erected to Washington's memory. It was lit up by the brilliant display, and the streets were thronged with thousands of spectators, who, like ourselves, wanted to see everything, even though we were tired out, and the great ball still to come.

But who, with the slightest inkling of what it was, could have kept away from that ball? The great court of the Pension Building was converted into fairyland by the most exquisite flowers and delicate trailing vines, and in amongst them everywhere were red, white, and blue electric lights, with a background on walls and ceiling of billowy yellow and white drapery. It was a dazzling scene, with the floor crowded with beautifully dressed women, officers from Army and Navy in their full regalia, and foreign ministers with the correct dignity and bearing in keeping with the various prominent governments and kingdoms they represented. It was a gathering of the first people of our land, and most entertaining to far-away Californians, intent upon seeing everything.

There was a sprinkling of home people in the great room, some who have left us now for other homes, yet whom we still like to claim as Californians. Dancing was indulged in, and at two o'clock we gave our last glances to that scene which will ever remain in our memories as a most brilliant and beautiful picture. Of course, comparatively few of us have had the opportunity to witness an affair of this kind, but there is really as much education to be obtained from the association with the various classes of prominent people and diplomats on an occasion of this character, even for a single day and night, as there would be from a month's traveling haphazard through the various countries whose representatives are here congregated, and whose conversation, if tactfully drawn out, is at once a condensed book of travel and a veritable epitome, taken *tout ensemble*, of our international relations. ADELE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9, 1897.

OUR WINE CELLARS.

A visit to the wine cellars of San Francisco would be a revelation to those unfamiliar with them. The storage of one splendid cellar located in convenient proximity to the wharves and freight depots has a capacity of over two million gallons, and its cooperage is always taxed to the utmost.

Another cellar, a handsome three-story building, has a like capacity, and is used for storage of brandies and sweet wines. Still another mammoth structure contains cooperage for three million gallons, and there are still others nearly, if not quite, as large. All over the State, in the wine sections, vast wine vaults holding millions of gallons are situated, and the instant one steps from the glaring sunlight into the dusky aisles between the rows of giant casks his nostrils inhale a delicious odor of fruitiness, and the cool, quiet air is laden with its fragrant, spicy sweetness. Verily, it would tempt an anchorite, and a "total abstinence" man would stand no show whatever. The eye roves down these long aisles and over the huge receptacles with their queer convex ends, and as one walks between the rows and surveys tier upon tier of tuns, he realizes the meaning of the figures which represent capacity.

The aim of the leaders in this industry is to concentrate wine-making into a few large concerns, but, at the same time, to encourage many small vintners; thus a better market is afforded for the grape-growers and a surer development and wider advertising of wines will be the result. In France the average vineyard is much smaller than in this country; seldom more than a few acres being owned by one person.

Growers and dealers are aware of the possibilities that the wine industry of California offers, and are earnest and active in their efforts to keep California wines up to a high standard, and make their manufacture one of the greatest and most successful industries of this State. It is admitted by foreign vineyardists who have visited California that its soil, topography, and climate are admirably adapted to the growing of grapes from which wine can be made that will equal in every respect the best foreign importation.

OUR STATE UNIVERSITY.

CHARLES ALLEN ELSTON.

SITUATED in the pretty town of Berkeley, only an hour's ride from San Francisco, is the University of California. It is vastly different in many respects from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, for in these they have the traditions of two centuries behind them and have developed a university life that is strikingly different from ours here in the West. In the Eastern colleges customs are already established; a certain standard of college life is adopted and no incoming class of students can abandon the old traditions and set up a new standard. This striking difference between the old Eastern colleges and those of the West accounts in a great measure for the lack of a well-defined spirit in our own State University and in other institutions of the West.

One lamentable feature of life at the University of California is the lack of a dormitory system, such as exists in Yale College. Such a system brings the students closer together, gives them a community life and a unity of feeling. Out of the fifteen hundred students who attend the Academic colleges in Berkeley, over eight hundred live at their homes, the greater part being in Oakland, Alameda, and San Francisco. Under these conditions a dormitory system could not flourish. As a consequence college life in Berkeley is not unified; that which exists centers around the different fraternities and clubs, which take the place of the dormitory in developing the social relations.

Our traditions are just forming; the habits of to-day will be the habits of the future University of California. One old custom is the time-honored class "rush" which is indulged in by the two lower classes, Freshmen and Sophomore. The first rush of the year is brought about in consequence of the arrogance of the newly elected Sophomore, who lords it over the innocent Freshmen, and plays all sorts of tricks upon them. The Senior class takes charge of the Sophomore ranks, and the Freshmen are generaled by the Juniors. The "rush" is merely a good-natured attempt on the part of one class to tie up every member of the other class in sight, and it is very rarely that any ill feeling arises. The exaggerated reports one hears of the danger and ill effects of rushing come from those who have never seen a friendly rush, and who, no doubt, would never have entered one if the opportunity was presented. The Bourdon rush, which occurs in the spring term, is an attempt of the Sophomores to break up the annual celebration of the Freshmen over the burial of two text-books that are the bane of the Freshman's life. Both of the annual rushes usually result in a victory for the Freshmen, who win by force of numbers.

Hazing as a college custom has long been abolished. There are stories of several cases of hazing in the younger days of the University which resulted seriously, but nothing of the kind has taken place for many years.

Social life in the University centers about the fraternities of which there are a number of chapters represented in Berkeley—Delta Kappa Epsilon, Delta Upsilon, Zeta Psi, Beta Theta Pi, Chi Phi, Phi Gamma Delta, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Chi, Sigma Nu, Chi Psi, Kappa Alpha, and Sigma Alpha. Epsilon National fraternities are represented in Berkeley, and three sororities also have established chapters—Kappa Alpha Theta, Gamma Phi Beta, and Sorosis. Besides these, Theta Nu Epsilon, whose members are chosen from other fraternities, is also represented. The members of the different fraternities for the present year are: Delta Kappa Epsilon—George Whipple, Robert Easton, J. B. Metcalf, J. S. Merrill, S. A. Wood, Allen Chickering, Dixwell Davenport, F. H. Byxbee. Beta Theta Pi—A. W. Ransome, Fred Magee, Walter Magee, Otto Wedemeyer, Ben Bakewell. Chi Phi—Fred Knight, Frank King, J. Moore, Fletcher McNutt, Lawrence Haven, Dwight Hutchinson, Clarence Doane, Selah Chamberlain, Howard Avery, Paul Miller. Delta Upsilon—Arthur Elston, Charles Elston. Sigma Chi—J. R. Hamilton, H. U. Roeding, E. W. Stadtmuller. Phi Gamma Delta—Russ Selfridge, Lloyd Baldwin, Douglas McBride, W. H. Smith. Zeta Psi—Dudley Dean, Andrew Jackson, J. W. Procter. Skull and Keys is a local organization whose members are selected from the leading fraternities. They must be from the Senior and Junior classes. In each spring term this secret society presents a play, the invitations to which are limited. The Skull and Keys Play is one of the swellest functions in Berkeley social life, and an invitation is regarded as a high mark of favor.

Most of the fraternities have lodges in which a number of the members reside, and which are used as the headquarters of the organization. At the beginning of each college year there is a general "rushing" of new members, which is not at all like the rushing between classes, but consists in inviting prospective members to the fraternity house, treating them in the best possible manner and giving them a chance to display their good qualities before the ever watchful eyes of the old fraternity members. In this way congenial men only are selected by each fraternity and the tone of each fraternity remains individual for the same reason. Each fraternity has its different standard by which the prospective member is measured, and if he proves a congenial and good fellow generally, he is chosen a member and initiated, a process not to be described. Wealth is not essential in a fraternity man, for many of the best members have worked their way through college. All that is necessary is that a man should show some ability either in scholarship, athletics, or any college interest, and should prove a congenial companion. Such a fellow will find a place in one or other of the fraternities; that is, if he cares to accept the invitation. The ancient strife between fraternity man and "barbarian," as the non-fraternity man is called, has almost disappeared.

On the occasion of most college celebrations or public days, the fraternities throw open their houses to their friends, and entertain them with a luncheon in the afternoon and a hop in the evening. This custom of keeping open house is an old one, and on every University public day the different fraternity lodges are crowded with friends from both sides of the Bay and often from distant cities. During the second term of the college year the greater part of the entertaining is done. Charter Day, Class Day, Commencement Day, The University Cotillion, Skull and Keys Play, and Senior Ball, all afford the fraternities an opportunity to receive their friends. Society is at its highest during this time.

Outside of the social life there are a thousand and one activities that interest the students. The part played by college journals in developing the College spirit is an important one. All the leading universities in the country have their daily and weekly papers, monthly magazine, and some sort of an annual publication, all published by the students in the interests of the student body.

Football is the only branch of athletics that is carried on in the fall term, and it is of such absorbing interest that little else is talked about during that time. In the spring, the track athletes, baseball men, and tennis players all go into training, and the college campus presents a lively scene every evening. Basket-ball is carried on in the gymnasium by the young ladies of the University, but they have never yet ventured to appear on the campus. From three o'clock till six each day one may see some half a hundred athletes on the field, jumping, running, pole-vaulting; here a match at tennis, there a game of baseball, with a crowd of interested students looking on. One cannot appreciate this aspect of college life till he sees for himself, and feels the pulse of excitement which the sight of such varied activity always brings. College men go into athletics with a purpose, train systematically, study athletics, and usually outclass all other amateur athletes for this reason. Careful training is the secret of success in all athletic contests.

The musical clubs, Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo, are an important feature of Berkeley social life, and the concerts given about the Bay and in the larger cities of the State are received with high favor. The Glee Club is under the efficient leadership of Burbank Somers, '92, and Clinton R. Morse, who is so well known in athletic as well as in musical circles, and leader of the String Clubs.

There is no graduate of Berkeley who does not look back on his four years of college as the happiest of his life. And the opportunity to enjoy this life and to get the good that comes from a university education is open to every young man in California who has the ability and determination to study. One constantly broached objection to university education is that only rich men's sons are able to take advantage of it, and the poor and more deserving are shut out. This objection is not based on a knowledge of the facts. A large proportion of the students in the colleges at Berkeley are from the poorer class and any deserving fellow can get through college by his own efforts. The Student's Aid Society, supported by the faculty and students, has for its sole aim the aiding of poorer students and the supplying of work of all kinds to those who need help. It is true that a large number of rich young men attend college, but the great majority of these go with the serious purpose of working and not to pass the time away. The faculty soon gets rid of all those who attend college merely because they have nothing else to do.

The opportunities for a poor student to get a college education have been multiplied during the last few weeks by the establishment of over fifty new scholarships valued at from one hundred and fifty dollars to three hundred dollars each, which will be awarded to deserving applicants in the several congressional districts of California. The public spirit of our rich Californians has not only made it possible for all classes to get the benefit of college training, but it has also placed over five million dollars in sight for the erection of new buildings and for the widening of the work of all the various departments. The California Legislature has but recently granted to the University an increase tax of one cent on the hundred, which, with the other added resources, will be sufficient for the increased needs of all departments. The new University of California bids fair to lead all American universities in numbers, in grandeur of buildings, and in the efficiency of the work done. All hail to the University of the coming century!

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Sweet April, inconsistent, fickle maid,
Now drenched in tears, now dimpling o'er with laughter.
So winsome thou, within the light and shade
Of sunshine and of storm, that ever after
Throughout the year thy going I regret.
I love thee, though thou *art* a born coquette.

SOCIETY AT CARDS.

My friend, the Society Woman, and I had not met for a year. I knew that in the brilliant world in which the gods had placed her she was a scintillating part of its gayety, unvexed by that torment of the soul feminine—ambition to achieve something worth while. I had pictured her as perennially treading velvet, and airily evading such crumpled rose leaves as might flutter her way. But, though my workaday world was so far removed from hers, *our* planets came into perihelion last week. Her silken skirts rustled up the dingy office stairs, and might have reminded me of angels' wings, only that such celestial appurtenances are supposed to descend, rather than make their way upward, to toiling mankind.

She bore in upon me with humanitarian intent, and with the tips of her white-gloved fingers essayed to rescue me as a brand from the burning.

"You are working yourself to death," said she, in all the mistaken kindness of her heart, yet none the less fervently for that. "Come with me. You need rest—recreation."

And somewhat curious to know how it would seem to share her butterfly ease for the nonce, I gladly went.

"I give a progressive euchre party this afternoon," she remarked, as we rolled toward Pacific Heights in her carriage. "Just an informal little affair. I intend to give a swagger one soon, though, if Jack will hear to it. You see, it will be my second this season, and I can't possibly do it nicely under two hundred dollars. But I'm devoted to euchre. Most absorbing and delightful game imaginable. What! You don't play?"

I humbly confessed my inefficiency.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "you can't imagine what you're missing. Why, I belong to six clubs. When do we meet? Oh, mornings, afternoons, evenings—all times, in fact. You must see my collection of prizes. I'm awfully proud of them."

Here she branched off into a labyrinth of phrases which, I took it, were intended to convey to me an explanation of the various ways by which she had acquired these treasures—the turns and twists of this fascinating game, of whose charm and nomenclature I was so darkly ignorant. Evidently her enthusiasm had quite driven the fact from her mind that I, too, was not euchre-mad.

Upstairs, in her exquisitely appointed boudoir, where merely to move seemed like part of a perfumed dream, she triumphantly exhibited her trophies. None of them equaled by a tenth the cost of any one of the other ornaments about me. What I saw was a heterogeneous assortment of vases and gewgaws as varied as the tastes of the hostesses who had provided them. Of course, it was the honor attached to them that constituted their worth. It certainly was not their face value.

Meanwhile my friend, in the hands of her snowy-capped attendant, was being made comfortable for the luncheon, served us on a temptingly arranged tray, ere the guests should arrive. Relieved of her hat and veil, behind the shadows of which her face had been hitherto quite concealed, I perceived with an inward shock the change that had come over her. Pale, nervous, with two sharply grooved furrows between her straight brows, whose classic regularity I had once covetously admired; a chin the roundness of which had been cut away in the past twelve-month until it was as pointed as the Japanese paper-cutter on the table at her right hand; the hand blue-veined, and so lean that it resembled a bird's claw rather than the soft palm that I remembered; a head about whose temples the gray hairs were already curling defiantly among the bronze-brown ones; eyes with big dark circles accentuating their hazel coloring; the eyes themselves deep-set in the fine, patrician head—what could be the ailment, physical or mental, that had wrought the transformation? True, she must be nine and twenty, but even nine and twenty should scarcely be a wreck, living luxuriously, with not a responsibility of feather's weight upon her shoulders. Where, then, had her health flown? Alas, she had been euchred out of it.

I did not make this discovery until the next day, when we went together to a card party at the house of another old-young matron, whose lovely home overlooks the bay, and upon whose face progressive euchre has also left fearful traces. You do not believe me, perhaps? Very well. Be a looker-on in Venice, my dear reader, as I was at several card parties in succession. Watch with unprejudiced eyes, then tell me whether or no my imagination is running away with me.

They play so desperately hard, these devotees of fashion. Preach to me nevermore that the rich toil not, neither do they spin, for they make of cards a most serious business indeed; and they are spinning the thread of life out to so dangerous a fineness that it must eventually snap altogether, because of the tension.

Granted that cards are harmless as amusement-makers; that these bits of pasteboard are as sinless in themselves as so many spotless pages of my lady's writing tablet. Nevertheless, the intoxication of playing them to excess has mounted to my lady's brain. And it is not a card house, but her whole nervous structure, that will yet come tumbling to pieces about her ears.

I cite my friend, the Society Woman, as an example. Once under the spell of the game she seemed blind to everything but her determination to win the bauble of a prize offered. As she played, her eyes hardened, brightened, burned feverishly while she fixed them now upon the hand she held, now upon the moves made by her opponents. Her lips were shut tightly into a straight line where once they had curved into ripe fulness. An alert, eager, strained expression was upon her face. She fought for points as a general would fight for victory, quarreled with her neighbors—and lost the battle.

Inside the carriage, when the afternoon was over, she flung her portemonnaie into a corner and stamped her foot with rage, then burst into tears. I was dumb with amazement. This, then, was the way she "enjoyed" life. This was the idyllic repose that I had fancied was her normal atmosphere, because, forsooth, did she not belong to the purple, as I to the ink-bespattered side of earthly existence?

This was "rest—recreation"!

When I rang for the maid, the latter evinced no surprise, and put her mistress to bed as she might have tucked away a child under the silken covers. Outside the door of the boudoir she smiled reassuringly.

"It ees nothing new, madame," she whispered. "She always have the-what ees it you call them—heestericks, when she wins not the prize."

Verily, I had enough of cards that week to last me while I live. Everywhere was the unhealthy excitement that showed its devastating work upon the faces of at least half the players. The other half were either too cleverly balanced or too lazily indifferent to be influenced. For there are women, heaven bless them, who play cards rationally, scientifically, as cards should be played. To them the game, whatever form it may take, is an amusement pure and simple, a gentle stimulus, a pleasing pastime. But the others—well, as I said before, they are euchre-mad.

Moreover, it is developing the gambling spirit to no inconsiderable degree, and with it all that is harsh, impatient, petty, and mean. I said as much to a tall girl near me one afternoon, who was helping the hostess receive. She very promptly acquiesced.

"For heaven's sake," said she, "do write something about it that will set the ball rolling. I'm heartily sick of card parties, and wish they would be dropped from Society altogether. Cards are simply ruining my temper, and rasping my nerves most seriously."

Over in the corner a white-haired, spectacled old lady, propped up by pillows, was participating in the game.

"Do you see her?" went on the tall girl. "Well, she'll fall dead some day in one of our houses, and we're all dreading it, but have to invite her. She has heart failure, is seventy if she's a day, and (here my informant's voice sank to a whisper) has to brace up on whisky between the deals. But she's infatuated with cards, and won't stay away."

I once knew a man who was inordinately fond of Tobasco sauce. Now, taken moderately, I question if Tobasco be death and destruction to the human stomach. But this man loved it in such large doses that he bought it wholesale and consumed it wholesale. I forget what the attending physicians called his fatal illness, but I have frequently wondered if, beyond the reach of the bottled delicacy that was his doom, he finds things hot enough to compensate him.

And my friend, the Society Woman, what of her? For surely there are no euchre prizes in heaven.

THE CHEWING-GUM HABIT.

There is now hope that the chewing-gum habit may become a thing of the hideous past, so far as the jaw feminine is concerned, for physicians declare that the practise produces large-sized wrinkles on the face of woman; that not alone are crows'-feet to be dreaded by her. She who indulges in the baneful habit is apt to acquire deep, seamy furrows in her alabaster neck and rosy cheek. This, one would think, is enough to alarm any woman, yet there are those who will pursue their reckless way, wooing wrinkled disaster, and deeming the world well lost for gum. And who knows what their fate may be?

It transpires that crullers and doughnuts are not even first cousins to each other, according to the latest cook-book authority. The humble doughnut, we are warned, must not be mistaken for the more modern confection known as the cruller. Of course, we cannot be too careful in such important matters. I had somehow labored under the impression that in high society the cruller was merely the old-fashioned doughnut dignified by a more euphonious name. However, both, doubtless, produce the same kind of dyspepsia.

PLAGIARISM.

A daily paper to the south of us recently entered a howling editorial protest—a virtuous-indignation, tears-in-the-eyes protest—against the plagiarizing ways of certain other Californian journals that were reprinting without credit the bright, snappy, editorialettes of the paper in question. Calling attention to their brilliancy, the abused journal said: "We are always pleased to see our thoughts in the columns of our contemporaries, but credit should invariably be given."

Now the joke of the matter is the fact that these editorialettes which were such bones of contention were (and are to the present date) nothing more nor less than clipped jokes from the comic papers, twisted and turned, re-vamped, as it were, and otherwise rendered but partially recognizable, the point, however, of each being carefully preserved and made to do duty as thoughtlets from the brain of the very editor who had the nerve to sit in his sanctum and pen diatribes against other paste-and-scissors pirates.

In journalism, a joke is regarded, like an umbrella, as public property, though there are a large number of periodicals that conscientiously give credit for every line of reprint. The average reader, not having access to many journals of the day, does not know the difference. Those who handle newspaper exchanges become experts at discrimination and readily detect the pilfering paragrapher with his borrowed wit and his habit of poaching on the preserves of original funsters. While it is a fact that coincidences occur, and that writers' thoughts sometimes pursue the same trend with similar results, the current jokes of comic literature are rarely repeated unintentionally.

A year ago some rhymes in this department were copied, and credited to *Truth* of New York. That was the beginning of a long and useful career. The numbers of baptisms received by those verses were enough to chill the life out of them. From newspaper to newspaper they were tossed, credited to any and every periodical but THE TRAVELER. The other day I opened an English paper and there, again in borrowed plumage, my own had returned to me. And they seemed to eye me reproachfully—as if I could have prevented their weary fate—by copyright, perhaps.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

[At the request of several of our readers we publish below the following verses by Thos. Buchanan Read. They first appeared many years ago in the *Westminster Review*, and the production was pronounced by them to be the finest American poem ever written.—ED.]

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On somber wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before,
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year.

Where every bird that walked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn;
To warn the reaper of the rosy east:
All now was sunless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone, the pheasant drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch.

Amid all this—the center of the scene.
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the dropping wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone—
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene,
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

Mistress—You ought to take pattern by your fellow-servant. She is so cleanly in her habits that she washes herself three times a day.

Servant Girl—And no wonder; her sweetheart is a chimney-sweep.

"Bridget, why didn't you heat my room better? It's only fifty degrees."

"Well, sir, I thought that for such a small room fifty degrees would be enough."

Yeast—What did your friend mean by referring to his wounded spirit?

Crimsonbeak—Some one threw a stone and broke a bottle of whisky he had in his breast pocket.

Disappointed Guest—I thought you said there was an extensive view from the hotel?

Disappointing Landlord—Well, you can see the moon, can't you? Isn't that extensive enough?

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Sniggers—Have another cigar, old chap?

Trigsby (with painful reminiscences)—No, thank you, my dear fellow.

Sniggers—There are plenty of them.

Trigsby—Yes; but there's only one of me.

Housekeeper—And now, Bridget, is there anything more that you require before you become my cook?

Bridget—Yes, mum; there's wan thing I forgot, mum. I'll expect the use of yer bicycle on me afternoons out. I've a pair of knickerbockers av me own.

A Washington hotelkeeper once posted on his dining-room door the following notice: "Members of Congress will go to table first, and then the gentlemen. Rowdies and blackguards must not mix with the Congressmen, as it is hard to tell one from the other. These orders will be regarded as final and imperative."

In an Edinburgh school the other day an inspector, wishing to test the knowledge of a class in fractions, asked one boy whether he would rather take a sixth or a seventh part of an orange if he had a choice. The boy promptly replied that he would take the seventh. At this the inspector explained at length to the class that the boy who would choose the smaller part, as this boy had done, because it looked the larger fraction was very foolish. The laugh was, however, on the other side when the chirping voice of another urchin broke in in remonstrance, "Please, sir, but that boy disna like oranges."

"Don't you think," said Miss Simfoni of Boston, "that Theodore Thomas is the best conductor in that country?"

"Wal, I dunno as I ever rid in his car," old Mrs. Flatt replied, thoughtfully.

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is the first requirement for an even temper and peace of mind. You like your meals well served, palatable, and reasonable in price. We combine all these features, and between the hours of 5 and 8 P. M., serve the finest "Table d'Hote" dinner in the city for $1.

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Most centrally located. Cable cars pass the house for all parts of the city. Floors carpeted with the best body brussels and velvet. Electric bells and heated by steam. The only house in the city running a FREE 'BUS both ways and independent of the Transfer Co. Watch for the Natick House 'bus. Rates, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per day. HART BROS., Proprietors.

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ATTRACTIONS.

THE Southern California Railway Company is making its usual preparations to handle the Summer business in the Territory covered by its lines. It is different from most railway companies in that it don't wait for competition to force upon it innovations and modern improvements in order to hold its traffic and its popularity, for to-day it runs a splendid chair car service over the main line, as well as an observation car over the famous "Kite Shaped Track." To give our readers some idea of the interesting territory reached by its various lines, we mention a few points well worth seeing thereon.

The Kite Shaped Track of the Southern California Railway (Santa Fe Route) is an epitome of the whole country. Take the observation car for this trip of one hundred and sixty miles and spend a day in it and you will have sketched a picture that can be elaborated and extended without limit.

PASADENA—With 15,000 inhabitants, made famous by the beauty of its homes and drives, is the point of departure for Mt. Lowe Railway. A drive across the valley to the San Gabriel Mission, with a stop at the San Gabriel Hotel, is fine.

LAMANDA PARK—Is the station for the Sierra Madre Villa and Sanitarium which can be seen in the foot-hills.

SANTA ANITA—On Baldwin's famous ranch. The stage here carries you to the foot-hills where burro trains make daily trips to the summit of Mount Wilson. Pedestrians delight to make this trip, which can easily be walked in five or six hours if you are fond of a constitutional.

We occasionally read in the daily papers of rare cases of lengthy marriages, and much notice is given to those who may be fortunate enough to celebrate their golden wedding. The above portrait, however, is that of a couple who have recently passed the sixty-first year of their married life, and both are in good health and spirits yet. Mr. and Mrs. Gendar were born respectively in 1813 and 1818, and were joined together in 1835. They reside in San Francisco, and are the parents of six children, all boys, three of whom are living.

REDLANDS—Is the center of a most successful orange growing district and one of the smartest cities in the State. Smiley Heights, overlooking the city and valley, is a beautiful spot and affords a superb view of the country.

AT RIVERSIDE—Twelve thousand acres of oranges thrive and produce annually upwards of one million boxes of fruit. The city is provided with comfortable hotels. Magnolia Avenue is one of the great streets of the world—10 miles long, 150 feet wide; lined with pepper, palm, and magnolia trees and hedged with handsome homes.

The trip, Los Angeles to San Diego, is 127 miles.

Without question, the most beautiful spot in Southern California is San Diego and its surroundings. The numerous fine hotels in the city have made San Diego very desirable as a stopping place. The surrounding country is interesting. Within short excursion distance is the San Diego Mission, Mexico, the Boundary Line Monument, La Jolla Sea Caves, Tia Juana, the interesting little Mexican border town, Chula Vista, the marvelous lemon growing district, Sweetwater Dam, back in the mountains but easily reached, Point Loma with lighthouse and the recently undertaken fortifications being erected by the United States.

CORONADO BEACH AND HOTEL—Is certainly the spot you come to see. The splendid hotel offers every luxury known to modern life and is situated in a spot so unlike anything else in the United States and so beautiful in itself that you feel satisfied to dream away the days on its broad piazzas. This is one of the world's hotels, one of the cosmopolitan spots.

"WHERE CAN THOSE CHILDREN BE?"

On page 23 of THE TRAVELER of August, 1896, we published a half-tone engraving entitled "Where Can Those Children Be?" It was reproduced from a photograph by the well-known artist of Portland, Oregon, Mr. Chas. Y. Lamb, with whom the regular readers of THE TRAVELER have become familiar through the many unique and original conceptions contributed to it by him for the past three years. The verses accompanying the picture were likewise from the pen of Mr. Lamb, and were as beautiful and tender as the subject they illustrated.

We have heard from this exquisite sentiment many times, but we have been especially impressed with the communication appearing in the *Evening Telegram* of Portland, Oregon, under date of March 13th. The article in full is as follows:

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Many will remember the beautiful picture entitled, "Where Can Those Children Be?" It was a conception of Charles Y. Lamb, the well-known artist of this city, the verses accompanying it comparing with any of the late Eugene Field in sympathetic and heart-touching story.

Some fond grandmother away back in Minnesota by some means has caught a glimpse of the picture, and from her dear old heart comes the following touching letter:

COVE MILLS, Lacas County, Min., March 4, 1897.

MR. CHARLES Y. LAMB, *Dear Sir:*—In THE TRAVELER of August, 1896, is a poem called "Where Can Those Children Be?" and with the same is a picture of two little tots fishing in the creek, and I write this to ask you if those are real flesh and blood children? and to tell you why I wanted to know. This last August I lost one of the dearest of little grandsons, and we do not possess a picture of him, and the little boy in your picture is the exact counterpart of the little boy who died, and I should so much like to get a copy, if it were possible. Although it would not be of the dear one that has fallen asleep, it would ease the pain of our loneliness to look at the pictured face so very like our golden-haired and blue-eyed darling. Feeling sure that one who writes so lovingly of the grandest of old grandmas, will excuse the liberty I take in addressing a stranger. Will close with asking you to please let me know if I can get a picture of the little boy and how much it will cost. Very respectfully yours,

MRS. F. A. ANDREWS.

The verses which accompanied the picture are herewith reproduced:

Where Can Those Children Be?

Just at the door of the old farmhouse
Where the spider industriously weaves,
On the porch just back of the kitchen
That is checkered by shadows of leaves
Stands the grandest of dear old grandmas,
For a moment away from her pies.
She has missed the noise of the children
And stands there shading her eyes.
She scans the worn path to the springs,
Bubbling up 'neath the old cherry-tree,
Stands there in silence just wondering,
Now where can those children be?
Just outside a gate that is fastened
In a rustic and old-fashioned way,
Down a bank that is fragrant with clover
And not "awfully too far away,"
Where out from the shadows of ferns and leaves,
And bubbling over pebbles and sands,
Goes the brook that is born of the glacier,
And now waters the farmers' land:
How pure and how cool are its depths in the pool,
Neath the shade of the mossy old tree.
And the sunshine in spots beams on two little tots,
Now where else can those children be?

Of the 4,000,000 bicycle riders in the United States, 200,000 are in Chicago.

The wheel is even shutting out the chaperons in England. Young ladies who would never have thought of riding horseback without a groom, go wherever they please on bicycles.

The American Consul in Bavaria reports that a genuine bicycle craze seems to have struck the usually quiet natives, and there is a splendid opening for good wheels.

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Every effort has been made, and money lavishly expended under the present able management to make this establishment THE MODEL FAMILY HOTEL, a reputation it now enjoys and most justly merits.

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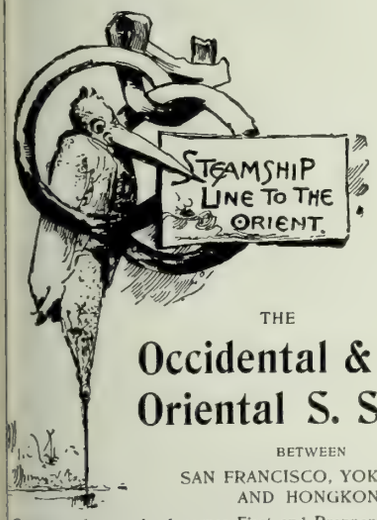

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Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

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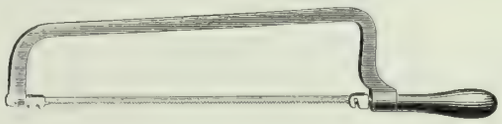

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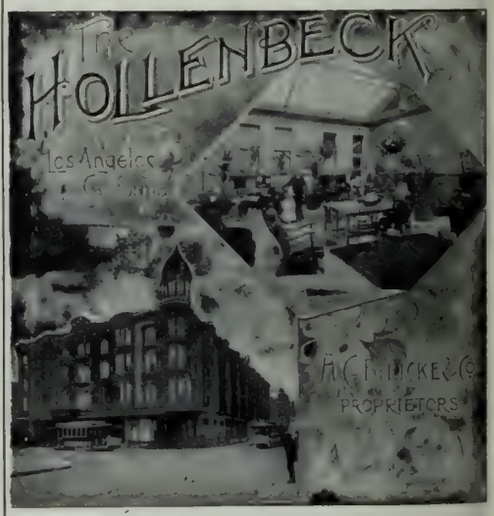

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IX. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1897. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge,* reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

Special Notice. No employee or representative of THE TRAVELER is empowered to request transportation or contract any debts on account of this journal. The publisher invariably furnishes letters over his own signature where any favor or concession may be desired, so that those granting them without such letters do so at their own risk.

NOW THAT the summer outing season is about upon us, we take pleasure in once more announcing to the readers of THE TRAVELER that we conduct at our office, No. 20 Montgomery Street, what we term "The Traveler's Bureau." We have here for distribution the pamphlets and circulars of nearly all the principal resorts and hotels, and as to the resorts who do not publish any information of this character we can, nevertheless, tell you all you want to know about them.

Many people do not know just where they want to go for the season. Drop in and see us, and let us give you some suggestions, or you can take away with you as many of the different resort pamphlets as you desire.

"The Traveler's Bureau" is the only department of its kind on this coast. It is kept up to date in every respect, and no charge whatever is made for the service rendered the public as above mentioned. If you have thought favorably of going to any of the well-known Lake County resorts, to Mendocino, to the Santa Cruz Mountains, to the Shasta region, or Tahoe, or to any of the seaside watering places, you will find at "The Traveler's Bureau" information about all of them, saving you the delay and trouble of writing direct to such places for the data you want.

We cheerfully invite you or your friends to call on us at any time, and let us give you the benefit of the Bureau.

UP AT Syracuse, N. Y., they selected a lawyer to head the Citizens' ticket in the municipal campaign. Some persons were disposed to object to this, and argued that the man for the office should be a business man. It is hard to see how a man who sells hardware or seeds is any better fitted to govern a municipality than is a reputable lawyer. What is wanted is a man of practical ideas and one who knows how to do things in a business-like way. If the lawyer whose professional life has been chiefly devoted in straightening out business affairs is not more liable to be the sort of a man that is wanted, we hardly know to what class a city should turn for the kind of talent it requires. It would be better for some cities if their Mayors knew enough about law to keep municipal affairs out of the blunders, irregularities, and illegalities to which they find themselves from time to time. The successful lawyer of to-day is the lawyer who understands the practical business questions which concern business men. It is well known that the most successful lawyers to-day are business men. Lawyers' advice and counsel are utilized by successful business men and the heads of successful corporations. A city is but a great business corporation. A business lawyer is not out of place as its head.

IT IS interesting to note the various opinions expressed on the subject of penalizing the offense of high hats at places of amusement, and especially the pitiable weakness, and, in fact, ridiculousness, of the views of those who, with a flourish of gallantry, take sides with the opposition to the movement. In an interview with the managers of our leading theaters in this city, recently published in the daily papers, it is somewhat significant to note that but one spoke adversely of the proposed law, not because he did not believe the custom of removing hats a desideratum, but he considered legislation on the subject an attack upon private rights, an aspersion on feminine gentility, and believed that the desired end could be reached by allowing the ladies their own sweet will, depending upon the advent of a new *custom* under the leadership of the "400" to attain the same result. The fallacy of this belief is proven by the fact that for months past many of the best people in San Francisco have voluntarily removed their headgear at our theaters, but the example has not proven contagious to any appreciable extent.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has submitted to Congress an estimate of $12,000 to place "eophones" on revenue cutters. This is a devise for locating sound, and is now in use on many government vessels. The eophone is a sound-catching instrument, and with it one can determine with much accuracy, in a fog or darkness, the location both as to direction and distance, of sound. It is formed of two bell-mouthed receivers, placed one on each side of a sheet of metal or other material extending some distance in front of the receivers. A tube from the left-hand sound-receiver is placed at the left ear of the person operating the eophone, and a tube from the right-hand receiver at the right ear. When the sound is heard with equal plainness in both ears the instrument is pointing in the direction of the sound; when the sound is heard with greater plainness in one ear than in the other the instrument is pointing at an angle with the direction of the sound. The sensitiveness of the instrument is remarkable. The ripple of oars has been detected in the night-time when the rowers were trying to row as silently as possible. The eophone is attached to the top of the pilot-house, the tubes from the receivers being brought inside the house for use by the pilot.

"CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK." *Chas. Y. Lamb, Artist.*

ARE THESE YOUR HANDS?

I RECEIVED a dainty little note the other day, and, as many women do, wondered, ere opening it, from whom it could be, when it finally occurred to me that the answer to my query might be expressed inside, and I opened it. I found the following:

My Dear Miss Klink:—There is to be a tea held next Saturday for the benefit of——— ——— ———. Will you not tell fortunes for us, or as you prefer to phrase it, read character? It is a worthy charity, and I hope you will be able to assist us.

Sincerely ———.

Of course I would do so, and my only stipulations were for a cozy corner large enough for three or four people, a good lamp, two comfortable chairs, and a nice fat sofa pillow.

I hoped that the hands would be interesting, because even when charitably inclined one likes to be entertained as well, and just as some people are more interesting than others so are some hands. For a while the fat sofa pillow and I seemed to be unpopular, but suddenly a voice—"Well, young lady, what are you doing here?" and a friend, who is well known as versed in legal lore, entered. "Telling fortunes," I responded. "Now, do you know," seating himself comfortably, "I think that is all sort of nonsense. Do you not just make it up to please people as you go along? Could you tell anything about me from my hands?" spreading them out and smiling benevolently. "Well, which hand, but I don't believe in it. What are you looking at the backs for?" "Oh, nothing, only you are a very particular man for details, so long as some one else attends to their carrying out. You tabulate everything carefully, for your memory is not very good, and you fear to trust it. Your desk must be in exact order when you begin the day—new pens, fresh ink, clean blotting-pad and,"—"My wife told you that," and he snatched the hands away triumphantly. "Beg pardon, I have never spoken to her upon the subject. On the other hand, you are comfortable, for instance, in an old hat, and it is always your wife who sees the necessity of a new one." "She did tell you." "She did not. Please turn your hands over. Better not go into stocks, you will loose every time." "I have lost," was the answer. "You have attained eminence, deservedly, but you are not doing the thing in life which you are best fitted for and desire most." "That is queer, but it is so."

WHERE THE FUN COMES IN.

"Will, have your fortune told," and 'Will' comes in. "You like to find out all about things." (Chorus from group, "Yes, he's curious.") "Generous, affectionate disposition." (Chorus, "Angelic.") "Quick tempered, but not sullen." (Chorus, "Yes.") "Obliging, careful, and painstaking to a degree with little things." (Chorus, "Don't make him too conceited.") "Not at all a flirt." Triumphant response from Will—"I told you so." "You are starting on a professional career, if it be that of a lawyer, stick to constitutional law, you will never be a pleader, you are analytical, philosophical, rather than intuitive or sympathetic, words do not come easily to you."—Chorus marks a rest, while he replies, "Thank you, madam, that law question is just what I have been pondering over, you have decided me," and Will, with the attendant chorus of young girls, moves off.

A young man enters alone, evidently embarrassed, yet wanting, as the sign outside expressed it, his "fortune told," and bashfully places his hands on the pillow before me. Such nice hands, long, strong, and firm, showing method, faithfulness, and good judgment—not much luck, but with a positive talent for hard work, and an odd fancy for poetry, which is quite strong. "You have a genius for small and delicate work, intricate mechanism, infinite exactitude, and careful adjustment of parts." "Madam," in a surprised tone, "I am employed in regulating electric clocks." A look into the hand again—"Loyal, generous, single-minded, you are having some hard trouble in affairs of the heart, you are not to blame, but you suffer deeply." The hands quivered just a little. "You marry later, *not* this young lady, and you are very happy. You travel, not widely, but to see about a legacy which is to be left to you under certain difficult conditions." "Do I live long?" I evade the question. "Do I live long?" and his eyes compelled an answer. "About fifty." "Thank you," and he moved away.

"Do you believe all you have been telling those people?" said my next visitor. "Decidedly, yes. I should not be here if I did not." A sniff of incredulity, but he returned to the attack. "You are pretty clever in making things up, but you do not really think there is any truth in it? Have you studied palmistry? Will you read my hand?" "Certainly; the pillow, please." It was placed most emphatically under the table, and the hands lay spread out before me. "You not only like your own way, but you have it. You are obstinate to a degree, and are sometimes apt to be influenced by a prejudice against your better judgment. You have great managing and governing ability, and you are fond of exercising it. You are more demonstrative than affectionate." "You mean I make people believe I think more of them than I do?" "I mean just that, and the persons you seem most indifferent to are the ones you like the best." "Well, you're right," reluctantly. "You are generous with money, in an open, free-handed way, but you are often careless of the feelings of others in that generosity." The hands dropped, and he looked at me, questioningly. I afterwards learned that a trying circumstance in that connection had just occurred. "You have a wonderful command of language, both written and spoken—you are witty, keen, humorous; your personality is strong, and you are exceptionally good company."

After telling his fortune thus briefly, the gentleman said: "Now, will you tell me what these lines mean, because they must mean something."

"Certainly, the lines have different meanings, according to their characteristics. If a line be unbroken, of good color, neither pale, nor a deep red, it indicates firmness, evenness—good judgment in those qualities which it represents. If it be chained, or with many little branches, it denotes fickleness, variableness—want of concentration; if it be wide, rather pale, and ill-defined, it shows uncertainty, indifference—want of decision in regard to the attributes which it typifies. For instance, the line of life, which rises between the thumb and forefinger, under the mount of Jupiter, should be clear, well defined, and unbroken. The farther it extends around the base of the mount of Venus, or root of the thumb, the longer will your life be. If broken at any place, it indicates an illness corresponding in the time of your life to the place where the break occurs; near the beginning, it is in early life, and the reverse. Many horizontal lines crossing the life line near the top show illnesses which have occurred in childhood. An island on that line, a character resembling in shape the pulp vesicles of the orange, means some disgrace connected with one's family. Lines branching downward from it, near the lower part, mean travel. If it ends in a tassel, you will die poor." Immediate search *not* to find a tassel.

"What is that line called which joins the head line at the beginning; it makes a sharp angle in my hand?" "That is the head line, and the sharp angle means quick decision, prompt action. Should that line go all the way across to the other side of the hand, you are exacting in your friendships and of a jealous disposition. Should it turn *up* at the end in matters of judgment, your heart will win over your head. Should it turn strongly down toward the mount of the moon, it signifies, on a weak hand, a very strong tendency to the blues; reaching to the mount, the tendency increased even to dementia or suicide. On a strong hand it denotes literary ability." "Should one have a square on it?" "That shows you are in danger through too much concentration—overwork, but the square will carry you through. A square is always an excellent sign. The line above is rather interesting, the heart line. It is chained; therefore, you might be called—well, flirtatious; it ends on the mount of Jupiter, so you will have fame and gratified ambition, but if it ended between the first and second fingers, with many branches, responsibilities would rest upon you all your life long. If at its close, on the mount of Jupiter, there were a star, that would mean a brilliant marriage, successful both in the matter of love and ambition. One is selfish, or generous, in proportion as this heart line is nearer, or farther from that of the head, which is below it."

"Just tell me a little more—where is my luck line?" "Your fate line runs up through the middle of your hand. This line, rising from the line of life, denotes that one is the architect of his own fortunes. Rising nearer the wrist, but joined near the beginning to the life line, shows that family matters have hampered one's career. Downward branches show failures, upward branches successes. A complete break in the line denotes a complete change of residence, from California to Japan, for instance; broken at the head line shows an affair of the heart; going straight and clear to the mount of Saturn, under the middle finger, is very good fortune; cutting through the mount of Saturn, ill-fortune resulting through excess of prosperity. It is late, but if you are interested, get 'Edward Heron Allen's Cheirosophy and Cheiro,' and your knowledge of hand-reading will be complete."

AMONG THE RESORTS.

DURING the past few years Lake County, California, has proven itself to be a most veritable Mecca for resorters and health-seekers during the summer season. It has every attraction possible, both in the way of its wonderful variety of mineral springs, baths, its beautiful scenery, and its unexcelled fishing and hunting. It will not be very long before it will likewise enjoy improved traveling facilities, both motor and electrical. It may be interesting to our readers to mention a few of the best-known resorts in Lake County.

Harbin Springs is one of the most beautiful spas in the country. It is only seventy-three miles by rail from San Francisco to Calistoga and twenty-one miles by stage. It has an elevation of about 1700 feet, is open all the year round, and its hot sulphur baths are incomparable. They have recently added music almost every evening for the entertainment of the guests. Their vegetables are obtained from their own gardens, a well-conducted delivery is attached to the hotel, and many people will be interested to know that they do not employ Chinese anywhere about the place.

Seigler Springs has a very attractive location, and is well provided with plunge and tub baths. Its elevation is a little higher than Harbin's, being 2400 feet. The surrounding country is beautiful, and the hot mud baths and hot iron plunge baths are a feature of this resort. The curative properties of its waters have been favorably spoken of by visitors. Seigler will, no doubt, receive its full share of patronage during the coming season.

Glenbrook resort in Lake County is another very pretty place. While not so large as some of the others, it has an individuality of its own in the way of thoroughly homelike surroundings, and probably the facilities for enjoying the finest fishing in the country. It is only a couple of weeks ago that two sportsmen landed 190 trout in five hours, aggregating in weight over fifty pounds. Astorg Springs, about half a mile from Glenbrook, has been placed at the service of the guests of the Glenbrook, so that they may enjoy the benefit of their mineral waters.

Anderson Springs is about twenty-one miles from Calistoga, at an elevation of 1400 feet. The country is mountainous, and the waters are cold, sulphur, soda, magnesia, and iron. The springs will not accommodate over 150 people, and those who have ever visited this well-known resort have naught to say but praise for both the efficacy of its waters and the attention of the management.

Highland Springs, about twelve miles from Pieta, in Lake County, has just completed a new and very commodious hotel on the site of the old building, which has been moved further back. Highland can now accommodate in the neighborhood of 500 guests, and if last season's business is any indication for this year, it will, no doubt, still be crowded. Highlands has a very large variety of mineral springs. This fact, together with the amusements offered the guests, has done everything to popularize these springs with the outing public.

Santa Cruz will have a very flattering amount of summer patronage this season. The Sea Beach Hotel, overlooking the beach, is again under the control of its popular proprietor, Mr. John T. Sullivan, and many improvements have been made both in the arrangements of the hotel and the general service. The cream of the salmon fishing will shortly be upon us, and Mr. Sullivan, the proprietor, is one of the best artists in that line in Santa Cruz, and makes a specialty of furnishing his guests with all necessary information and accoutrements for an excursion of this character.

For those who want a quiet house, the well-known Pope House on the hill will be found the most delightful in the city. It is still under the management of Mrs. Pope, who has conducted it for many years.

The Pacific Ocean House is still the leading commercial hotel of the town, and is now under the management of Mrs. E. B. Pixley. We learn that it is improved greatly since the change has been made, and the dining-room is most aptly catered to by the personal attention of Mrs. Pixley's daughter.

MISS CISSY FITZGERALD

From her last photograph, by Taber, taken especially for The Traveler, and elsewhere unpublished.

Madrone Mineral Springs is a very delightful resort in Santa Clara County, being only twelve miles by stage from Madrone Station. The country surrounding it is beautifully timbered, and the fishing is especially fine. The springs are both hot and cold.

Mr. P. Van Loon has recently taken charge of the well-known Magnolia Hotel at Calistoga. As this point is somewhat of a key to Lake County, it is more than usually familiar with the traveling public. Mr. Van Loon contemplates many elaborate changes and improvements, and will make the hotel more of an individual resort than as a stopping place as formerly.

We learn that Laurel Dell, on the border of Blue Lakes, in Lake County, will experience a run this season. It is noted for its picturesque location, its splendid hunting, fishing, bathing and boating facilities, and many improvements have been made both in the hotel and grounds.

Skaggs Springs, in Sonoma County, now under the management of Mr. J. F. Mulgrew, is doing a flourishing business. Mr. Mulgrew thoroughly understands his work, makes it a point to cater to his guests both socially and in the good things at the table.

The Hotel Vendome at San Jose has about finished the usual course of renovation and improvements for the coming season, and with the charming grounds surrounding it, covered with fresh green patches, flowers and stately trees, it forms one of the most attractive pleasure resorts in California. The excursions to the celebrated Lick Observatory at Mt. Hamilton, over the Mt. Hamilton Stage Company's lines, are becoming more frequent and popular, and the Vendome enjoys the distinction of being the headquarters for tourists making this delightful and interesting trip.

Catalina Island has donned her gala attire. The famous Hotel Metropole at Avalon is open, and all is ready for the usual influx of tourists at this beautiful resort. Amusements without end, hunting, fishing, swimming, boating, riding and driving, all of the very best, are the striking features of this seaside Mecca. It possesses the finest climate in the world and the opportunity to associate with the very best class of people.

Paraiso Springs is still under the old management of good-natured Mr. Robertson, and every indication points to a most successful season. The famous soda baths of Paraiso are a never-forgotten delight, to say nothing of the sulphur plunge and the surrounding beauty of the place. It is only a question of a short time when a full equipped electric service will be established between Soledad, the railway terminus, and Paraiso, six miles distant.

AN ORIENTAL HAREM.

MRS. F. B. ANTHONY.

ONE place of great interest, at least in this world, where men are positively excluded and where ladies are kindly received, a privilege seldom granted in any other country, is the harem of the Governor of Tangiers, in Morocco. The streets of Tangiers are the narrowest, most irregular, and dirtiest in the world. Rainfalls are frequent at certain seasons, and there being no pavements or sidewalks the pedestrian may slip and slide to his soul's content or discontent, one or two rambles in this out-of-the-way city being quite enough to satisfy.

The thickly many-coated whitewashed palace of the Sultan of Morocco, with floors and sides of each room tiled in bright blue, green, white, and yellow, the living-rooms of which extend around and open into a large court surrounded by a very high glaring whitewashed wall, the gates of which are double locked and guarded, is inhabited by His Majesty and numerous retinue or family for a short season only each year, his principal palace being in the City of Morocco. The palace at Tangiers is a very uninviting place when deserted, but considered by the people there fine, "ah! grand!"

A SIESTA.

The unpretentious palace of the Governor of Tangiers is entirely enclosed with the high white wall; indeed, the low palace is not visible from without the walls at all. Arriving at the gateway the gentlemen accompanying us may raise the ponderous iron knocker attached to the gate or entrance and announce our arrival, but, alas, they can go no farther, and must be nimble to get out of sight before the gate is opened. The knock is quickly answered by a large Nubian woman with very black glossy skin, dressed in many bright colors, her head crowned with a flaming turban which seems to heighten the astonishing picture; her satin arms are adorned with numberless bracelets, earrings, and other trinkets which clink and jingle gaily as she moves. With smiling face and a motion of her much bejeweled hand she bids us enter, and before we have time to consider the real situation of things, or to even hesitate, the latch of the great gate is snapped behind us, we are inside and passing down the arched hallway, with a little trembling shuffle to our walk and a flutter at the heart, as step by step we advance and wonder what is in store to gratify our inquisitive and really adventurous undertaking.

AFTER THE DANCE.

At the end of the long corridor a handsome barefooted Arab boy advances, who greets us with many very low salaams and smiles. He wears a bright-red loose robe and fez of the same color, with a long gold tassel, his whole makeup contrasting beautifully with the very white walls against which he is an attractive picture whenever he turns. By him we are conducted across the court and into the august presence of the Governor's family, whom we have been invited to visit.

That part of the family here present consists of five women, all wives of the Governor, and two children; one a lovely, shy little girl about eight years of age, the other a plump, coarse-featured, swarthy, bright, happy looking baby less than a year old, who is laughing and crowing in the arms of one of the women as loudly and with as much zest as any Christian youngster ever could.

A deep niche with arched coiling and facing the pretty court, in the center of which a cool, sparkling fountain is playing, contains the family. As we advance the oldest of the group, a large, fine-looking woman of about forty-five—if we can judge the age of these women whose lives begin so early—rises from the couch on which she is reclining and steps forward with hand extended and gives us a hearty greeting, introducing us by signs to the other women present, who all in their turn extend their soft hands.

The formality was at once so natural and so elegantly bestowed that, although not a word passed on either side, all fear and trembling which we had before experienced at once took wings. Ottomans were placed and we all sat down for a visit, which began with a good long exchange of scrutiny from head to foot and again from foot to head.

TWO OF THEM.

Then admiration for and acceptance of the beautiful flowers we had brought, the jewels we wear are admired and gently fingered, while we return the compliment, being especially attracted by the immense hoop earrings, fully six inches in circumference, which are worn by all of these women. The elder lady seemed at once the mistress entire of the occasion. Resuming a reclining position on her couch of crimson damask silk she at once became a study for an artist.

She has beautiful dark dreamy eyes, fringed with long lashes, beaming with a kindly intelligent expression, fine oval features, rich olive skin, tinged with the glow of health, bright red lips and fine teeth, black hair, covered with a fall of the softest lace, a loose yellow robe of fluffy silk, confined at the waist by a beautiful striped scarf, wide flowing sleeves, necklace, bracelets, and rings of fine gold set with turquoise, shapely feet encased in silk stockings and sharp-toed, tasseled, bright-red, heelless slippers. The Arab boy at her back, slowly moving a fan of long white ostrich feathers, finished the lovely picture.

The fifth wife, the mother of the baby, with sweet, refined shyness and noticeable pride brought her homely little Moor and placed him in our arms, the child seemingly enjoying the novelty of the occasion, not at all disapproving of the fun, but crowing at the top of his voice and joining heartily in the general laugh of which his antics were the cause.

NATURE IN CALIFORNIA.

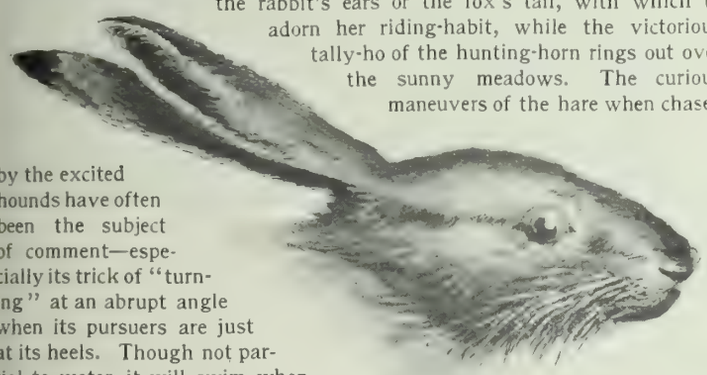
BERTHA F. HERRICK.

LITTLE FOUR-FOOTED FOLKS.

THE large, long-eared California hare, or "jack-rabbit," is exceedingly common in certain parts of the State; and, like its relatives in other countries, is one of the chief enemies of the agriculturist. During the warmer hours of the day it usually remains crouched, with flattened ears, in a slight depression, known as a "form," which it excavates either among the grasses in the open field or under the shelter of a wild plant or sage-bush, its dull, brownish-gray color serving to protect it from ordinary observation. But toward nightfall, or in the early morning, it may be seen scampering about in search of food, nibbling the tender, juicy bark of grape-vines or young orchard trees and buds and shoots of every description.

In Pasadena and other Southern California towns midwinter "cross-country" clubs, composed of both ladies and gentlemen, and provided with a pack of trained, fleet-footed greyhounds, have been formed for the purpose of pursuing the nimble "jack" or his natural enemy, the little red fox.

The first lady-rider who is "in at the death" receives, as a souvenir, the rabbit's ears or the fox's tail, with which to adorn her riding-habit, while the victorious tally-ho of the hunting-horn rings out over the sunny meadows. The curious maneuvers of the hare when chased by the excited hounds have often been the subject of comment—especially its trick of "turning" at an abrupt angle when its pursuers are just at its heels. Though not partial to water, it will swim when hard pressed, and resorts to many stratagems before succumbing to the inevitable. Being of superior flavor, these rabbits would be much prized as delicacies if they were fewer in number and not so easily obtained.



HEAD OF HARE.

Jack-rabbits are so numerous and destructive in the fertile valley of the San Joaquin that annual "rabbit-drives" have been instituted for their extermination. The event takes place in the early spring, thousands of hares being driven into improvised corrals and beaten to death with clubs, the bounty offered by the Government being one cent for each pair of ears.

The largest drive in the State was held near Fresno in March, 1896, when it was estimated that 25,000 or 30,000 rabbits were slaughtered, no less than 10,000 men and boys being engaged in the operation.

The little gray squirrels, frolicking all day in the shady woods, galloping nimbly up the tree-trunks, springing lightly from bough to bough, chattering shrilly from some lofty branch, or racing along the ground with outspread bushy tails, form an amusing spectacle, and are the very life of the forest.

Their food consists of pine-nuts, acorns, hazel-nuts, seeds, grain, and wild fruits, though they have also been known to devour birds' eggs or even the newly hatched fledglings.

Like all the rest of their tribe, they store away provisions for winter use, hiding them in all sorts of nooks and crannies near their haunts or under heaps of leaves; and to such an extent is their bump of locality developed that they will even dig through the snow in the mountains to find them.

Their nests are placed high up in the tree in the fork of a large limb next to the trunk, and are composed of small twigs and dry grasses and stuffed with bits of moss. The young squirrels, which are five or six in number, are jealously guarded by their parents from the wildcats, hawks, owls, and other enemies that threaten to attack them.

Ground squirrels much resemble tree squirrels in general appearance, but are of heavier build and have a more clumsy gait. They are very destructive to fruit and grain, and are so numerous in certain sections that the earth is well-nigh undermined with their burrows. If a shot be fired into one of the holes, the smoke will come out of the tunnel a distance of ten or twenty feet beyond.

Another member of the squirrel family is the handsome little striped chipmunk, which lives in burrows in the ground or in hollow fallen trees. Racing along the rustic "worm" fences, or playing hide-and-seek among the tree-stumps, their pouches distended with acorns, they seem the embodiment of liveliness and contentment. A smaller variety of chipmunk, met with in the deserts around San Diego, has a white tail, which it carries curled up over its back.

The queer little "cotton-tail" inhabits shrubby places in low valleys and foot-hills, and, when not foraging for supplies, hides in a hole in the rocks.

Two species of wood-rats are found in wild places in the forest—the larger variety living on the ground in a great clumsy nest, composed of twigs and brush, and the smaller kind usually building on the branches of trees.

Among the native mice are the common field-mouse, which works havoc among the crops at harvest-time; the curious, long-tailed "kangaroo-mouse" of Southern California and isolated parts of the Coast Range, so called from its habit of leaping on its hind legs, kangaroo fashion, although it lands upon "all fours"; and the strange little "pocket-mouse," which derives its name from the pouches in its cheeks, by means of which it carries grain or the earth that it excavates from its burrows.

THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS IN MOTION.

The illustration of the Empire State Express, which accompanies this article, is probably in many ways the most remarkable picture of a train which has ever been published in any paper. In the first place the train is running—running in a way the Empire State Express has, at about sixty miles an hour. It is something of a trick to get a satisfactory picture of an object moving at the rate of a mile in a minute, even when you only want to get one photograph. But when this photograph was taken there were 2399 other photographs of the train taken in the same minute. It is one of a series of photographs taken at the rate of forty per second.

Those who have seen the "Biograph" exhibited (the Biograph being the latest and most improved machine for showing moving photographs, of which the Kinetoscope and Cinematograph were earlier and less perfect forms) will now recognize the picture. It has been shown on theater screens, as one of a series, before thousands of people in New York, Chicago, and other cities. The biograph apparatus was focused on the New York Central tracks before the express hove in sight a mile away. As soon as the train became visible in the distance the series of photographs began. The train came forward at the rate of a mile a minute, and in that minute 2400 separate photographs were taken—or a distinct view for every 26 inches that the engine moved—or, in other words, 10 photographs to each revolution of the 86-inch drivers. When these views are thrown on a large screen on the stage of a theater, in the same rapid succession as they were taken, with the accompaniment of clanging bells and roaring wheels behind the scenes, the effect is an amazingly life-like presentation of the train in motion. This view is only one of the 2400, showing the train at some one of the 2-foot points in its progress. The original negative was 2x2½ inches. From a print from this negative an enlarged photograph, 16x20 inches, was made, and it is from this large photograph that our engraving is reproduced. The illustration is "probably the most remarkable picture of a train which has ever been printed in any paper."—*Photo and Article from the Railway Age, Chicago.*

THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.

FIESTA.

JAS. F. J. ARCHIBALD.

LAS! Francisca I., La Reina de la Fiesta, has been dethroned, and the City of the Angels once more is ruled by laws and rules of a commonplace mayor. The splendor of the court, the blare of royal salutes, and the clatter of plumed escorts through the streets are done for the year, and lives only in memory. Such memories, however, are of the pleasantest, and will forever be stamped indelibly upon the brains of those who witnessed the beautiful sights that attended the several days' festivities.

There is no city in these United States so well adapted to the perfect display that is given in Los Angeles during this festal week. Its climate, its flowers, and particularly its people are all most perfectly adapted to this famous fete. The climate makes it possible to give this event without fear of inclement weather. Its flowers are without equal, and the battle of roses, the decorations of coaches and carriages are the making of the fiesta. Above all, the people are the sort that know what the spirit of a fiesta should be, and know how to conduct one. There is that element of Spanish blood that gives the spirit that is needed, and there is that southern hospitality that makes one feel as though every one wished you welcome.

The greatest regret of the present fiesta was that the committee should have abandoned the Spanish features as they did in the court costumes. La Fiesta is essentially a Spanish fete, and should be maintained under the picturesque features of that nation.

Amid all the splendor and pomp of an official masque ball the fiesta was opened on Tuesday evening at Hazard's Pavilion, when the Queen made her first gracious bow to her subjects. The uninteresting and ugly structure had been transformed into a beautiful interior by the use of cloth and banners. The handsome throne was erected on the stage, and from this canopied seat Her Majesty viewed the merry throng of maskers. The enthusiasm at the coronation can hardly be described, and more difficult is it to realize that this is merely a play sovereign that is receiving the honors, so real are they. The Queen is Miss Frances Alexander in ordinary life, and a member of one of the oldest Spanish families of the State. The choice was a most happy one and most popular and pleasing to the masses.

The Maids of Honor to the Queen were selected from the ranks of society, and included Miss Blanche Hinman, Mrs. Edward Silent, Mrs. J. T. Jones, Miss Rose Newmark, Mrs. John Foster, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Miss Alma Robinson, Miss Helen Borden (formerly of Oakland), Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Miss Mabel Randall, Mrs. W. J. Bishop, Miss Florence Silent, Miss Alyce Keenan, Mrs. O. A. Stevens, Miss C.

CARRIAGES OF MAIDS OF HONOR.

Kurtz, and Mrs. Sumner Hunt. The royal party entered the pavilion through a double column of lancers that extended to the foot of the throne, the Queen being directly attended by her Prime Minister Thomas. Here, in the radiance of a thousand lights, with flowers bowing their heads in sweet obeisance at her feet, Her Majesty "came into her own," a queenly Queen in royal robes of purple and ermine, and crowned with jewels rich and rare. Thence has she lightly wielded her scepter of mirth and freedom from dull care over the beautiful City of the Angels.

Once seated and crowned, the Queen knighted Hon. Stephen M. White, Griffith J. Griffith, and Ferdinand K. Rule, in recognition of the services rendered in the promotion of the carnival. Sir W. C. Patterson represented Senator White. These noblemen outshone Solomon in all his glory; their ornaments and jewels alone being sufficient to build a church. The Queen said so many pretty things to these gentlemen, and to Mr. Max Meyberg, who was knighted Father of La Fiesta, that their heads are completely turned round, and hereafter they will be quite useless subjects. Mr. Meyberg had the distinction as well of receiving a medal worn by Her Majesty for many years, and bearing an appropriate inscription. Professor T. S. C. Lowe, Sir Knight of the first fiesta, with Sir Wm. Patterson, had the distinction of ushering the aforesaid noblemen into the august presence of the Queen. Prime Minister Thomas next proclaimed Her

CHINESE DRAGON.

Majesty's will to the effect that the ladies of her court and the attending courtiers trip through the mazes of the minuet for the delectation of her assembled subjects. Those taking part being Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. Joseph Cook; Mrs. J. T. Jones, Mr. Charles Dick; Miss Alma Robinson, Mr. Jack Austin; Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hunt; W. A. Garland, Miss Hinman; Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff; Mr. and Mrs. Will Bishop; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Foster; Miss Borden, Mr. Henderson; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Silent; Miss Florence Silent, Mr. Bert Williams; Mrs. S. O. Stephens, Mr. M. S. McKee; Miss Alyce Keenan, Mr. Wyman; Mr. and Mrs. Newmark; Dr. and Miss Kurtz; Miss Mabel Randall and Mr. Johnson. This was a most delightful entertainment, and the multitude of guests expressed frequent appreciation. Fancy the quaint and stately figures in the short petticoat and panniers of ye olden time in powdered hair and patches courtesying and tripping in and out of the mazes of the dignified minuet, through the lights and shades of many colored lights.

During the dance much spirit was added to the scene in the constantly flitting figures of the maskers in the vicinity, who, later, took the floor. Since there were no unnecessarily grotesque disguises, the beauty of the ball was preserved in the many softly tinted and fairy-like costumes of the women. The tiny black French masque also lent its chicness to the fair faces, which was most attractive. It is a matter of regret that the many pretty costumes must be briefly passed over.

The prettiest day of all was floral day, for it was then that the spectators saw what really could be done in Southern California. Countless numbers of roses, pinks, and lilies were used in decoration for coaches and drags.

The tribunes were packed to their utmost capacity long before the arrival of the Queen, and when finally the heralds sounded the approach of the royal party, the crowd rose universally and cheered the beautiful sovereign. Her Majesty was escorted by the Americus Club of Pasadena, who made a most striking and picturesque appearance in their uniforms of white and gold. They formed parallel lines facing each other, between which the Queen ascended her throne, passing beneath an arch of lances.

After the Queen was seated upon the throne the float bearing little Floral Queen Mildred and her juvenile court made its appearance. The little maiden was crowned with a wreath of daisies by Francisca, and these ceremonies being over the floral parade passed in review. It would be folly to attempt a description of all of the marvelous and exquisite decorations of the various turnouts. The most beautiful of the day was the coach of the Jonathan Club, upon which rode the court of 1896. Riding in advance of this on white horses were a herald and two trumpeters in Louis XVI. costumes; white satin breeches and pink satin coats, heavily trimmed in gold braid. The coach was drawn by six white horses in pink harness, and three outriders on each side held long pink satin ribbons to guide them. A rear guard of two gentlemen in the same dress followed, making seventeen "milk white steeds" in all. The coach was a solid mass of pinks and sweet-peas, in the decoration of which fifty thousand of these lovely blossoms were used. Ex-Queen Mildred and the ladies that formed her court last

year occupied seats on the tallyho, and were costumed in pink and white. When the last exhibit passed out from the tribunes there was a lull in the proceedings for a few moments, and then the Americus Club lined up, and, after displaying their skill in performing intricate figure evolutions, made way for the "living bouquets" and the fairy coach of little Queen Flora. The Floral Queen and her court made a most dignified departure, and in passing from the tribunes were accorded a loving farewell by the thousands of spectators.

Then the parade again entered and made the circuit of the tribunes, and in passing the royal pavilion, where the judges had taken up their stand, the winners of prizes in the several classes were awarded the guerdon of honor. Then took place the battle of flowers. The odoriferous missiles flew thick and fast so long as the dainty ammunition lasted, and it was carried on sans ceremony, for no one waited for a formal introduction before pelting his or her neighbor. It was good fun while it lasted, but it didn't last long enough. And then as the tail end of the parade disappeared through the gateway Her Majesty and court took their departure, and the floral exhibition was at an end.

In the evening a magnificent display of fireworks was given on Westlake before the Queen and thousands of her subjects. Myriads of lights dancing about over the black waters of the lake; tens of thousands of people lining the banks; a fountain sending its spray far into the air and glistening and scintillating with green, red, and yellow lights by turns, or all together; fireworks sputtering on one bank, the Catalina band playing on the other, and at one end of the irregular oval, in a radiance of electric light, La Reina and her band of faithful retainers.

Such, in brief, was the scene at Westlake Park, when the water carnival made a most delightful change to the previous ceremonies, and the cool, quiet darkness was a grateful relief after the glare and wild wind of the day. From six o'clock on, every car on every line leading parkward was crammed to suffocation, and by eight o'clock the banks of the lake in all directions were literally alive. The six floats had been transferred and anchored at different points on the lake; were lighted with flaming torches, and gleamed with weird effect—a reindeer and aurora in the "Holly" float here, a dragon from the "Perseus" there. The fascinating "Mikado," with its chrysanthemums, showed clear and beautiful near the fountain, and the beautiful "Iolanthe" glistened in the light of the fireworks.

The fountain itself, although lacking somewhat the impressiveness of the famous electric fountains of Chicago, was very pretty and picturesque, and, above all, cool and wet, and the colored lights thrown upon it were effective. Delightful music kept the feet going and the spirits up; and here, there, and everywhere darted the little boats. A steam launch, decorated with the tri-color, shot about the lake, making quite a little commotion on the otherwise smooth water, and set all the little boats to rocking; a canoe or two skimmed swiftly to and fro; and the rowboats, each one carrying its freight of three or five people, over whom was shed the soft light of candles, filtered through Japanese lanterns, were propelled slowly or fast, as the humor of the rower dictated.

It was all very charming, very Arabian nightly, reminiscent of the Jardin Mabille, and more conservative family resorts. The fireworks were some of Paine's best and latest improvements. More cannot be said of them. Set pieces, of which the American flag was first, humorous as a monkey on a horizontal bar, and rockets, and Roman candles, mortars, and other devices dear to the adult as well as the infantile heart and mind, all were set off and "ah-ed" and "oh-ed" over by the vast multitude, who, to a man, were sure this was the best fiesta yet, and that the water carnival was not its least attractive feature.

The beautiful Queen made her last public appearance Saturday morning at the school-children's function and received the salute of the marching multitude of little ones with that smiling and appreciative graciousness that has distinguished her among the festival Queens. With her retinue she was in place upon the throne promptly at ten o'clock, the throng of spectators forming a dark line spreading away on both sides.

The gates were thrown open and the army of children, 5,000 strong, in their bright summer clothes, many of the schools being uniformed and every child carrying a flag, marched in. The children were formed in companies of twelve, and were officered by cadets from their own numbers. By "company front" they made the circuit of the arena; each company as they passed saluting the Queen and presenting a tribute of flowers. By clever evolutions, showing careful drilling, they were then massed facing the throne, their great number filling the entire body of the arena, with only reservation at the sides sufficient to enable them to march away in good form. When massed a brass band took a station in the center and led this immense chorus of small voices in the singing of "Hail, California," "The Red, White and Blue," and finally "America." At the conclusion of each song the children burst into cheers, waving their flags, making a picture of color and animation that was inspiring. After the singing, Prime Minister Thomas read the Queen's address to the children.

The spectacle here presented was a grand one—more inspiring and significant than the armies that are now gathered upon the Thessalian border. The lesson to be learned from this meeting was the importance of fidelity to the flag and true devotion to those in authority. The pupils saluted the flag, and lifting up their right hands, renewed their oath of devotion to the emblem of truth and liberty. This done, "America" was sung.

Hon. S. T. Black, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, addressed the great assemblage briefly, beginning with: "May it please your gracious Majesty." He congratulated the children upon having so gifted, so beautiful and so lovable a lady for Queen, and said she was to be congratulated upon having so many devoted subjects. As they passed from the tribunes there was not a child who did not cast one longing, lingering look toward the distant throne.

1—In the Tribune. 2—Americus Club Receiving Floral Queen. 3—Queen's Court after Battle of Flowers. 4—The Haymakers. 5—Jonathan Club Coach.

The Queen then sent for Mr. Black, Mr. Foshay, and Mr. Rule, president of the Fiesta Association, and thanked them personally, her eyes brimming as she did so. Her final proclamation was then read. In it she thanked all her court and those who had made her reign so joyous.

"Last of all and best of all," she said, "to the ladies of our royal court for their sweet sympathy, their gentleness and their loveliness under all circumstances, we have feelings which go beyond mere words. Witness our royal signature, Francisca, Queen."

The day of abdication is always a trifle sad. Every one regretted the Queen's departure. The spectators in the tribunes stood with a common impulse, and the applause that rippled round the benches was very genuine. A waving of pampas plumes, a crack of a whip, sixteen flashing hoofs, and the Queen was gone, the sun touching her glittering crown as she turned a distant corner. Then the crowd sadly left the tribunes, for it was like the ball after Cinderella's hurried departure—all stale, flat and unprofitable.

La Fiesta went out in a burst of noise and fun that cannot be described. Saturday evening was a night of perfect abandon, staid business men cut capers and pigeon wings under mask and domino. Men yelled furiously and absurdly at nothing in particular. Women's voices were shrill above the monotonous noise, and hysterical laughs were heard above the torment of rattles and whistles.

The Queen is dead for a year, but long live the Queen.

THE LADY FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

THE down stage was due at Middleton, and all the male population of the place was congregated at the Esmeralda Hotel in anticipation of that exciting event.

The stage, its wheels clogged with mud and its six horses bespattered with the same mixture, lumbered heavily up to the hotel door with a solitary passenger. Willis Heath, junior partner in the law firm known as Higbern & Heath of California Street, San Francisco, sprang from his seat beside the driver, took a vigorous turn or two on the piazza to limber up his limbs, stiffened somewhat after a forty-mile drive, and carried his valise into the office.

"Late again, eh?" called out Hank, insinuatingly, to the holder of the reins.

"Yes," was the reply, "there's another wash-out up Willow Creek, and the nigh leader went lame in her left hind foot five miles back."

Hank laughed and then followed the traveler into the house.

"Looks like more rain," he remarked, "but you'll find the roof don't leak, and we'll give you as good a bed as there is in the county."

"I can't stay over night," said Willis; "I'm going south this afternoon."

"Not unless you hire a balloon," was the landlord's jocose reply. "You see, the stages ain't been running regular lately on account of the storm, and you'll have to stay until to-morrow afternoon."

His guest looked annoyed. A day and night in this wretched hole of a place! He muttered something under his breath that scarcely did credit to his early training.

"Dinner'll be ready in a few minutes," continued Hank, with exasperating cheerfulness, "and I'll give you the parlor bedroom. My wife's down to the Bay on a visit, but the girl'll see that you have clean towels." He led the way into a musty room and left Willis to reflections of great disgust. The parlor boasted a green carpet of hideous design that gave the beholder a bilious sensation, a funereal haircloth sofa, chairs to match, and turkey-red curtains. A wheezy piano in the corner gave forth such discordant, protesting tones at Willis's touch that he closed it hastily. At sound of the dinner-gong he repaired to the dining-room with the eager expectancy of a young man whose naturally healthy appetite had been sharpened by a long ride in the open air. But dinner at the Esmeralda Hotel was a delusion and a snare.

At this moment Willis suddenly became aware that a young lady had entered the dreary apartment and seated herself at the next table, opposite him, where she was quietly regarding him with the most wonderful pair of brown eyes he had ever seen. He involuntarily straightened his frowning countenance and continued his meal with an expression of placid contentment. He could feel those radiant orbs fixed upon him from time to time, but, being a gentleman, and realizing by one of those intuitions with which we gauge strangers that she was a young woman of refinement and perfect breeding, he forebore the inclination to gain a better view of her charming face, and prolonged his unsavory repast until she rose to go.

"What on earth is a girl like that doing in such a forsaken spot?" asked Willis, sotto voce. No doubt she was some city-bred society maiden awaiting deliverance on the morrow. He retreated into the moldy little parlor for a nap, when he was suddenly startled by several piercing screams overhead. Willis sprang to his feet and found the portly figure of his host standing at the bottom of the stairway.

"Don't be scared," said that gentleman, in his most reassuring tones; "nobody's gettin' murdered. It's only the lady from San Francisco."

"Indeed?" said Willis. "And what is the matter with her?"

Hank tapped his forehead significantly, with an expression of pity on his rugged face.

"Off," said he, "clean crazy, poor girl, but harmless, sir, as harmless as a kitten."

Willis gasped. Merciful heavens, had he lunched with a lunatic? Was it possible that beneath that clear gaze dwelt a disordered mind?

"What is she doing here?" he inquired, with a strange sense of sympathy and horror combined.

"Came down on the stage day before yesterday—was taken with a spell up the road and went plumb out of her head. Her folks have been sent for, and we expect somebody up in a day or so to take her home. She gets some pretty bad fits once in a while; thinks she's bein' chased by some one—the devil himself, I guess, poor soul, from the way she yells. But she quiets down, and we let her come and go as she pleases. A little thing like her couldn't harm anybody."

Willis listened with increasing surprise. It had not occurred to him that the lady from San Francisco seemed either weak or little. In fact, watching her graceful exit from the dining-room he had likened her to "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall." Doubtless Hank's spouse was a mountain daisy who could tip the scales at two hundred, and therefore it was quite natural that others of her sex appeared fragile to her husband's enlarged ideas.

"If there's anything I can do for her," he began, feeling it his duty to assist a townswoman in distress, but the landlord interrupted him.

"Bless you, no," said he; "she's in good hands; wants to be humored a little, that's all."

He retired early, and slept until three in the morning, when he was disturbed by sounds above, as of some one crying, and through the darkness fancied he heard soothing words spoken. He breakfasted alone, and Hank informed him that she had passed a very restless night.

"Take good care of her," he said, obeying an impulse, as Hank handed up his valise, then, turning to look back at the house, he caught a glimpse of a girl's face at an upper window, but the curtain was instantly drawn.

Several weeks later he was sitting behind a newspaper in a cable car, en route to the New City Hall. There were no vacant seats, and when the car stopped to take on another passenger, Willis, rising mechanically, came face to face with—the lady from San Francisco. She thanked him with a faint smile that suggested no recognition of him, and Willis blushed to the roots of his closely cropped hair as he lifted his hat.

It was a month before he saw her again. As he was coming out of the Occidental with a client she passed, a radiant vision of health in a street gown that set off her glowing color and lithe figure to perfection.

"Pretty girl, that," remarked Digby, his client, with the discriminating and indifferent air of a connoisseur in feminine beauty, "and well fixed, too," he added.

"Do you know her?" asked Willis, eagerly, his heart beating ridiculously fast.

"Only by sight. Ames is the name—Edith Ames. I know her dad; fine old man and awfully fond of her. Deuced nice girl, I guess."

Willis was suddenly imbued with a burning desire to choke his informant and then pitch him across Montgomery Street. He had always thought Digby a prig. It was insufferable to hear the fellow speak in that patronizing tone of a woman with the face of an angel and the bearing of an empress. But Digby might know more.

"Is her mother living?" he inquired, with assumed carelessness.

"No. The girl is mistress of the Ames mansion out on Pine Street," Digby replied. "The old man took it pretty hard when he lost his wife at Napa three years ago, and his son at Stockton not long after. They say he fairly dotes on his daughter."

Willis's heart sank within him. Hereditary insanity! No man in his senses would think twice of a girl with that most awful of all family skeletons rattling its bones about his ears. Of course, he was a fool to let himself be influenced by her charms against his better judgment. But all that day a pair of large brown eyes came between him and his briefs, and at night he dreamed vividly that he was back in Middleton, suffering from a wound in the head, inflicted by the lady from San Francisco, who, in a fit of mental aberration, had flung a fork at him; while Hank Davis towered over him and ordered the sagacious Breeches to go and see if the down stage were coming.

By one of those accidents that convince us that the world is a very small place, Willis met Miss Ames in the conventional introductory manner a few evenings later at a party. Accompanied by the friend who had persuaded him into going, he entered the brilliantly lighted room. There was a murmur of voices, some delicious music, and almost before he could realize the situation they were waltzing together. Her father being called away, it fell to Willis's lot to accompany her home. Of course, he was invited to call, and equally, of course, he went as soon as a decent length of time had elapsed. He found, as he had alternately hoped and feared, that she was the ideal of his imagination. Her personality was irresistible. He had been paying her marked attention for some weeks when one evening the conversation turned on traveling. They were examining some views of Northern California.

"I cannot endure the sight of this," she remarked, with a shudder, selecting a photograph and consigning it to the open grate. "It reminds me of Middleton and my unpleasant experiences there," she added, and immediately changed the topic.

Willis shivered despite the warmth of the room. It was the first allusion she had ever made to the place, mention of which he had, of course, studiously avoided, and it carried him back with disagreeable distinctness to Hank's gesture and brutal summary—"Off—clean crazy." She was the most adorable girl in the world, and she did not dislike him. Her father, too, had spoken highly of him to others. But even if Edith loved him as deeply as he worshiped her, could he marry her with the knowledge of what had happened, and what would inevitably happen again? And that was not all. What if there were children to perpetuate the curse? The cold

drops stood out on his forehead as he bade her good-night, resolving never to set foot in such a fool's paradise again.

Weeks went by and poor Willis worked so hard at his profession that his partner noticed his haggard looks and advised him to take a rest. It was at this time that he appeared for the defense in a murder case that had caused much excitement in town, securing an acquittal for his client on the ground of temporary insanity, and making so eloquent a plea that he surprised even those acquainted with his talent. The day following he met Miss Ames on Kearny Street. She betrayed no compassion at his gaunt appearance, and bowed with marked coldness, whereat Willis felt unreasonably crushed. It did not occur to him that a young lady whom he had glaringly neglected for no apparent cause could scarcely be expected to greet him effusively. That week he started for New York. While there he ran across an old friend who piloted him around zealously, and partially succeeded in bracing up his spirits.

"Confound me if I don't think you're in love, Heath," said his companion one day. "You have all the symptoms, anyway. Some pretty California girl, I'll be bound. Speaking of pretty girls reminds me of Edith Ames. Do you know the Ames people? Ah, I suppose you've heard of their misfortunes? By the way, I wish you would do me a favor, regarding some matters I have been attending to for Edith. I'm an old friend of the family, you know."

Ten days later Miss Ames swept into the drawing-room, a distractingly becoming gown of old rose silk trailing about her and a look of polite welcome on her face. Willis delivered his messages and they conversed on various topics for a few moments. Then followed a constrained silence. That something had come between the two young people was so evident, even the tiny Hindoo idol on the mantel seemed conscious of it, and one could almost have traced on his diminutive features a wicked leer.

"You remind me of the first time I ever saw you," said Miss Ames finally. "Do you remember the rainy day you arrived at Middleton?"

Her caller started. Remember it! It had marked the turning-point of his life.

"You were in that barn of a dining-room," she continued in retrospective musical tones, "and when you were struggling with the fare before you, you've no idea how dreadfully you scowled. I think I would have laughed outright if I had not been so anxious about Alice."

"Alice?" repeated her caller, interrogatively.

"Yes. Did you never hear the story? We had been visiting my uncle and were on the way home when my poor friend went suddenly insane. We stopped over at Middleton until her brother came. It was very dreadful," she added, rising and tapping a little foot nervously upon the carpet. "There is a great deal of misery in the world, is there not, Mr. Heath?" she said, with a seriousness he had never seen in her before. "Ever since mamma was taken with heart disease at our Napa ranch and my brother was accidentally shot in the Stockton marshes——"

Willis sprang to his feet, a great joy shining in his eyes.

"Oh, Edith!" he cried, vehemently. "Thank Heaven for what you have just said!"

Miss Ames looked inexpressibly shocked.

"Poor mamma and brother——" she began.

"I don't mean that," interrupted Willis, excitedly. "Can you, will you ever forgive me? Do you not see how mistaken I've been?"

"I can see that you are quite irresponsible, Mr. Heath," she answered, coldly.

"Oh, I'm not crazy," exclaimed Willis, who felt as though Mount Tamalpais had suddenly rolled off him. "Neither are you, and that's why I'm so happy, and why I stayed away, Edith," he added, incoherently.

"I do not understand you," said that young lady, haughtily.

But she did a few minutes later.

"I'd like to speak to you a minute," he said, as he met a patrolman at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Wayne Street the other evening. "All right. What is it?" "About six months ago I met you down by the City Hall one afternoon." "Well?" "I was after a marriage license, and asked you where to go." "Yes." "When you found I was going to be married, you laid your hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way and said: 'Young man, pause and reflect.' Do you remember?" "Yes, I think so." "Well, your words struck home. I paused and reflected. I did not get a license." "No!" "And I didn't get married." "You didn't, eh? Well, I am glad if advice of mine prevented you from taking a step which you might hereafter regret. Do you want any more advice?" "Well, yes. The girl sued me for breach of promise and got a verdict of $2000, and cleaned me out of my last cent." "Young man," said the officer, "you move on."

NEGRO LIFE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLES MOISE.

In South Carolina negro life can be seen in all of its natural characteristics. Until recent years there has been comparatively no education among the negroes of this section. A few exceptions, however, have been noticeable where moderate proficiency in book-learning has been attained, some of the men having even advanced to the positions of holding public offices; but such instances have numbered very few, the great majority of the negroes being almost totally lacking in educational accomplishments.

When kindly treated by the whites, the negroes are in turn courteous and obliging. Large families are the rule, and a general family gathering on a bright Sunday at the residence of the old folks is often to be seen. The members heartily enjoy the society of one another, and those who have not vehicles will walk miles to complete these Sunday *ensembles*.

Marriage is universally observed. An old bachelor is hardly ever to be found, and an old maid is equally as scarce. Children are taught to become useful almost as soon as they can walk, and before that time they require but little attention. After an infant is dressed in the morning by its mother it is given a seat in the yard, where, in company with a sociably inclined dog, the baby passes the time rolling, crawling, and creeping about, until one day he makes the discovery that he can stand on his feet and walk by himself, whereupon he graduates from the company of the dog, and is given some light work, such as bringing small pieces of wood into the house, or other light occupation, probably calculated to keep him in a healthy state of body and mind, commencing from as early a date as possible.

PICKING COTTON.

"'CASE I WILL, BILL."

When the season of cotton harvesting comes around, large numbers of negroes find occupation in this work. When harvested, cotton has the seed in, which somewhat increases its weight over the state in which it is seen outside of cotton-growing countries. The price paid for gathering this crop is one-half cent per pound. A very industrious person will gather one hundred pounds per day. Large wages cannot be earned at this work by any one person, but where several members of a family combine their efforts a fair living can be made at it.

Eccentric characters are often found among the negroes. An amusing instance once came to the notice of the writer, where a young woman engaged herself to a white family in the capacity of cook, and, although her work was satisfactory in all respects, she had the peculiarity of never giving a direct answer to any question that was put to her. She impressed one with the idea that she desired to leave a loophole in all cases through which she might escape in case of an emergency. For instance, she was once asked if she had fed a certain dog on the premises, whereupon she replied, "I put the feed in the pan and put the pan in the yard." Desiring (for amusement) to ascertain whether she would really not answer positively in the negative or affirmative, the foregoing question was followed by the inquiry as to whether or not the dog ate what she gave it, to which she replied, "I see the dog had he nose in the pan."

A great deal of natural musical ability is found among the negroes. Their music is not of a high order, but it is always harmonious and pleasing to the ear. Instrumentalists are quite scarce, vocal music being their stronghold. A group of colored people seldom work together in the open air but what a song is commenced, generally participated in by all hands, and the voices soon become so well blended that the most critical musician would find it well worth listening to. The banjo is their favorite instrument. A superstition long believed in by them is, that the quickest way to learn to play upon this instrument is to sit upon a crossroad on Sunday and practise. Their music is all by ear.

As a general rule the negroes of Carolina are law-abiding and peaceable. This rule, however, is not without its exceptions. Desperados are occasionally discovered among them, and a continual menace to the whites is that, when the ire of such negroes is aroused, they will resort to incendiarism as a means of revenge. Such cases, however, are rare.

Within the last two decades good schools have been established for these people. They are conducted on the improved plan, and largely attended by juveniles. They have tended to greatly improve the order of the people.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Some day, perchance, when creeping on apace,
Millennium itself, delayed, hath come,
The gods in wrath will fling thro' endless space
Each woman with a wad of chewing gum.

We Californians are a great people, but we have two very serious faults. One of them relates to our "glorious" climate. We love to find fault with this weather of ours, especially in San Francisco. No people on earth have so little to complain of on the score of climate as do we, yet we are chronic growlers nevertheless. Of the 365 days in the year we grudgingly praise the perfections of a possible five. The other 360 are targets of our displeasure. It is always too cold, too hot, too wet, too windy, too foggy, or too something else for us. Grumble we must. Faultfinding is our pet diversion. We are, of course, loyal—oh, dear, yes. Loyalty itself. We would not permit a stranger within our gates to thus malign our boasted climate, but as to our privileges in berating it ourselves, that is quite another matter. In this, we are very much like the man who was asked why he persisted in beating his wife. "Has she done anything to deserve it?" was the query put to him. "No," was the reply, "but she belongs to me, and I've got a right to beat her if I want to."

The climate belongs to us, and perhaps that is the reason why we abuse it.

As to our other fault, it is a sin of omission. We do not appreciate the native talent at our doors. There are those among us toiling for recognition, for appreciation in their several lines of usefulness to the arts—to music, science, the canvas, literature. And we do not care. Californians are sadly indifferent to their own. But when these workers have gone forth to the great world, have been seen and heard of other men and other women, have won the laurels that we denied them because too indifferent to bestow them—then do we rouse from our lethargy, rub our eyes, and give them the applause they no longer need. For success is sufficient unto itself; it is when we are struggling onward and upward that we crave encouragement. We do not abuse our local talent in art and literature. We merely neglect it. It is ours, you know, and so—we "have a right to." But isn't it about time we reformed?

It matters not, when I am dead,
If flowers bloom above my bed
Or any stone lie at my head.

For oh, if they served not to guide
Your footsteps sometimes to my side,
My soul would be unsatisfied.

But if you, with your old-time grace,
Should lean your dear, familiar face
Above my lonely resting-place,

And whisper, "Sweet, though thou art dead
My love is to thy mem'ry wed"—
My spirit would be comforted.

A noticeable number of grand opera stars are now shining in the vaudeville firmament, as well as actors and actresses, who at the outset of their careers would have sniffed scornfully at the idea of a vaudeville destiny. The reason of their change of heart is a simple one. The ghost walks with clocklike regularity in the realm of successful first-class vaudeville, while disappointment and empty pockets, to say nothing of collapsed interiors, too frequently are the portion of the so-called higher-grade artists in the amusement profession. And, after all, it is money that talks. What is elusive ambition compared with solid coin of the realm? Art is long, but the face of the artist is longer when he feels the pangs of hunger gnawing at the vitals of genius. A singer with a grand opera voice and name is likely to get more remuneration for his "turn" on the vaudeville stage than for an evening's arduous performance on the operatic stage. His notes command bank notes and his heart is glad, and he warbles the more tunefully because of this. A heavy purse will make a light heart. Apropos of vaudeville, the Orpheum in this city imports the best talent in the world, and pays the largest salaries of any playhouse in San Francisco. And sometimes, when I seek distraction there of a Saturday night and try to discover through the Havana and three-for-five smoke that imparts a dreaminess to the vision, how the monologue "artist" can make one set of jaws do service for a lifetime, and how the lady artist can manage to wear so few clothes and evade the clutches of the law—it is then that I see how convenient a thing it is to carry one's alleged brain in one's heels, and draw a princely stipend for the turning of a handspring or the cutting of a pigeon wing. And I quite forget the ink that infests the day when I observe how gaily the vaudevillist smiles, as one who would say: "Why scribblest thou, O slave, when fame and fortune may be had for a topical song, a new variety of wink, and gown patterned after Eve's wardrobe?"

Why, indeed?

ENVIRONMENT.

The wildflower nodding to the breeze
That fanned it from its seedling birth
Droops with a grief that no one sees,
Transplanted from the mother-earth.

A bird imprisoned rarely sings
And, flight impossible to win,
Will cease erewhile to beat its wings
Against the bars that shut it in.

My soul no more for freedom pleads;
My heart, indifferent to fate,
Is like a garden grown with weeds
Where not a hand unlocks the gate.

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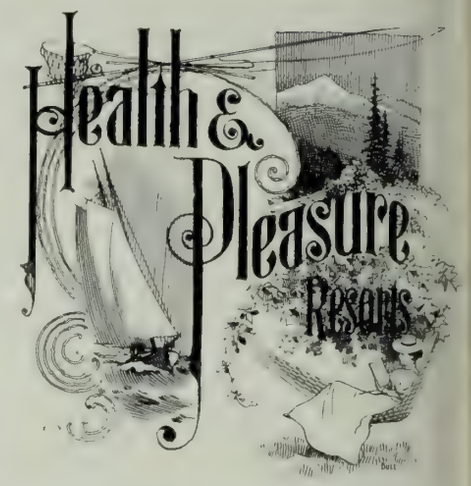

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The Pope House is favorably located in the most beautiful residence portion of town. The genial warmth of the atmosphere, and freedom from the cold, damp winds of the beach, furnish the luxuries of a rural home.

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Remember this is the only route that takes in the famous

Calaveras Big Trees

Which is the only grove in California having hotel accommodations. It contains 480 Giant Sequoias. They are but 15 miles from Murphy's, and the new road has been built for our STAGES exclusively, avoiding dust and discomfort from freight teams.

This route is splendidly equipped, is picturesque and runs via the celebrated BIG OAK FLAT. It is acknowledged to be

THE SHORTEST,
EASIEST, CHEAPEST
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Consider these Rates, **All Applying from San Francisco.**

To Yosemite and return - - - -	$25.00
To Yosemite and return (Including Calaveras Big Trees)	32.50
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For information, or to secure tickets and seats, apply to

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Those who contemplate paying a visit to any of the southeastern pleasure resorts on the Chatham and Dover Company's line can obtain a list of apartments and boarding-houses, etc., free of charge, by writing to the Traffic Manager at Victoria Station. Americans intending to visit the Continent should consult Mr. A. Thorne, the American representative of the Company, who will make rough places smooth and everything comfortable with that fatherly care which will make you wish you had known him earlier.

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequaled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

Klamath is celebrated also for its hot steam, sulphur and mud baths, which are noted for their cure of neuralgia and rheumatic complaints. The climate is perfect, and, most important of all, the rates are reasonable.

Since the Santa Fe Limited now leaves Los Angeles at 8 A. M. on Tuesdays and Fridays passengers from north of Mojave can make close connection with it at Barstow by leaving on S. P. train No. 17 Mondays and Thursdays; train arrives in Chicago at 9:43 A. M. Fridays and Mondays, thus giving service of 3½ days from San Francisco.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Borax—My wife makes a little money go a long way these times.

Samjones—So does mine, unfortunately. She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia.

Some things are not exactly as they look;
It may be a coincidence, of course,
But when did ever any man divorce
A wife who had a record as a cook?

Penelope—Oh, dear, my watch has stopped again!

Kate—Perhaps you have forgotten to wind it. When did it stop?

Penelope—How can I tell? I haven't been holding it to my ear all day.

THAT REMINDS ME.

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"No man ever obtained anything worth having without working hard for it," said Mrs. Bickers to her husband, who was in a discouraged mood.

"Quite true," replied Mr. Bickers, reflectively; "I remember that I obtained you without the slightest difficulty."

Cholly—I notice you have dropped youah English accent.

Chappie—Yes; it is so awfully American to be English nowadays.

Irate father—When I die, I shall leave you without a penny.

Calm son—Certainly. You can't take money along, you know.

He—How can I ever repay you for that delightful waltz, Miss Golightly?

She (whose train has suffered)—Oh, don't repay *me*. Settle with my dressmaker!"

New Boarder—What's the row upstairs?

Landlady—It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.

He—I understand your friend Juliet made quite a triumph down at the opera house last night.

She—Yes; she succeeded in getting her salary.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "What are you going to do with that dog?" asked a kindly gentleman. "I can't make up my mind," was the answer; "not till I find out what the dog thinks o' doin' with me!"

A—Does bicycle riding give people plenty of exercise?

B—I should say it did! You ought to see the people dodging us in the streets.

Mrs. O'Brien—I come in ter borry your new hat, Mrs. Mulligan.

Mrs. Mulligan—I was goin' ter wear it mesilf, Mrs. O'Brien.

Mrs. O'Brien—Och! would yer wear it out whin it looks so muce loike rain.

Tourist—The landlord tells me, my dear, that no one is allowed up this part of the mountain without a special permit signed by the police.

His Spouse—Indeed, John; I suppose that is what they call a mountain pass.

Father—I am inexpressibly shocked. Your mother tells me that you are engaged to three young men.

Daughter—It's all right, papa. They are all football players, and when the season closes I can marry the survivor.

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The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

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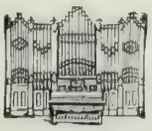

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The Strongest, Truest and Prettiest Wheel on Earth—No Exceptions.

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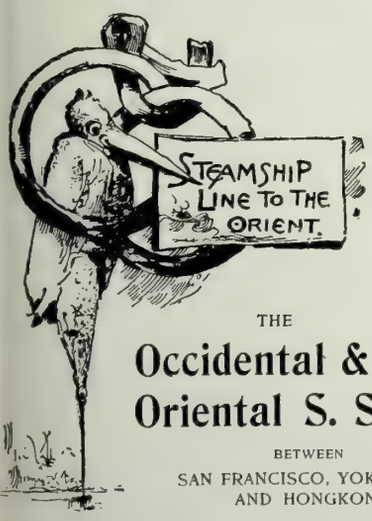

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BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, May 29, 1897
COPTIC	Thursday, June 17, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu)	Wednesday, July 7, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, July 27, 1897
BELGIC	Saturday, August 14, 1897

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Under Baldwin Hotel. Prices, 50c., $1.00, and $1.50.
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The Chutes, Casino, and greatest Scenic Railway on earth. An ideal pleasure resort, open afternoon and evening. Admission, 10c.

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Prices, 10c., 25c., and 50c.
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Seventeen years of consecutive opera. The most popular opera house in San Francisco.

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NO FOGS; AIR DRY AND BRACING.

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The Springs are celebrated for their curative properties.
Hot and tepid mineral baths provided by Nature, beneficial in all Rheumatic, Skin and Nervous Affections.
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The Only Natural Mineral Steam Baths in Lake County.

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Natural Hot Sulphur and Iron Baths for the cure of Rheumatism, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids.

Board: $8.00 to $14.00 per week. No extra charge for Baths. Telephone connections.
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is beautifully located nearly 3000 feet above the sea. For pure air, water, mountain scenery, trout-fishing, etc., it is the finest suburban resort in the State.

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If you want to fish
If you want to recuperate
If you want the best of recreation
If you want pure air and sunshine
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate

Come to Glenbrook, and you will find all the above in addition to many other pleasures.

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Under new management. Thoroughly renovated. Good hunting and fishing locality.
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SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, imposing, majestic, sublime.
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RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback riding, boating, mountain climbing, excursions.

OR RUN DOWN TO THE SEASHORE.

Magnificent hotels, toning and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

UP SHASTA WAY. Tavern of Castle Crags, Sweet Brier Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissons, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.

LAKE COUNTY AND VICINITY. Geysers, Ætna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay, Laurel Dell and Blue Lakes.

ON SIERRA SUMMITS. Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

YOSEMITE AND THE BIG TREES.

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS. Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

SOUTHWARD. Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

ALONG THE SHORE. Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company Agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN, for resort folders.

Where are you going to spend the Summer?

Why not try CONGRESS SPRINGS?

NO FOG. NO WIND. NO MOSQUITOES.

Rebuilt and refitted—the Hotel is one of the best in the State. This, with the natural beauty of the place, makes it the Ideal Summer Resort of California.

Easy of access is a great feature, as it is but 2½ hours from San Francisco or Oakland. Write for terms and information to

GEO. O. WATKINS,
523 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

Accommodates 500 guests. Rooms large and elegantly furnished; cuisine unexcelled. Is a summer as well as a winter resort. No excessive heat: air bracing and invigorating; no insect pests; semi-tropic trees and vegetation; a wealth of fruits, surrounded by lawns, carpeted with variegated flowers, making it a veritable Garden of Eden. All letters and telegrams promptly replied to. Famous Veronica Springs one mile from the hotel.

E. P. DUNN, Proprietor.

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CHARMING SUMMER and WINTER RESORT.
MODERN,
COMFORTABLE AND HOMELIKE.

This beautiful hotel is situated in the "Garden City" of the Pacific Coast—in the wonderful Santa Clara Valley—and only fifty miles from San Francisco, connected by three lines of railroads, with frequent communication—no less than twenty trains arrive and depart daily.

Headquarters for all tourists to the great Lick Observatory, from here (Hotel Vendome) stages of the Mt. Hamilton Stage Co. leave daily. Send for illustrated "Souvenir."

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GEO. P. SNELL, Manager.

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JUNCTION OF
Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT.

A modern hotel, containing 400 elegant rooms, acknowledged by all unequaled by any in the city, conducted as a first-class family and commercial hotel.

THE TABLE WILL BE A SPECIAL FEATURE.

Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. Rates reasonable.

IRA R. & JAS. H. DOOLITTLE, Proprietors.
CAPT. J. KNOWLTON, JR., Manager.

THE BROWN PALACE,

DENVER, COLO.,

FIRST-CLASS.
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.
American and European Plans.
Rates, including Steam Heat:
American, $3 to $5 per day.
European, $1.50 per day and upward.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS. JUNE, 1897. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OUR SUMMER CORRESPONDENT.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS.

New Hotel. Thoroughly Fire Protected.
Established 1858.

FAMOUS
SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.

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CONTAINS
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Take the 7:30 o'clock boat at Oakland ferry from San Francisco. On reaching Vallejo Junction, change for Napa Valley branch. At Calistoga, stage awaits the morning train from San Francisco and Sacramento daily, except Sunday.

Stage Calls at Calistoga Hotels for Passengers.
Stage Fare to Springs, $2.50.
Round Trip from San Francisco, $8.00.
Time from San Francisco, 6 Hours.

The Only Springs in California having All-Night Telegraph and Telephone Service.
Modern Sanitary Arrangements in the Hotel.
All White Attendants.

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Attending Physician.

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The scenic route of California. Easy conveyances with careful drivers furnished for tourists and private parties. Direct line to Anderson, Adams, Astorg, Harbin, Howard, Glenbrook and Seigler Springs. Stage leaves Calistoga daily, except Sunday, at 11:30 A. M.

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This delightful watering place is located in the mountains, 2400 feet above sea level. No fogs; air dry and bracing. The coolest dining-room in the State. Electric lights. The Springs are celebrated for their curative properties. Hot and tepid mineral baths provided by Nature, beneficial in all Rheumatic, Skin and Nervous Affections.

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Rates $8.00 to $12.00 per week. First-class Sanitary Arrangements.

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SEIGLER SPRINGS, LAKE CO., CAL.

ANDERSON SPRINGS

The best resort for health and pleasure.
The only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County.
Only way to drive the Grippe Poison from the system and cure permanently.

Natural Hot Sulphur and Iron Baths for the cure of Rheumatism, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids.

Board: $8.00 to $14.00 per week. No extra charge for baths. Telephone connections. How to reach the Springs: Take Oakland ferry at 7:30 A. M. for Calistoga, distance 73 miles. Arrive at 10:55 for lunch. Take stage and arrive at Anderson Springs at 4:00 P. M., distance 21 miles. Fare: $8.00 round trip from San Francisco; $4.50 one way. Livery Stables at Springs.

Address all communications to J. ANDERSON, Proprietor Anderson Springs, MIDDLETOWN, LAKE CO., CAL.

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O. W. R. TREDWAY,
Glenbrook, Lake County, Cal.

is beautifully located nearly 3000 feet above the sea. For pure air, water, mountain scenery, trout-fishing, etc., it is the finest suburban resort in the State.

Remember

If you want to hunt
If you want to fish
If you want to recuperate
If you want the best of recreation
If you want pure air and sunshine
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate

Come to Glenbrook, and you will find all the above in addition to many other pleasures.

SODA BAY.

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
Change of Management

This beautiful pleasure resort is situated on the border of Clear Lake, and is open all the year. You can enjoy here the finest BOATING, FISHING and BATHING in Lake County. Splendid scenery, perfect table service, billiards, tenpins, croquet, lawn tennis. Telephone and telegraph service. Rates: $10 per week; $2 per day. Take San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad to Hopland, thence by stage via Highland Springs and Kelseyville direct to Soda Bay. Round-trip fare, $10.

F. B. HEATH, Prop., Kelseyville P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

Madrone Mineral Springs.

These Springs are in a beautiful, sheltered and picturesque canyon in Santa Clara County, twelve miles south of the great Lick Observatory, at an elevation of 2200 feet. The mountains are well timbered and abound in game of every description. These Springs have no equal in the United States for cure of indigestion and urinary troubles. The hotel and cottages are all newly furnished. Reached in four and a half hours from San Francisco. Stage connects at Madrone with morning trains Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Send for terms and descriptive pamphlet.

JAMES CARTER, Manager.

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W. J. GILLESPIE, Proprietor

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SAMPLE ROOMS FREE.

Train No. 15 arrives 6:40 A. M.: 25 minutes for breakfast. Meals 50 cents.

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McCLOUD RIVER
AT THE BASE OF MT. SHASTA.

This famous fishing resort will be open this season under the old management of

MR. AND MRS. GEO. McCLOUD.

Rates, $10.00 per week.

When notified, stage will meet parties at either Castle Crags, Upper Soda Springs, Mott, or Sissons. Address,

GEO. McCLOUD, SISSON, CAL.

AGER HOTEL.

J. A. AGER, Proprietor
Dinner 50 cents.

First-class accommodations at Reasonable Rates.
Livery Stable in connection with House

STAGES LEAVE DAILY FOR KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS, KLAMATH FALLS, LAKEVIEW AND WAY POINTS.

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SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS.

Just 77 miles from San Francisco on the narrow gauge route, 3½ hours. The most delightful and home-like resort imaginable. Forest, trout streams, hunting, swimming, boating and all kinds of amusements. New cottages have been built and a complete electric light service put in. If you want a real good time, solid comfort, delightful climate, good living and all the other accessories that go with an up-to-date Summer Resort, try the Hotel Ben Lomond. Rates $12.00 per week, $2.00 per day. ***Send for Circular.***

J. J. C. LEONARD,
PROPRIETOR.

BEN LOMOND, CAL.

A LIVING VOLCANO.

How to reach it and the

COFFEE LANDS OF HAWAII.

THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD.

STEAMER "KINAU"
Clarke, Commander.

The largest and fastest steamer in the Hawaiian Islands. 25 large staterooms, electric lights and call bells.

COVE VIEW, HILO.

A trip of seven days, coasting the Island of MOLOKAI, making three stops on the Island of MAUI, giving a magnificent view of the crater of HALEAKALA, four stops on the Island of HAWAII, skirting the richest SUGAR and COFFEE lands in the world. A carriage ride of thirty miles over a fine macadamized road, traversing a primeval tropical forest, interspersed by SUGAR and COFFEE plantations. Eight hours from HILO to the VOLCANO. No change of vehicle. TWO DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS AT THE VOLCANO.

To those seeking INVESTMENTS IN COFFEE, this line offers unequaled facilities for selecting land. Stops are made on the Island of HAWAII, at ports in the Districts of Hamakua, Hilo and Puna. Coffee from these districts commands a higher price than that produced on the older lands; the yield per acre is also greater. Large tracts in all these districts are now producing coffee. THE HAWAIIAN GOVERNMENT OFFERS LANDS AT A NOMINAL SUM ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT, and REMITS TAXES on improvements. An ASSURED FORTUNE to industrious men of moderate means. A crop that does not spoil or deteriorate, but improves with age. A sure return of twenty per cent on CAPITAL.

$50 *Pays all the expenses of a trip from . . . Honolulu to the Volcano and Return* ***$50***

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INTER-ISLAND STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

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To the Traveling Public:

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The superior advantages of this route over all others is that most of the trip is made in smooth water, and the whole distance from the landing at Punaluu to the Volcano House is made by rail and carriage. Through Tickets to the Volcano and return are furnished for Fifty Dollars ($50.00), which includes all expenses during the trip, and allows three nights and two days at the Crater. For further information, apply at the office of the Company—

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Rates, $2 per day and upwards.

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Proprietor.

California, Belmont.

(In the foothills near San Francisco.)

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For boys, hopes to deserve the confidence of Eastern as well as Western parents by surrounding its boys with as stimulating an intellectual, spiritual and physical life as is found in the best Eastern schools, and by offering a home which in beauty of surroundings and fineness of climate for sustained work no Eastern school can hope to equal.

It should then give to its boys a healthful impulse toward good thinking and good living, and leave with them a heritage of pleasant and helpful memories. The catalogue containing views of the school and a record of the colleges and technical schools entered by its graduates will help to give an idea of its spirit and the work it is doing.

W. T. REID, A. M.,
(Harvard), Head Master.

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—OVER THE—

MILL VALLEY & MT. TAMALPAIS SCENIC RAILWAY.

GRAND. LUXURIOUS. INEXPENSIVE.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO 9:45 A. M., 1:45, 5:15 P. M.
Arrive at Tavern at Summit 2 hours later than above schedule.

LEAVE TAVERN AT SUMMIT 1:25, 4:20 P. M. Extra trip from Tavern Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 7.00 A. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9:15 P. M.
Arrive in San Francisco 2 hours later than above schedule.

SUNDAY.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A.M., 1:45, 2:30 P.M.
Arrive at Tavern at Summit 2 hours later than above schedule.

LEAVE TAVERN OF TAMALPAIS 10:00, 11:10 A.M., 12:20, 2:50, 4:15, 5:25 P. M.
Arrive at San Francisco 2 hours later than above schedule.
Tickets can be purchased at

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F. or in Mill Valley.

Fare round trip from Mill Valley to Summit and return:
Adults, $1.00; Children under 12 years, 50c.
Single fare either way: Adults, 75c.; Children under 12 years, 40c

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IX. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE, 1897. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

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NOW THAT the summer season is fairly upon us, and society at large is in process of emigrating from the noise and bustle of the large cities to the "restful quiet" of the seaside and the mountains, we may be prepared to be deluged for the next three months with the stereotyped jokes and pictorial caricatures of the so-styled "summer girl." You will be unable to pick up an illustrated weekly which will not have for a frontispiece or a double-page interior some highly-colored and improbable situation, with the proverbial light parasol, with delicate lace fringing, overtopping a typical aristocrat in organdie or gingham, and terminating with the long-pointed tan shoes which, perhaps, display just enough of a well-turned ankle, encased in old gold, to prove interesting. The expression of the face may portray anything from coquetry to disdain, pique, or a frigid *hauteur*, according to the requirements of the caption; but to complete the picture there is always a "man in the case," with linen trousers turned up at the bottom and suspended by a leathern girth, a straight-brimmed hat, negligee shirt, and a general effect of conscious irresistibility. He may be reclining in submissive consideration, or posing at full length, erect; but in any event you will probably find a caption something like this:

George—If lovie died, what'd dovie do?

Maud—Dovie'd die, too!

And so these interpretations of the summer girl, while assuredly depicted with some degree of foundation, are nevertheless a pathetic and exasperating exaggeration of frivolity and senselessness that is truly nauseating and tiresome.

Then again is the inevitable scene at the seashore, until shapely and unshapely damsels in variegated habiliments become a positive monotony. In both senses of the word this disposition to represent resort life as it is, is most highly and unnaturally colored.

Let us, though, eliminate the exaggerated features, and we still have a sufficient element of frivolity, coquetry, and shallow-brained specimens of humanity to invite caustic criticism and disgust.

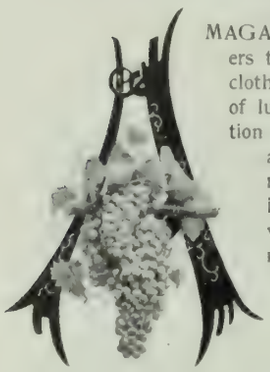
The first and most repugnant feature of life at the Springs is gossip, where it holds sway with an added virulency and an impertinent inquisitiveness that would never be tolerated "at home." It seems to be the inherent "right" of many of the guests to put the new comer under cross-examination as to his pedigree and present "condition of servitude," and you may be sure that all the badness and family skeletons will rise to the surface like oil upon troubled waters, but his virtues (if he has any) are hidden beyond penetration, unless, indeed, one of them may be the size of his bank account, which bobs up more buoyantly than all his sins put together. In that event his "reputation" is established, and he can thereafter flirt with impunity, take mama's youngest daughter out to the hammocks, the tennis court, and other forbidden recesses, without fear of criticism.

OVER THE HILLS TO BERKELEY

TRAVELERS to New York City will no doubt be pleased to learn that during May a greatly improved ferry system has been inaugurated between Jersey City and New York, via the Pennsylvania Railroad. The terminus at New York City is at the foot of Twenty-third Street, thereby landing passengers nearly two and one-half miles nearer the center of the city than by the old route. Those who have ever visited New York will remember that Twenty-third Street leads to the heart of the retail, mercantile, and hotel section at the joining of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and is by far the most desirable point at which to enter the city. A fully equipped cab line will be conducted from the depot at the foot of Twenty-third Street throughout New York, at moderate prices. The depot is up to date in every respect, is built mostly of steel, and occupies a space of 200x245 feet. Above the depot are two additional stories, which are given up to large and comfortable waiting-rooms, baggage-room, lobby, and covered cab stand. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company in building this new structure have had in mind the comfort of the traveler, and it will no doubt be much appreciated by all those who visit the metropolis.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.

MYRA H. RANDALL.



MAGAZINE article, in 1873, gave to expectant travelers to California explicit directions as to routes, the clothes necessary for such an undertaking, the baskets of lunch to be provided, and finished with a description of a Pullman car, of which the writer says, "I am told that it is possible to engage a drawing-room from New York to Chicago." It seems, read in the light of to-day, as if she must have been writing of the antipodes. True, six days and five nights from Chicago to San Francisco would seem an endless journey to the patrons of the "Flyers" that now come through in one-half the time.

The writer's travels seem to have been confined principally to the north, but closes an interesting article as follows: "The discomforts, the heat and dust, the weariness by the way, are soon forgotten, while the novelty and freshness, the beautiful sights, the wider horizon, the increased compass and comprehension, remain to refresh us always," which is still as true as twenty odd years ago.

Another writer, who visited this section ten years later, gives a description that is also hard to realize as in accordance with the country that we see to-day, particularly of Los Angeles and vicinity. The population of the city was then about 14,000, and with its narrow streets and few fine blocks did not impress one very favorably, although he saw great possibilities when the Southern Pacific Railroad should be completed. It is not probable, however, that he could have foreseen the growth and development of the city to one of 100,000, famous for its fine residences, broad streets and avenues, its parks and beautiful surroundings, and he deplored the lack of tropical features in the vegetation. In the writer's drives about the country he mentions with enthusiastic praise the villages of San Gabriel, Pasadena or Indiana Colony, Santa Anita, Sierra Madre, as being fine settlements, giving the preference to Sierra Madre, built against the mountainside, but saying of all, "The dwellings are those of people of means and a certain taste."

SNAP SHOTS EN ROUTE

While nearly all travelers in those early days were carried away by the beauty and mildness of the climate, and by the prodigality of the soil, few indeed could have pictured in their imagination the marvelous beauty and the unique and varied picturesqueness of the San Gabriel Valley, that "reclines with her head pillowed on high mountains and her feet washed by the ocean," as she is to-day—dotted with the homes of millionaires from every part of the Union, and with prosperous ranches, while every tree and shrub that have been transplanted to this soil have become part and parcel of her wealth of vegetation.

When in 1771 the Franciscan Fathers established the Mission of San Gabriel, they chose a spot on the banks of the river of the same name some miles to the south of where the present Mission is now located, the change having been made about 1774 or 1775. It was then described as an earthly Paradise, for the fertility of the soil was such that large crops were harvested, and the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, often numbering into the tens of thousands, were also the means of accumulating immense fortunes for the Mission.

The *tunas* or broad-leaved cactus hedge that the padres planted about the Mission lands and village remains intact for long distances, and is a picturesque feature of the landscape. When covered with the thousands of gorgeous yellow and pink blossoms, or studded with its prickly fruit, it is a sight well worth seeing.

The oldest settlement is Spadra (Toybipet-na), another Indian village, which is only lovely in its surroundings. The dozen or more houses and stores have seen their best days, and there is no sign of future prosperity, although in a fertile and well-watered region.

Monrovia, Duarte, Azusa, Covina, and Alhambra, situated among their groves of lemons and oranges, are thriving and prosperous towns; but Pasadena is rightly named, The Crown of the Valley.

Only twenty years ago and sheep were pastured where now stands the adobe palace; only ten and twelve years ago and orange groves were tenants of the broad avenues and fine gardens: for the years that have made no perceptible change in Eastern towns have seen the fairest spot in this land of sunshine grow from a scattered hamlet to a city, unrivaled in its homes and their surroundings.

While much is due, no doubt, to the enterprise and money of her citizens, ample measure must be given to climate; for without that the marvelous changes, in a few weeks' time, of a weed-grown corner to a velvet sward, flowers, palms, and trees growing in luxuriance, would be an impossibility; but climate, water—California's magician—and transplantation bring about changes that make Nature's slower methods out of date. It is almost miraculous to those from the frozen East who arrive here at the beginning of our winter to see the apparently dry, sandy wastes, the gray, rocky foothills, blossom and bloom with myriads of flowers, the mountainsides become green with the chaparral of manzanita, buckthorn, wild lilac, and various shrubs, while the fields of grain are as of June "back East"; all this the result of a soft-falling rain that would seem to be barely enough to lay the dust after the long, dry months of summer, but which does cause the "land to awake to a life as abundant as it is surprising."

Of the roses, the Paul Neron, which is about as large as even California can grow, a photograph of one seven inches in diameter was sent East, the recipient of which wrote, "We have the same kind here, but they are green and are called cabbages." What would the answer have been to tales of geraniums twenty feet in height, fuchsias that climb to the roof and cover the side of a house, trees of heliotrope, and a rose-vine that bears at one time 150,000 Gold of Ophir roses? The castor-bean plant often reaches a height of thirty feet, with a diameter of twelve or fourteen inches, deserving surely to be called a tree. But why enumerate when it is safe to say that everything that grows elsewhere will grow here, and that a Californian will promise that it shall be larger than elsewhere? These statements remind one of the Jack and the Beanstalk tale, but they are true nevertheless.

While the homes of Pasadena and her sister towns owe much to the wealth of vines and flowers that so soon become a part of them, there is a style of architecture that is particularly well adapted to this section, and is now much *en vogue*. With the example of the missions before us it would be strange indeed if the idea had not sooner or later become identified with, and incorporated in, the plans of modern dwellings. The result is already seen in the many arched and stuccoed business blocks and residences of the day.

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS.

LILLIAN E. PURDY.

THE machinery was buzzing, lathes were turning, anvils sounding, viands cooking, when I visited the California School of Mechanical Arts one morning; and I thought as I walked from the broad, cool halls of the Academic Department to the noisy, busy scene of the mechanical work, "Here is a school that reaches the very core of the matter of education! Here, in truth, is a school that fits men and women for the actual, practical work of life! Its graduates have served their apprenticeship, and now may step into the field of labor and competition with the feeling that they have gained a foothold in the world and with the right to demand a place in it."

The California School of Mechanical Arts, situated on the corner of Utah and Sixteenth Streets, is a trades school which has the honor of being the largest of its kind in America, and the only school of apprenticeships west of the Rocky Mountains. With the advance of education the necessity for manual training has made itself felt almost universally, and we have the elements of carpentry, cooking, and sewing taught in our public schools, but the girl or boy who completes the course of these schools has only a superficial knowledge of the mechanical branches, valuable, indeed, whatever may be his walk in life, but insufficient as a means of gaining a livelihood. Now, the school founded by Mr. James Lick, and completed in 1895, goes farther than this; it offers not only an academic course which broadens the general intelligence, and a manual training course which acquaints the student with tools and materials, science and art, but it also gives each student "a thorough knowledge of the technique of some one industrial pursuit from which he may earn a good living."

MAIN BUILDINGS—FRONT VIEW.

CARPENTER SHOP.

And all these advantages are free to every California boy or girl who has a taste for the work, good intentions, and can stand the test required for entrance to the last of the grammar grades of the public schools. What more could be done for the young man or woman starting out in life?

Let us look for a moment at the work that is being done in the various workrooms and shops. Here is the carpentry department, well supplied with lathes, tools, and work tables. Each student, in overalls, jumper, and cap is busy planning or turning a bit of wood that is designed for part of a cabinet, a pattern, or perhaps for some piece of apparatus needed in the school building, all extra supplies or repairs being made by the students.

Or, if you visit the school on a "casting" day, the busiest scene will greet you in the foundry. The sand molds are all prepared, and a row of students seated along the side of the room are ready for their observation lesson, while others, whose duty it is to assist the instructor, are waiting for the word that sets everything in motion. The rumbling of the melted pig-iron in the cupola has an ominous sound. But soon you forget about that, for the plug is removed and a flaming stream rushes down the trough into buckets that are supported by iron rods and held by students. All is bustle and stir. The professor calls out his orders and assists the boys in carrying the metal and pouring it into the molds. On the following day all these casts will have been removed to the blacksmith-shop, where they are hammered and smoothed until they are ready for the machinist's finishing touch.

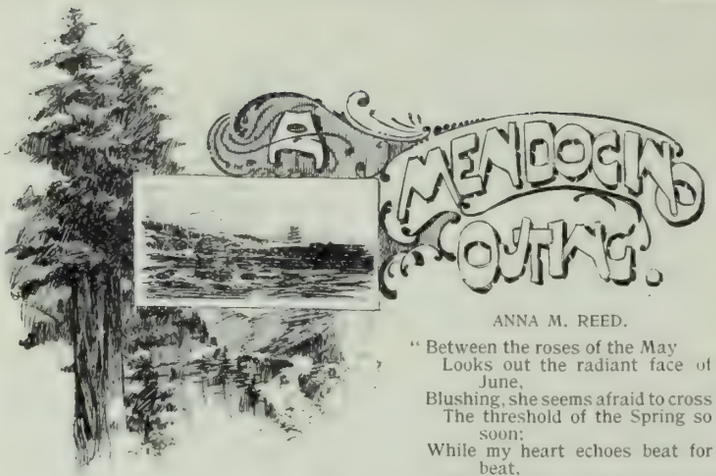
The cooking department is equally interesting, particularly if a banquet is in process of preparation. The menu, which includes a well-chosen variety of soup, salad, roast, vegetables, entrees, and dessert, is written upon the blackboard, and to each student is assigned the making or preparation of one dish.

One girl, in immaculate white cap and apron, stands at the porcelain-lined sink washing celery for the salad. Another, in the same dainty costume—for this is the uniform of the culinary department—is watching the roast in the oven of the large gas stove. Still another has just finished making a silver cake. The teacher stands behind her long table to supervise her work, or moves among the girls to offer suggestions. All conceivable dishes, from the boiling of potatoes to invalid cookery are taught.

The bits of bright color in the form of flowers, ribbons, and chiffon on the tables of the millinery department have a special attraction for the feminine eye; and the feminine intelligence will look further than that and see the great usefulness in preparing girls for millinery work. The course, excluding the preceding work in plain sewing, may be completed in six months; but the plan is to have the girls enter the shops for a time as a part of their apprenticeship. Dressmaking is carried on with equal thoroughness, and includes the designing and manufacture of tea gowns, princess dresses, tailor-finished suits, and jackets.

COOKING SCHOOL.

The trades and technical courses taught in the school comprise carpentery, pattern-making, forging, molding, machine-shop practise, machine drawing, architectural drawing, technical design, modeling, wood-carving, cookery, dressmaking, millinery, and the preparatory for technical college course. The first two years of the course are devoted to general industrial and academic work, but at the beginning of the third year each student is required to decide upon a trade in which he must serve an apprenticeship of two years.



ANNA M. REED.

"Between the roses of the May
Looks out the radiant face of June,
Blushing, she seems afraid to cross
The threshold of the Spring so soon;
While my heart echoes beat for beat,
The tread of her reluctant feet."

So sang a "lady fair" on the banks of the Gualala, as her companion pulled up the row-boat to help her in for a trip up the river. "Why do you quote such things," said he, "you make me feel like breaking loose in unbridled poetry in reciprocation; I can do a little in that line myself, you know, but in life in a great city a man gets much of it knocked out of him, and loses sight of things poetical, particularly *verse*."

"Yes," said she, "but with me it is quite different. Poetry is a motive power; just as you lift our boat along with that splendid stroke of yours, so the poetry in this soul of mine helps me through the difficulties and confusions of this life."

"If I were not afraid of losing my balance, I would rise and acknowledge that compliment with my best bow. That 'splendid stroke' of mine is about all that is left me of the attainments I won some years ago at college. And if you are steering this boat please avoid the bank, or 'poetry as a motive power' may lead to our possible destruction."

"Come, now, all jests aside, can this scenery and climate be surpassed in the world? Admit that you are glad that I prevailed upon you to give the Sierras the 'go by,' and induced you to take an outing in Mendocino with our party this year."

"Well, if this river and the surroundings are a fair sample, Mendocino certainly offers to the tourist rare possibilities for rest and recreation."

"This *is* a fair sample, but in a territory large as the State of Connecticut the variety is endless, from the time when almond blossoms and lilacs bloom, incarnate with the spirit of the spring, until the crimson of the wild grape leaf and the yellow of the maple mark the winding of her streams with a line of living fire. I am dropping into poetry again, you see, but let me tell you something that will appeal to your more practical mind: this belt of redwood, where we will camp along the coast, represents more wealth, as it stands to-day, than the assessed value of this whole State. Here game and fish abound; look at the profusion of wild fruit—I see along this river bank the blackberry, salmon berry, huckleberry, and many other varieties of small fruit, all tempting us with their shining crimson and blue-black clusters; and it is so along all the highways of the coast. I was much impressed by the seeming tropical luxuriance of all forms of plant life, exceeding anything known in any other portion of the temperate zone. Look, for instance, at those gigantic and gorgeous rose-pink and white Rhododendrons growing in that little opening there, they are blooming everywhere along the coast at this season—and have you seen the Redwood lilies, so called because they bloom only in redwood forests? They send up tall and stately stems, bearing sometimes more than twenty waxen blossoms, first white, sprinkled with tiny crimson spots; the flower a little later turning a delicate pink and lavender, and always with rare fragrance, indescribably sweet, something like that of the wild Azalea, which grows here in abundance. See! there is a lovely cluster hanging right over the stream, row under and let us fill the boat and take them back with us to embellish the camp. Do you know, I think that I am just a little bit selfish to allow you to take me for this morning row up this beautiful river when I know there is at least one young lady in camp who will be inconsolable until your return. But you can make these glorious blossoms an offering, and your neglect will be condoned. You are a patient listener to my eulogistic discourse on my favorite theme. I love Mendocino; all the tenderest recollections of my life are entwined with her history; and now to these will be added the memory of this morning, whose radiance falls so gratefully across the cares and confusions which beset my life. Do you notice the peculiarity of the atmosphere here? It seems a natural tonic for heart and brain; and all this is intensified in the valleys of the Coast Range; without exaggeration, they seem like places overlooked when the primitive Eden was eliminated from a sin-touched world. And could they be reached by an easy transportation, or if their existence and location were fully realized, they would be the Mecca to whose shrine admiring pilgrims would come from all the world. The interior of the county offers to the geologist and the naturalist a rare field for investigation and diversion. Its flowers and ferns, its birds and butterflies, its yet undeveloped coal fields—the largest in the world—its latent mineral wealth, its scenery and climate, which, like this, is always fit for the inspiration of the artist and the poet—all this combined make up a territory rich and rare beyond any possible description. But you will see it all for yourself, thanks to your wise decision to join us. Would you believe that in this beautiful county, so rich in natural resources and the conditions conducive to prosperity, there are yet one million acres of unoccupied land? So it not only offers inducement to the tourist and pleasure-seeker, but also to those looking for homes, and a safe investment for capital.

IN THE MOUNTAINS. *Taber photo.*

"With the extension of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, a wonderful region will be thrown open to settlers, and an era of prosperity for Northern California inaugurated, the results of which cannot be fully predicted now. Ukiah, the county seat, the present terminus of the railroad, has a population of nearly three thousand, with a beautiful court house, high school, and public school buildings, a convent school, and these all surrounded by beautiful homes, and the great advantages of charming and healthful location. We have been passing through a time of great depression, but in the lumber, hop, and wool interests of Mendocino County are involved millions of dollars of capital, and some of the best manhood and ability of the State. And when the wave of returning prosperity gives to this sleeping princess of the north the kiss of her awakening, she will take her place in the van of progress, leading this great western commonwealth on to the fulfilment of its destiny. Until then we bide our time, loyal to the charms of our fair sovereign, and waiting always to welcome her guests with the glad hand of hospitality.

"What! nearly noon? Well, let the boat drift back. They will wonder at camp where we have been so long; we will tell them for a trip to fairyland—for such seems this bright river, bearing its eternal message to the sea. To-morrow, I suppose, you join the fishing party, but I will stay in camp and write. 'Do I not like the sport, myself?' Well, no; I do not like the idea of being the cause of shutting away the sights of this bright world from any living thing. To me the deer are but the personified spirit of these glorious woods, and the fish but lower forms of created intelligence. No, I will never become 'the woman who is to be'; I do not fish, nor hunt, nor ride a wheel. But I am not too 'goody-good,' nor do I love decent things to dullness, and I'm *maliciously glad* that I have kept you away from the girls in camp all of this lovely morning."

Chicago has the largest indoor bicycle track in America, in the Coliseum.

The wheel of '97 differs but little in its essential parts from that of '96. The weight remains about the same. So say manufacturers.

Hickory has been used quite extensively in the manufacture of handlebars, for the wheel of '97.

A SEA OF FIRE.

C. F. HOLDER.

THE Santa Catalina Channel is a famous whale highway. In crossing it, four or five whales are frequently seen, and when the water is examined the reason is at once apparent. The channel swarms with jelly-fishes of all kinds and sizes, and the big whales, which often puff and blow near the steamer, live a life of ease and luxury; they have but to open their capacious mouths and swim along, engulfing the jelly-like mass literally by the ton. The amount of this food swallowed to satisfy a fifty-foot whale can be imagined, for the average jelly-fish is but five per cent solid matter.

The jellies come in shore at certain seasons. At the time of the writer's visit to Avalon (April), the channel from the bay three miles out was a mass of jelly. The great aggregation was occasioned principally by an east wind which drove the extraordinary throng in shore. The writer sailed through these forms for some distance where they could be scooped up by the bucketful in any direction, and fairly covered the surface, presenting, as the sun struck them, a most marvelous spectacle.

Their numbers were beyond computation. There were yards, acres, and square miles of them. The animals were single individuals and in chains. The former could be seen pumping their way over the surface, their two horn-like projections in advance; while the chains of fifty or one hundred would move along with a gliding, undulatory motion.

While the popular name, jelly-fish, is applied to these little creatures, individuals of which are less than half an inch in length, they are much more important, and represent a far higher stage in the scale of life, than the jelly-fishes proper, as they really constitute the first and simplest group of the back-boned animals, being ascidians and literally degenerate vertebrates. In the class are found many different kinds. Some are attached to the

PHOSPHORESCENT FISH, CATALINA ISLANDS.

bottom; others, like *appendicularia* or *salpa*, are free swimmers, but all have certain characteristics which show them to be low vertebrates.

The *salpæ*, the crystal-like creatures which fill the waters of the Santa Catalina Channel, are the most interesting. There are two noticeable kinds—solitary, or individual *salpæ*, and others which seem to be grouped in chains, the individuals forming the links, which, when lifted in the hand, fall apart like drops of crystal. The process of growth may be briefly described as follows: The solitary individuals develop a long, slender cord which divides up, forming a chain. Each of these new links contains an egg which develops within the animal, some of the incidents of its birth recalling the higher vertebrates. The young produced from each egg becomes a solitary *salpa*, which in turn produces a chain *salpa;* so that we have an example of alternate generation.

The sight presented by these enormous masses of ascidians was remarkable during the day, when they rose to the surface and seemed to delight in basking in the sunlight, raising themselves above the water a fraction of an inch, so that the sun caught them, causing a brilliant scintillation; but this faded into insignificance when compared to their splendors at night. The *salpæ* are famed for their phosphorescence, and even in northern waters, where they are not so numerous, often present a remarkable spectacle. Here was an almost solid mass of fire-bodies gliding along, each a blaze of light.

The *salpæ* were not the only light-givers in this vast throng. Here were huge jellies a foot or more across, others not so large were of the most delicate roseate hues by day, and at night blazing with light. There were also myriads of luminous crustaceans and minute jelly-fishes which added to this aggregation of light-givers, but the little *salpa*, found in Californian waters, is one of the most resplendent creatures of the sea.

LOS GUARDAFRENEROS.

BOURDON WILSON.

Of all the queer titles ever bestowed upon railroad train men, that of "*guardafrenero*" is the queerest, and the way in which that name came to be adopted is a story quite worth the telling.

When, in 1884, the Mexican Central Railway Company completed its main line from El Paso, Texas, to the City of Mexico, the railway officials decided to uniform the passenger brakemen, who, up to that time, had been as innocent of brass buttons as any freight "gafter" (as a baggageman is called in the southwest). The color and style of the uniform were matters easily decided, but when the officials came to the subject of badges they found themselves confronted by a problem not quite so easy of solution.

The English word "brakeman" could not be used in a Spanish-speaking country, and the Company's interpreter, a highly educated Spaniard, informed the officials that the Spanish language contained no equivalent.

Here was a poser. But could the interpreter not suggest some word or term that would express to the Mexican people a brakeman's position and duties?

Yes, he thought he could. "Garotero" would do it.

Accordingly a lot of neat steel badges was procured and issued to the passenger brakemen, each badge bearing the word "Garotero" distinctly engraved thereon. And all went smoothly until a Mexican gentleman informed one of the railway officials that the word "garotero" conveyed to the Mexican mind much the same idea that the word "hangman" would to the American mind; and there was consternation upon the part of the officials, and another consultation with the interpreter.

That gentleman explained that the word "garote" meant to throttle, and as the brakes throttled the wheels of the car, he could think of no better title for the man in charge of the brakes than "garotero," the throttler.

But could he not take a little more time and think of another word equally expressive?

Quien sabe! It was possible. He would submit a written report manana (to-morrow).

The written report advised the substitution of the "*guardafreno*" for the objectionable "garotero"; and explained that the brakes governed a train much as the "*freno*" (bridle) governed a horse. "Bridle-watcher" would be, therefore, a very appropriate and expressive title for the man who watches the brakes.

In accordance with this elaborately written and apparently scientifically prepared report the first issue of badges was called in, and the brakeman upon the Mexican Central Railway became a "guardafreno."

A few weeks later the interpreter sought the presence of the General Superintendent, wearing a troubled expression and evidently laboring under some, but partially suppressed, excitement.

"Ah, Senor," he exclaimed, "a grave meestake you haf made."

"As to how?" asked the Superintendent.

"The badges worn by the brakemen," answered the interpreter.

"Well, what's wrong about them now?" irately asked the Superintendent.

"They say 'guardafreno,'" replied the interpreter.

"Well, what should they say?"

"'Guardafrenero.'"

The Superintendent drew from a pigeon-hole in his desk the report in which the interpreter had recommended the use of the word "guardafreno," glanced over it, and then silently passed it to the interpreter.

"Ah! Caramba!" exclaimed that gentleman as he reached, in the report, the word which expressed his idea of the man who watched the bridle that governed a train. "The infamous typewriter! To heem I dictate 'guardafrenero,' and he write 'guardafreno,' which mean 'bridle watch,' not 'bridle-watcher.' To the typewriter is due the meestake."

A new supply of badges was ordered, the brakemen were renamed, and "guardafreneros" (bridle-watchers) they have ever since remained.

A NEW PUBLICATION.

The Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway has just issued a very attractive six-page folder in colors, descriptive of the trip over one of the prettiest mountain roads in America. Part of the work is devoted to a colored map outlining the location of the Summit, and the balance gives many interesting details concerning the journey from San Francisco.

A paragraph in the folder reads as follows:

The Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway is a triumph in engineering. The air-line distance from Mill Valley, at the base of the mountain, to the summit is only three miles, but as an ascent of 2,500 feet was to be made the road had to take a tortuous course, and is 8.19 miles in length. Its crookedness is its greatest charm, as it produces a constant shifting and changing of the view. The grade is easy, the average being five feet to the hundred and the maximum seven. The road-bed is cut in the solid rock of the mountain side all the way. Fifty-six-pound steel rails are used on ties set close together. Standard gauge is employed.

Copies of this pamphlet can be obtained free at the office of Thos. Cook & Son, 621 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CENTRAL AMERICANS.

HENRY G. TINSLEY.

CENTRAL America is noted for its picturesque and interesting Spanish cities, nestling as they do at the feet of lofty volcanoes. Of all the five republics, Nicaragua is the most interesting on account of its wealth, its salubrious climate, its idols and temples, and its ruins of forgotten cities.

The houses of the wealthy are one-story adobe, neatly whitewashed inside and out, and roofed with well-burnt tiles. The floors are laid in dark-red tiles, each about one foot square. Each dwelling has a wide porch in front, separated from the neighbors' by a low iron railing, which does not quite reach from wall to gutter. This porch serves as a sidewalk, parlor, and evening dining-room. Here the people gather in the evening to chat and visit, the passer-by keeping in the street or on the narrow strip beyond the railings.

Each home, in true Spanish fashion, has a square inner court, or "patio," forming a yard, and each room has two doors, one opening into the street, the other into the patio.

Sitting on the porch, "outside in the parlor," in the cool of the evening, it is interesting to watch the people pass by. The small, weak-looking Indian men lounge along as if they hadn't the least idea, and cared less, as to when they would arrive at their destination. One little Indian girl is leaning listlessly against the high curbing, dreaming the hours away. The women, full of activity, in strong contrast to the men, are strongly built, and their suits, consisting only of one thin, colored cotton skirt and a very low-cut white sleeveless chemise, are admirably adapted for exhibiting their bronze Venus-like forms. They walk erect, with a peculiar side-swing of the hips, but from the waist up they are so rigid and steady as to carry empty bottles balanced on their heads. Everything is carried on their heads, except the babies. These are never carried in the arms or on the back, but always astride the hip, supported by one hand.

A RANCH HOUSE IN COSTA RICA.

To test the skill of the women an egg was balanced, small end down, on the top of an empty beer bottle, and given to a girl of probably sixteen, with the promise of "dos realos" (twenty cents) if she would carry it down the block and back. The bottle was carelessly placed on her hair and the feat successfully accomplished, with many extra skips and wiggles on the way back, accompanied by the dancing of the big, black eyes and the ivory gleam of her teeth. "Cassedaras," or women pedlers, stop with huge trays of cigarettes and cigars, and solicit your trade.

The army is recruited and kept up in two ways—first, by making all convicts serve out their time as privates in the army, and second, by using a "press-gang." Whenever more men are needed a squad is sent out composed of soldiers whose time is nearly up. Their orders are to scour the streets and the country and lasso every man they find who is barefoot. The high-toned classes who can afford to wear shoes are exempt. It makes the town lively and is the cause of a great amount of excitement for an hour or two whenever forty or fifty men are suddenly wanted.

The porters who carry your luggage up and down the mountain roads are generally ex-soldiers, and they do their work with the stupid indifference of the convict. Cruel and ignorant, mere animals with the form of man, these lower classes find their greatest delight in the "Patio de Gaellos," or cock-pits, which are the center of attraction in every city and hamlet, after church services are over. It is a brutal, disgusting scene, bloody and cowardly in the extreme. The birds are armed, not with the cruel steel spur that makes the contest one of skill, but with a still more cruel long, curved, slender knife, sharp as a razor. One slash anywhere, and the unfortunate victim is conquered. There is no science, no sport, no fun in it, but it appeals to the cruelty and love of blood which they crave and that has come down from their warrior ancestors of ages ago.

A NATIVE RANCHMAN.

It resembles a well-known feature of the wild Texas ranch fun. A stout young bull is blindfolded and fastened to a stump in the center of a four-acre bull-field. A saddle is firmly lashed on, and the "picador," as the rider is derisively named, climbs into the saddle, locks his heels in the sinche, grabs the creature's mane, and begs to be turned loose. He is accommodated at once, and the crowd howl and yell until he is thrown. It is a rare thing for the scamp to stick on and wear the bull out.

The love of destruction inherent in the nature is shown not only in chicken fighting and other so-called sports, but is carried even into the laundries. Along the banks of every lake can be seen hundreds of professional washerwomen following the trade of destruction. The program is invariably as follows: first, the clothes are soused up and down in the water by the "lavandera," who wades in waist deep for that purpose; then they are piled up in a heap on the edge of the water, where the current or light surf can fill the pores with sand; then the lavandera takes each piece and beats it savagely on a large sloping piece of volcanic rock set up in the water. Buttons fly to pieces, new rents and cracks appear, but the savage works on in a frenzy as if her life depended on the result. The shreds of the garments are laid on the bare, dirty sand, and more water is thrown on them, using large gourds. As women are doing the throwing, the water usually strikes the sand near the garments, throwing more pulverized rock than water over them. This is supposed to be the bleaching process. The drying, ironing, and starching are completed in one more step that consists of another sousing, another beating to thoroughly imbed the grains of sand in the fiber of the cloth, and then hanging on bushes to dry. The scene is an animated one, full of life and color for the artist, as it is a huge "life class." Their clothing in full dress consists of a colored flowered skirt or "nagua," and a white chemise, or "guipil," no under clothes, no shoes, no hat. The houses of the poorer classes are mere huts, containing only a few miserable furnishings.

A SCENE IN GREYTOWN, NICARAGUA.

It is only after four o'clock in the afternoon that the cities really wake up. Then every one is out of doors. The porches are crowded. The plaza is filled with soldiers drilling. Religious processions wind through the streets. Every man owning a saddle-horse prances around the blocks seeking admiration as eagerly as a sixteen-year-old flirt. Ladies in full evening dress sit where they can see and be seen.

As the shades of night grow deeper the streets are deserted, except by the watchmen, who blow their mournful sounding whistles at the corners of each block. The soft notes of a guitar or the tingle of a mandolin can be heard here and there as some heart-stricken swain wails out the plaintive love-song, "Adios, Mi Alma" ("Adieu, My Soul"), or "Buena Manana, Mi Cara" ("Good Morning, My Heart"), in the vicinity of his lady love. Then the music ceases.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

C. F. DAVIS.

THAT many an innocent man has suffered from purely circumstantial evidence, there can be no question; but few, I believe, have been more singularly unfortunate in this respect than I.

On a brief visit to this State, some time since, I was called to Haywards on a matter of business; and, on alighting from the train, asked one of the barge drivers if he knew where Judge Blank lived?

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied briskly; "jump in!" And, without further parley, I followed several other passengers into his vehicle, and it proceeded slowly toward the center of the town—about a mile distant. The other passengers were left, one after the other, at their respective domiciles, when the driver, to my astonishment, again turned his horses' heads toward the depot, landing me just across the track at an old-fashioned farmhouse, which, he declared, was my destination. "The fare," he added, "is one dollar." The fare to the town being but one-fourth that sum, and the distance from the depot to the farmhouse—by way of the track—but, perhaps, three hundred yards, it was evident that the ruffian had taken advantage of my being a stranger to drive me all over Robin Hood's barn—simply for the purpose of robbing me. I felt indignant—naturally so, I claim—and expressed myself, mildly, to that effect.

"That's the reg'lar fare fur comin' roun' here," said the driver, sullenly. "We don't never do it fur less." What could I do? Nothing, of course, but pay the extortioner—which I did with a large dollar, and he drove away. My business transacted, Judge Blank drove me into town, and there left me. A lonesome, but excellent, supper at Tony Oaks' followed; after which, lighting a cigar, I set out, on foot, for the depot. I had made, perhaps, half the distance—it was then almost dark—when I heard the rumble of a vehicle approaching me from the direction of the depot; and soon recognized it as the same in which I had been driven by such a devious route to Judge Blank's. Its driver evidently recognized me at about the same time, for, hastily pulling up his horses, he sprang to the ground, and immediately pounced upon me.

"Take that," he said, savagely, hitting me over the head with his whip, "and that, too,"—the latter "that" referring to a blow from his brawny fist, which put my right eye in mourning and laid me flat on my back in a mud puddle.

"Wh-what's the matter?" I gasped, struggling to my feet, and warding off another blow of the whip with my arm.

"Matter!" he fairly yelled, "matter enough, when yer wants to be packed all over town fur nothin', an' then pays fur it with a bad dollar!"—and he proceeded to again belabor me.

"Hold on there," I cried, "it was unintentional. Here"—and I hastily extracted another dollar from my pocket. Shades of memory! this, too, was bad—very—and the driver knew it the moment he touched it. That he did not murder me then and there, is due, I am convinced, to the approach at this moment of a number of pedestrians, when, assuring me that he had had his dollar's worth (as he doubtless had), he climbed into his wagon and drove away.

But what was this experience to others I have been through!

At an out-of-the-way counter in one of this city's largest stationery stores (there being neither clerk nor customer in the vicinity), I stood, one day, examining some memorandum books, it being my full intention to obtain one of them—by honest purchase—for my hip-pocket. I had some difficulty in making a selection, the assortment being a large one; but at last my wandering gaze rested upon a little, vellum-covered volume, which I thought might suit.

"Ah!" I said to myself, picking it up, "about the thing, if it is not too large," and without thought of evil—simply for the purpose of testing the matter—I slipped it at once into my hip-pocket. Could there be, I would ask, a more perfectly natural act? But alas! it had the appearance of evil—which should always be avoided—and to the noiseless and crafty clerk, who, at this instant appeared on the scene, it was deemed as conclusive proof of criminal intent.

Roughly seizing me, therefore, by the collar, he fished the book from my pocket, and, despite my protestations and explanations, turned me over to the police—charged, under an assumed name, with shop-lifting. Being practically unknown in this part of the world, what possible defense could I make against such overwhelming evidence as that of the clerk? Nothing, except kleptomania. This, then, was my plea; and having means, I was soon again breathing the free air of Heaven.

I will omit several other experiences of a disagreeable nature, in which I suffered solely through circumstantial evidence, and pass on to my arrest and imprisonment in a foreign country for pocket picking. On my way to Madrid, I concluded to stop for a few days at Monte Carlo—at once, I believe, the wickedest and most beautiful spot in the whole world. What visitor, I would ask, has ever passed wholly unscathed through the temptations of its wondrous Strangers' Club, the playground of titled Europe? I did what many another poor fool has done before—lost my last sou, and pawned my jewelry, before I had been there a week. But the excitement of watching others at play, of seeing fortunes won, or, more commonly, lost, at a single coup, was still mine; and so, awaiting the arrival of an American remittance, I took my place among the singed moths ("the decaves"), that nightly cluster around the busy tables. Roulette had most fascination for me, and, of course, I had a system—a recent acquisition, bequeathed to me, in confidence, by a French gentleman, whose good will I had obtained by the loan of a louis. Why not test it, then and there, with imaginary bets? If successful, my course was plain, when my money arrived. Taking my place, therefore, behind one of the seated players, an aged and, as it appeared, somewhat irascible Frenchman, hemmed in on either side by would-be spectators and players, I produced a card and pencil, and went to work. How many ruined men are there to-day, I wonder, who realize that there is no better way of playing roulette than to close the eyes and throw a coin upon the table, allowing it to lie where it falls? My idea then was, however, to bet on numbers that had not recently appeared; and I soon discovered a transversale, or series of six numbers, that was everything that could be desired.

"According to the doctrine of chances," I reasoned sagely, "one of them should appear in every six turns. Not one of them has appeared in twelve. Now is my time"—and, in imagination, I placed a louis on the transversale. It lost, as did my four increased bets—each made with the idea of stopping with a gain of a louis—and I made my sixth mise, of thirty-two louis, with considerable excitement—feeling almost as if I had been really losing. A "Rien n'va plus" called the croupier, and, as I leaned eagerly forward to observe the winning number, I let fall my pencil—my hand, instinctively following it, bringing up in the sack-coat pocket of the aged Frenchman in front of me.

"Nom d'un chien," yelled the Frenchman, clutching my hand wildly, "un filon," and the commotion that followed may be easily imagined. My explanations, in obscure, and, I fear (in view of my excitement) wholly unintelligible, French, were useless; a guard was summoned and I was conducted to the cage. Here, after being searched, I was allowed a few words with an interpreter. In accordance with the French system, the latter functionary took my guilt for granted; the motive, my total lack of funds. Then, too, had I not simulated an interest in the game, which my financial conditions would not warrant? As for my story about dropping my pencil—pure fabrication, or I had dropped it designedly. It was, in short, an extremely black case; my best course was to plead guilty at once.

Refusing, very naturally, to do so, the Commissaire then took me in hand.

"How does it happen that Monsieur has no money?" he asked, blandly.

"Roulette," I replied, gloomily.

"Has Monsieur money elsewhere?"

"Yes, in America."

"Ah! in America—it is far"—and he looked grave.

"Monsieur is, then, an American?"

"Oui, oui."

"Has Monsieur no friends in this country with whom he can communicate?"

I thought a moment. Yes, there was an old New York friend, an artist, in Paris, possibly he might come to my assistance. But no, a telegram to his address brought word that he was in America, in which direction, it was evident, lay my only hope. As in all petty foreign states, justice moves slowly, and with great caution, in Monaco; and—but why dwell further upon so distressing an incident? Suffice it to say, the Mediterranean never seemed so "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue to me" as it did during the twenty days I watched its tideless surging through a little, grated window, waiting for the reestablishment of my respectability and funds with which to continue my journey. What wonder if, after experiences like these, I put little faith in circumstantial evidence, however strong it may be.

Garfield Park, Chicago, has the only half-mile cement bicycle track in America.

Russia demands an import duty of $12.50 on every wheel imported into that country, regardless of its selling price.

It is claimed that Washington, D. C., has more cyclists, in proportion to its population, than any other city in the world.

It is estimated by good authority that a macadam roadbed, sixteen feet wide, costs about $7000 a mile, but is money well invested.

CROCODILES OF THE NILE.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ALLIGATORS and crocodiles are closely akin to each other, but the former are found only in North America, in the swamps of Mexico and the tropical parts of the United States. The toes of alligators are not so much webbed as those of crocodiles, and they have no fringe on the hind legs. The true crocodile is found in various parts of Asia and Africa, and in the tropical regions of Central and South America. The crocodile is seen in great numbers in the River Nile, and in ancient times was worshipped in some parts of Egypt. The numerous steamers laden with rifle-bearing tourists have driven the crocodiles away from the much-visited parts of the Nile, and have made them wild and hard to approach. But near its sources the Nile still abounds with crocodiles, upon whose backs a small plover is often seen perched. The little bird warns his big friend of the approach of man by rising into the air and uttering a shrill cry. The native Egyptians eat crocodile's flesh, but white men can rarely swallow a piece of it; and no wonder, for it tastes like a mixture of putrid meat and rotten fish, strongly flavored with musk.

Crocodiles are amphibious, and very fond of basking in the sun on the mudbanks of marshes or rivers. They lay from twenty to sixty eggs in holes scooped in the mud or in soft sand, where they are hatched by the heat of the sun. Certain of the American species make hillocks, which they hollow out and fill with leaves and other vegetable matter, the heat generated by the decomposition of which hatches out the eggs. When the young crocodile emerges from the shell into a new world, it is gently guided by the parent to the water, and is fed by her with great solicitude with morsels first chewed by herself. The male renders no assistance in rearing the young, but, on the contrary, is sometimes only prevented by the female from eating them up. Fishes, turtles, various small animals, and some species of birds, are fond of crocodile's eggs, and devour them—raw—in large quantities. The inhabitants, too, of the regions frequented by crocodiles eat their eggs, which are nearly as large as those of a goose.

A CATCH ON THE NILE.

During the dry season crocodiles bury themselves in mud and remain dormant until rain falls; they also bury themselves to escape danger. A tale is told of an officer in Ceylon, who, camping out upon the open ground at night, was mystified by the movement of the earth beneath him, and did not find out until the morning that he had been sleeping on the top of a crocodile. When in danger a crocodile will lie perfectly still, and feign death, now and then stealthily opening one eye to see how matters are going on. It is an exceedingly sly and wily beast in catching its prey. It will float on the surface of a river in midstream, and, observing an animal drinking or a woman filling her water-skin, will sink and swim below till it is within a hundred yards of its victim, then it rises and takes a momentary glance at the position of its prey, sinks again below the surface, and comes up at the exact spot. It usually makes the final rush from beneath, or strikes its prey into the water with its powerful tail and seizes it there. Another plan to reach its prey is to lower its head and tail, and float down stream like a log until near enough to seize it. When a crocodile gets a large animal it drags it into the water and holds it beneath the surface until suffocation ensues; then it takes the body to a hole under a rock or at the foot of a tree and devours it at leisure. Sometimes it buries its booty in a sandbank until it has putrefied sufficiently to be toothsome; for, like other *gourmands*, crocodiles like their game "high." But large and powerful as crocodiles are, they are somewhat timid, and will not attack a man except when he is bathing or off his guard.

Though a crocodile's skin is not, as has been often said, impenetrable by a bullet, the creature is still pretty "hard game." If a shot strikes its scales obliquely it will ricochet off, but if a bullet from a good rifle strikes fairly it will penetrate the hide; but to kill the creature at once it is necessary to strike either the brain or the spine behind the neck. If a crocodile is in the water when it is shot the body sinks and does not rise to the surface for twelve or eighteen hours; for, not being a grass feeder, it has a small stomach, so that the gases generated by decomposition take a considerable time to form in sufficient quantity to distend the body and cause it to float.

The crocodile is a treacherous, dangerous animal. Sir Samuel Baker, the great African hunter and explorer, tells how he had one day seated himself under a willow-tree near a lake to fish, and was warned by the Arabs that if he stayed where he was most probably a crocodile would seize the angler in preference to the bait, for, they said, crocodiles often seize persons as they are scooping water out of a stream with their hands, or watching their flocks. Men crossing the river on logs are carried off by crocodiles, and occasionally a man is even snatched from the back of a swimming horse. The natives of Egypt sometimes harpoon the crocodile as it is basking in the sun on a bank. The wounded creature takes at once to the water, and the hunters follow its course by watching the float attached to the harpoon.

RESORT GOSSIP.

We are informed that Bartlett Springs has made still further additions to its numerous cottages in order to accommodate the expected influx for the coming season. Bartlett in itself is a veritable village, and even during the winter time may properly come under that category. It has an elevation of nearly 2400 feet right among the pines, the odor from which is so beneficial and inspiring. The climate at Bartlett cannot be said to be surpassed in America. The Springs are located in the canyon, and the entire property embraces 1800 acres, the scenery being most picturesque and romantic. One of the delights at Bartlett is its 15-foot veranda at two stories, surrounding the main hotel on three sides, and affording a most grateful shade for those who wish to indulge in quiet siestas and amusements of various kinds. Mr. H. R. Warner still remains as manager of the hotel, having occupied that position for several years, and a more polished gentleman and competent hotel man it would be hard to find. Bartlett's has every convenience, including postoffice, telephone, telegraph, and express office. The Springs at Bartlett are famous the world over, and many thousands of human beings owe their lives to the efficacy of these waters. In the way of amusements there is almost every variety, croquet, tennis, bowling, billiards, dancing, and the paid orchestra which dispenses sweet music during certain hours of the day. In a word, no one would make a mistake in spending a good share of the season at Bartlett Springs.

Within the past month we have had a new hotel added to the list of our popular California resorts, named the Hotel St. George, at Santa Cruz. It is a splendid structure in every detail, and has been leased to Farrell & Ely. The erection of it having been under the direct advice of Mr. Farrell is some evidence of its character, as this gentleman is well known and up to date in ideas and requirements of the hostelries of the day. The hotel is located in the most central part of town, and combines the convenience for commercial travelers with the luxuries for pleasure-seekers.

The Pacific Ocean House at Santa Cruz is doing well under the new management of Mr. E. B. Pixley, ably assisted by his daughter, Miss E. Pixley.

The short and pretty trip from Gilroy Station to Gilroy Hot Springs has been very much improved by the advent of a new road. It has been put in splendid condition, and as a result the schedule time has been considerably lessened. Gilroy Springs is one of our most interesting resorts in California, and to those who have been there it needs no introduction. I might say, however, to our readers who have not visited this pretty place, that you will find there all that is claimed and more too. Messrs. Roop & Son still conduct it, and their name is a guarantee of the careful management under which it is directed.

Soda Bay, in Lake County, is one of the most popular and delightful resorts in California. It has recently undergone a change of management. Mr. F. B. Heath having leased it for an extended period. Mr. Heath is progressive and up to the times in every respect, and under his regime it will be more of a Mecca for summer tourists than ever. The Submarine Soda Spring, bubbling up out of the lake, itself is a never-ending delight to visitors.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

The printer and I have had a quarrel. He has done that for which I may possibly forgive him in the next world. I cannot in this. He is not a TRAVELER compositor—perish the thought! But he has caused me much mental anguish and mortification, and I feel that, while it is my duty to think of him more in sorrow than in anger, I cannot summon Christian forbearance to my aid. The case is too aggravated.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a scribe to report a social function, the duty is fraught with pain rather than pleasure when the type stares back at you thus, after describing a swell reception in which you innocently said "a collation was served" — "a collection was served." Fancy the amazed wrath of the hostess, upon reading that her guests, at the conclusion of a musicale, or during a reception, had a collection served, as though she had levied a tax on them for the refreshments provided in her house. Of course she loves that unlucky reporter ever afterward—I don't think.

Referring to the churches at Easter and the lovely women, lovely bonnets, and lovely flowers that would make of these edifices a veritable garden, I could have wept when the intelligent compo made me say that the churches would resemble "a vegetable garden." Further on in the paragraph another horrible outrage on common sense and English sent the chills down my vertebræ, for in referring to the choir's rendition of "Oh, Death where is thy sting?" the energetic typo had introduced more of his originality and had made the familiar sentence read "Oh, Death, where is thy string?" Alas, we know this is a designing world, but little did we ken that there were any strings on Death.

To a prominent member of the Horse Show Association I offer sincere apologies. It was the printer's fault—and may heaven have mercy on his soul! I wrote that in the last Horse Show his was one of the finest exhibits. Yet the sentence read in type that "in the Horse Show he was one of the finest exhibits."

These are but samples of what occurs almost daily in a writer's life. Is it any wonder that the penpusher ages before her time?

Love, that most fascinating of topics, never had anything cleverer said concerning it than the bon mot credited to Rubinstein. If it indeed originated in the great composer's fertile brain, it proves that music has not absorbed the artist's entire attention throughout his career. Says he:

"I once intended to write a composition entitled 'Love; Theme and Variations,' but I gave it up, because when I was young I might have found the theme, but had not experience enough for the variations; now I might write the variations, but cannot find the theme."

THE REASON WHY.

She never wears a mammoth hat
To hide from view the stage and play;
She never flirts, I'll swear to that,
In fact, she does not know the way;
She drives no husband to despair
In settling up her dry-goods bills;
No man for her need rend his hair
To buy her furbelows and frills;
The reason why she lacks the faults
With which the rest of us contend?
She cannot help it. She was born
A South Sea Islander, my friend.

A death-blow to romance is the study of violin construction. One learns that in order to secure wood of sufficient age—since the dryness produced by time alone will develop the necessary richness and resonance of tone in this exquisite medium of music—manufacturers search for and regard as treasures such articles as the beams of ancient barns, the rafters of cobwebby garrets and other seasoned portions of crumbling rookeries. Almost anything wooden that has survived the ravages of time is invaluable as a component part of the tuneful violin; old bedsteads are a genuine bonanza, for from them may be evolved a well-nigh priceless instrument. And this is where romance suffers at the hands of cold fact. Sitting entranced in an orchestra chair, listening with breathless attention to the playing of a great artist, it is a trifle disquieting to reflect that the heavenly and inspiring strains proceed indirectly from a second-hand bedpost, picked up, perhaps, by the astute manufacturer, in some European junkshop. Truth, however, is far less kind than fiction. The music of this earthly sphere is music still, even though to make it we must have the tumble-down bedsteads of our great-great-great grandpas sawed into melodious kindling-wood. Scrape away on the several-thousand-dollar piece of workmanship under your chin, O man of genius. We will try to forget that you are juggling with a section of furniture that groaned far less soulfully than now, when the portly form of a grandsire sought its rest o' nights. Play on, thou interpreter of the divine. A truce to the old bedstead anyhow. Perhaps the very one upon which your listener sleeps to-night may be whacked into violin shape in ages to come, and knock romance in the head for those who live after.

Somewhere, years ago, I came across a poem called "The Mere." It made a profound impression upon me, although I do not remember the author's name. It seems to me that it was Robert Buchanan. Can any one inform me? Strange that the memory should play one such tricks. The melody of an exquisite song will often remain when singer and composer are alike forgotten.

As a word-picture of the loneliness and despair which a man may feel whose gratified wish to estrange himself from the world is succeeded by an unutterable longing for the society of his fellow-beings, I have never seen this poem equaled.

"I built a hut beside the mere,
A lonely hut of earth and stone."

Yielding to an impulse when sick at heart, and impatient of hypocrisy, he becomes a recluse. Far from the sound of human voice, with but his books and thoughts for company, he resolves to pass the remainder of his days in peaceful seclusion. His chosen place of habitation is in harmony with his mood. Dark, fathomless and silent lies the lake. Scarcely a ripple stirs its surface, and the thick foliage near its brink is seldom pierced by a sunbeam. But in time the hermit finds this solitude unbearable, and leaving misanthropy forever behind him, gladly hastens back to the world that he fancied he despised.

The society of one's fellow-beings—who can live without it? The pleasure of congenial companionship—who has not felt its influence? A friend's warm hand-clasp, the sense of human comradeship—who can know happiness without these? Society in its broadest significance, namely, the association of people with each other, has infinite power. It may drag us to lower levels or lift us to greater heights. Rightly chosen, it broadens the character. Deprived of it, we would be as wretched as the lonely dweller by the mere who

"Crept back and made his peace with men."

I wish that there were fewer boarding-houses and more homes in San Francisco. In no city of its size are there so many restaurants and lodgings, so great a dearth of home makers. Granted that housekeeping entails work, care, expense. What infinite possibilities are offered in the way of comfort and the sort of happiness which can be found nowhere else! A boarding-house existence should be one of necessity and expediency, not choice. For the busy professional woman, God bless her, who has work to do in the outside world and who is doing it with all her might, there is scarcely any other alternative. She cannot be at home and abroad too. But the average woman can be domestic without becoming a slave to the drudgery which housekeeping involves. In these days of cheap labor, much that is disagreeable may be eliminated from her list of tasks. It is neither wise nor beneficial for any woman to imprison herself within the walls of her home. Extremes are always to be avoided. The aim should be in the direction of a happy medium. Cultivate the home side of the question, girls. Get on a white apron once in a while, if only for the cozy air it gives you. Be as independent, as free to follow your ambitions as you may—but keep the domestic corner of your nature as much alive as possible. It is immensely charming to see; and it makes you lovable.

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NEW GOLD.

MY OLD HEARTHFIRE.

[*Written for The Traveler by Frank Deardorf.*]

The glowing hearth is warm and bright,
The room is filled with mellow light,
And I muse here alone.
Could I but catch the gentle strain
Of that old kettle on the crane
And with it weave my own!

This gladsome place lies all serene,
Like an oasis fair and green
Within the desert lands;
To which the singing birds may wing,
Round which the fondest hopes will cling,
When weary of the sands.

Here flowers of friendship spring and grow,
Here fairest buds of fancy blow
To form the poet's lay;
Here low-voiced harps may wake again
The music left in memory's train
Ere it has passed away.

Such buds of memory now I twine,
Around this glass of rosy wine—
Libation pure and true—
To quaff to friends both near and far,
Each memory like a radiant star,
And fresh as early dew.

This well-loved place I call my own,
And here I often muse alone,
Within the glowing nook;
And dream of scenes long past and gone,
Enshrined in colors bright upon
Each page of memory's book.

HE "DID THE REST."

K. E. BARRY.

They were sitting by the fireside.
On a very frosty night,
And their heads were close together
And they talked of—well—the weather,
Or, perhaps—the "Injun" fight.

As their chat grew more engrossing
Near and nearer yet he drew
Till her fair hair brushed his shoulder,
And in trembling tones he told her
Of the—sorrows of the Sioux.

Then he put his arms about her
In the dimly lighted room,
And they saw naught but each other,
Never heard her bad, small brother
Stealing softly through the gloom,

Till a flash dispelled the darkness,
And a shrill voice cried with glee:
"Caught your photo—you and sister—
Pa will like to know you kissed her—
Buy the negative from me?"

THE SADDEST PART.

When little Bess was but a child,
She came to me one day
And laid her head upon my cheek
In her sweet baby way.

"Papa," she said, "I want a doll."
What could her papa do?
With heart quite full of parent love,
I straightway bought her two.

The years sped on. The crown of youth
Lay on her maiden brow;
Again she came to me and said,
"I want a pony now."

The pony came. How glad was I
To see her happy face;
And on my wrinkled heart there lay
No blighting sorrow's trace.

Alas! how easy 'tis to give
Our treasures of the heart
To those we love, but oh, how hard
It is from them to part.

For yesterday she came again,
Just as a child of three,
And, blushing, said, "He's there down stairs,
Papa, and he wants me."

—*New York Herald.*

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

"But why have you thrown George over?"

"Oh, I hate him. The other evening he asked me if he might give me a kiss, and because I said no, he didn't."

A husband agreed to give his wife one dollar a week to remain in comparative silence, deducting one cent for each superfluous word she uttered. She now owes him nearly enough to pay the National debt.

He—Would you care much if I should steal a kiss?

She (strictly Puritanic)—I should. I could not bear to look at you again should I know you to be guilty of violating in the smallest degree one of the commandments. If you must have a kiss occasionally, ask me for it, and I will be only too willing to donate it, but you must not steal it.

He—When I was in the West the last time I had a very narrow escape from a burning hotel. I was awakened by the smoke, and with not a moment to spare rushed down the fire-escape——

She (breathlessly)—Oh, what did you have on?

He (visibly embarrassed)—Ah—hum—a very lively hustle, miss.

"I wonder if he really wants to marry me for my money?"

"It must be that, dear."

Deserted Wife (in conversation with sympathetic grocer)—And I trusted him so.

Grocer—Confound it, so did I.

She—Why, you foolish boy, if I married you, you wouldn't be able even to dress me.

He—Well—er--couldn't I learn?

"I tell you, we've got a perfect gem of a servant—the best one we ever had."

"How long have you had her?"

"She came this morning."

"Timkins smokes good cigars."

"Yes; he promised his young wife that he wouldn't smoke any more of 'those vile cigars,' and he doesn't."

Host—A little more champagne, Miss Elderly?

Miss Elderly—Oh, well—just a mouthful, please!

Host (to waiter)—John, fill Miss Elderly's glass!

"Mary, did any one call while I was out?"

"Yes, ma'am; Mr. Biggs was here."

"Mr. Biggs? I do not recall the name."

"No, ma'am; he called to see me, ma'am."

Old Gent—Ah, what fine little fellows; and what is your little brother's name?

Small Boy—'E's right name is William, but if yer call 'im Bill 'e'll come to yer.

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she,
As they stood on the ballroom floor;
He looked around the room to see,
And she speaks to him no more.

—*Cape Cod Item.*

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One of the special features of Anderson Springs, Lake County, is the hot sulphur and natural steam baths, which have been found to be strikingly effective. Anderson is already being filled up, and the outlook indicates a splendid season at this popular resort.

The National Society of Theosophists, under the leadership of Mme. Tingley, will build a magnificent Temple at San Diego. Prominent members of the Society are now quartered at the Hotel Brewster, where headquarters are established pending the erection of the permanent buildings, which will cost over one million dollars.

Redding, situated at the head of the great Sacramento Valley, is by traveling men declared to be the best business point between Sacramento and Portland. Our merchants are kept busy sending out goods to different points, hotels full, new buildings going up, and prosperity pervading generally; all owing to Shasta's increased mineral output and activity in mining circles. The Depot Hotel is still headquarters for the commercial trade.

The season at Paso Robles has opened with a great rush. One hundred people were registered at the Hotel El Paso de Robles on May 18th. A fine orchestra has been added to the many other attractions, making Paso Robles one of the most delightful resorts of the Pacific Coast.

It is reported on good authority that the McCloud River will afford splendid fly-fishing this summer, and every indication points to an early season. Camp McCloud is the headquarters for all lovers of this sport, and will still remain under the management of Mr. and Mrs. George McCloud.

"Seeing Denver," the excursion car of The Mayham Investment Company, which leaves the Brown Palace Hotel each morning filled with tourists from all parts of the country in charge of Denver's most prominent and representative citizens, bids fair to be a great success. A three hours' ride through the city is given, with short stops at places of interest, where the party is addressed by some member of the committee in charge.

We learn that the Knutsford Hotel at Salt Lake City has been doing a splendid business this season, having accommodated already six Raymond & Whitcomb excursions, and they anticipate an enormous trade during June and July.

The Pioneer Jubilee in the latter part of July will spend $50,000 in a six days' celebration at Salt Lake City, and the Knutsford is securing nearly all of the first-class business.

Mr. Holmes, the proprietor, is now putting up some fine buildings on Salt Lake property he recently purchased, and is also extensively engaged in the mining business.

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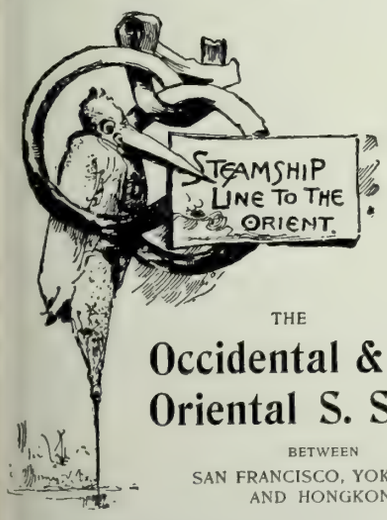

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AFTERNOON AT THE SPRINGS. *From Morris & Kennedy.*

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS.

New Hotel. Thoroughly Fire Protected.
Established 1858.

FAMOUS
SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.

LAKE COUNTY.

CONTAINS
SULPHUR, IRON, MAGNESIA AND ARSENIC.

WONDERFUL CURES OF

RHEUMATISM, GOUT,
DYSPEPSIA, PARALYSIS,
BLOOD POISONING,
SKIN DISEASES,
KIDNEY, LIVER AND
STOMACH TROUBLES,
CATARRH.

Rates, $10, $12, $15 and $18 per week, or $2, $2.50 and $3 per day, Including All Baths.

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Take the 7:30 o'clock boat at Oakland ferry from San Francisco. On reaching Vallejo Junction, change for Napa Valley branch. At Calistoga, stage awaits the morning train from San Francisco and Sacramento daily, except Sunday.

Stage Calls at Calistoga Hotels for Passengers.
Stage Fare to Springs, $2.50.
Round Trip from San Francisco, $8.00.
Time from San Francisco, 6 Hours.

The Only Springs in California having All-Night Telegraph and Telephone Service.
Modern Sanitary Arrangements in the Hotel.
All White Attendants.

JAS. A. HAYS,
Proprietor.

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CALISTOGA AND CLEAR LAKE STAGE LINE.

CALISTOGA,
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The scenic route of California. Easy conveyances with careful drivers furnished for tourists and private parties. Direct line to Anderson, Adams, Astorg, Harbin, Howard, Glenbrook and Seigler Springs. Stage leaves Calistoga daily, except Sunday, at 11:30 A. M.

SEIGLER SPRINGS.

Lake County, Cal.

This delightful watering place is located in the mountains, 2400 feet above sea level. No fogs; air dry and bracing. The coolest dining-room in the State. Electric lights. The Springs are celebrated for their curative properties. Hot and tepid mineral baths provided by Nature, beneficial in all Rheumatic, Skin and Nervous Affections.

SWIMMIMG POND, Fishing, Hunting, Etc.

Rates $8.00 to $12.00 per week. First-class Sanitary Arrangements.

JNO. SPAULDING, Proprietor.
SEIGLER SPRINGS, LAKE CO., CAL.

ANDERSON SPRINGS

The best resort for health and pleasure.
The only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County.
Only way to drive the Grippe Poison from the system and cure permanently.

Natural Hot Sulphur and Iron Baths for the cure of Rheumatism, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids.

Board: $9.00 to $14.00 per week. No extra charge for baths. Telephone connections. How to reach the Springs: Take Oakland ferry at 7:30 A. M. for Calistoga, distance 73 miles. Arrive at 10:55 for lunch. Take stage and arrive at Anderson Springs at 4:00 P. M., distance 21 miles. Fare: $8.00 round trip from San Francisco; $4.50 one way. Livery Stables at Springs.

Address all communications to J. ANDERSON, Proprietor Anderson Springs, MIDDLETOWN, LAKE CO., CAL.

GLENBROOK

O. W. R. TREDWAY,
Glenbrook, Lake County, Cal.

is beautifully located nearly 3000 feet above the sea. For pure air, water, mountain scenery, trout-fishing, etc., it is the finest suburban resort in the State.

Remember ——
If you want to hunt
If you want to fish
If you want to recuperate
If you want the best of recreation
If you want pure air and sunshine
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate

Come to Glenbrook, and you will find all the above in addition to many other pleasures.

SODA BAY.

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
Change of Management

This beautiful pleasure resort is situated on the border of Clear Lake, and is open all the year. You can enjoy here the finest BOATING, FISHING and BATHING in Lake County. Splendid scenery, perfect table service, billiards, tenpins, croquet, lawn tennis. Telephone and telegraph service. Rates: $10 per week; $2 per day. Take San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad to Hopland, thence by stage via Highland Springs and Kelseyville direct to Soda Bay. Round-trip fare, $10.

F. B. HEATH, Prop., Kelseyville P. O., Lake Co , Cal.

Madrone Mineral Springs.

These Springs are in a beautiful, sheltered and picturesque canyon in Santa Clara County, twelve miles south of the great Lick Observatory, at an elevation of 2200 feet. The mountains are well timbered and abound in game of every description. These Springs have no equal in the United States for cure of indigestion and urinary troubles. The hotel and cottages are all newly furnished. Reached in four and a half hours from San Francisco. Stage connects at Madrone with morning trains Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Send for terms and descriptive pamphlet.

JAMES CARTER, Manager.

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SAMPLE ROOMS FREE.

Train No. 15 arrives 6:40 A. M.; 25 minutes for breakfast.
Meals 50 cents.

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McCLOUD RIVER
AT THE BASE OF MT. SHASTA.

This famous fishing resort will be open this season under the old management of

MR. AND MRS. GEO. McCLOUD

Rates, $10.00 per week.

When notified, stage will meet parties at either Castle Crags, Upper Soda Springs, Mott, or Sissons. Address,

GEO. McCLOUD, SISSON, CAL.

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J. A. AGER, Proprietor
Dinner 50 cents.

First-class accommodations at Reasonable Rates.
Livery Stable in connection with House

STAGES LEAVE DAILY FOR KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS, KLAMATH FALLS, LAKEVIEW AND WAY POINTS.

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SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS.

Just 77 miles from San Francisco on the narrow gauge route, 3½ hours. The most delightful and home-like resort imaginable. Forest, trout streams, hunting, swimming, boating and all kinds of amusements. New cottages have been built and a complete electric light service put in. If you want a real good time, solid comfort, delightful climate, good living and all the other accessories that go with an up-to-date Summer Resort, try the Hotel Ben Lomond. Rates $12.00 per week, $2.00 per day. ***Send for Circular.***

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BEN LOMOND, CAL.

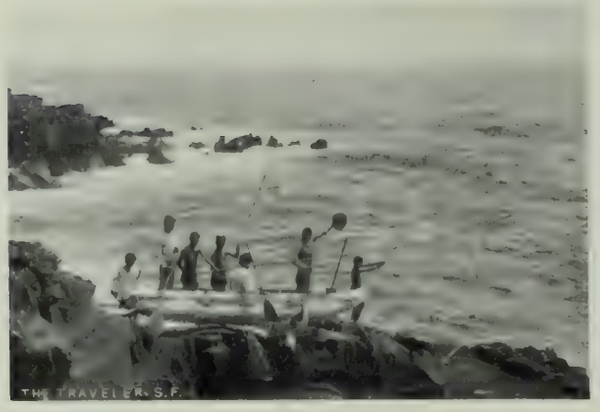
A LIVING VOLCANO.

How to reach it and the
COFFEE LANDS OF HAWAII.

THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD.

STEAMER "KINAU"
Clarke, Commander.

The largest and fastest steamer in the Hawaiian Islands. 25 large staterooms, electric lights and call bells.



A trip of seven days, coasting the Island of MOLOKAI, making three stops on the Island of MAUI, giving a magnificent view of the crater of HALEAKALA, four stops on the Island of HAWAII, skirting the richest SUGAR and COFFEE lands in the world. A carriage ride of thirty miles over a fine macadamized road, traversing a primeval tropical forest, interspersed by SUGAR and COFFEE plantations. Eight hours from HILO to the VOLCANO. No change of vehicle. TWO DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS AT THE VOLCANO.

To those seeking INVESTMENTS IN COFFEE, this line offers unequaled facilities for selecting land. Stops are made on the Island of HAWAII, at ports in the Districts of Hamakua, Hilo and Puna. Coffee from these districts commands a higher price than that produced on the older lands; the yield per acre is also greater. Large tracts in all these districts are now producing coffee. THE HAWAIIAN GOVERNMENT OFFERS LANDS AT A NOMINAL SUM ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT, and REMITS TAXES on improvements. An ASSURED FORTUNE to industrious men of moderate means. A crop that does not spoil or deteriorate, but improves with age. A sure return of twenty per cent on CAPITAL.

$50 Pays all the expenses of a trip from . . Honolulu to the Volcano and Return $50

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OAHU RAILWAY & LAND CO.

TO TOURISTS.

Honolulu to Waianae—33 miles.

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OAHU RAILWAY & LAND CO.,

B. F. DILLINGHAM, General Manager.

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HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The most popular hotel on the Islands. Centrally located. Grounds spacious and beautiful beyond description. Finest tennis court in town. Besides the hotel proper, there is an annex and several cottages. All modern conveniences.

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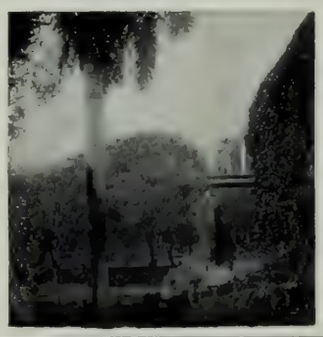

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MURPHY BROS., Proprietors.

California, Belmont.
(In the foothills near San Francisco.)

BELMONT SCHOOL,

For boys, hopes to deserve the confidence of Eastern as well as Western parents by surrounding its boys with as stimulating an intellectual, spiritual and physical life as is found in the best Eastern schools, and by offering a home which in beauty of surroundings and fineness of climate for sustained work no Eastern school can hope to equal.

It should then give to its boys a healthful impulse toward good thinking and good living, and leave with them a heritage of pleasant and helpful memories. The catalogue containing views of the school and a record of the colleges and technical schools entered by its graduates will help to give an idea of its spirit and the work it is doing.

W. T. REID, A. M.,
(Harvard), Head Master.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

—OVER THE—

MILL VALLEY & MT. TAMALPAIS SCENIC RAILWAY.

GRAND. LUXURIOUS. INEXPENSIVE.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO 9:45 A.M., 1:45, 5:15 P.M.
Arrive at Tavern at Summit 2 hours later than above schedule.
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Arrive in San Francisco 2 hours later than above schedule.

SUNDAY.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A.M., 1:45, 2:30 P.M.
Arrive at Tavern at Summit 2 hours later than above schedule.
LEAVE TAVERN OF TAMALPAIS 10:00, 11:10 A.M., 12:20, 2:50, 4:15, 5:25 P.M.
Arrive at San Francisco 2 hours later than above schedule.
Tickets can be purchased at

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F. or in Mill Valley.

Fare round trip from Mill Valley to Summit and return: Adults, $1.00; Children under 12 years, 50c.
Single fare either way: Adults, 75c.; Children under 12 years, 40c

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FARRELL & ELY, Lessees.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY, 1897. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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NOW that so many expressions of opinion are being ventilated on the question of the annexation of the Hawaiian Republic with that of the United States, the criticisms that appeared in the daily papers some weeks since, concerning the attitude of the Hawaiian government towards the importation of Japanese labor, have been comparatively lost sight of by the more important deal at stake.

So much has been said on the treaty proposition, that we will not undertake to discuss it here, except to say in a general way, that we fully concur with the majority that it would be proper for us to have the Hawaiian Republic a portion of this government. There is every reason why it should be, and regardless of the tales and arguments that have been presented to us through what we might term alarmists, there has still been no legitimate and convincing evidence advanced in support of the discouraging views expressed.

Let us in any event continue the existing treaty and annex, if possible. But this is not our subject.

The little Republic has been criticised severely and unjustly for placing restrictions on the importation of Asiatic labor, which of course refers especially to the Japanese. The underlying reasons for the action of the Hawaiian government in this matter are briefly these:

In the first place the government was established by Americans, and in its every detail is absolutely an American enterprise. As a consequence their families are raised and bred on the Islands, and following out the characteristics of American blood, they are naturally desirous of having their children surrounded with, at least, proper influences.

The influx of the Asiatics, however, does not tend to maintain this principle. It is difficult, and, in fact, almost impossible to affiliate two so distinct classes as the Caucasians and the Asiatics, and experience has proven that their introduction to the Islands has not added to the moral or intellectual tone of the general commonwealth.

We cannot speak as plainly as we would wish to, but we know that it is for moral reasons more than anything else that the residents of the Hawaiian Republic object to the association of their own children with those of the Asiatic nations.

Further than that, the Japanese locates in the Islands under an unwritten law to remain not longer than three years. This fact alone certainly does not encourage employment of that class of labor.

Notwithstanding the protest and action of the Hawaiian government it is to their credit that they take their own medicine, in that in many instances white and Portuguese labor is employed at a higher rate than would be necessary for that of the Asiatics.

In the various statistics that have been presented from time to time, comparing the financial relations between the Hawaiian government and the United States, no mention has been made of the fact that nearly all the wealthy residents of the Islands invest their money, or at least a large percentage of their surplus, in San Francisco or California. These items do not appear in the tabulated statements that we have seen, but there are undisputed instances without number which would materially change the complexion of the apparent balance of trade against the United States government.

WE LEARN from Press dispatches that the Chinese Government is rapidly pushing forward the railway from Tientsin to Peking, and it is anticipated that during the current month travelers will be able to go by rail from the seaport to the heretofore mysterious capital of the Chinese Empire. This venture covers about ninety miles, making in all about two hundred and fourteen miles of railway from Tientsin to the interior coal mines, and constitutes the entire railway system of China.

Prejudice against foreign innovations seems to have been broken, and no doubt other enterprises on a much larger scale will follow the advent of this road. Principally among them is designed a railway line about fourteen hundred miles in length from Peking to Hankow, a seaport on the Chinese coast. Active measures have already been inaugurated to this end, backed by a small governed subsidy, but it will probably be some time before the project is consummated. A short line from Shanghai to Woosung is also contemplated.

WHO SAID THIS WAS A SUMMER RESORT?

It is only within the last few years, and especially since the war with Japan, that China has come "out of the shell," so to speak, where it has lain dormant for so many hundreds of years. Their policy in sending highly accredited representatives to various parts of the world, seeking information and making reports upon the progress of other nations, is in line with the similar course taken by the Japanese Government, which to-day is acknowledged to be much superior to the Pagan Empire in so far as the adaptation of modern ideas and improvements are concerned. It is really an occasion for serious thought as to what will be the influence on the world at large when China, with her 400,000,000 inhabitants, breaks forth from her ancient chrysalis and stands an equal among the other nations of the world in progress, enlightenment, and improvement. We of to-day will never live to see the result, neither can we venture any predictions as to the nature of it.

NATIONAL HOMES FOR VETERANS IN CALIFORNIA.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THERE is something in the sound of the word "veteran" that is fraught with meaning. Probably there is no other word in the English language which means as much, for it tells a story of effort, of experience, and of the passing of years.

We who are strong and active cannot honor too much the men who willingly and bravely did their best at a time when enlistment meant the offer of a life. To have borne the discomforts, endured the deprivations, and taken part in even a single battle, should entitle a man to everything that we, who live in a later and untried generation, can confer upon him.

We should be glad that in our State provision has been made for so many of the men who "fought and bled" for the country we all love; for as the years pass their number becomes less, and some day in the not very far-distant future the great buildings which now constitute their homes will have to be used for other purposes, as there will be no veterans left to occupy them.

California is about as near Paradise as a mortal can attain in his earthly career, and he is a curious bundle of contrariety and other unenviable attributes who is not satisfied with it as a place of residence. Particularly fortunate are the "old soldiers" who have chosen the Veterans' Home at Yountville, or the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, as their place of abode, for nowhere else are climatic conditions better or the environment more inspiring.

With every comfort well looked after, plenty of good food, unlimited liberty, the companionship of kindred souls, and ample provision for diverse recreations, who could not be at least reasonably happy?

If a man prefers to be near the sea, and loves to sit upon a bluff with the wide sweep of the ocean before him, where he can watch the incoming waves roll in merrily or angrily, according to their mood, while he listens to the voices of the deep, he would prefer Santa Monica, for it is less than four miles from the Pacific, and "the boys in blue" dearly love to visit the beautiful town of Santa Monica, especially on Sundays, when the band plays on the esplanade.

But at Yountville there are the ever-charming foothills, the varying landscape garbed in robes of graceful foliage that change in hue with the passing seasons. This undulating country is always restful, always new to the man who loves Nature in her quieter aspects.

This Home is supported principally by Federal and State appropriations. The land belonging to it, 910 acres, was purchased by the Veterans' Home Association, which was incorporated March 7, 1882. The cornerstone of the Administration Building was laid July 4, 1883, and the Home was opened to admit the first members on April 1, 1884.

The limit of accommodation is almost reached, as there is a present membership of 684 veterans, and there are accommodations for only 700. The largest number ever resident here at one time was 689.

Eligibility to membership consists in having served honorably in the United States Army or Navy in some war, and any such worthy officer, soldier, marine, or sailor who is in indigent circumstances, or incapable of self-support, may become a member of the Home after he has resided in the State one year. The members possess all the privileges of free American citizens, and receive, gratuitously, shelter, clothing, food, tobacco, if non-pensioners, medicine, and medical attention.

Strict military discipline is not maintained, as the rules of the Home are such as preserve order without entailing hardship upon the members. They are required to do fatigue duty when able.

The recreations are such as may be derived from a well-appointed library, a social hall containing billiard tables, card tables, pagoda table, and various games; an amusement hall where plays, concerts, lectures, and exhibitions are frequently given, and the pleasure of roaming at will over the beautiful surrounding country.

The oldest member at present in the Home is eighty-eight years of age, and in proof of the healthfulness of the location and the excellent attention bestowed upon the men who once formed the bone and sinew of our country, the death ratio per thousand of the last nine months of the present fiscal year is but fifty-nine.

A visit to the Yountville Home is an interesting one; for not only is the scenery *en route* a delight to the eye, but the tasteful buildings, the clean, smooth walks and driveways, the spreading oaks under which the "boys" love to gather whilst they exchange "yarns" of the battles in which they fought, and the cheerful-looking old fellows in the garb we all honor, are very pleasant to view.

The officers stationed here are Colonel George W. Walts, Commandant; Lieutenant W. F. McAllister, M. D., Medical Director; Captain Charles E. Graham, Adjutant; and Lieutenant Ferd L. Clarke, Quartermaster and Commissary.

In Los Angeles County all is new, even in the country; the passing of the *adobes*, which marked the era of the old *regime*, is to be regretted, even though the new era, with its subdued bustle of unrest attendant upon the infusion of new blood and varying sentiments, is indicative of progress. There is a moving panorama of strange forms and faces, and this army of tourists which annually invades this part of the State is eager to see everything, and the Soldiers' Home is a point of especial interest.

Briefly, the history of the Home is as follows: In the latter part of 1886 Congress authorized the Board of National Managers to select a suitable location in California whereon to establish a branch home for disabled volunteers. Many sites were inspected and many offers of land considered, but it remained for Senator Jones and Colonel Baker, who own vast interests in that section, to make an offer which no board of managers would pause to consider twice; and three hundred acres of choice land, twenty-five acres for a reservoir site, and the right of way for a good stream of mountain water were accepted.

A syndicate, which owned the adjoining tract, also donated three hundred acres of equally fine land, making in all over six hundred acres belonging to the Pacific Branch National Home for Disabled Soldiers. It was formally opened on the fifteenth of March, 1889, and quarters were then furnished to one hundred members who were transferred from the State Home at Yountville.

1. Soldier's Home, Santa Monica. 2. Canteen, Soldier's Home, Yountville. 3. Barracks and Hospital, Yountville.

The corps of officers consists of Governor J. G. Rowland; Major Upham, Treasurer; Doctor Hasse, Surgeon; Doctors Burton and Van Dyke, Assistant Surgeons; and Mr. Goodale, Superintendent.

The Home comprises in all about fifteen or sixteen buildings, each one possessing considerable claim to architectural beauty, being built in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and situated on the highest point in the grounds, from which a magnificent view, embracing the Pacific and some of its islands on one side, and a majestic mountain range on the other, is obtained. They are built in the form of a semi-circle, the central structure being used as headquarters and library.

The hospital department is perfect in its appointments, and is really several separate houses connected by corridors. Here are wide verandas fronting broad, clean driveways and beds brilliant with flowers and attractive with graceful foliage trees. The invalid or the convalescent may lounge on the reclining chairs and inhale the pure air that sweeps in from the sea or wafts down from the mountains.

James Payn tells a story of an officer of a transatlantic steamship who, in the absence of any clerical passenger, was asked to undertake the duties of chaplain. He was anxious to oblige, but felt that he was altogether unequal to the occasion. "I can however," he said, "take up a collection."

OUR CITY FAKES.

FLORENCE PERCY MATHESON.

I DECIDED the other day to peer into the future. I also decided, being of a generous nature, not to show an invidious partiality, but to consult as many of San Francisco's weird sisters as was possible during one day, thus obtaining a kind of composite fortune for myself, and incidentally some authentic information concerning the seeresses themselves.

A half an hour spent with a clever makeup artist transformed me into a more or less fascinating strawberry blonde. A white dotted veil, a pair of eyeglasses, and a costume, the component parts of which were borrowed from indulgent friends, made a disguise which even the hawk eyes of "Old Sleuth" himself could scarcely have penetrated, and thus prepared I went boldly forth to learn my destiny.

My first call was at a tumble-down house on one of the little streets south of Market. A tall, gaunt woman with a hard red face, sharp black eyes, and coarse hands opened the door. She was clad in a dark calico Mother Hubbard and around her flat waist was tied a large green gingham apron. Her thin hair was twisted into a pug about the size of a hickory nut, and altogether, but for the covertly watchful expression of her keen eyes, she looked like a plain New England farmer's wife interrupted in the midst of her morning's work.

Did I wish to see the Madame, she asked. I did, and I was ushered into a small room furnished with a large range in full blast, a table covered with a red cloth, two cane seat chairs, and a bristly hair-cloth sofa with a scalloped back. I squeezed into a chair in the coolest corner and the woman dried her hands on her apron and sat down opposite me.

This was the "Madame" herself then, and while I was trying to get up a little superstitious awe of her she took a pack of cards out of the table drawer and asked me to take off my gloves that she might "get the magnetism," and as I obeyed her I saw that she took note of a large plain ring on the third finger of my left hand.

"Lay your hand on the pack and wish," she commanded, and then she bade me "cut" the pieces of pasteboard into three piles. Then came the "lay out," an arranging of the cards in four lines, after which she "read" them with great ease and fluency.

I was married, she said—my left hand lay innocently on the table with the tell-tale ring in full view—was married very young (a tribute to my artistically youthful appearance), and my husband "worshipped the ground" I "trod on."

Her story was made up of glittering and presumably safe generalities. We had not been surprisingly fortunate during the last year or two, but good times were coming—she was evidently a pronounced McKinleyite—I had an "enemy," a dark woman who was unduly fond of my husband and would try to lure him away from me, but in vain. My "wish" I was not to get, but there was much good for me in the future. Then she took out another pack of cards with people and animals and all manner of signs and symbols upon them and corroborated her first assertions thereby.

I asked if she could tell me anything about my uncle in Randsburg, and she assured me that he was doing well, and would soon send me a fine present—all of which was encouraging since my Randsburg uncle was but a creation of my fertile brain. I also asked her if my little girl was happy with her aunt and she answered in the affirmative but said that she "missed her mother" a great deal.

Taken altogether she did her best to please me, and if I had asked her if the Czar had received my last letter would undoubtedly have said "yes," and told me that he was going to answer it at once.

"I don't gouge folks as some of 'em do," she said, as I paid her modest fee, "I've got one price and that I sticks to, be it man or woman. I earn an honest living, I do!" and she patted her cards affectionately.

But I, thinking of the worshipful husband, the Randsburg uncle, and the absent small daughter, went out into the sunshine with my head in a whirl.

I next visited a lady who styles herself, as do most of her profession, "the greatest clairvoyant in the world," and here I had what is called a "picnic."

This party does not belong to what she contemptuously calls the "cheap crowd," but lives "north of Market," and boasts a well-furnished parlor and waiting-room. For three dollars she would tell me my life.

Her "trance" consisted of a promenade up and down the floor, done in the good old stride-and-halt tragedy style, with waving arms, staring eyes, and much attitudinizing.

I had assumed a mournful air before entering her apartments, rubbed my eyes and nose vigorously, and carried my handkerchief in a crumpled ball, and the spirits "took the cue" at once.

I was in "great trouble." I had married very young, after a brief acquaintance, and my husband was a hard drinker, a gambler, and in every way unworthy. The spirits strongly urged me to get a divorce, and kindly assured me that an elderly gentleman who was "dead in love" with me would furnish funds for the purpose and afterwards marry me and be very kind to me and the "two lovely children," who were at the present time the "only gleams of sunshine" in my "unhappy home."

A lady claiming to be "the favorite clairvoyant of all the crowned heads of Europe" was the next to entertain me. She wore rings galore, and a diamond star which would be worth about twenty-five thousand dollars if genuine, but she was gowned in a faded calico, and her substantial feet shuffled along in a pair of down-at-the-heel carpet slippers.

She came out strong on "lucky numbers," and urged me to buy lottery tickets regularly. She prophesied that I should have two husbands and die a widow at the age of eighty-six. She advised me, as did all the rest, to come frequently for advice, promising me immunity from all earthly ills if I would put myself under her guidance, and incidentally pay her from one to five dollars at each visit, and encouraging me by saying that she had many customers who came to her regularly, some of whom "ride in their carriages."

Another sybil was too busy to give me a sitting at the time, but wished me to call in later, and gave me a circular to meditate on in the meantime. Besides going into "trances" this gifted being deals in a variety of "charms" and "talismans" and "amulets" which are guaranteed to cause marriages, end all love troubles, give luck in business, and so on. This medium also "gives good luck to lodging-houses" for a consideration. And all this in a civilized city in the last years of the nineteenth century!

A "planet reader" to whom I went proved to be a large and handsome woman with an education far from liberal. She declared that "the planets was open as print" to her, and when I stated that I was ignorant of the hour of my birth she cheered me by the assurance, contrary to my life-long belief, that "didn't make no difference" since she could "read 'em anyhow," and would "read 'em fine for me for five dollars."

At last, becoming unduly fatigued by my many experiences, and the contemplation of the various futures in store for me, I took an hour off for lunch and recuperation. When I went forth again I had become metamorphosed into a subdued looking middle-aged person with gray hair, an apologetic manner, and sad-colored garments.

Alack and alas! Though I went to the same parties who a few hours since had told me of lovers and marriages and rivals, not one of them repeated the tale to me in the same way.

The imps of darkness who preside over the cards, the pure spirits who influence mediums, and the "second sight" of clairvoyants were all unequal to the task of seeing me as I really was.

Not one of the women to whom I went on this second trip suspected that she had ever seen me before, and not one of them, with all her supernatural aids and magic arts, read me the same fortune that she had read me previously.

Even my "lucky numbers" and "lucky days" were altered, my "enemies" and "friends" were chameleon-like in their change of complexion, and on inquiry I heard things regarding the misdoings of my grown children and my sons and daughters-in-law which were almost enough to make even the hair of a wig stand on end.

I had not the time to visit each of the thirty-four seeresses, who being regularly licensed pay ten dollars a quarter into our city's treasury, but I saw enough of them to be thoroughly convinced that "dealing in futures" through their instrumentality is a most uncertain and unsatisfactory business.

The pity of it is that, while honest people anxious to work at hardest labor for their daily bread are penniless in our streets, these individuals are making comfortable, and in many cases luxurious, livings, by trading upon the ignorant superstitions and the silly credulity of their fellow-beings.

There is a certain section of the Penal Code which seems to cover the ground. It refers to "obtaining money under false pretenses," and prescribes penalties therefor which are not pleasant to contemplate.

Some day some one who has been too egregiously befooled will rise up and invoke the aid of the law and then "we shall see what we shall see."

FUNNY HOW-DO-YOU-DO'S.

Most amusing are the styles of salutation in different countries, and also very interesting. The following are a few that have been recently brought to notice: The Chinese gentleman meeting a friend shakes his own hand and inquires in the most complimentary terms about his friend's health. The friend shakes his own hand also and answers that he is well, but calls himself the most abusive names he can think of, and they pass on. The French and Italian gentlemen kiss and embrace their men friends when they feel great delight at meeting. The American fool grasps his friend's hand at the level with his hat and gently jiggles it. The politician, just before election, meeting a voter slaps him vigorously on the back and shakes his hand at the same time. The Gambier Islanders rub noses, and if their welcome is very hearty they each hold their breath for a few seconds and then give a most alarming sniff.—*Harper's Round Table.*

THE LARIAT—HOW IT IS MADE AND USED.

J. M. SCANLAND.

LARIAT throwing possesses a knack or an art which can scarcely be explained and only learned by practise. Mexicans, and Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, are the most expert in throwing this formidable weapon. They are far more skilful in its use than the much-vaunted "cow-boy" of the plains. It is almost generally conceded that the Pueblos are even more expert in its use than the Mexicans. When the conquering Spaniards came three and a half centuries ago they found the lasso in use among the Pueblos. The Pueblo mounted police were armed with the lasso and a knife made of bone. They hunted down the horse thieves of other tribes, and lassoed them as the Mexicans of the present day do a steer, only that the lariat is thrown around the fleeing man's body so as to pinion his arms close to his side. At the moment of throwing the lariat the thrower touches his horse in the flanks with his knees, and the horse immediately stops, throwing back his weight on his haunches. The thrower then begins to haul in, and if the fleeing man does not slacken his speed he is pulled off his horse backward, and perhaps dragged to death. If, however, the aim was erring and the man caught around the throat, he is perhaps choked to death. In those days perhaps it made little difference. The practise of hunting desperate characters and lassoing them is still in vogue in New Mexico and across the border line from San Diego among the Mexican rurales, or country policemen. Cattle stealing is quite an industry over the line, and a race between the rurales and the ladrones (thieves) is highly exciting.

WHERE THE LARIAT WON'T WORK.

An expert can lasso a man on horseback at a distance of from fifty to one hundred feet, both going at full tilt. But, if he has not trained his horse to stop and stand fast at the critical moment, he is in as much danger as the fleeing man whom he has lassoed. After he has thrown the lasso the horse does the rest, the well-trained animal seeming to act from instinct the moment the riata is thrown.

In California, however, the riata is used only for lassoing cattle, especially at the rodeo, or "round up." The term rodeo signifies "to gather." The Mexican can lasso a beef as far as he can throw the lariat, which is from one hundred to two hundred feet, according to his strength and dexterity. The lariat is coiled over the pommel of the saddle, one end being secured. There is a slip-noose at the other end. The thrower takes the coil on his arm, and with the right hand lets fly the slip-noose at the feet or horns of the beef. His quick eye discerns the exact moment that the noose is about to encircle the object, and with a dexterous move he gives the lariat a jerk and begins to haul in, the horse also doing his part. Sometimes two or three will each select a different foot of a bovine, and after one has lassoed him by the horns and got him to rearing and kicking, they will lasso each foot and simultaneously haul in, throwing the astonished animal on his back. This is generally done at the mantanzas, or killing. Then the animal is harmless and can only roar.

In the early days Mexicans lassoed bear in the same manner. Bears were plentiful and amusements scarce, and bears were lassoed and pitted in the ring against bulls. A number of daring Mexicans armed with lariats and knives would visit some of the numerous bear canyons and wait in the vicinity of a bee tree for Bruin to come along and get his fill of honey, of which he is especially fond. Bruin would be lassoed in this manner, rolled into a cart, and taken to the ring. Next day everybody, including women and children, were present to witness the gladiatorial dispute. The bear was chained to a post by one foot, giving him about twenty feet latitude. The bull was turned loose. Several men stood near during the fight with riatas to lasso the bear should he break loose from his moorings, and others were near with knives to dispatch him if necessary. So the spectators were apparently secure. One instance is reported of a bear having slipped his cable. While the women and children were screaming and calling upon the saints to protect them, the scared animal, bleeding from his wounds, upset several of them in his wild flight for the woods.

It requires much skill and work to make the lariat. First, the green hide of a beef is thoroughly soaked in brine for about two days, and then the hair is rubbed up or across the grain. It is laid out on a hard surface and stretched for the cutting, which is done in a circle, beginning in the middle and continuing in rings outward until the entire hide has been cut into one continuous string. This long string is then stretched by means of weights at each end until the stiffness is taken out and it has dried. It is then plaited into a riata, generally into four strands. Those who have seen ribbons plaited, or young ladies plait their back hair into strands, may form an idea how the riata is made. The riata is then greased and rubbed at intervals until the leather has become soft and pliable. It is then ready for use. They are light, being of an average thickness of half an inch, and are very strong and durable. They are more serviceable than the hair rope, which is also in common use. The hair lariat is also serviceable to campers in snake-infested regions. A rope is stretched around the camp at night. Snakes cannot cross the rope, owing to the hair which cuts them, when they wriggle away.

Lariats made of grass are also used by the Indians and Mexicans of California, but mainly for "domestic" purposes, or rather for lassoing cattle around home and for practise.

It is only on infrequent occasions that civilians have had the opportunity of witnessing exhibitions by native experts of their astonishing dexterity with the bronco and lariat, and they never fail to furnish the most exciting enjoyment and surprise, but, as a rule, these entertainments are given in such small enclosures as to allow but little facility for seeing the riders at their best.

A lariat and a horse are the Mexicans' most highly prized possessions.

REUBEN, THE GUIDE.

"Reuben, the Guide," is a well-known local character who shows the "sights" to visiting tourists and has a ready answer for every question, no matter how silly it may be. He has traveled some himself and knows a great deal of human nature. Before he became a guide, philosopher, and friend to the tourist he was a hotel porter away down in "Dixie," at Shreveport, Louisiana. From there he emigrated to Indian Territory and became a cowboy, which entitles him to wear the regulation wide-brimmed sombrero and the double-cross, notwithstanding that he is as black as the well-known ace of spades. Some years ago he drifted to San Diego and engaged in the business of piloting tourists around, the heaviest part of the job being to tell them tall stories to fit the objects visited. While out at "Old Town" a dude tourist who affected an English lisp accosted Reuben, "Weuben, how old is that?" pointing to the old Mission Building.

REUBEN.

"Dat, sah, am seben hundred years old."

"Why, Reuben! the guide book says the Spaniards came here only three hundred and fifty years ago; now how can you make it out that the Mission is seven hundred years old?" asked another tourist.

"Well," replied Rube, "I may be a little out ob de way 'bout de building, but de dirt am dat old, anyhow."

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

MAE ELEANOR GATES.

THE day was most beautiful, one of those days so characteristic of England. There had been a shower in the morning, heavy enough to wash the dust from the trees and flowers and grass, followed by brilliant sunshine, sunshine that made you forget that there ever could be such things as rain and clouds.

We had taken an early train out of Paddington Station, and on reaching Windsor gladly dispensed with our umbrellas and wraps. After a charming lunch at the old Windsor Inn we ascended the broad road leading to the Castle I shall not attempt to describe Windsor Castle, which a hundred pens a hundred times abler than mine have described in glowing words. One must see it to appreciate it, and not only the Castle, but the Thames flowing at its base, brushed by bending trees around whose trunks lie thick, green, mossy carpets, studded with English daisies. The Castle, the grounds, and the river, with mighty London in the distance, all making one of the most beautiful pictures that can possibly be imagined.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

A fit home, we said, for a queen, as we passed through the gates, guarded by Her Majesty's Life Guards in their splendid uniforms, to the grounds beyond. To the left of the Castle runs a long terrace overlooking the river. Here, I think, we got the most beautiful view of all. Below us lay the little town of Windsor, so quaint and picturesque, with Eton College in the distance. On the other side a Gothic church reared its spires above the trees.

Sentries passed and repassed us as we strolled forward to the front of the Castle, helping us by their presence to realize that we were almost in the company, humanely speaking, of the greatest personage on earth.

Through the wide, iron gates at the end of the terrace we got a view of the gardens lying in front of the Castle, and immediately beneath Her Majesty's private apartments. Here and there among the trees and shrubbery stand beautiful statues, and fountains throw their waters into the sunlit air. Twittering sparrows fly hither and thither, or perch in the ivy that climbs up the old Castle's walls.

At the front of the Castle stood a carriage, and about it were grouped grooms and footmen. After waiting a moment or two we were repaid by seeing the Princess Christine, accompanied by the Princess Victoria, issue from the Castle and be driven away behind two magnificent white horses and a postilion with a groom on the seat behind.

After an hour's ramble about the Castle's walls we went round to the gate on the right and entered the inner court through an archway.

This inner court is almost devoid of foliage and here are the Life Guards' barracks, the Chapel, the old Tower, and a handsome statue of Prince Albert. We loitered for a moment on the graveled walk while one of our party, an Englishman, told a story illustrating the thoughtful kindness of the Queen toward her servants.

QUEEN VICTORIA.
STARTING FOR THE MORNING DRIVE.

For years an old man has swept this inner court each morning and Her Majesty has been accustomed to see him at his task. One morning not long since she missed him and inquired if he were ill. She received rather an evasive answer and persisted in knowing why he was not at work. She was finally told that he had been discharged for drunkenness. Always lenient toward an offender the Queen ordered him reinstated, and early the next morning had the pleasure of once more seeing him sweeping away beneath the Castle's windows.

Drawn up to the entrance on the right side of the court stood the Queen's private pony carriage drawn by a donkey. In this little carriage the Queen takes a morning drive, every fine day, in the private grounds, though she often goes into Windsor, or drives to old Windsor beyond.

Quite a large crowd had assembled by this time to await her appearance and we joined them. We had not long to wait. A few moments afterward the Queen came out followed by the Princess of Wales and an attendant. Her Majesty entered the carriage and took the reins and soon was rolling out of the gates and down into the town.

Here another crowd of people were awaiting her coming and she was greeted most enthusiastically. She acknowledged the demonstrations very pleasantly and continued her drive. No flourish of trumpets, no mounted attendants, no pomp, no display. England's Queen looked not unlike any other sweet-faced old lady out for a morning drive.

Such an exhibition of modesty and simplicity on the part of the greatest Queen on earth cannot but impress the observer and at once invite the striking comparison between the dignity and ostentation of the earlier sovereigns with the artlessness of our modern rulers. And just such daily methods of life in all their plainness have characterized the reign of Victoria and endeared her and the country she represents to the hearts of her subjects, as well as won for her the respect and admiration of all other civilized nations of the earth.

After lingering about the Castle to witness the changing of the sentries we rambled down the hill to the river and were soon floating across to the opposite bank where we could look back on the Castle.

It was most delightful to sit there on the green bank through the long afternoon, watching the sentries pacing the ramparts, and the carriages with their magnificent horses dashing backward and forward from the Castle to the town.

And thus ended the happiest day of my visit to England.

The following paragraph was clipped from a paper published over thirty-two years ago, and is rather interesting in comparison with the fashions of to-day.

We have seen many ladies lately in the great hotels walking about without crinoline, and their dresses trailing half a yard; and those who wear hoops have diminished their size one-half. The form of bonnets has changed very little since we last described it. The crown is large and the cape without folds, and there is very little trimming. Headdresses consist of three simple bands of velvet, half an inch wide, over the top of the head, or merely a ribbon arranged in the same manner. Scarlet jackets are very much worn for simple morning toilet by ladies, and by children in the street, made of broadcloth with a stand-up collar, coat sleeves, and trimmed with large black buttons.

The shop windows display a great profusion of ribbons, a quarter of a yard in width, which are worn as girdles and to trim dresses. The basques are made to fit close to the waist, and confined still closer with a belt or girdle; but it is a very unbecoming fashion for all except perfect forms. The hair is still worn in great puffs or braids behind, arranged to meet the headdress at the top, which ties in a simple bow underneath the roll behind, and leaves long ends. Collars are worn a little broader, especially in front, and tied with a narrow cravat, fringed or embroidered at the end. Dresses are much trimmed up and down each breadth, and around the bottom, with ribbon wreathed in all manner of fancy forms. Skirts and crinolines are frilled and furbelowed, as they have been for a year or two, to allow the dress to be drawn up, but we now and then see one made the proper length for the street, a fashion which we hope will in time prevail.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, in one of her recent magazine stories, puts the following in the mouth of a pretty woman: "I have lived thirty-six years and I have never seen a man's unhappiness last more than six months, and I have never seen a woman make a wound in a man's heart that another woman couldn't heal. The modern young man is as tough as—well, I can't think of anything tough enough to compare him to. I've always thought it a pity that the material with which men's hearts is made couldn't be utilized for manufacturing purposes; think of its value for hinges for the toes of little boys' boots or the toes of their stockings!"

"You do not go out often to dinner, Mrs. Waddington?"

"No. I don't think the best dinner on earth is sufficient compensation for making oneself agreeable for three hours at a stretch.

BRITISH BEAUTIES.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

AS MR. GRANT ALLEN somewhere says: "Being a man, I think it a woman's first duty to be pretty." And certainly personal beauty is a woman's most valuable possession. People not infrequently dispute as to just what beauty is, and that it has many forms and manifestations is obvious. We may perhaps say that feminine beauty comprises grace of form, loveliness of face, and sweetness of expression. Grace of form consists in a well-proportioned, well-balanced healthy body, with limbs not too plump, nor yet too thin, but softly rounded and supple; a small foot, an arched instep, tapering ankles, well-developed bust and arms, a neck gracefully poised upon the shoulders, and a small head. Loveliness of face consists in a straight nose, delicate ears, curved lips, and a clear healthy complexion. Yet the pleasing effect of all these charms may be marred by an unpleasing or ungracious expression, for it is from the expression of the face that we judge of the temperament. The body is the casket, but the soul is the jewel it bears. The face is, of course, the part of the body to which we usually refer when we speak of a woman as handsome, pretty, plain, or homely. Considerations of courtesy constrain us to call many thousands of girls "pretty," who have not a really good feature in their faces. Their pleasing looks are merely the result of health, a wholesome complexion, and an agreeable, good-tempered expression. But beauty is of much rarer occurrence than prettiness. My own theory of beauty, derived from the Platonic theory of heavenly types, is that there is but one ideally beautiful face, and that faces are beautiful only in so far as they approach that ideal. The beauty of the ideal face consists in its proportions and outline and in the perfection of its coloring. A beautiful face may be on a large scale or on a small one, just as the statue of the Venus of Milo may be reproduced in heroic size or as a statuette a few inches high without destroying its identity or grace of proportion. The beautiful woman may have a face of any size or coloring, providing only that the proportions are preserved and the coloring is artistically satisfactory; she may have a complexion reminiscent of cream, of old ivory, of roses and lilies, or of brown nuts; her hair, provided only it is soft, lustrous, and abundant, may be jet-black, dark-brown, light-brown, golden, or silvery; I suppose that it may even be brick-red or tow-colored. But every woman's claim to beauty rests upon her possession of one or more features of the ideally beautiful face. Fashion is continually changing with regard to the particular shade of hair or color of complexion, but we take it that, in all lands and in all ages, the complexion of perfect health, innocence, and purity, when combined with well-proportioned and modelled features, will be sure of gaining admiration. In fashionable circles a king's consort or favorite, or a woman of great social influence, may succeed in making the color of her hair, eyes, or complexion fashionable for a time, but we are not speaking of these passing whims and caprices of fashion; we are thinking of the face and form that are at all times and everywhere accounted beautiful. But even if a woman has been gifted by nature with an almost perfect form and faultless face it is a matter of continual care and pains to preserve them. The body must be kept in good health, or the inaction of the great organs will soon cause the form to lose its gracious outlines and the roses and lilies to fade from the cheeks. In fact, as the French say, to be beautiful it is necessary to suffer: not from boots too small, corsets too tightly laced, or inconvenient clothing; for these things are abominations; but one must deny oneself rich food, strong wines, late hours, and other things much beloved of pleasure-seekers but inimical to health, for without health there is no real beauty.

MRS. LANGTRY.

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

LADY HELEN VINCENT.

In all countries, but especially in the older countries of Europe, great prizes of rank, social position, and wealth are to be won by beautiful women, and in certain circles young women of beauty and refinement are regularly trained to compete for these prizes. From girlhood they are carefully brought up and taught to make the most of their natural charms; their appearance, style, and manners are assiduously cultivated, their voices softened and modulated, their movements trained to grace and elegance; they are taught to ride, dance, swim, and otherwise develop their frames, for skill in outdoor sports gives a fearless and easy carriage, and tends to exorcise the modern demons of shyness and nervousness which are fatal to the achievement of fame as a beauty. The girl who is ambitious to be a belle in circles so exacting and with so high standards as those of the great cities of Europe must also cultivate a correct taste in dress and must learn to gown herself suitably and becomingly on all occasions. She must not wear a golfing costume at an afternoon tea, or an evening dress at a luncheon party; she must not only have pretty clothes but must wear them at appropriate times. I believe that the term "professional beauty," meaning a woman who having been dowered by nature with unusual good looks, endeavors on all occasions to present a charming picture and to build up and maintain a reputation as a belle, was first used in England about twenty-five years ago in connection with Lillie Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West. Lillie Langtry was a Miss le Breton, the daughter of the Reverend W. C. le Breton, Dean of Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. Born in 1852, she was in her girlhood the pet of the military officers stationed in the beautiful island, and very early became conscious of her attractiveness to men. At twenty-two years of age she married Mr. Langtry, a native of Belfast and a man of considerable fortune. She soon became a reigning beauty in London society and earned the title of "The Jersey Lily." "Society" was at her feet, and even Royalty tried to win her smiles. Mrs. Cornwallis West was an Irish girl, with brown hair and eyes, and all the vivacity for which her country-people are famous. Her husband, Major Cornwallis West, was a handsome, tall man, Lord-

Lieutenant of his County, and owner of Rutkin Castle, a most picturesque residence in North Wales. These two ladies were for a long time rival beauties, Mrs. Langtry being the more showy and voluptuous, and Mrs. Cornwallis the more delicate and vivacious. Finding her husband's income insufficient to maintain her in the consumedly expensive manner she liked, Mrs. Langtry determined to go upon the stage, and made her first public appearance on December 15, 1881, at the Haymarket Theater, as "Miss Hardcastle," a character exceedingly well suited to a woman of Mrs. Langtry's social antecedents. In January of the next year she was engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and later she appeared as Rosalind in "As You Like It." In the same year she made her first visit to the United States, whither her fame had preceded her. At the close of the London season of 1885 she came to this country for the second time. The reputation acquired by Mrs. Langtry as an actress and a woman of business has clearly proved that to earn the highest fame as a beauty considerable brains are necessary. Scores of lovely girls "come out" every season in London without achieving a tithe of Mrs. Langtry's success. The Lily has owned for several years a ranch in Lake County, and it is said that she intends to live there for some time.

Probably no British beauty is better known to the English-speaking world than Lady Warwick. In 1881 Miss Maynard, a great heiress, married Lord Brooke, the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Warwick and Brooke. As Lady Brooke she attracted the special attention of the Prince of Wales, who is a very highly accomplished judge of feminine beauty. In 1894 Lord Brooke succeeded to the Earldom, and his wife became the Countess of Warwick and mistress of one of the most glorious historical castles of Britain.

Lady Helen Vincent, wife of Colonel Sir C. E. Howard Vincent, was a Lady Helen Venetia Duncombe, sister of the beautiful Lady Hermione Duncombe, who became Duchess of Leinster. She has a petite, graceful, slender figure, and a very refined aristocratic type of face. Among other famous British beauties may be mentioned the Marchioness of Londonderry, Mrs. W. H. Grenfell, Lady Beatrice Butler, the Countess of Annesley, the Duchess of Portland, and the Princess Henry of Pless; the last named being a daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis West.

In a future article we hope to comment on a few of the best known American women in English society.

LADIES' BOATING CLUBS.

ABNER DOWNS.

San Diego has more ladies' rowing clubs than perhaps any other seaport city, and one of them has made the best time on record of any club, except perhaps professionals. San Diego also has the only incorporated ladies' rowing club in existence. It is peculiarly named. Young ladies are ingenious in selecting or inventing "given" names for themselves, and the one selected for the swiftest boat club on San Diego Bay is as ingenious as anything that can be invented by the feminine mind. The club is named the Zlac. It means nothing, but stands for everything. The club was organized by four young ladies of this city, and each one contributed the first letter of her "given" name, and the acrostic formed the word Zlac. The club was regularly incorporated and a captain was elected. She wears the regulation rowing cap and bars on her shoulders denoting her rank.

Their rowboat was launched some time ago with great enthusiasm on the part of their numerous friends. Since that time the ladies have built

ZLAC CREW.

their own boathouse and added a few more members to the club. So far they have never been defeated in a race.

Several other clubs have been organized: La Faluca, La Serano, Columbia, Nereids, L'Esperance, and the Water Babies. Each of these has from six to eight young ladies and races are frequent. On these occasions the wharf is lined by the friends of each club and the fair rowers are cheered to the echo as the race draws to a close. A race was recently made between the Zlacs and the Columbias; distance 6000 feet. The Zlacs made it in nineteen minutes and eighteen seconds—the fastest time ever made on this bay. And when it is considered that there have been races by ships' crews of the men-of-war visiting this harbor, it will be admitted that the Zlacs made an exceptionally good record, in fact they have broken all previous ones. The Columbias were two seconds behind the Zlacs, the latter making the home stretch under a thirty-eight stroke to the minute.

Owing to the calmness of San Diego Bay boat racing is more agreeable than otherwise, and during the summer especially. It is one of the fashionable amusements, besides being a healthful exercise. Races will be frequent during the coming season.

BATHING IN THE GANGES, INDIA.

The bathing ghats along the banks of the Ganges at Benares, the holy city of India, are indeed a wonderful sight to behold. The ghats are built on the banks near the city for a distance of four to five miles, in stone or

BATHING IN THE GANGES.

marble steps or terraces varying from ten to sixty feet in height, at the top of which are Hindu temples and platforms for priests who sit under immense bamboo umbrellas, with a rough table before them on which are colored pieces of chalk or paint, where they receive the offerings as the bathers come up from the water cleansed and purified, and as they contribute they receive their blessings in the form of a fresh-colored, bright mark on their foreheads, the symbol of their caste or station in life, of which the Brahmins have over one thousand.

At sunrise these ghats are crowded with devotees, mostly pilgrims, many of whom have traveled hundreds of miles. Most of the bathers are Brahmin priests, men of all ages, sizes, and color, of speckled lepers not a few, many so old and feeble as to be led and carried up and down the steps, their great desire being to die there.

There is one ghat especially set apart for women; a bit of cheese-cloth constitutes the bathing-dress, and this in most cases is taken off, washed and dried as the bather conducts her devotions, turning her eyes neither to the right nor to the left.

The direct way down to the ghats from the City of Benares is through a narrow, filthy alley. Near the end of this alley is the famous well of the god Vishnu, the water of which is stagnate and perfectly green—said to be the perspiration from Vishnu's body; those bathing or dipping themselves three times therein, then in the Ganges, are supposed to be forever immaculate.

At the Ashi Ghat, the most sacred of all, one finds a peculiar looking boat, from the deck of which, as it steams slowly up the river, he gets a fine view of the bathers. Near this starting point the seepage of the whole great city comes pouring down, discharging itself like a torrent into the river (and the stench is overpowering); yet, close to all this, devotees are bathing and drinking the water, every drop of which is sweet and sacred to them.

A little farther up the stream is the public crematory, where all the dead of Benares, except priests, are burned. As many as twelve bodies are consumed at once. The bodies of the rich are entirely reduced to ashes, which are sprinkled by their friends over the river, while those of the poor are charred and the bones tossed into the water. Bodies of priests are carried naked in a square of cloth—the winding-sheet—by four natives, who run as they go, and ring a bell to herald their coming; stones are placed in the cloth, and a few miles up the river the body is dumped into the water, that, thus purified, flows gently on toward the ghats swarming with exhausted, earnest, believing bathers.

ABOUT THE STAGE.

THE DEVOTEE.

THE immense improvement in the Frawley Company is a matter for congratulation both for them and for us. The retention of the most valuable members of the old combination and the addition of several players of decided merit result in a company which, for all-round competence, compares favorably with most of those which visit this Coast. Cut off by three days of desert from the rest of the world our dramatic nourishment depends upon the crumbs that New York sends us from her not too well-filled table, or such fare as our own stock companies can provide, and at present we look, in a great measure, to the Frawleys to keep us from starvation. This geographical isolation, however, is not without advantage, for in necessitating the institution of stock companies it gives us the form of theatrical government which most encourages good acting. The effect of long runs upon the actor's art is deadly; crowds of actors in the metropolitan cities are being maimed for life by this system, which has been in vogue ever since the drama became a purely commercial venture. The stock system, by giving the actor an opportunity to play a variety of parts, brings him to a knowledge of his own capabilities, for no man knows what he can do till he tries.

The stock system also makes the difficulty and expense of producing new plays less great. This expense is at present so enormous that a manager may well be chary of novelties, but it would be considerably less if a play were not advertised in the undignified manner it so often is to-day, as a vehicle for the mere accessories of the drama. I am not one of those who would condemn the Frawleys to eternal drawing-room comedies; they have shown themselves capable of better things. Drawing-room comedies are emasculating the stage; we have had enough of the milk-and-water diet which T. W. Robertson and his multitudinous followers have so long prescribed for us; we want meat. Strong plays don't need bolstering up with expensive scenery and Parisian gowns. It is absurd to expect brand-new settings with each production. Out here we have a chance to be independent—indeed, we are forced to be independent if we would grow and not wait for ever on the will of the world and follow it two years behind, and I hope a sign of our independence will be the occasional production of plays chosen solely for their artistic value.

CARRIE POWERS.

Mr. Frawley has shown himself commendably enterprising so far. He has already produced two new plays, and promises more, and the list which he offers during the present season is by far the most interesting he has yet presented. "The Question" was good enough to make me sorry it was not much better. Although Mr. Stoddard did not offer much in the way of parts, and showed a distressing predilection for soliloquies and inadequate witticisms, his play contained some merry and original scenes which were thoroughly refreshing. I look to his future work with hope, for if he continues the rapid improvement he showed between the first and last acts of his comedy he will attain excellence. The last act was a good idea cleverly handled; that scene where the Daughters of Old New York met in conclave was as dramatically appropriate as it was amusing, and for that reason altogether effective.

I am glad to see that Mr. Haddon Chambers will have a chance to redeem himself in "The Idler," which is to be produced during the present season. He wrenched an unmerited success for "The Fatal Card" by means of the good presentation it has always been fortunate enough to obtain. Remembering his good work both in "The Idler" and "Captain Swift," it is hard to account for the foolishness of his last offering to the stage. Perhaps its failings lie at the door of B. C. Stephenson, his collaborator, but if they all lie there he must have had very little to do with the making of the play himself.

Of the new members of the Frawley Company Miss Gladys Wallis has had the most chance to shine, and she has shone. Miss Georgia Busby adds to other charms a sweet, low voice and a clear enunciation, a combination all too rare. Mr. Frank Worthing is, without doubt, one of the best leading men on the American stage; his work is refined at the same time that it is strong. Though Miss Blanche Bates started off with some uninteresting parts, that of the irritating Mrs. Cannon in "The Question" and the aggressively affectionate daughter in "The Fatal Card," she has shown us that she is much improved in her art; she has lost much, but not all, of that over restlessness which marred her always conscientious work.——

J. M. COLVILLE.

Although the Lyceum Company comes back to us every year with an appearance changed almost beyond recognition, we always welcome it. San Francisco very properly insists upon judging a play for itself, and ignores stories of long metropolitan runs—had not "The Fatal Card" a most successful run in London, and yet we took care to inform the Frawleys on every possible occasion that we went to see them and not the play? But we respect names, for all that, and Frances Hodgson Burnett, Sydney Grundy, and Louis N. Parker, the authors of the plays the Lyceum Company is presenting during the present season at the Baldwin, are a nominal guarantee of good work.

I notice that Miss Tyree, who as Lady Thomasina Belturbet in "The Amazons" two years ago made a nightly sensation by vaulting a five-barred gate, has renounced the familiar name of Bessie for the more high sounding Elizabeth since she discarded her riding breeches and played a round of classic roles in London last year, where she starred as Juliet, Camille, and in "The Country Girl."——

The phenomenal success of the Chinese play at the Alcazar is a timely encouragement to unknown authors and nervous managers. "The First Born" has already been running two months, and is announced to go on indefinitely. It will be interesting to know what foreigners will think of this little curio when it travels abroad. There is no doubt that its dramatic value has been overestimated, but it is a fascinating picture of Chinatown.

This play, originally put on as a curtain-dropper, but now the chief event of the bill, has done much to call attention to the Alcazar Stock Company. Its aims are not classic; it gives principally farces of the bedlamite order, but for such as have a physical rather than a mental sense of humor it provides excellent fun.

The versatility of the Alcazar players is extraordinary. I have watched with wonder and admiration the weekly transformations of Mrs. F. M. Bates—now she is an old Scotch goody, now a maid servant, now a sat-upon wife, anon a trousered Chinee, and she throws herself into each part so genuinely that the wonder is there is any Mrs. Bates left.——

GLADYS WALLIS.

Comic opera and smoke will reign at the Tivoli for several weeks more. After "Wang" comes "The Isle of Champagne." I remember seeing this piece some time ago with Seabrooke as the bibulous monarch, the part which he made famous and which Edwin Stevens will now play. It made me laugh heartily then, and though my sense of humor has since undergone some unexpected changes, I hope it will again. Elvia Crox Seabrooke will resume the part she played during her husband's production of "The Isle of Champagne." After this "The Grand Vizier," "Angeline," "The Circus Queen," and others are promised,

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Again has Maxine Elliott, the black-eyed, the beautiful, come and gone her theatrical way via San Francisco, and again have the dramatic critics hereabouts sharpened their pencils the better to impale her thereon. Just how many moons it will take Miss Elliott to live down the fact that she is tremendously handsome, of course I cannot even surmise, being an indifferent guesser at best and a prophet not at all. I venture the assertion, though, that it will be when the splendid Elliott eyes are closed upon this troublous vale of tears and critics. It is so hard to forgive a woman for being the most superb physical specimen of femininity that one has ever seen!

One critic—one lonely, broad-minded scribbler within these city limits—sat in solitary state apart from the rest and dared to do Miss Elliott justice. Right here let me take off my hat to this truthful chronicler of local stage affairs, even though I pay tribute to him in the far-off precincts of my den and not in the theater, where now, thanks to the powers that be, the wearing of a hat signifies one's willingness to go to jail. His dramatic work is always carefully, honestly done, and no fear of being choked into insensibility by an infuriated business manager of his paper terrorizes him while he writes. He does not have to parse his sentences according to grammatical rules laid down by the presiding genius at the box office. He has his freedom and uses it wisely and well.

Our critics, as a rule, are divided into two classes: those who would if they could, and those who could if they would, write fair, competent criticisms of the plays and players who come westward-ho throughout the year. The former, of course, are not responsible for their lack of brains and judgment. Upon the editorial head lies the sin of sending them forth to juggle with that of which they wot not. The latter class—who could if they would—dare not fly in the face of providence; the species of providence that furnishes the paper with ads and angrily withdraws the small but necessary stipend if the criticism be damaging to the theater's receipts.

The theaters have decidedly the best of it, I think. Journals must live, but it is scarcely fair that they should be obliged to kowtow to their supporters in the advertising line so abjectly as they occasionally do. On the other hand, it is a difficult and vastly expensive undertaking to get first-class companies out here on the ragged edge of western civilization, and if sarcasm and abuse await them they will give us a very wide berth. As matters stand, the mummers are apt to be dosed with fulsome praise, which is in no sense criticism and which is certainly not helpful to them. The dramatic critic, I take it, should be appointed seriously to his task by his editor, and should in turn take his responsibilities seriously, else may the mischief take him, and most surely he would deserve his fate! I protest against the slaughter of an actor or actress by a critic merely because thereby a clever sentence can be turned. Brilliancy may sometimes be sacrificed to truth but truth should never be sacrificed to literary brilliancy in the dramatic critic's art. First, last, and always, critics should be chosen for their ability and honesty, and having been so chosen should be granted full freedom in expression of opinion.

To return to Miss Elliott, who is certainly attractive enough to lure one back over much greater space than that of a few TRAVELER paragraphs, she is plentifully endowed with brains as well as beauty; though she gets far more credit for the latter than the former. In comedy she is at her best. I can think of no other actress who could have given us a more refined, intelligent, charming, and altogether satisfactory impersonation of Beatrice Carew in "An American Citizen." She is a hard student and therefore an ambitious one, and while I doubt not that being a perfectly sane woman she does not undervalue her personal charms in the least, she is absolutely lacking in the self-consciousness of them that one would almost expect to find. When one thinks what the looking-glasses are telling her in green-rooms the world over, from London to Melbourne and back again, is it not surprising that of vanity one can discover in her not a trace? As for myself I rejoice in the beauty and feminine charm of her. She is a glorious feast for eyes that love to dwell on Nature's masterpieces, and she hath a merry wit withal that will soon trip you up for an awkward answer if you go to sleep—figuratively speaking, of course—in her presence. Moreover, compliments are not in the least to her liking; in truth she is surfeited with them, and though you may pride yourself upon conversational originality you can conjure up nothing in the line of flattery that will not bore her more or less. As I said before, Miss Elliott is trying industriously to meet the world on the actress rather than the beauty plane. I even suspect that she thinks the lot of a beauty is not altogether a happy one. Perhaps it isn't, but I and a few million other women would like to try it all the same, just once, for ourselves.

If you want to do your share toward helping San Francisco to maintain the best possible reputation—and if you don't, what is your excuse for living here anyway?—remember that the National Association of Letter Carriers is to hold its annual convention here next September, and that you, personally, can do a great deal for its success. We have a civic responsibility in this convention which should go on record as the most notable and memorable one ever held by that organization of good men and true. Perhaps I feel more than ordinarily grateful to the letter carriers as a class, because I have done so much to make their lives miserable. No one but myself knows, and I won't tell, how many manuscripts in big fat envelopes I have burdened them with in the past—the painful, thorny past, when I thought I could write and the editors knew I couldn't—only to have them mount my front door steps eventually with the dear familiar things, just as big and a wee bit fatter because of the short but not sweet printed slip inside, bulging from the bag on their aching shoulders! Then I made them more trouble when those dark, tragic epochs in my history were succeeded by times of delirious joy, and the checks that I thought were never to be drawn in my favor began to come to my door. The letter carrier has been my friend in joy and in sorrow. His comings and goings have almost made me—*almost*, I said—sorry sometimes that I didn't die young, very young; and anon, when I broke the seal of happy news I've been glad that I was above the earth instead of below it. Yes, I want to make amends for the extra labor I have inflicted upon Uncle Sam's messengers, and so I say, do all that lies in your power to help the boys gather in a jolly good fund toward celebrating that convention in royal San Francisco style. Do not fail to buy as many as you can afford of their handsome souvenir books now on sale, with no end of valuable postoffice information inside of them. Then there is the picnic on the glorious Fourth at Schuetzen Park, given in honor of the letter carriers by the press and public of San Francisco. If you don't buy one of those souvenirs, why you are so unpatriotic and mean that I hope you will go into hiding while the convention is on; that is, if you can find a place small enough to hide in.

An amusing story is told about May Irwin's son, eight years old. He was recently started at a private school, and at the close of the first morning session, rushed over to see his mother in the lobby of the theater where she was playing. "Well, my son, how did you like it?" asked the actress. "I don't like it at all," pouted the little thespian of the possible future. "The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present, and she never brought the present."

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OLD GOLD.

THE COUNTRY JAY.

City folks think I'm a jay!
  Well, maybe I am,
But, say,
  Don't you believe I'm a clam!
There's plenty of gray matter under my hat,
  And 'm usin' it, too—let it go at that.
I'm the "new farmer." Understand?
  My main crop doesn't come from the land,
It comes from town.
  Along about June,
When the days get hot, the sun comes down
  Like it would bake you; then, pretty soon,
The boarders pile in. See?
  That's the harvestin' time for me!

Half a century—more or less—
  I've worked like a slave. I've earned a rest
And I'm goin' to have it now, I guess,
  For I've struck the best
Blamed scheme
  Ever sprung on a farm!
Sounds like a dream,
  But it works like a charm.
Used to worry and work and sweat;
  Never reaped very much, you bet!
The only thing that seemed to grow
  Spontaneous-like was a mortgage. So,
Says I, "We'll quit. Let's give up hay
  And look for a crop that is bound to pay."

Last spring
  When suckers were bitin' good and strong,
I put a piece in the paper. Hoped to bring
  What I had waited for so long.
Wrote about "pure country air,"
  "Fresh milk" and "eggs" and "clover,"
"Bees and flowers everywhere,"
  "Health and happiness all over
The place." Lord, how I lied!
  Read the thing through and laughed till I cried.
But it caught 'em!
  I wanted boarders, and, by gee, it brought 'em;
Heard from that shot right away,
  Made em pay in advance so they had to stay.

No more workin' the ground!
  I'm workin' the city chaps!
Spend my time now putterin' round,
  Fillin' 'em up with air! And, perhaps,
I don't do it. And then ag'in
  Perhaps I do.
When we begin
  My wallet's empty. When we're through,
Well—I've got their watches salted down
  And lent 'em money to get back to town.
They say there's a sucker born every minute.
  I know I'm a jay;
But am I in it?
  Well, say! —*Chicago Times-Herald*

A COURTIN' CALL.

HIM.

He dressed hisself from top ter toe
  Ter beat the latest fash'n,
He gave his boots a extra glow,
His dickey glistened like the snow,
He slicked his hair exactly so,
  An' all ter indicate "his pash'n."
He tried his hull three ties afore
He kep' the one on that he wore.

HER.

All afternoon she laid abed
  To make her features brighter,
She tried on every geoun she hed,
She rasped her nails until they bled,
A dozen times she fuzzed her head,
  An' put on stuff to make her whiter,
An' fussed till she'd a-cried, she said,
But that 'ld make her eyes so red.

THEM.

They sot together in the dark
'Thout a light, excep' their spark,
An' neither could have told nor guessed
What way the t'other was dressed!

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan

WHAT ALL SAID.

Penelope—Charlie called last night.
Justine—That's twice in a week, isn't it?
Penelope—Yes.
Justine—I suppose he'll come three times in the next week?
Penelope—That's what brother says.
Justine—And five times the next?
Penelope—That's what sister says.
Justine—And six times the next?
Penelope—That's what aunty says.
Justine—And seven times the next?
Penelope—That's what papa says.
Justine—And then what?
Penelope—Then I won't see him any more of an evening; that's what mamma says. —*Brooklyn Life.*

"Does Miss Gushinton's father look with favor on your suit?"
"I think so; he always lets me pay for the drinks."

Chicago Hotel Clerk—I shall have to give you a room on the eighteenth floor, sir.
Guest—All right. If any one calls to see me, tell him I am out of town.

Guest—Am I the unlucky thirteener?"
Host—No; you're the lucky fourteener. We invited you to fill the gap.
Guest—All right. I've brought it with me.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar; "I want to take it home and poke sugar into it and see it ache."

Dyer—What is your business, may I ask?
Boorish Stranger—I am a gentleman, sir. That's my business.
Dyer—Ah, you have failed, I see.

Tom Toppnot—Hullo, Jack! how do you do?
Jack Plunger—I (hic) do as I (hic) blame please, thank you.
Tom Toppnot—I see—when does your wife get back?

She—When I marry, I hope my husband will die young—I want to be a widow.
He—How barbarous! How cruel!
She—Oh, don't worry, it won't be your funeral.

"What is that place down there?" asked she of one of the officers.
"Why, that is the steerage," answered he.
"And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?

Proud young mother—John, let us call him Claude.
Equally proud young father (gazing at his first-born)—No, Miranda. It might keep him from being President of the United States some day.

"Darling," he cried, throwing aside all reserve, "do you not know me?"
The girl flung herself upon his bosom.
"Your face is familiar," she sobbed, "although I can't quite recall your name."

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Mountain Home Resort in Santa Clara County is enjoying a prosperous season. Its accommodations are filled, and largely, by former patrons, which is the best evidence of the attractiveness of any resort.

Glenbrook, in Lake County, is pleasantly located in Cobb Valley among the fir and pine trees, at an elevation of 3000 feet, and is most delightfully cool and pleasant. Some splendid catches of brook trout, for which Glenbrook is famous, have been recently reported.

The Natick House at Los Angeles is enjoying a good run of business. The proprietors are arranging to hold a series of band concerts every Saturday night on the hotel balcony for the entertainment of the guests. The new elegantly furnished baths are a much appreciated feature of the hotel.

Sanhedrin Resort, Lake County, is full to overflowing even at this early date, and the manager has engaged carpenters to build cottages for others who are to follow. The last installment of teachers from Berkeley is delighted with the surroundings, management, and the glorious climate of the high altitude.

The stage road to Madrone Mineral Springs (a distance of ten miles) has been greatly improved this summer. There have been several improvements made at the Springs, including a new trail down Soda Creek Canyon to the Coyote and also to Gilroy Hot Springs. Madrone Springs are under a new management this season. There are more deer in the vicinity of these Springs than there have been for years.

Skaggs' Hot Springs are attracting an unusual number of visitors this season, owing to their accessibility to San Francisco, the excellent table, and the general popularity of the present management.

It is reported from the Hotel Bailey in Shasta County that travel is rather late this season, but that section will be well patronized nevertheless. An unusual fishing story comes to us from this same place concerning Professor Ardley, who landed two trout at one cast, both together, weighing three pounds.

Anderson Springs has now a fully equipped livery, conducted by Mr. Spiers of the well-known stage line. We also learn that Anderson Springs has just been appointed as a C. W. C. hotel at the same rates allowed the L. A. W., and in consequence is receiving a large wheelman patronage. The outlook is most promising for an unusually good season. Miss Anderson, the proprietress, is well known as untiring in her efforts for the comfort and entertainment of her guests.

Returning sojourners at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, will be pleasantly surprised by the many improvements which have been made since the close of last season.

All partitions between the smaller rooms in the main building of the Hotel Metropole have been removed, throwing two rooms into one large one, while an addition has been erected at the west end of the building containing thirty-five elegant rooms with private baths, a grand ballroom, reception rooms, etc. This addition will be open to the public July 1st. The main office has been enlarged and remodeled, and is now one of the cosiest in the State.

The famous mountain stage road is rapidly nearing completion. Stages have been running out of Avalon since early in June.

One of Avalon's most novel features this season is a large glass-bottomed boat, which enables occupants to view the wonderful forms of ocean life which abound here, swimming or floating to and fro, many fathoms below the surface of the crystal water for which this island is so widely noted.

For many years past Pacific Congress Springs, in Santa Clara County, has never received such a flattering testimonial from the general public as during the past season, the reason for which is, that it has recently come under new ownership and management, and all parties interested are enthusiastic and progressive young men, with ideas up to date, and they are carrying them out as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

Congress Springs is a delightful place, is easy of access, being but six miles from Los Gatos on the line of the Narrow Gauge Railway. It can also be reached from San Jose, from which point it is ten miles distant.

The Springs are under the management of J. S. Matheson, who will perhaps be remembered in connection with Paraiso Springs. Mr. Matheson together with his genial wife do everything possible to make their guests happy and contented.

Those who are familiar with Paraiso Springs, one of the most delightful resorts in Monterey County, will be interested to know that R. Robertson, who for several seasons has been manager of that place, has succeeded in obtaining a lease of the Springs, and will hereafter conduct it as the proprietor. Mr. Robertson is well and favorably known among the resorters on the Coast, and the fact that he will have exclusive control and full say of the direction of Paraiso will be in itself a drawing card to many of its old patrons as well as to those who have heard it so favorably spoken of in the past.

The new road from Hopland to Highland Springs is even more pleasant than the former route from Pieta. Hopland is on the road of the San Francisco and Northern Pacific Railway, and the trip is now made in about the same time as formerly, if not less, and is much more picturesque than the old route. Highlands is now prepared to receive its summer guests, and the indications are it will be filled to overflowing, as usual, within the next two weeks. The new hotel is most attractive, and its broad and shaded veranda is the delight of its guests. Genial Mr. Craig is still in charge as manager, and leaves no stone unturned for the entertainment of his patrons, and excursions to Clear Lake, Blue Lakes, etc., are posted on the bulletin board almost daily.

The beautifully picturesque Milton, Big Oak Flat and Calaveras Big Tree Route to Yosemite Valley is now open, and as the fare by this route is only about half of that formerly charged, it will enable many to visit these scenic wonders who before found it financially impossible. A drive through the magnificent forests of the Sierras alone will be a perpetual feast of pleasure to the traveler; while the health-giving ozone of its wonderful atmosphere will add life and zest to the journey.

One of the chief delights of resorters in Lake County is the splendid swimming pond at Seigler Springs. The pond is 200 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 16 feet deep, at a temperature of 80 degrees, so that it can be imagined what enjoyment may be experienced from a swim in this comfortable and spacious pond. Seigler is likewise noted for its many beautiful walks and drives, and they are provided with a fully equipped livery connected with the hotel. Seigler Springs is doing an excellent business, and many improvements have been made in the grounds since last season.

The Hotel Vendome at San Jose is becoming more and more appreciated every year by men and women who desire quiet and pleasant surroundings in which to take their annual rest and recreation. The grounds are large and well kept—a veritable *rus in urbe*—and the trees are filled with wild song birds. There are many pleasant drives to the mountains, on either side of the valley, over perfect roads. The management provides a splendid orchestra, which discourses music during the dining hours and gives concerts during the evening. Altogether the Vendome is an ideal resort.

People are growing wiser. Residents of Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley, San Rafael, Sausalito, Belvidere, San Mateo, Palo Alto, and other suburban cities do not now take the last boat or train after theater or party as formerly, but with due regard for their complexions and health generally, they slip up to the Hotel Ramona, 130 Ellis Street, between Powell and Mason, San Francisco, where rooms are only 50 cents to $1.50 per day, and get a full night's precious sleep. It is only a block from the Baldwin and Columbia Theaters, and an easy few minutes' walk from all other places of amusement. The character of The Ramona is the highest, and the manager, Mrs. Kate S. Hart, has the happy faculty of making every guest feel welcome.

"The Traveler's Bureau," at No. 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, has on file pamphlets, cards, and all other information about rates and routes, concerning the hotels and resorts published in "The Traveler." We admit none to our columns that are not first-class and reliable. There is no charge for this service. Call upon or write to us.

SUMMIT SODA SPRINGS

Is a delightful resort in the Sierra Nevada Mountains thirteen miles from Summit Station, on C. P. R. R., and will be open June 1st. Fine scenery, excellent hunting and fishing, and refreshing MINERAL SPRINGS. Altitude, 6009 feet. Rates, $2.50 per day; $10.00, $12.00 and $14.00 per week.

For further particulars address

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Donner Postoffice. PLACER COUNTY, CAL.

SKAGGS' HOT SPRINGS.

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Only 4½ hours from San Francisco, and but 9 miles staging. Waters noted for their medicinal virtues, and generally conceded to be the finest natural bath water in the State. Excellent climate and grand mountain scenery. Long distance telephone; daily mail and express; well-stocked trout streams. Round trip from San Francisco only $5.50. Take Tiburon ferry at 7:30 A.M. or 3:30 P.M. Terms, $2.00 per day or $12.00 per week.

J. F. MULGREW, Proprietor.

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The Pope House is favorably located in the most beautiful residence portion of town. The genial warmth of the atmosphere, and freedom from the cold, damp winds of the beach, furnish the luxuries of a rural home.

Tennis, croquet, billiards and music room. Electric cars to beach and baths.

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For further information, address

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SANHEDRIN HEIGHTS SUMMER RESORT.

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Over 4000 feet elevation among the pines. Fine scenery, pure air, delicious water, shooting, fishing, etc. Home cooking and comforts. There is no more delightful and healthful resort in Lake County. Further information and descriptive pamphlet can be obtained by writing L. B. FRASIER, Manager, at the above address or at the office of THE TRAVELER, 20 Montgomery St., S. F.

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Season of 1897.

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Charming climate, wonderful natural attractions, famous fishing and wild goat shooting. The new scenic ride from the Ocean to Middle Ranch. Splendid coaches; famous western drivers. Delightful Coast excursions. Novel outdoor sports. Grand concerts every day. Dancing. Pyrotechnic displays. Water carnivals, etc., etc.

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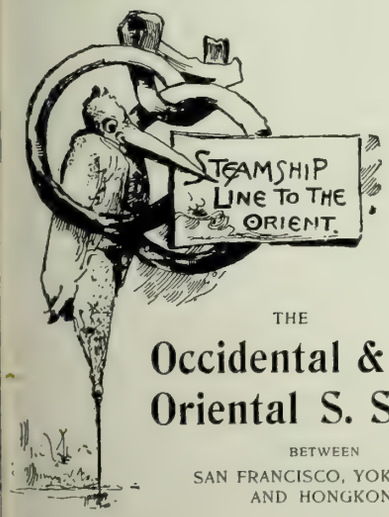

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COPTIC (via Honolulu).....Thursday, Sept. 2, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Sept. 21, 1897
DORIC.....Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1897

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SURE CURE for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Rheumatism and Constipation; hot mineral baths; no liquor sold on the premises; Napa County, twenty miles from St. Helena; stages leave St. Helena, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:30 p. m.; railroad fare to St. Helena, $2.05; stage to Springs, $1.50; board and lodging, $10 per week; telephone connections. Address

J. R. MORRIS, Prop., Napa Co., Cal.

HEADACHE POWDERS. If you are debilitated by hard work, mental worriment or the heat of summer, or from any other cause resulting in headache, try

DUPREY'S CELERY HEADACHE POWDERS.

They relieve you at once, and have no ill effect.

CONSULT YOUR DRUGGIST.

HOTELS AND RESORTS.

Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

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SAN FRANCISCO.—LICK HOUSE; American or European plan; the finest dining-room in the world; board with or without rooms; K. B. Soule, manager.

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For a First-class Hunt,
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For a delightful rest at some beautiful Resort,

Go to that country tributary to the

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Free Camping Grounds.
Clean, Comfortable Hotels.
Moderate Prices within the reach of all.
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For detailed information apply at

Ticket Office, 650 Market St. (Chronicle Building), or General Office, Cor. Sansome and California Sts

A. W. FOSTER, Pres. and Gen'l Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

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ON beautiful Austin Creek, in the midst of the great redwood forests, and called by travelers the Switzerland of America; with hunting, trout fishing, charming mountain drives and trails, lovely swimming ponds, etc. No tobacco or liquor sold on the place; no dancing or card playing. Two hotels a mile apart, and several cottages; under one management. Hotels and Cottages newly renovated.

RATES: $8 TO $14 PER WEEK.

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ATLANTIC & PACIFIC RAILROAD

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Is open to the public as well
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"PRETTY GIRLS"

Who ride bicycles want to look just as attractive on a wheel as in a ball gown. There is only ONE graceful wheel made that will match their looks, and that is

THE STERLING.

"BUILT LIKE A WATCH."

Besides that, it is strong, easy riding and never breaks down.

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Stands at the top round of the ladder in the cure of Chronic Diseases. Daily four-horse stage from Red Bluff, distance nine miles. Open for guests the year round. Altitude 1000 feet. Post Office, Telegraph and Telephone Office. More variety of mineral waters; more springs; stronger waters. The only Springs that takes certain skin and blood diseases under a written guarantee to cure.

Send for information and book of testimonials.

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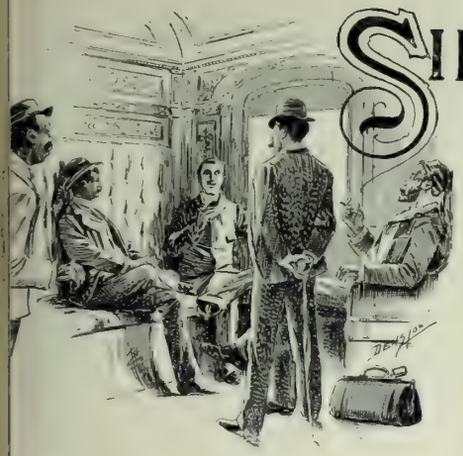

SIDE LINES

Tales Told Between Stations

Bartlett Springs in Lake County has been enjoying a phenomenal patronage this season. The paid orchestra maintained, to say nothing of the delightful surroundings, the social amusements and the celebrated waters, is sufficient to make the most exacting contented and pleased.

The "little" Brewster Hotel at San Diego (as it is affectionately called) is capturing all the first-class trade, and deservingly so, for there is not a neater or better managed hotel in the State of California.

Notwithstanding the summer season is at its height the Hotel St. Nicholas in San Francisco is full, a striking testimonial to its management and its reasonable terms.

First Boarder—Going to stay until October? Must be rather cold here at that time of the year.

Second Boarder—Yes; but the hotel proprietor loses some of the icy manner which distinguishes him in July and August.

In Santa Cruz the run this season seems to be divided between the new Hotel St. George, the Pacific Ocean House, and the Pope House. They are all distinct in character and are receiving the balance of trade. Up-to-date ideas and good management have brought them to the front and the City by the Sea is well able to take care of all its guests at these well-known hostelries.

Laurel Dell in Lake County is well patronized. A splendid table is provided, and the fishing, swimming, and boating on Laurel Dell Lake is a combination rarely to be found.

The new Hotel Van Nuys at Los Angeles, opened in January last, is an acknowledged success. Centrally located, modern in equipment, an unsurpassed cuisine, reasonable charges, and untiring attention are all that one could ask. Hence the result.

A lawyer tells the following story in the *Green Bag* "Some time ago we had under cross examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Samson, and whose replies were provocative of much laughter in the court. 'And so,' questioned the barrister, 'you wish the court to believe that you are a peaceably disposed and inoffensive kind of person?'—'Yes.'—'And that you have no desire to follow in the steps of your illustrious namesake and smite the Philistines?'—'No; I've not,' answered the witness, 'and if I had the desire I ain't got the power at present.'—'Then you think you would be unable to cope successfully with 1000 enemies and utterly rout them with the jawbone of an ass?' 'Well,' answered the ruffled Samson, 'I might have a try when you have done with the weapon.'"

We learn that Harbin Springs, Lake County, is enjoying a flattering patronage and that of the best class of people, and they are still coming. You won't regret a visit there and if you go away dissatisfied it won't be the fault of Mr. Hays, whose success lies chiefly in the personal attention he gives to his guests.

Samuel Soda Springs in Napa County is now in the field bidding for public favor. If about two hundred guests are any indication of its attractions we should say it is a veritable "dark horse" in the resort campaign. Plain, homelike, efficient waters, picturesque surroundings, and amusements without number are some of the reasons why so many people go there.

An admirer of Rossini sent the composer at Christmas time a fine Stilton cheese and an oratorio which the donor had recently composed. In a laconic letter of thanks Rossini wrote: "A thousand thanks! I like the cheese very much."

Tuscan Springs of Tehama Co., Cal., but nine miles from Red Bluff, have made some remarkable records of late as to the curative properties of the waters of which there are about fifty springs. They can accommodate nearly one hundred guests. For descriptive pamphlet call at the office of THE TRAVELER.

The prettiest and best conducted hotel in Mill Valley is the Hotel Eastland, under the management of Mrs. Farrar, well known as the proprietor of Blithedale last season. Here one can have the advantages of a complete change of climate and frequent train service with San Francisco.

"You didn't stay long at that hotel which advertised a fine trout stream in the vicinity."

"No; the hotel proprietor explained that it was a fine trout stream, but he couldn't help it if the trout hadn't sense enough to find it out."

A beautifully illustrated pamphlet on the Tahoe region has just been issued by the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific Company, and can be obtained free of charge by addressing Mr. T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent, San Francisco. It tells of all the principal resorts of the Middle Sierras. The principal resorts on the Lake which are receiving the patronage this year are McKinney's, Glen Alpine Springs, and Deer Park Inn. McKinney's is a delightful resort right on the Lake, Glen Alpine is most picturesquely situated in the mountains beyond Tallac, and Deer Park Inn is an ideal retreat not far from Tahoe City. These three places are getting the bulk of the Lake traffic because of their beautiful surroundings, fine tables, and, more important than all, their reasonable charges. If you are going to Lake Tahoe be sure to select one of these three. You can get as good as the best, and you will never complain of exorbitant charges.

The pleasure of the Lake trip has been greatly enhanced by the new steamer *Tahoe*, owned by the Lake Tahoe Transportation Company, of which Mr. C. T. Bliss is general manager. It is built of steel, cost over $70,000, is 169 feet long, and capable of making twenty-three and one-half miles an hour. Its equipment is up to date, and altogether the trip to Lake Tahoe is especially enjoyable on a modern vessel of this character.

Those interested in healthful amateur athletics will be interested in the remarkable showing made by the Belmont School this year in both football and baseball. The football team did not lose a game the entire season, although it played against the Stanford Freshmen, the University of California Freshmen and the University of Nevada 'Varsity. In baseball, too, the team has not, this year, lost a game in its class, and has won, in a canter, the entire athletic pennant for the Coast. But we understand that the School has no intention of elevating athletics into undue prominence. They are encouraged and practised as supplementing the gymnasium and military drill, for the physical benefit they are certain to bring, and for the spirit of good comradeship that they bring about. The Alumni of the school are showing a very delightful loyalty to it, and the right kind of spirit with regard to athletics. They have lately offered a beautiful cup to be competed for by an athletic association of the leading preparatory schools, and their general spirit was shown in the fact that although they are Belmont boys, the cup will be open to competition, and is to go to the school that is first three times champion.

In the Middle Sierras should also be mentioned the well-known Campbell Hot Springs, twenty-seven miles from Truckee, and at an elevation of 5000 feet. The waters are fine for rheumatism, kidney complaints, gout, liver, and all blood and skin diseases.

Likewise should be included Summit Soda Springs, thirteen miles from Summit Station, 6000 feet. They are celebrated for the cure of stomach and liver troubles, as well as for splendid hunting and trout fishing near by.

It should be mentioned, in conclusion, that the Truckee Hotel is the stopping-place for all tourists visiting this section. It is still under the management of Stuart McKay, and is the headquarters of all stage lines radiating to the various resorts of the Sierras.

A poet has been found who blithely makes the word "circumstances" rhyme with "Kansas," and a novelist launches a book at our inoffending heads, whose heroine is burdened with the following alphabetical curiosity for a name—Gwendolynne Ethylwynne. Truly, imagination is a great thing.

HOTEL EASTLAND.

MILL VALLEY, CAL.

Just 45 minutes from San Francisco, on the slope of Mt. Tamalpais. Picturesquely located, delightful climate, home comforts and first-class table, tennis court, croquet. The Hotel is easy of access, having 14 trains daily from San Francisco. Bus meets all trains. Rates, $10 to $14 per week.

MRS. M. A. FARRAR, Proprietor,
Formerly Manager of Blithedale.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 CALIFORNIA ST., COR. WEBB.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4.2) per cent on Term Deposits and three and five-tenths (3.5) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

526 CALIFORNIA STREET.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-hundredths (4.20) per cent per annum on Term Doposits, and three and fifty-huudredths (3.50) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

101 MONTGOMERY STREET, CORNER SUTTER.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-hundredths (4 20) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-hundredths (3.50) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1897. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 POST STREET.

For the half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3.33⅓) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

THE DAILY ROUND.

ROSE CROSBY.

AS EACH day comes to us, it is both wise and helpful to crowd into it bits of significance, thereby making the days of our lives a worthy part of the great history of individual existence.

Brief researches from time to time into the records of bygone years should encourage us to weave about the days as they come and go the legends, myths, and fancies that have made certain dates memorable.

The fourth day of July need not only convey to us an idea of noise and confusion, but entertainments may be so planned that the historical meaning of the anniversary may be both interesting and respected. Invite friends of the young people in your home to come on their bicyles to

A PATRIOTIC LUNCHEON.

Paint a bicycle frame in red, and decorate it with blue and white ribbons. Have an even number of red, white, and blue ribbons. Paint or stamp on each a number; arrange numbers so that there will be a red, white and a blue ribbon bearing the same number. Hand to each guest as he enters the house one of the ribbons. When luncheon is announced the guests should by seated in groups of three according to numbering of ribbons, each group representing the three colors.

On table linen of daintiest white damask set out your old family blue china, and in heirloom brass or silver candlesticks insert red candles and cover them with shades, completing the color idea with decorations of carnations, red geraniums, and blue bachelor buttons.

For a center-piece under the bowls of flowers and from the bases of the candlesticks and fruit dishes, firecrackers should be so arranged as to radiate from the center. Menu cards, fastened to pin-wheels, will add to the novelty of the occasion if fastened in one corner with a little hatchet, the crest of the father of his country.

The fruit served at the table should be appropriate to George Washington's early iniquity, and if the cherries are ripe and luscious your guests will bless the good man for bestowing upon the nation so desirable a family tree.

To complete the picture, flags should be mounted in each individual salt-seller, and the napkins used should be of paper bearing the Stars and Stripes.

It has been claimed by many a host and hostess that amusement and recreation should be free from mental or physical exertion, but regardless of this opinion you will find it entertaining to pass around anagrams between the courses, and ready guessers will easily spell "Liberty," "Independence," "George Washington," etc., and, take my word for it, they will never remonstrate.

If you are so fortunately situated that you can serve ice cream on historical plates, you can heighten the effect by the legitimate fairy tale that "it is supposed that these formerly belonged to George Washington."

After coffee is served, remove the candles, draw the window-shades, and make the room as dark as possible, in order that the display of Japanese fireworks, with which you have already provided yourself, may be more effective.

In the early afternoon it would be well to prepare a novel game that will cause much merriment, the prizes to consist of two little silver flags, one enameled in colors and the other plain. Procure flags of all nations, and suspend them about various parts of the lawn while luncheon is being served. Provide the guests with cards and pencils, and bid them write the name of the nation to which each flag belongs, and it will be both interesting and ludicrous to see how few flags will be recognized, and the guest who takes the prize of honor will have little more to boast of than the winner of the dummy. By way of further honoring sister nations, arrange a short musical program, to include the songs and national airs of all countries, closing with an attempt to sing our own national hymn without words for guidance. This may prove a lamentable failure, but at the same time may be an incentive to learn the lines. Drink to the health of any such resolution with a mild and innocuous punch, which should be served in a large George Washington pitcher, and as the guests depart; tie a bunch of cherries to the handle-bars of each bicycle for refreshment on the way home.

The old adage goes, that if it rains on St. Swithin's Day it will rain for forty-five succeeding days, and in England and in those parts of our own country where rain falls during the summer months, showers on the fifteenth day of July are always considered indicative of a wet season.

The legend is, that St. Swithin, who was Bishop of Winchester and one of the tutors of Alfred the Great, desiring very humble burial requested that his body be laid to rest with the poor. His wish was gratified; but later the clergy, wishing to do honor to the Bishop, attempted to move his body to a better position within the church, but rain prevented their doing so, and continued for forty-five days, until the plan was abandoned.

In old almanacs we find many rhymes and allusions to St. Swithin's Day:

"St. Swithin's Day if then dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day if then be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair."

In rainy districts invitations to midsummer frolics are frequently worded: "If it be fair on St. Swithin's Day," etc. The good Saint evidently regards California with favor, as our summer season will testify.

At length it has come to pass that children are to receive just as much consideration and care as dogs in their kennels and horses in their stables.

Heretofore the lords of creation have allowed the young of the human race to grow to maturity as best they could, while no owners of kennels or stables were ever so thoughtless as not to provide every means necessary to make their dogs prize-winners and their horses capable of capturing the blue ribbons at the horse show.

The approach has been gradual, and has become part of the reform of the late century movement. Organized at Washington, D. C., not yet a year ago, the "National Child-study Association" has done such efficient work that already branch associations have been formed in many of the States.

California is quite abreast with the times in that there has been formed in this State a "Home and Child-study Association," and prominent educators have interested mothers to join them in a crusade against existing evils, and to study the physiological and psychological conditions that influence the growth and development of young children.

This movement is sure to interest every thoughtful man and woman, and its influence will be felt through every strata of society wherever the mystery of motherhood has blessed humanity with its sacred import.

BELVEDERE, CAL., IN SUMMER.

The up-to-date home, realizing the education of travel, and through it a better understanding of geography and history, will supplement school work with home study in this direction. A keener interest in this branch is incited if the student expects that some day he may stand in modern Athens and recall its ancient history, or that he may roam through the galleries of Europe, not because they are one of the "sights to see," but because of the historical significance surrounding them.

With anticipation trained and a cultured memory, one may derive comfort and pleasure from whatever conditions exist, and the stay-at-home, by the aid of photographs and maps on a library table, may be able to conduct a well-regulated company of young people around the world. While this task may tax the patience, the result will amply repay the effort.

The rose, as the symbol of love, was dedicated to Venus, who in turn dedicated it to her son Harpocrates, the God of Silence, from which circumstance emanated the well-known phrase "sub rosa," as used in connection with confidential disclosures.

PARAISO SPRINGS

The Carlsbad of America

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

Is a Summer and Winter Resort well and favorably known to the traveling public. The waters are the most healing in America. Fare to the Springs, $8.00 for the round trip.

Rates, including board, room and baths, are $2.00 to $2.50 per day; $10.00, $12.00, $14.00 and $16.00 per week. Reduced rates to children and nurses.

SPECIAL NOTE.—To those remaining at the Springs for not less than three weeks we will refund $2.00, one-quarter of the round trip fare paid from San Francisco and Oakland. To those remaining four weeks we will refund $4.00, one-half of the round trip fare.

Leave Third and Townsend Sts., San Francisco, at 9 A. M. From Soledad to Springs, 6 miles, easy staging.

Illustrated pamphlet free to any address.

R. ROBERTSON, Lessee and Manager.

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San Luis Obispo Co., Cal.

The Greatest Health Resort on the Pacific Coast.

MUD AND SULPHUR BATHS.
FAMOUS SODA WATER.
NEW HOTEL AND COTTAGES.

The Waters of Unequaled Medicinal Value.
RATES—$10, $12.50, $15, $17.50.

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Send for Beautifully Illustrated Souvenir, mailed to any address, free.

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LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
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Progressive Whist on Hotel Veranda at Bartlett.

ADDITION to Dining Room. New Hotel Cottages. The Cuisine is Perfect. Resident Physician; advice free. A Positive Cure for Kidney, Stomach, Liver and Rheumatic Troubles. Swimming Tank; Mineral, Tub, Vapor and Roman Baths. Competent Masseurs. Paid Orchestra. Dancing, Tennis, Bowling, Billiards, Hand Ball, Shuffle Boards. Livery, Burros.

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SPEND YOUR VACATION AT

Laurel Dell Lake

There is Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Hunting, etc. Finest Scenery in Lake County.

Many improvements have been made—a new livery stable has been built, finely equipped; anything from a buggy to a fourteen-passenger four-in-hand can be furnished.

A new dining-room, with a length of 130 feet, overlooking the Lake, will be appreciated; it will be cool and inviting.

For terms in Cottages or Hotel, enquire at office of THE TRAVELER, or address

H. WAMBOLD,
Laurel Dell, Bertha P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

Tourists and Californians

en route eastward from the Pacific Coast should not fail to stop off at Salt Lake City, Utah, for a few days and visit the points of interest in the Mormon City, and experience the delightful sensation of a swim in the warm and buoyant waters of the Great Salt Lake.

If you stop at The Knutsford you will find a fine, modern hotel, handsomely equipped, centrally located, and a courteous management.

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Mount Hamilton Stage Company and Hotel Vendome Stables.

Daily stages for Lick Observatory leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M., returning about 6 P. M. Saturdays only, stages leave at 12:30 P. M. For further information, address F. H. ROSS & SONS, San Jose.

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SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, imposing, majestic, sublime.
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RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback riding, boating, mountain climbing, excursions.

OR RUN DOWN TO THE SEASHORE.

Magnificent hotels, toning and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

UP SHASTA WAY. Tavern of Castle Crags, Sweet Brier Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissons, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.

LAKE COUNTY AND VICINITY. Geysers, Ætna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay, Laurel Dell and Blue Lakes.

ON SIERRA SUMMITS. Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

YOSEMITE AND THE BIG TREES.

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS. Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

SOUTHWARD. Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

ALONG THE SHORE. Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company Agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN, for resort folders.

Where are you going to spend the Summer?

Why not try CONGRESS SPRINGS?

NO FOG. NO WIND. NO MOSQUITOES.

Rebuilt and refitted—the Hotel is one of the best in the State. This, with the natural beauty of the place, makes it the Ideal Summer Resort of California.

Easy of access is a great feature, as it is but 2½ hours from San Francisco or Oakland.

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HOTEL VENDOME.

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CHARMING SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.
MODERN, COMFORTABLE AND HOMELIKE.

THIS beautiful hotel is situated in the "Garden City" of the Pacific Coast—in the wonderful Santa Clara Valley—and only fifty miles from San Francisco, connected by three lines of railroads, with frequent communication—no less than twenty trains arrive and depart daily.

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Guests entertained on either the American or European plan Rates reasonable.

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CAPT. J. KNOWLTON, JR., Manager.

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FIRST-CLASS.
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.
American and European Plans.
Rates, including Steam Heat:
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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. *AUGUST, 1897.* SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CALIFORNIA CAMP LIFE.

Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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Take the 7:30 o'clock boat at Oakland ferry from San Francisco.. On reaching Vallejo Junction, change for Napa Valley branch. At Calistoga, stage awaits the morning train from San Francisco and Sacramento daily, except Sunday.

Stage Calls at Calistoga Hotels for Passengers.
Stage Fare to Springs, $2.50.
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This delightful watering place is located in the mountains, 2400 feet above sea level. No fogs; air dry and bracing. The coolest dining-room in the State. Electric lights. The Springs are celebrated for their curative properties. Hot and tepid mineral baths provided by Nature, beneficial in all Rheumatic, Skin and Nervous Affections.

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Train No. 15 arrives 6:40 A. M.: 25 minutes for breakfast. Meals 50 cents.

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McCLOUD RIVER
AT THE BASE OF MT. SHASTA.

This famous fishing resort will be open this season under the old management of

MR. AND MRS. GEO. McCLOUD.

Rates, $10.00 per week.

When notified, stage will meet parties at either Castle Crags, Upper Soda Springs, Mott, or Sissons. Address,

GEO. McCLOUD, SISSON, CAL.

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The best resort for health and pleasure
The only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County.
Only way to drive the Grippe Poison from the system and cure permanently.

Natural Hot Sulphur and Iron Baths for the cure of Rheumatism, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids.

Board: $8.00 to $14.00 per week. No extra charge for baths. Telephone connections. How to reach the Springs: Take Oakland ferry at 7:30 A. M. for Calistoga, distance 73 miles. Arrive at 10:55 for lunch. Take stage and arrive at Anderson Springs at 4:00 P. M., distance 21 miles. Fare: $8.00 round trip from San Francisco; $4.50 one way. Livery Stables at Springs.

Address all communications to J. ANDERSON, Proprietor Anderson Springs, MIDDLETOWN, LAKE CO., CAL.

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Dinner 50 cents.

First-class accommodations at Reasonable Rates.
Livery Stable in connection with House

STAGES LEAVE DAILY FOR KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS, KLAMATH FALLS, LAKEVIEW AND WAY POINTS.

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If you want to recuperate
If you want the best of recreation
If you want pure air and sunshine
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate

Come to Glenbrook, and you will find all the above in addition to many other pleasures.

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THAT IS: **FRESH MUD FOR EACH BATH.**

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Where can this be had? Proper attendance by experienced Masseurs.

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MARIN CO., CALIFORNIA.

A Hotel for convalescents and others who are in search of pleasure as well as health. Special attention paid to diet. Rates reasonable. For further information write to

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Reference: The Medical Fraternity of San Francisco.

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LAKE COUNTY, CAL. Change of Management

This beautiful pleasure resort is situated on the border of Clear Lake, and is open all the year. You can enjoy here the finest BOATING, FISHING and BATHING in Lake County. Splendid scenery, perfect table service, billiards, tenpins, croquet lawn tennis. Telephone and telegraph service. Rates: $10 per week; $2 per day. Take San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad to Hopland, thence by stage via Highland Springs and Kelseyville direct to Soda Bay. Round-trip fare, $10.

F. B. HEATH, Prop., Kelseyville P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

"Did you get rested?" Fogg asked of Henderson, on the latter's return from Europe. "Yes. I did," answered the traveler. "Got into Liverpool Friday morning, reached London in the afternoon; went to Paris next morning; left for Switzerland the day after that; stopped there two hours, then started for Berlin and did it up in a forenoon; back to England next day and caught the steamer just in time. Rested! By Jove! I feel like a new man."

——

"Robinson seems to be making pots of money lately."

"Yes. He has invented a safety coupling-pin and grappling-iron to keep women's shirt-fronts and skirts together."

The Doctor—Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once.

His Wife—What is the matter with the boy?

The Doctor—I don't know; but Mrs. Brown has a book on "What to Do before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it.

——

"Why do you not eat your apple, Tommy?"

"I'm waiting till Johnny Briggs comes along. Apples taste much better when there's some other kid to watch you eat 'em."

——

Ella—I heard something mean about you to-day.

Stella—I thought you looked pleased.

A LIVING VOLCANO.

How to reach it and the
COFFEE LANDS OF HAWAII.

THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD.

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The largest and fastest steamer in the Hawaiian Islands.
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To those seeking INVESTMENTS IN COFFEE, this line offers unequaled facilities for selecting land. Stops are made on the Island of HAWAII, at ports in the Districts of Hamakua, Hilo and Puna. Coffee from these districts commands a higher price than that produced on the older lands; the yield per acre is also greater. Large tracts in all these districts are now producing coffee. THE HAWAIIAN GOVERNMENT OFFERS LANDS AT A NOMINAL SUM ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT, and REMITS TAXES on improvements. An ASSURED FORTUNE to industrious men of moderate means. A crop that does not spoil or deteriorate, but improves with age. A sure return of twenty per cent on CAPITAL.

$50 Pays all the expenses of a trip from . . Honolulu to the Volcano and Return $50

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Honolulu to Waianae—33 miles.

The scenery along the line of this road is indescribably beautiful. Do not fail to visit WAIANAE-EWA Plantations, and PEARL CITY, situated on the borders of Pearl Harbor.

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(In the foothills near San Francisco.)

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For boys, hopes to deserve the confidence of Eastern as well as Western parents by surrounding its boys with as stimulating an intellectual, spiritual and physical life as is found in the best Eastern schools, and by offering a home which in beauty of surroundings and fineness of climate for sustained work no Eastern school can hope to equal.

It should then give to its boys a healthful impulse toward good thinking and good living, and leave with them a heritage of pleasant and helpful memories. The catalogue containing views of the school and a record of the colleges and technical schools entered by its graduates will help to give an idea of its spirit and the work it is doing.

W. T. REID, A. M.,
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MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

—OVER THE—

MILL VALLEY & MT. TAMALPAIS SCENIC RAILWAY.

GRAND. LUXURIOUS. INEXPENSIVE.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO 9:45 A. M., 1:45, 5:15 P. M.
Arrive at Tavern at Summit 2 hours later than above schedule.

LEAVE TAVERN AT SUMMIT 7:25, 4:20 P. M. Extra trip from Tavern Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 7:00 A.M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9:15 P. M.
Arrive in San Francisco 2 hours later than above schedule.

SUNDAY.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A.M., 1:45, 2:30 P.M.
Arrive at Tavern at Summit 2 hours later than above schedule.

LEAVE TAVERN OF TAMALPAIS 10:00, 11:10 A.M., 12:20, 2:50, 4:15, 5:25 P. M.
Arrive at San Francisco 2 hours later than above schedule.
Tickets can be purchased at

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F. or in Mill Valley.

Fare round trip from Mill Valley to Summit and return:
Adults, $1.00; Children under 12 years, 50c.
Single fare either way: Adults, 75c.; Children under 12 years, 40c.

THE RUBICON SODA SPRINGS

Situated southwest of McKinney's, Lake Tahoe, in a lovely valley on the Rubicon River.

The Scenery Rivals Yosemite

The Mineral Water is marvelous in the cure of all Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Lung Trouble The table is supplied with the best available. Plenty of nice milk and cream. White help employed. Good home cooking. The fishing is excellent. Rates $10.00 per week.

HOT MINERAL BATHS.

A Good Four-Horse Stage Runs Daily from Springs to McKinney's and Return.

ARCHIE ALLEN, Prop.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1897. NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

Special Notice. No employee or representative of THE TRAVELER is empowered to request transportation or contract any debts on account of this journal. The publisher invariably furnishes letters over his own signature where any favor or concession may be desired, so that those granting them without such letters do so at their own risk.

IN connection with the Letter Carriers' meeting it is interesting to note that a most important gathering of the California Hotel Association was held at San Francisco on July 27th for the purpose of devising ways and means to bring Central California more prominently to the attention of the traveler, tourist, land-seeker, and investor throughout the world.

Comparatively little has been done heretofore to bring this section of the State before our Eastern friends. Southern California has been splendidly advertised, and the result is they are enjoying a most lucrative influx each winter from our Eastern States.

It is now proposed to establish in New York City (the center of population) a "Bureau of Information" on similar lines to that of "The Travelers' Bureau" in San Francisco, but on a larger scale. This Bureau will be under the immediate supervision of George W. Lynch, and, in fact, the entire enterprise has been suggested and promoted by him. Mr. Lynch is well known as a hustler, a man of broad ideas, and one who generally carries out what he undertakes.

There is to be no partiality shown, either to hotels or to any section of Central or Northern California, but the underlying principle is to give accurate and detailed information about every portion of this territory in regard to its agricultural possibilities, its climatic advantages, etc.

The advent of the Christian Endeavorers at San Francisco has proven a most gratifying experiment, and among the other objects of the associated hotels will be to encourage gatherings of all classes of large associations, including the National Convention for 1900. It may seem somewhat distant to figure on the Convention, but large bodies move slowly, and if they whose interests are more or less of a public character, and who depend directly or indirectly upon congregations of this kind, will substantially support the movement on foot, there is no question of its ultimate success under the management of its promoter.

SURF BOARD SWIMMER—HAWAII.

CALIFORNIA is fast becoming a favorite convention headquarters, and it is certainly an excellent way to exploit the resources of our State. The next gathering of importance will be the National Letter Carriers' Association, annually assembled during the week beginning September 6th, and on that date a grand parade and opening meeting are scheduled. On the 9th, Admission Day, visiting delegates will be driven through Golden Gate Park to Cliff and Presidio, and banqueted at night, a bay excursion following on the 12th. Delegates are coming one thousand strong. Horace Platt, President of the Hopkins Institute of Art, has tendered the freedom of the Institute. A metal plate backed by that grandest of symbols, the American flag, is to be the convention badge. Headquarters will be at the Baldwin Hotel, and here Californian hospitality will be maintained in the spirit and letter; namely, wines will be distributed to the Letter Carrier delegates. Donations in the way of fruits, flowers, and wines are solicited for this purpose, and the supply should far exceed the demand, for it is an excellent method of practically advertising Californian products. The local branch of the Association is in the field with an urgent request for more funds to see the affair through in handsome style. Who will loyally advance to assist them with the needed coin?

THERE is no such thing as a national holiday in this country. Lawyers assert that even Labor Day, which was set apart by act of Congress in 1894, is not such outside of the District of Columbia, unless by State enactment. The creation and regulation of holidays have been left entirely to the legislatures of the individual States. The act of Congress concerning Labor Day was approved on June 28, 1894. It provided that the first Monday in September in each year be the day celebrated and known as Labor Day, is hereby made a legal holiday to all intents and purposes in the same manner as Christmas, January 1st, February 22d, May 30th, and July 4th are now made by law public holidays. The act making holidays of January 1st, July 4th, Christmas, and "any day appointed or recommended by the President of the United States as a day of public fast or thanksgiving," was passed in June, 1870, and was restricted in its effect to the District of Columbia. These days are holidays in the various States only as they are made so by the various State legislatures. The act of January 31, 1879, makes February 22d a legal holiday, and the act of August 31, 1888, does the same for May 30th, and both are restricted in their application to the District of Columbia. The misleading language of the Labor Day act would lead to a prevalent statement that the first Monday of September is a holiday throughout the United States by Congressional enactment. It may be likewise interesting to note that nearly all so-termed "national" holidays are universally observed throughout every State in the Union, but, frequent as they may seem, they aggregate but seven as recognized in the State of California.

JUDGE RITCHIE, of the Maryland Superior Court, has decided that the purchaser of a section in a sleeping-car for a given trip has the right, if he leaves the train before he reaches his destination, to transfer the use of his section to another first-class passenger for the balance of the trip for which it was sold. We believe this is the first legal opinion covering this point.

NOTES ON ART AND ARTISTS.

KATHERINE M. BALL.

TO THOSE who have had the advantage of visiting the different world's expositions, and who were thoughtful enough to comprehend the characteristic features of their various exhibits, it must be apparent that countries generally rank in the order of their civilization according to the character and quality of their arts, and generally prosper in proportion as the arts are cultivated. And yet it is sad to think that while the arts do so much for a country they frequently do so little by way of remuneration for the artist, notwithstanding that they require so much of him by way of preparation and training.

This is probably due to the fact that genius for art and genius for business are rarely combined in the same individual. The artist dwells in the upper realms of thought and action and finds it difficult to descend to commonplace transactions.

To paint a picture is one thing, but to sell it is quite another, and the methods that are often necessary to effect a sale are of such a character that they tend to dwarf the spirit that is obliged to resort to them.

It would almost seem that when the student takes his training in drawing and painting he should, parallel with this, study methods of disposing of his products.

If pictures always sold on their merit, the artist might take courage and strive to perfect his art, but such, unfortunately, is not the case, and the reason for this is the prevailing ignorance of the general public as to art matters.

The personal element enters largely into the sale of pictures. Your buyer often knows nothing about the subject. Convince him of your greatness as a man, or your superior ability as an artist, of your originality, of the esteem in which you are held by others in your profession, of your reputation, and your coming fame, and he will buy your picture, not because it is good, but to satisfy his vanity to possess something that is unusual, or possibly to hold it as a speculation until the time comes when you are famous, and your work will bring unusual prices.

And such conditions will prevail until people are better educated in art matters; until they have knowledge of art principles; until they have correct standards of judgment; and until art becomes as necessary to well-being as are literature, music, and the drama.

But how is this to be done?

By following the example of older and more experienced countries; in the establishment of free art schools and museums which shall be presided over by competent and well-trained teachers whose duty it shall be to bring their work to the people; in the fostering of elementary educational art in our public schools and by placing it beyond the reach of the local politician; in employing the finest of the world's talent for the construction and decoration

"LET'S MAKE UP"

From the well-known painting by Grace Hudson.

of our public buildings and monuments, so that they may be silent teachers of the beautiful.

To confine the competition for a public structure to Californians may be to protect home industries, but the problem is a greater one.

A City Hall, a Liberty on its dome, a Lick Monument, may last several generations and either be a source of regret or an inspiration to the community.

How lovingly and with what reverence we recall French's Statue of the Republic, or MacMonnie's Fountain, or Kemys's Sculptured Animals, or the Administration Building, or the Art Palace at the World's Fair.

What an inspiration would a few such products in our midst be to our young artists, and what an impetus to the general cause!

We learn that the famous Wm. H. Stewart collection of paintings is soon to be sold in New York. The majority of the pictures are still in Paris, but are to be brought to this country before the passage of the Dingley Bill, which means to impose a heavy duty on all art products.

THE MILL VALLEY REDWOODS.
By L. P. Latimer.

This collection includes many of the works of Fortuny, together with some of Corot, Rousseau, Gerome, Diaz, Dupre, Daubigny, Vollon, Baudry, and Boldino. This has been one of the most conspicuous collections in Paris, and we trust that the sale may not escape the notice of visiting Californians so that some of these works may find their way to San Francisco.

Constant Troyon, one of the most famous artists of the Barbizon School, left a series of productions that has not lacked appreciation. "The Return from the Farm," sold for $6550; "The Cow Chased by a Dog," for $0100; "The Coast Villiers," for $8100; and "The Celebrated Drinking Cup," for $16,000.

It is stated that art in Rome has degenerated into a mercantile business that is controlled by speculators, picture-dealers, vendors and manufacturers of sham antiquities, who supply their products to the uneducated trustees of foreign galleries. Artists of talent have frequently had wretched reproductions of their work put upon the market. These transactions have made both artist and buyer suspicious, and consequently they have been attracted to Venice, in which city they feel protected. Such has been the success that Venice is rapidly superseding Rome in becoming the art center of Italy.

The Government commissioned several artists of distinction to make designs for the new one, two, and three dollar silver certificates, but for some unaccountable reason they were discarded.

The Art Gallery at the Mechanics' Pavilion was a feature of the Christian Endeavor Convention that deserves a great deal of commendation. The collection was representative of California art and of California art subjects. It was received with much enthusiasm by our visitors, and doubtless inspired many to make excursions to the various resorts that the pictures represented. Not only was the Yosemite Valley well represented in Mr. Keith's and Mr. Hill's paintings, but to the art student they showed different schools of art, for as we compare the earlier canvases of these two famous California artists with their latter works we find a marked difference. In the former we see carefully defined and highly finished modes of working, which give place in the latter to the broader impressionistic school, where ideas are suggested rather than carefully expressed.

Mr. Keith's "California Autumn Twilight" is a beautiful piece of color, and is full of feeling.

Mr. Yelland's pictures carry us from the snow-covered, cloud-capped mountains to the calm and peaceful shores of Monterey, where he shows us soft skies, calm water, and moss-covered shell inhabited rocks. Mr. Yelland always impresses one with his careful work.

A charming study in pastel by Tavernier, "Fire in the Santa Cruz Mountains," received considerable attention on account of its grand scenery and weird subject.

But of all the pictures the one that was most appreciated was Mrs. Hudson's "Let's Make Up." Scenery may be grand and thrill us, flowers and still-

life be beautiful and please us, but to touch the popular heart a picture must treat of human thoughts and interest. The two little Indian children evidently have been quarrelling, and, as the title says, are trying to "make up."

Mr. Raschen's picture, "Indian Camp in Mendocino," is strong in handling and representative of Indian life and character.

Mr. Dixon showed some bold masterful drawing in his water-colors. We learn that Mr. Dixon has made quite a hit in the East by his "New American Poster" made for the *Overland Monthly*.

A very large and interesting picture by Ernest Narjot suggested the Chinese custom of carrying the dragon on festal days, which was in vogue in the earlier days of San Francisco, but which recently has been discontinued

Some pleasing sketches in the Redwoods were shown by Mr. Latimer, who is one of the foremost of the Pacific Coast water-colorists. Mr. Latimer paints many studies of his favorite subject, but he rarely has any on hand, as they are no sooner painted than sold.

Miss Helen Hyde was represented in a series of the most charming and original sketches of Chinese children, among which are "Hide and Seek," "The Mandarin," "Little One-Two," and "Plum Blossoms."

These studies, which look like water-colored etchings, cannot fail to please the most critical.

Miss M. E. Nicholl showed two studies, "Strawberries" and "Mandarin Oranges," which show talent of an unusual order.

Miss Schamm had several outdoor studies, which are delightful. Miss Schamm promises much for her future work.

Miss Cashin exhibits a pleasing study in her "A Berkeley Oak."

A portion of the wall space of the Art Rooms is given to a collection of studies in water color and oils by the late Fortune de Conte, together with a series of studies contributed by resident artists. These pictures are to be disposed of for the benefit of the family of the deceased artist. There are many interesting things in the collection.

In closing, we must commend in the highest terms the skill and taste displayed in the decoration of the auditorium. To the citizens of San Francisco who are familiar with the general character of the building its transformation was marvelous. The selection and arrangement of the palms and garlands of flowers, flags, shields, banners, lanterns, and bunting gave excellent evidence of the ability of the Committee on Decoration.

A SUMMER OUTING.

DEAR TRAVELER:—When I left San Francisco last week I was not in the best of humors. To dance by night and play euchre by day, with other social accessories for the annihilation of time throughout a season, is destructive to the temper and a menace to the digestion.

We were bound for Highland Springs. By the time we left the train at Hopland for lunch at Thatcher's Hotel, I was wolfishly hungry, and ate like a Kansas grasshopper. Mrs. Thatcher, by the way, is one of the prettiest women I ever saw, with lovely gray hair, and her pies are better than any your mother ever dared to make. As for that seventeen-mile drive, it was charming. The road winds upward to the summit of the mountain through as beautiful a country as eyes could wish to see. It is smooth and easily graded, with branches of magnificent trees shading us overhead, and the view at the apex a picturesque perspective of field and canyon, with Clear Lake in the distance. Dust? No. He or she who says the ride is a dusty one is a wicked prevaricator. I was almost sorry when I had to hop earthward again at the hotel.

A BRIDGE OF SIGHS. *Kenton photo.*

It is brand-new, that hotel, and Highland Springs is so delightful a spot that we shall stay right here the rest of the season. Any one who could find fault with Highlands is a crank, and may heaven have mercy on his soul.

Apropos of ailments, we have several distinguished invalids up here, and nearly three dozen different kinds of mineral springs to drink cures from, and a variety of baths. Many of the guests are here solely for pleasure, and there is gayety in plenty in this colony of three hundred people. Just think! Nine hundred were turned away in June, and still they come. The management is perfect. How Mr. Craig, the manager, does it *he* only knows, and he won't tell. There is every attraction here, too, for people who are not burdened with refractory livers, creaking joints, or stomachs at warfare internal and infernal. Hunting, fishing, horseback riding, driving, tennis, swimming, croquet, billiards, and bicycling are popular diversions. The other morning I saw a beauty of a deer a mile and a quarter from the hotel, and the trout are superb and abundant near by. The moonlight nights are glorious compared with the spurious imitation of that romantic commodity which tries to filter down to us in San Francisco.

A look at the register shows many prominent names. There are travelers here who have trotted the globe over. Among the Oaklanders are H. M. Barry, C. K. Miggit, Grant I. Taggart, A. C. Morse, Howard Adams, Mrs. H. G. Sturtevant and daughter. Those who have their families with them are Mrs. E. E. Farnum, P. Lamoreaux, Attorney George W. Reed, John W. Harris, George D. Gray, Mrs. F. E. McNear, G. W. Baker, W. F. Hopkins, and Judge Greene. If you want to find the Judge, go down to the Ems Spring, where he is more than likely to be warmly defending the gold question against the eloquent arguments of his silverite townsman, B. W. Sloan, who is said to be the most popular commercial traveler in California. Among other bench dignitaries are Judges J. V. Coffey and J. C. B. Hebbard, the latter with his wife.

From San Francisco I have noticed Attorney-General Fitzgerald and family, Mrs. W. G. Stafford and sister, Miss Gertrude Honsman, William P. Lewis, Ivan Treadwell, Miss Hillegrass, Mrs. Philip Caduc, J. Parker Currier and wife, E. P. Fish and family, James T. Boyd, Major A. D. Hammond, George H. Wheaton, A. Sattler and wife, Mrs. Ernestine Kreling, Leo Cooper, Hiram B. Cook and wife, F. B. Cavarly, S. H. Seymour, Fire Marshal Charles Towe and wife, Mrs. D. Cutter, B. R. Fredericks and wife, George W. Beaver, F. Chevalier, Mrs. Alexander Forbes and daughter, ex-Mayor Ellert and wife, Ralph Briggs, and Frank T. Meagher. With their families are Mrs. T. T. Atkinson, C. A. Fisher, Mrs. Moffit, Mrs. Wm. V. Bryan, F. W. Dickson, H. A. Hedger, Mrs. Doctor Buckley, P. F. Butler, M. A. Wheaton, Doctor R. H. Plummer.

Other guests of note are the Countess Shiotti, Paris; L. E. Aldrich, Stockton; A. V. Clark, Alameda; Mrs. M. A. Dunbar and daughter, China; R. H. Beamer, Woodland; E. P. Colgan, Sacramento; Doctor T. M. Todd, Auburn; W. M. Wheeler, Battle Mountain; Captain W. B. Collier and family, Lakeport; Wm. W. Fogg and bride. Mrs. Hopkins is chaperoning a bevy of young ladies, among them the daughter of T. V. Cator, Miss Marie, an accomplished musician and an unusually gifted girl.

Man is here in all his variety, and there is enough of him to go round. Decidedly the most youthful among them for his years is Mr. Stevens, who lives in royal style in apartments whose furniture cannot be duplicated, it having been made to order, after the owner's designs, of the finest mahogany obtainable, lined with dainty bird's-eye maple. Mr. Stevens does not want the earth, for the reason that he already owns a big slice of it, thousands of Lake County acres, including Highlands, standing in the Stevens name. He is literally monarch of all he surveys.

Scarcely a day slips by but that there are excursions to some one of the many points of interest, ahorse, afoot, or awheel. Nor are deer the only game, smaller varieties abounding in the near-by mountains. The Lovers' Retreat, strange to say, has never a pair of lovers there. It is such a pretty nook that the elderly ladies preempt it for a knitting rendezvous, leaving to those who are romantic Manzanita Grove and its beautiful pathway. At its terminus is the famous Sulphur Spring.

Highlands is seventeen hundred feet above sea level. The hotel is situated on the banks of a running stream, protected from the sun by laurel, pine, oak, and other trees which grow as only California forest trees can grow. The entire country is heavily timbered and absolutely free from that usual summer torment whose singing is worse than a brass band out of tune—the mosquito. As the hotel is open the year round, we are planning to spend part of the winter here. The Diana Spring has already done wonders with my complexion.

En passant, take my advice and don't die in order to attain heaven when steam and horses can bring you to this earthly paradise. Would you cheat death? Then come to Highland Springs! ONE OF US.

An old gentleman who was very absent-minded often had to ring for his servant, and say, "Thomas, I am looking for something, and now I can't remember what it is." And then Thomas would suggest, "Your purse, sir, or spectacles, or cheque-book?" and so on, until the old gentleman would say, at last, "Of course—that's it! Thank you, Thomas!"

One night the old gentleman had gone to his room, and all the household were in bed when Thomas was startled by hearing his master's bell. He rushed upstairs and threw open the door.

"Thomas," said the old gentleman, "I came up here for something, and now I can't remember what it was."

"Wasn't it to go to bed, sir?"

"Of course," said the old gentleman—"so it was! Thank you, Thomas!"

ABOUT THE STAGE.

THE DEVOTEE.

ONE of the principal dramatic events of the year is John Drew's season at the Baldwin, and what is more important to the minds of many theater-goers, it has the added dignity of being a social event as well, but as Mr. Drew is so unmistakably an actor, I can forgive him for being a fashionable one. Those in high places have always trials to offset their glories, so that there remains to them a residue of happiness no greater than that enjoyed by the humble individuals who envy them. A fashionable actor who is also an artist has to pay dearly for his vogue, because compliments upon his gentility and good dressing are apt to over-shadow expressions of appreciation for his art. He has the chagrin of knowing that his skilful execution of a difficult scene will cause less interest than a change in the dressing of his hair. I fear that Mr. Drew's appearance in a costume play only will cause some consternation among our *jeunesse doree*, who, I understand, trust to his annual visit to inform themselves about the correct fashion of tying cravats and the momentous question of whether stripes should or should not be worn on dress trousers.

Actors so established in popular favor as Mr. Drew never score failures. His is one of the cases where, perhaps, the play is not so much the thing as the player, however dramatically immoral this may be, but the success of "Rosemary," both in New York and in London, where Chas. Wyndham "created" the part now taken by Mr. Drew, has been unusually great. We are prepared to indorse the favorable verdict after having so recently seen "The Mayflower" by Louis N. Parker, one of the authors of "Rosemary." Mr. Parker's work is best described by the gentler adjectives; it has charm and refinement; he manages with more than ordinary success to infuse into it that subtle element called atmosphere which eludes so many who write romances of bygone days, and which it takes genius to fully attain.——

Many lessons and many warnings were to be derived from the performances of the Lyceum players. The women of the company were responsible for most of the lessons, and the men, I regret to say, for the warnings. In tragedy and comedy alike the Lyceum actors are apt to exceed bounds and become inartistically extravagant. I know it is the custom for dramatic critics to deal leniently with stage beauties, and, therefore, many may think that Mr. Hackett ought to escape reproof, but, as he is the worst offender, it would be unfair to the rest to excuse him on account of his faultless physique. Whether he has leavened the lump or not I am not prepared to say, but I am sure that we used to get saner acting from the Lyceum actors than we did during their recent visit. Mr. Morgan possesses marked histrionic power, but, though his work was generally excellent, it was too frequently marred by a disposition to overact in fortissimo climaxes. Overacting in a young player is certainly a preferable fault to underacting, but the same fault in Mr. Walcot, a veteran universally beloved, respected, and admired, was enough to bring tears to the eyes. I admit that the temptation to act extravagantly is very great, for a relapse from comedy into farce or passion into mere ranting is invariably rewarded by "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind." That actors are encouraged to their best efforts by applause is the only excuse for the vicious habit of applauding while the play is in progress, and while it is a greater rebuke to the audience that any experienced actor can gain loud plaudits by raising his voice to a shout and then stopping, however inappropriately, he should remember that he has a higher duty to perform than that to his audience, namely, his duty to his art.

BESSIE TYREE.

But the women of the company were, as usual, admirable. To me one of the greatest delights of the Lyceum season was the acting of Miss Tyree. Her improvement since she last visited us is almost incredible. She is amusing beyond laughter, for her effects are invariably produced by legitimate means, the result of her own observation and not of tradition. It is not until one sees an accomplished actress like Miss Tyree that one realizes how much most comediennes lack, for the sins of the majority are sins of omission rather than commission. She gives valuable lessons in voice culture to those who will learn. Two years ago her voice was harsh and unpleasing—indeed, I then thought it an insuperable difficulty in the way of her progression, but now, though she shrills at a climax owing to the peculiarly high pitch of her voice, she generally emits her words in little soprano chirps which are pleasing to the ear. I am only afraid that Mr. Frohman will elevate her from her environment and make a star of her, which he certainly ought to do to be consistent, for she has quite enough good looks to qualify her as a leading lady.——

FERNANDO MICHELENA.

The only reason that the Frawley Company has succeeded better in light comedy than in serious drama is that the comedies were better plays of their class than the others. The best they have done is the best they had to do. When one remembers that they play seven nights a week, and that the weekly change of bill entails constant rehearsals, it is difficult to find anything but praise for their accomplishments. If the strength of the company needed proving it was amply demonstrated by their ability to give such an excellent performance of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," without either the leading lady or gentleman in the cast. It would be invidious in so short a space to single out individual players for special mention, for in almost every instance one has to commend not only effort, but results thereof.——

The grand opera season at the Tivoli opens during the present month, and promises to be even more interesting than that of last year, for, besides the evergreen works of French and Italian composers, "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and "The Flying Dutchman" are to be given. Although the low prices at the Tivoli almost disarm criticism, the performances compare favorably with any we have heard in the city during recent years at six times the cost. Several artists whom we have not previously heard have been engaged, and among those who return Signor Michaelena with his sweet tenor voice will be one of the most welcome.——

Mr. Powers is nothing if not original and up-to-date. Before the world has done wondering at his Chinese play he has an oriental drama ready on the subject of the Greco-Turkish war. I wish that "When Greek Meets Turk" may have as successful a run as "The First Born" had. The company at the Alcazar has undergone some changes, but the audiences at the little theater are loyal to their old favorites. Mr. George Osborne is still the mainstay, and Miss Adele Belgarde is applauded and admired whenever she appears. Mr. Hugo Toland is the most economical actor I ever saw; he expresses joy, grief, and surprise with a single gesture.

The Orpheum still glides quietly along on the wave of prosperity, although during the past month its tout ensemble has not been up to its former standard, but whatever shortcomings there were the indefatigable and always original Dockstadter more than made up for them. He is gone now, but leaves many a smile behind him, with the satisfaction of knowing that he did not remain long enough to wear out his welcome.

We have recently been treated with the return of graceful, petite Papinta in her marvellously effective color dances. She has improved wonderfully since we saw her last, the stage and light effects have been greatly elaborated, and her interpretation of the Lily dance which brought Loie Fuller her fame is, if anything, more perfect than its rendition by the originator.

Take it all in all, the Orpheum always has something of special interest, and when Mr. Walter returns from his European trip we many anticipate many additional novelties of the highest class to regale us during the long winter months.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF SAN PASQUAL.

J. M. SCANLAND.

ABOUT thirty miles north of San Diego, is the Indian village of San Pasqual, which is pointed out to tourists as "one of the battle-fields where the Mexicans were defeated during the conquest of California." This is misleading. California was taken without a battle. The killing of three or four Mexicans by the freebooter, Fremont, was the only blood shed. The battles took place after the "conquest," and these were caused by the tyranny of Lieutenant Gillespie, who had been left in command of the pueblo of Los Angeles. While Commodore Stockton was organizing a civil government, Gillespie issued an order prohibiting social assemblages. A revolution was the result. He had caused the arrest of a local character known as "El Guero le Blond" (the Blond Warrior), Cerbula Verala, and Manuel Cantau, for violating these orders. After their release from the guardhouse they organized a conspiracy, and a few nights later about twenty of the conspirators surrounded the barracks, and, amid their yells and the beating of tin pans and drums, fired upon it and ran away. The garrison fired one volley and retreated to the hill overlooking the pueblo, afterward known as Fort Hill. Jose Dominguez was wounded in the heel. This was the first blood of the revolution.

Gillespie then issued orders for the arrest of several prominent citizens as conspirators. This was revealed by a faithful negro whom one of the Mexicans had befriended.

The conspirators met nightly at the house of Don Antonio Coronel, near the present Arcade Depot, and an "army" of about three hundred was enrolled. Jose Maria Flores, a soldier of fortune, was selected as Commandante General, Jose Antonio Carillo as Second General, and Don Andres Pico, a brother of the Governor, Pio Pico, as Third General.

Don Antonio Coronel, as Secretary of War, had all of the odd bits of iron and metal from house roofs made into pikes and bullets, and the senoras contributed their tin plates and pans for bullets, and busied themselves in making powder.

The army organized at the Mission San Gabriel and marched on Los Angeles, which surrendered without firing a gun. The garrison was permitted to march out with the "honors of war"—that is, flag flying and drums beating. Gillespie was paroled, and was to embark with the troops at San Pedro for the north. But, meeting Commodore Stockton, who had just returned from capturing San Diego, without firing a gun, he concluded to violate his parole. Stockton landed three hundred marines, and the battle of Dominguez Ranch, a few miles distant, was fought. The American loss was six killed and several wounded. The dead were buried on a small island in San Pedro harbor, still known as "Dead Man's Island." The Mexican loss is not known, as they generally carried away their dead and wounded when possible. They captured an American flag, which was carried to the City of Mexico, and it is there yet. A commissioner was sent with the flag to ask for reinforcements to assist in the recapture of California.

"JUST TELL 'EM THAT YOU SAW ME—BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE ME SAW."

Had Fremont cooperated with the naval forces, as ordered, the Americans would not have been defeated, and the more disastrous battle of San Pasqual would not have been fought.

The Mexican forces then camped at the Indian village of San Pasqual. The village is picturesquely situated in a basin-like valley, the sloping hills covered with thick undergrowth—an ideal spot, soon to be the scene of bloodshed.

General Kearny was en route from the peaceful conquest of New Mexico, and nearing San Diego. He had intended to halt there to rest the army, but, hearing of the uprising, he pushed forward. He captured some Mexican horses, which were substituted for the almost useless animals of his command.

On the memorable night of December 6, 1846, the Mexican army lay asleep at the village of San Pasqual, and so secure did the commander feel that only one sentinel had been posted. The night was dark, a cold, sleeting rain was falling, and the ground was slippery. About daylight the Americans charged the enemy, firing a volley. The Mexicans fired a volley, retreated, then formed and received the Americans as they came in a full sweep down hill, much to their own disadvantage. Not being accustomed to Mexican horses they were carried into the enemy's ranks, and a hand-to-hand battle raged for about fifteen minutes, the Mexicans using lances and knives, and the Americans their revolvers and clubbed muskets. Neither side fired guns after the first volley.

The American loss was twenty-one killed and nineteen wounded. This is one of a very few instances in which the killed exceed the number of wounded. The Americans received from two to a dozen lance wounds each. General Kearny received two, and Gillespie received three, and was unhorsed by his enemy, "El Guera, le Blond," who also captured Gillespie's horse, and thus made his revenge complete. He would have killed Gillespie, only that the latter wore a steel coat of mail.

The Mexican loss was twelve wounded and one prisoner. They also captured one prisoner and a cannon. An expert threw a riata around the gun and hauled it into camp, the gunner staying with it.

Snooks, a rancher, became demoralized and did not stop running until he reached San Diego. A fellow named Stokes died from fright, and one Beale became temporarily insane. Skirmishing continued during the succeeding two days, with few casualties.

On the night after the battle the American dead were buried at the base of a large live-oak tree near the Indian village, with the enemy hovering around threatening an attack. The tree is the only monument that marks the graves of those who fell at the battle of San Pasqual.

The Mexicans retreated toward Los Angeles, demoralized by the dissensions of the envious generals. There was a skirmish at San Gabriel River Crossing, near the Mission, and another in the outskirts of Los Angeles where the Convent stands. The American troops marched into the pueblo from which they had been driven several months previously.

Thus ended the revolution. The conquest was without a battle. The battles were fought after the conquest, to quell the revolution.

QUEER PERSONALS.

We occasionally read in the various weeklies and magazines clippings from the great dailies, quaint, curious, humorous and ridiculous, and indicating how many people there are in the world who are willing to publicly advertise their idiocy, or who must promulgate their unsophistication through the chilly medium of printers' ink. We have read many odd paragraphs, noticeable because of their grammatical construction or the eccentricity of the announcement, but we never before knew that the daily press was used as a medium for the transmission of love letters and *billet doux*, until our attention was called the other day to a copy of *The London Standard* of June 25, 1897, on the first page of which appears the following announcements under the caption of "Personal."

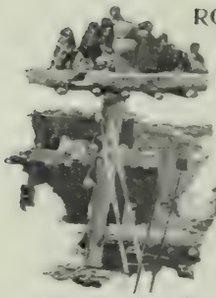
C. E. H. 88.—MY OWN DEAR A*****. I have not yet thanked you, for your nice letter. I cannot tell you how happy I feel, when I see that you are so kind to me, and when I think: que vous tenez a moi. Your letter is full of nice words and thoughts, and I am beginning to HOPE again, because of late I saw everything very black, and I have not been well again. And it was also such a long time since I had your other letter. It was of course my fault, if you did not write, but for reasons which you must have understood, I did not want to ask you to write. I hope you are not angry with me for my last letter, but you cannot imagine how I am longing to see you, and I am decided to evercome all difficulties: I must see you. You remember what I told you when we separated at W. F. A. G. I am patiently waiting for your answer. I hope it will be the one I am expecting, and which I think I merit. And I again repeat to you, that you can entirely rely on me: I will accept any conditions which you may judge necessary to impose on me. But I implore you, not to try and avoid giving me your answer: if you do this, I will consider myself freed from all my promises. Excuse me speaking to you in this way. I do not want to cause you any sorrow, but you understand that I am obliged to speak to you in this way. I implore you again not to be angry with me. I love you, with all my heart, MY OWN SWEET A********. EVER. ever fondest love.

LISTEN.—My Darling, 1000 thanks for your dear letter which was never more welcome. Be sure, Dearest, I quite understand now, and forgive me if your long silence made me very anxious. You must know how willingly I will come to you at any time, and be sure that if I failed it would only be because it was quite impossible. I have nothing to ask or to tell you; remember always that so long as you give me what you can spare I shall be as I always have been, well content, God Bless you my own Little One. With all my love and devotion Always Always Yours.

ROSEMONT.—At No. 39 in basin of A., complete contracts are indissoluble. S. It was the principle. H. N'ayez point peur des lions, car ils sont enchaines. H.—JACKIE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

DAVID MERICK.



THE tourist who goes ashore at the Island of Juan Fernandez—some 425 miles off the coast of Chile, in South America—starts, first of all, for the famous Lookout, from the top of which—so says the historian—poor Crusoe used to watch for a sail, "and yet no sail from day to day." But he is likely to be long on the way, though it is less than a mile from the landing place, because there are several points of interest to be viewed en route. First, there are the people—a hundred hands to be shaken and a thousand eager questions to be answered; for the arrival of a ship is by no means a matter of every day, and when one does appear in the harbor the lonesome islanders, old and young, troop down to meet her. Though voluntary exiles in this beautiful place, where Nature has been lavish in supplying everything necessary to sustain life without labor, the colonists pine for news from the distant world, whose echoes come to them like angels' visits, "few and far between." Though no longer a convict colony, as in days long past, the island is virtually a prison, whose bolts and bars are ocean billows, and many a modern Crusoe voices his predecessor's sentiments:

> Oh, Solitude! where are thy charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?
> Better dwell in the midst of alarms
> Than reign in this horrible place!

There are about one hundred residents on Juan Fernandez, mostly German and Chilean ranchmen and their families; for some years ago the island was leased to a rich cattle company, who has now as many as thirty thousand head of horned cattle, and twice as many sheep, grazing in the narrow valleys and on the green foothills. The cottages of the colonists are mostly within sight of the landing, set in the midst of orchards on the side of a hill sloping down to the sea, and the oppressive silence of Selkirk's time has given place to the bleating and lowing of flocks and herds, the merry shouts of children, and sounds of human activity. The houses are extremely picturesque, and made of the bright yellow straw of wild oats, woven in and out through bamboo wattles and thatched with the same. Their high, peaked roofs project all around far beyond the walls, and the doorways are shaded by straw-thatched porches, reminding one of French-Canadian cottages or chalets in the valley of the Seine. Each little home is enclosed within a wall of stones and brushwood, its rustic gateway overrun with luxuriant vines, and within the enclosures are granaries, storehouses, and other outbuildings, all set up on poles to keep them out of the water during the heavy rains of June, July, and August. There is no winter in this latitude, but the wet season, though short, is more trying than northern ice and snow.

Whoever goes to Juan Fernandez finds himself enthusiastically welcomed by every soul on the island, and receives just as many pressing

GRINDING MESCAL, JUAN FERNANDEZ.

invitations to lunch, to dine, and to stop over until some other boat comes along, as there are homes on the island, and if he has been so thoughtful as to bring along a few old books or newspapers, he has earned the lasting gratitude of the people. Besides caring for their flocks, the settlers raise fruits and vegetables to sell to passing vessels. The soil is wonderfully productive, especially in the northern valleys, where decayed vegetable matter and rich deposits of burned earth have washed down from the mountains. Grass and oats spring up spontaneously in the open space, and vegetables of all kinds grow abundantly wherever the seeds are scattered. Wild grapevines and fig-trees bearing excellent fruit flourish on the slopes, and there are many natural orchards grown from seeds planted a century ago by Selkirk and other mariners. Besides peaches, apricots, pears, quinces, and other fruits common to temperate climates, the chuta is

CHILEAN PLANTER'S HOME, JUAN FERNANDEZ.

everywhere—a species of palm which produces a delicious berry—and among an endless variety of indigenous trees are pimento (pepper), sandalwood, corkwood, and myrtle.

Though the tillable area is small, because there is so little level ground, it is asserted that several thousand people might subsist comfortably on the main island alone, without any supplies from other countries beyond exchanging their surplus productions with passing vessels for clothing and groceries. The not very enterprising inhabitants of to-day live chiefly on fish and goat flesh, of which there is an exhaustless supply. Boatloads of the finest cod, rock fish, culley, lobsters, lamprey eels, etc., may be caught as fast as they can be hauled in anywhere around the shores, and pheasants, pigeons, and other birds are as abundant as the wild goats and rabbits.

Attended by numerous volunteer guides from among the hospitable settlers, we again set out for the Lookout, but turned aside midway between the cliff and landing to explore some remarkable-looking caves in a hillside topped by ruined fortifications. These are all that remain of the settlement founded here by Spain in 1750, and of the Chilean penal colony established on the same spot in 1819. The Spaniards built a great fort and a town, both of which were destroyed the following year by a violent earthquake. They were immediately rebuilt, and were in good order and inhabited when Carteret visited the island in 1767. Earthquakes are frequent in the archipelago, and several, within the memory of the people now living, have done considerable damage. Nothing remains of the ancient fort but its foundation and a portion of the ramparts, embedded in reddish clay and overgrown with weeds.

At last, about thirty years after the founding of the colony, some three hundred prisoners broke loose from their chains, murdered the guards, and escaped. They seized the garrison, and for several days held possession of the island. Just then a Nantucket whale ship happened to put into Cumberland Bay for food and water. The convicts seized the captain and compelled him to take on board as many of their number as the vessel could possibly carry. Two hundred of them crowded in, and they threatened the ship's officers with instant death in case of failure to land them on the coast of Peru, whither they determined to go to escape the vengeance of the Chilean Government. The captain of the whaler ran over to the nearest land on the coast of Chile, and leading the convicts to believe that it was Peru, put them ashore only about thirty miles north of Valparaiso. They soon found out their dangerous situation; but it is said that every one of them succeeded in eluding the Chilean authorities, and eventually joined the Peruvian army, which was at that time advancing upon Santiago. Most of the prisoners left on the island escaped by different vessels, and were scattered over the globe. But very few of those engaged in the massacre were recaptured, and they were shot in the central square of Chile's capital. All this occurred less than forty years ago.

On that side of Crusoe's Lookout which faces the bay, a marble tablet has been set, bearing the following inscription: "In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo, County of Fife, Scotland,

who lived upon this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the Cinque Ports galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A. D. 1705, and was taken off in the 'Duke,' privateer, on February 12, 1709. He died Lieutenant of 'H. B. M. S. Weymouth,' 47 years. This table is erected on Selkirk's Lookout by Commodore Powell and the officers of 'H. B. M. S. Topaz,' A. D. 1868."

Standing where Crusoe stood when he was monarch of all he surveyed—and his right there was none to dispute—one looks off upon lovely valleys and wooded ravines, fair and solitary as the Happy Valley of Rasselas, till recently seldom trodden by human foot, environed on every side by the long swells of the Pacific unbroken to the horizon, except by the dim shapes of the islands belonging to the same group.

Later we hunted up other relics of Selkirk's stay. Great care has been taken to preserve things just as he left them, so far as inexorable time will allow. The "castle" long since succumbed to wind and weather and the "country residence" as well; but the cave, which has also been a famous resort for buccaneers, may easily be visited. It lies in a ridge of volcanic stone, and looks as if it might be the doorway into the ruins of some splendid temple. The entrance is fully fifteen feet high, and the cavern runs back about thirty feet, varying in height from ten to eighteen feet. There are many holes or pockets dug into the inner surface of reddish rock, which, perhaps, were Crusoe's cupboards. There are rusty spike nails driven all around where he may have hung his guns and household utensils and those wonderful garments and umbrellas made of goatskins. A stone oven, with a sunken place for fire underneath it, is visible in the back part of the cave, and a broad, dark smoke line reaches to the roof, probably made,

> While his man Friday kept the house tidy,
> For be sure 'twas his business to do so.

according to many of the long-winded songs that sailors sing pertaining to Crusoe's adventures.

SOMETHING ABOUT LONDON.

Dear Editor—The ride from Southampton in the funny little toy-like train was through an exquisitely green country just bursting into blossom and leaf, diversified at frequent intervals with quaint thatched or tiled roofed houses nestled in the midst of the well-kept grounds. It was a series of beautiful sketches, and I was bubbling over with delight until I reached the smoky atmosphere of London.

London is London, and wouldn't be if it were not enveloped in gloom, but for all that I liked it the moment I arrived. It satisfied my idea of the great city, only I found it prettier than I expected because of its many parks and squares and open spaces filled with great budding trees.

I was not allowed any time to admire, so before I knew it I was on top of a bus, with ears and eyes wide open, to take in all I saw and heard. But that is the way to see London, either in a cab or on top of a bus, for there you are way up above the people, carriages and horses, so that nothing can obstruct your view, and you can look down upon all who pass.

The people are interesting as a whole to watch, though I must say the English women as a rule are not what we call stylish or pretty, and I think I would like them better if they wouldn't carry their pet dogs about with them everywhere, as though they were their first and only consideration, for you seldom see them with their children; they are left with their nurses. The English believe that Americans spoil their children, but I don't know why they make pets of their dogs instead.

One of the sights is the "Dress Parade" on every pleasant Sunday, ("Queen's Weather," as they say for a clear day), when the people right after church walk the length of Rotten Row in Hyde Park. There you see men and women dressed in their "Sunday best," from royalty down to coster, and their pet dogs decked out in bright ribbons too. We paid our pennies for our seats and watched the interesting sight for hours. It was very pretty under the large green trees, and it is curious how these people adhere to their ancient customs. It is just that that makes them so interesting. I could go on and on and describe its famous old Abbey and Tower and Courts, all filled with past traditions and history, that have made this little island the powerful nation it now is. But I am giving you in this letter my first impressions of old London.

ADELE.

THE NEW CITY HALL DOME.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

The recent completion of the dome of the New City Hall makes it interesting to inquire what a dome is, and what are some of the principal examples of this form of architecture. A dome, then, is a roof, hemispherical, or nearly so, in shape, having an opening at the top, upon which stands what is called a lantern. The more nearly hemispherical a dome is, the greater is the bursting force exerted by the flat top. Pointed domes are much stronger than hemispherical ones, and are better adapted to carry a lantern. When a dome is built of masonry it is possible to reduce the strain upon the lower part of the structure by tapering, that is, by making the material thinner and lighter as you go upward. But pointed domes, having already lost the flat part which in hemispherical ones causes the greatest strain, do not gain much in stability by tapering.

The most famous of all domes is that of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, which, like most of the great structures modeled upon it, is built of masonry, and has a lantern at the top. This dome is constructed according to the strict architectural rule that the dome must be wholly built within a square, that is, its height must not exceed the diameter of its base. St. Peter's dome consists of two stone shells, an inner and an outer one, built near to each other, and connected by some vertical ribs. The dome of Florence Cathedral is of exactly similar construction, and has almost precisely the same diameter, the inner diameter of St. Peter's being 137½ feet and that of the Cathedral at Florence 138½ feet.

The dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London is a graceful and ingenious structure, designed by the eminent architect, Sir Christopher Wren. It consists of an inner dome of wood and an outer dome of wood covered with lead; between the two, and independent of them, is a cone of brick upon which the stone lantern is supported. It is much stronger than the dome of St. Peter's, which is cracked in many places and held together by bands. And, as the dome of St. Peter's, though built of stone, is covered with lead, the external appearance of both domes is the same. In general effect St. Paul's surpasses St. Peter's, and looks positively larger, though it is actually considerably smaller, its inner diameter being 102 feet, or a little less than that of the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople, which is 105 feet. There is no masonry dome in the world of greater inner diameter than that of the Pantheon, which measures 142 feet across. Its vast rotunda is lighted by a circular opening 27 feet in diameter at the apex of the dome.

CITY HALL DOME.

The Camera Bodleiana, or Radcliffe Library, at Oxford, England, is a building resembling in general appearance the Hall of Records in San Francisco, except that it stands upon a polygonal base, and is constructed throughout of stone. It contains the modern books belonging to the famous Bodleian Library. Its height is 140 feet.

But iron domes are much easier to construct than stone or brick ones, because iron has so much more tensile strength than masonry. Accordingly we find several iron domes far surpassing in dimensions any of those that have been mentioned. At the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 there was an iron dome having an inside diameter of 360 feet; the Albert Hall in London has an elliptical dome 219 feet long by 185 feet wide; and the Capitol at Washington is surmounted by a handsome iron dome, the extreme height of which, from the ground to the top of the Statue of Liberty, is 307½ feet.

In constructing the dome of our New City Hall, the architect found it impossible, owing to the great bulk and extent of the building, and the narrowness of the base, upon which it was intended to stand, to conform to the received canons of dome-construction. He therefore designed a dome the height of which is very much greater than the diameter of its base, this being necessary to avoid a squatty appearance. The dome stands upon drums, adorned outside and inside with columns, and its ribs are of copper, the spaces between the ribs being filled with stained glass. On the top of the dome is a ball, and upon the ball a statue of Progress. The entire height from the ground to the top of the statue is 330 feet. The ornaments of the dome are of terra cotta. The interior is wainscoted with marbles of various hues, from Mono, Amador, and San Diego quarries. The architect is to be congratulated upon having devised, under serious limitations, an elegant and graceful structure, which serves its fundamental purpose of lightening and uplifting the great bulk of masonry of which it is the crown and culmination.

A DIFFICULT WOOING.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

IN MID-AIR, they met. That is to say, they were fellow-passengers on top of a stage coach, with a thirty-six-mile ride between them and their destination—a mountain summer resort in one of California's upper counties. Their acquaintance began auspiciously enough, and nothing in the bright, sunny day portended the clouds that gathered over them, figuratively speaking, a little later in the season. Such are the surprises which Fate, whimsical arbiter of mortal affairs, sometimes holds in store for us. It is only when emancipated from the conventionalities of city life that we dare to lay aside the mask of reserve and become simply human. In town we elbow each other distrustfully, and believe all strangers guilty until they are proven innocent. We open the door of friendship only to those who bring certified letters of introduction, and eye the world askance through a loophole of caution. But in the country we expand, leaving our narrow ideas behind us in our narrow hallways. Breadth of landscape widens our mental scope and levels social rank; for the millionaire nods in friendly fashion to a passing woodchopper, and stiff-necked dignity comes "off the perch" to mingle with its kind.

All of which explains why Viola Kercheval and Kent Baxter found themselves chatting as easily and enjoyably as though they had known each other for a year instead of an hour, with a capacious sun umbrella over their heads, and such scenery surrounding them as California loves to paint for those who come to see.

Now, it is not in the drawing-room that a girl's conversational ability shines to the greatest advantage, for there are a variety of distractions to eye and ear in such upholstered environment as the modern drawing-room affords. There is music, which fills in many an aching conversational void; cards, which serve the same purpose quite as effectually, and other diversions which drown thought or conceal the absence of it. A girl on a stage coach in sailor hat and plain linen duster, with the warm breeze bringing tan and freckles to her face and the dust peppering her back hair, is a very different being from her other befrilled and teagowned self at home, pouring afternoon Hyson.

Viola Kercheval, however, did not suffer by the change. Viola had never been otherwise than captivating and clever all her life. Therefore it was not in the least surprising that her traveling companion, a Yale graduate and a popular fellow, should have appreciated her charming society to the utmost; nor that an attachment, destined to bring considerable trouble in its wake, should have had its beginning that jolly June morning under a portion of stage property in the shape of an old cotton umbrella.

One can say a good deal during a ride of three dozen miles. They talked principally of the places they had visited abroad. Baxter had spanned the globe after leaving college, and Viola had explored the continent and Egypt under the paternal wing. It was on account of her father's health that they were now en route to mountain mineral water and mountain atmosphere. All this the girl had told her companion before they alighted at their journey's end. It was not until afterward that she recollected he had not once alluded to his own family.

Arrived at the hotel, they did not often meet during the ensuing fortnight, and then rarely alone for more than a moment. But love waits not for time in which to speak, nor does it hesitate to make its presence known. It has its own silent language; a telepathic power strangely easy to understand, although its sweet mystery is beyond explanation.

To Viola the world seemed a new one in which her happiness, intangible, yet real, filled the hours with gladness. Among the hundreds of guests she looked for but one face, listened for but one voice, and wondered why he held himself aloof, until, one morning on the way to the breakfast room, he found opportunity to explain.

"It is a keen disappointment to me that I cannot see you oftener, Miss Kercheval," he said, "but I have duties that I must neither forget nor neglect." His eyes, resting upon her face, said more, but his words, brief and vague, stirred her with jealous alarm. Duties? What were they? Could it be possible that he was not free to seek her society?

Hastening through breakfast she went to the hotel register and turned its leaves until she came to his name. Then the wretched conviction forced itself to her brain. Beneath the name was written, in the same bold hand, "Mrs. Kent Baxter." Viola made her way into the parlor, which happily was vacant, and seated herself by a window opening on the long veranda. She felt crushed and faint. It is hard to have one's dream rudely broken when one is only twenty-two and in love for the first time. As she leaned her white face against the curtain, voices outside resumed their conversation.

"The Baxters? Oh, yes, I knew them quite well in Chicago. Shameful how he abused her. One of the loveliest of women, too, on the tall and queenly order. No wonder her health gave way—nervous prostration, you know. You would never think, to look at him, that he was capable of such conduct."

Viola waited to hear no more, but slipped away to her room and stayed there the remainder of the day in headache seclusion. That evening she persuaded her father to go south by private conveyance to the railroad, and within another week they were at Santa Monica. Here she haunted the beach in sorrowful solitude. Whatever the wild waves were saying to the maiden gazing wistfully out over them, it could have been nothing comforting, for she grew so distrait and ate so little that her father became alarmed.

One morning, returning to the hotel after a spiritless stroll, her heart for an instant stood still at sight of a familiar, broad-shouldered figure approaching her.

"At last I've found you!" exclaimed Baxter so joyously that a sea-gull, startled, circled the air and flew oceanward. Viola's response was as cool as the sea breeze, and by no means so bracing, but the young man was not to be easily dismayed.

"Miss Kercheval," he began eagerly, "forgive me for plunging at once into the subject uppermost in my thoughts. I have been compelled to pursue you hundreds of miles for the opportunity, you know, or else lose you altogether. The truth is, that ever since I first saw you I have been in love with you—I beg of you to let me speak—but, as I told you, I had duties which prevented me from showing you the attention that I longed to. I cannot ask your hand in marriage now, but oh, Viola, if you will only promise to wait for a year——"

"How dare you?" cried the girl, her blue eyes bright with anger, her cheeks crimson. "Oh, how dare you? Never, never speak to me again!" Then she hurried away from him and into the hotel. Did he presume to suppose that she would encourage a divorce, that they might marry? Infamous!

"I have taken a dislike to this place," she complained to her father. "I want to go away by the next train." And her father, who would have carved a slice of the moon for her, were the operation possible, humored her.

From Los Angeles they went to Monterey, and from there to Santa Cruz, with Baxter in courageous pursuit. It was at the latter place that he overtook them. Viola, unaware of his arrival and intensely unhappy, had gone for a swim as a diversion to her thoughts. Suddenly her strength seemed slipping away from her in the surf. After a futile battle with the breakers she felt herself sinking. Breathing a farewell sigh for her father in his loneliness, she felt that perhaps it were better to die than live a prey to a hopeless infatuation. Verily, youth is tragic in its beliefs, and knows no philosophy.

A few moments later on the sands she opened her eyes upon Baxter, dripping, but devoted, leaning anxiously over her.

"My own darling," he was saying, with damp tenderness in look and tone, "I couldn't give you up."

Now, when a girl has swallowed large quantities of salt water, is limp as a rag, and very much in love, she cannot be expected to adorn the occasion with much dignity. Nevertheless, Viola sat as upright as she could under the trying circumstances, and her first words were a brave but ineffectual attempt to bring her admirer to his senses. A man whose wife is one of the loveliest of women, and on the tall and queenly order besides, should be abruptly reminded of his altar vows when he elects to pursue somebody else "from Siskiyou to San Diego, from Sierra to the sea." With a pang Viola decided to discourage any bridging of the awful gulf between them.

"Where is Mrs. Baxter?" she demanded in a way meant to be stern and reproachful, but which was merely weak and briny.

"At the Springs," was the cheerful reply. "I left her with an excellent nurse. She is much better."

Viola tried to rise, then sank back with a hysterical sob.

"Oh, how I wish I had never met you!" she said. "Did you save my life for the sake of making me miserable?"

"No, to marry you," said Baxter, promptly. "I only wish it could be this very day. You see, my grandfather left me his property, but I can't get it until I'm thirty, and that will be in another year. I don't like to rattle our family skeleton, dearest, but I couldn't devote myself to you while my mother was ill, and her illness was brought about by my father's unkindness. It transpired afterward that he had been injured in the head by a fall from a horse, and so was really insane all the time. He is now in an Eastern sanitarium. Viola, will you wait for me?"

"No," she replied rosily, "because there's really no necessity for the delay. I have all of mamma's money. Why not make up a traveling party of four?"

To the consternation of two prim old ladies in the distance, Baxter gathered the petite figure in his arms, and further to their horror several salt-water kisses were enthusiastically exchanged.

"Then there are no obstacles to our immediate marriage, Viola?"

"Yes," said that young lady demurely—"a license and some dry clothes."

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

She who goes forth into the wilderness of the Alaskan gold-fields to be chief cook and bottle-washer to the man of her choice will be richer in experience if not in shekels when she returns to civilization. Housekeeping on an iceberg may have its advantages, but it is difficult to tell exactly what they are. The queen of a dug-out kitchen cannot ring up her butcher over the 'phone and tell him that she wants a pound of walrus liver, a section of polar bear, and a chunk of seal for Irish stew. Nor can she very well go forth and lasso a deer when she feels like getting up something extra nice for hubby's birthday dinner. And I should like to be just near enough on a neighboring iceberg to see the fur fly from winter sack coat and teagown when the lord and master of the household complains that he is tired of ice cream thirteen times a week for dessert, and would like to have his beans fricasseed for a change. Suppose he brings a couple of friends home unexpectedly to lunch when there is nothing on hand but a can of dried peas and some remnants of hardtack? No wife could stand such mortification as that. And if either of them wants a divorce, how are they going to get it? I think the convenience of divorce courts will be missed even more than the telephone by these emigrating wives. I, for one, intend to exercise all my rolling-pin and flat-iron accomplishments where the thermometer keeps at a respectful distance from zero.

This from the generous, sympathetic heart of a naturalist in a recent magazine devoted to animal lore:

"There are many people who have never become really acquainted with bees, and so learned to love them, as we may learn to love all creatures, no matter how small and insignificant, when we understand their wonderful ways."

This paragraph interests me greatly because I feel that it refers to me personally, I being one of the aforesaid people who have never enjoyed the intimate and confidential friendship of the busy bee, and so learned to love the dear little thing. But I have learned a thing or three or four about bees from observation, and my impressions are that the less one imposes upon bee acquaintance the better—not for the bee but for the victim. I once saw a small boy who had been amusing himself by getting acquainted with a bee, but there was no love whatever in the subsequent excitement, during which Mr. Bee had things all his own way. As for the little boy, I have never heard such yells since I lived on an Apache reservation, and sincerely trust I shall never listen to again. It took the little boy's mamma, his uncle, two farm hands, the cook, and myself to keep him in his trundle bed, and as for his cheek, it looked as though a football had been inserted in it as a sort of surgical experiment. The bee is indeed insignificant as to size, but his business energy, and his penetrating ways are appalling and truly wonderful.

DARK SHADOWS.

I am also somewhat diverted by the pains which the same magazine takes to establish the claim that mad dogs are not mad. In other words, that there are no dog days in the East, because there is no time of the year when dogs are especially liable to rabies. That when you hear a cry of "Mad dog!" the chances are many thousands to one that animal is not mad, that hydrophobia is never caused by the bite of a dog, but is merely an hysterical, nervous disease caused by an unfounded dread. Vapor baths are recommended for those who imagine themselves to have been rabidly bitten. Then follows a numbered list of rules whereby one can ascertain whether or not a dog is mad.

Feeling that life is short and time precious I have not taken a day off to commit these valuable rules to memory. Besides, we have no mad canines in California. But I may journey Eastward sometime within the next hundred years or so, and it is just as well to be prepared for danger. So I have cut out those rules and pasted them in my pocketbook that I may not lose them, and should I be trudging the streets of an Eastern city some time when an alarm of "Mad dog!" is raised, all I will have to do will be to take out my "Guide to Rabies or Key to the Mad Dog Mystery," and refresh my memory. As the animal approaches me I shall look him calmly, scientifically in the eye and await developments. I shall also listen attentively to him, for my authority states that if he (the dog) simply barks, yelps, whines, or growls he is verily not mad. If he froths at the mouth he is not mad. If he runs about or dreads water he is not mad. Of course this thoughtful investigation on my part will not be without its dangers. There is really no telling in what spirit the animal might take my presence or my curiosity at such a time. But the chances being so many thousands to one that he is faking the whole performance for the mere fun of it, I shall probably incur (no pun intended) little risk. Should I detect symptoms of rabies there would, of course, be no time left in which to get away, and in that case I should be forced to try those rules on the dog. If he slinks off when I read them aloud to him I shall know that he is mortified because his deception has been discovered.

Under the auspices of the National Association of Letter Carriers, a labor of love is yearly performed by them; namely, that of decorating on Memorial Day the statue to the memory of Samuel Sullivan Cox. This statue stands in Astor Place, New York City, having been erected by the letter carriers of the country for their friend. On each anniversary of the statesman's birth his grave in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, is also beautifully decorated by the Association. It is intended to enclose it with a handsome iron railing, this also being the work of the letter carriers.

The march of progress will eventually stampede the tramp army, and force this class of parasites to earn a living, instead of loafing at the world's expense. No more will the brake-beam tourist, with hide impenetrable to flying cinders and coal dust, deadhead his way the country o'er, for the Southern Pacific will hereafter build all its baggage and express cars with vestibuled platforms. When Waggles has to choose between walking and working he will be more weary than ever, but a far less objectionable member of society.

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HOT MINERAL SPRINGS

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NEAR LAKE TAHOE.

This delightful and unique resort is in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 6500 feet in elevation. Climate superb and exhilarating. The scenery is strikingly picturesque and grand. Splendid hunting and fishing; beautiful walks and drives; fine mineral springs, and amusements of all kinds. Accommodations in the Inn or cottages at rates from $10 to $16 per week, the latter price including a private bathroom and an open wood fire. Our illustrated pamphlet mailed with pleasure. Address—

MR. J. B. SCOTT, or MRS. J. S. LIBBY,
Deer Park Inn, Truckee, Cal.

Gilmore's Glen Alpine Springs Resort

Is seven miles from Tallac House, Lake Tahoe. Beautiful scenery; fine trout fishing in the numerous lakes nearby. Daily stage connects with boat at Tallac and Cascade House. Saddle horses and guides at Springs.

N. GILMORE, Manager,
TALLAC, LAKE TAHOE, CAL.

THE MAGNOLIA HOTEL. CALISTOGA, CAL.

P. Van Loon, Proprietor.
Wm. Van Loon, Manager.

Commercial Travelers' Headquarters. Summer and Winter Resort for Pleasure Seekers. New management. Thoroughly renovated. Hunting and Fishing. Hot Sulphur Baths and Swimming Tank. Stages for Lake County and the Geysers arrive and depart from this Hotel. Everything First-class.

MOUNTAIN HOME

is the most delightful resort in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Fine trout fishing and deer hunting. Elevation 1300 feet. Swimming pond and all kinds of amusements. Rates, $10 per week; $2 per day. Send for illustrated circular, mailed free to any address.

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F. P. Hoeck, 1st San Francisco 12, City of Mexico.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS.

On the Border of Clear Lake. LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

J. CRAIG, Manager. San Francisco Office, 316 Montgomery Street.

The new hotel building, lighted by electricity. Finest dining-room north of San Francisco. The greatest variety of Mineral Springs in America. Waters unsurpassed for health or pleasure. Open every day in the year. Boating, bathing, hunting and fishing. Swimming tank, dancing lawn tennis, croquet, billiards, bowling, etc.

Take stage at Hopland, shortest and best route to all points in Lake County.

Round trip from San Francisco, $8. Rates, $10 to $16 per week.

WHEN YOU VISIT DENVER

You will want to stop at a good, first-class (but moderate priced) house.

THE WINDSOR is the favorite with traveling men, tourists and all others visiting Denver frequently. Service and cuisine the best in the West. Rates, $2.00 to $3.50. Turkish baths in connection.

Send for Booklet. J. A. WIGGIN, MANAGER.

MORE THAN

100 PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN BY THE PUBLISHERS OF

GAMELAND

to those persons who send them, prior to September 15th, 1897, the largest lists of words formed from the letters contained in the title of their magazine, GAMELAND. The prizes include

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Send to-day for a Free Sample Copy of GAMELAND, which contains full particulars of the contest. Address, GAMELAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., 63 Rutgers Slip, New York, N.Y.

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Saws and Machine Knives of every description on hand or made to order.

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Few men don't. Perhaps the shape you've seen on some one else wouldn't quite suit you. We have the "other" shape and in all styles.

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FIRST-CLASS BOARD AND ROOMS.

Baths Free for Guests.

Large Swimming Bath of Mineral Water in connection with the establishment. The waters have no equal in the State for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Liver and Kidney Complaints, and all blood and skin diseases.

Parties leaving San Francisco will take overland train to Truckee, where the stage leaves for Sierraville daily. Springs' carriage meets all stages.

The Springs are situated in the edge of Sierra Valley, surrounded by nice scenery, with a fine view of the Valley.

For $10.00 a two-seated conveyance suitable for five persons, will meet parties in Truckee. Board and room, per week, $10.00

Good Hunting and Fishing. Good Camping Ground Free.

H. PEARCE, Proprietor.

Train No. 1 Stops at the **TRUCKEE HOTEL.** FOR SUPPER.

There is a Lunch Counter and Restaurant connected with the Hotel. Charges Reasonable. STEWART McKAY, Proprietor.

TRUCKEE is the stop-over station to get a good night's rest and take morning trains or stage in every direction. Lake Tahoe is twelve miles; Deer Park Soda Springs, Donner Lake, all fine trouting waters, including the Truckee River, which is close by Truckee. The TRUCKEE HOTEL is the leading hotel and is located in the same building as Passenger Depot and Stage Office. European and American Plan.

Norman Wines, President. J. F. Moody, Treasurer. J. R. Daily, Sec'y and Manager.

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STAGE AND LIVERY CO.

Truckee, Cal.

DAILY STAGE FOR LAKE TAHOE.

Best of Livery Accommodations for neighboring Lakes and Summer Resorts at reasonable rates. Donner Lake, three miles; Webber Lake, twenty miles; and Independence Lake, fourteen miles.

HOTEL BREWSTER.

San Diego, California.

American Plan Only. Rates, $2.50 per day and up.

The best equipped hotel in Southern California. Centrally located. Elevators and fire escapes. Baths, hot and cold water in all suites. Modern conveniences. Fine large sample rooms for commercial travelers.

J. E. O'BRIEN, MANAGER.

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"Greater Los Angeles" says:

Although this elegant hotel has only been open for a few months, it has received a splendid patronage and is already known throughout the United States as one of the finest and most delightful hotels in the world, and thousands of tourists and other travelers are in ecstacies over its perfection of style, beauty and conveniences, and the manner of their treatment and the moderate rates charged as compared with those exacted by first-class hotels outside of this State.

Golden Eagle Hotel

Sacramento, Cal.

A Modern First-class Hotel. Rates $2.50 to $4.00 per day. Our guests are assured of courteous attention.

GRAY & TITUS, Proprietors.

SAN ANSELMO RESORT

P. Secondino & G. Ponzio, Proprietors.

½ mile from San Anselmo Station on the Fairfax Road.

Best place for hunting in Marin County. Fruit in abundance. Dinner at all hours. Pure milk. Rooms by day or week. Dancing pavilion. Conveyance meets every train. Rates $7.00 per week.

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Best Workmanship, Latest Fashions, Perfect Fit.

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SAN JOSE.

It is intended for day scholars only. Though it is a Catholic Institution, students of any denomination will be admitted.

Tuition for the Commercial Course is $4.00 per month. Write for circulars to

REV. D. J. MAHONY, S. J., President.

SEVENTEEN RULES FOR A WIFE.

A quaint and interesting character was that of Isabel Lady Barton. The posthumous "Romance" of her life is a mine of human interest. In her "Seventeen Rules for a Wife" she outlined a certain code of action for a woman whose life was to be linked with that of a man who, until forty years of age, had traversed the world from Mecca to Salt Lake City. The first rule is about friendship and companionship; the second about the care of him while ailing; the third about making the home snug, comfortable, and inviting to close friends and to people that interest him as well as herself. The fourth rule is for self-improvement and education; the fifth about joining him on journeys at perhaps an hour's notice, and ready to rough it with him; the sixth regarding liberality in affection and care in personal appearance; and the seventh concerning the promotion of her husband's interests, professional, social, and personal. The ten remaining rules of advice contain some philosophy worthy of attention and consideration, and are given in full as follows:

"Never divulge your domestic affairs to your female friends.

"Hide his faults from every one, and back him up through every difficulty and trouble.

"Never permit any one to speak disrespectfully of him before you; and, if any one does, no matter how difficult, leave the room. Never permit any one to tell you anything about him, especially of his conduct with regard to other women. Never hurt his feelings by a rude remark or jest. Never answer when he finds fault, and never reproach him when he is in the wrong, especially when he tells you of it, nor take advantage of it when you are angry; and always keep his heart up when he has made a failure.

"Keep all disagreements for your own room, and never let others find them out.

"Never ask him not to do anything—for instance, with regard to visiting other women or any one you particularly dislike; trust him, and tell him everything except another person's secret.

"Do not bother him with religious talk, be religious yourself and give good example, take life seriously and earnestly, pray for and procure prayers for him, and do all you can for him without his knowing it, and let all your life be something that will win mercy from God for him. You might try to say a little prayer with him every night before lying down to sleep, and gently draw him to be good to the poor and more gentle and forbearing to others.

"Cultivate your own good health, spirits, and nerves, ... to enable you to carry out your mission.

"Never open his letters, nor appear inquisitive about anything he does not volunteer to tell you.

"Never interfere between him and his family; encourage their being with him, and forward everything he wishes to do for them, and treat them in every respect (as far as they will let you) as if they were your own.

"Keep everything going, and let nothing ever be at a standstill. . . . ."

Please do not think, ladies, that because we publish the above we do not know that rules should be laid down for the husband. This is only the "pro;" the "con" we will give you later on. The foregoing, too, in our opinion, is subject to criticism, and we do not hesitate to say that the third on the list (No. 10) strikes us as altogether contrary to the impulse of human nature. Take it to yourselves. Supposing some busybody was audacious enough to state in your presence that your husband was a notorious flirt, a roue, an idler, or a reprobate; do you think you could listen to it calmly, arise gracefully from your chair and withdraw without so much as even remonstrating or requiring the proof of the accusation? That would do all well enough if the statements made were merely of a gossippy nature, but a "disrespectful" remark is elastic, and may mean any of the above named frailties. Where are you going to draw the line? Rule No. 12 might be wisely modified if it wound up with—"unless it concerns himself or yourself personally."

And so we might go on, suggest, and criticize, but our readers will judge for themselves. We can spare just a column for "Seventeen Rules for a Husband," and we cordially invite any of our readers to frame a code of ethics and morals so that we can all follow them—if they suit us—and we shall probably get just as near to Nirvana as the small boy does to dignity and propriety.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan

Be content with your lot, especially if it's a lot of money.

Codger—Will you give me a few coppers for a bed, sir?

Isaac Moss—Cerdenly, my frendt. Vere is der bed?

Gentleman—Been fishing, have you? Caught anything?

Truants from School—No, sir; we haven't been home yet.

First Fisherman—What luck?

Second Fisherman—None at all; can't get the cork out.

Johnnie (to young Jones)—I heard Clara tell mother that she was disappointed because you didn't call last Sunday night.

Young Jones (in a tremulous whisper)—I say, Johnnie, did your sister say how disappointed she was?

Johnnie—I'm trying to think (thoughtfully). Yes, she said she was agreeably disappointed.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Spring styles now ready.

Experienced Traveler (at railway refreshment rooms)—When did that man at the other table give his order?

Waiter—'Bout ten minutes ago, sir.

Experienced Traveler—What did he order?

Waiter—Beefsteak and onions, sir.

Experienced Traveler—How much did he tip you?

Waiter—Sixpence, sir.

Experienced Traveler—Well, here's a shilling. Cook another steak for him and bring me his.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequaled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

Klamath is celebrated also for its hot steam, sulphur, and mud baths, which are noted for their cure of neuralgia and rheumatic complaints. The climate is perfect, and, most important of all, the rates are reasonable.

"What do you call that there thing you ride up here on?" asked the agricultural gentleman with the pitchfork of the youth who had stopped to get a drink of water at the village pump.

"That? Why, it's a bicycle."

"Seems to me," said the old man "that I'd rather have a wheelbarrer. A wheelbarrer is somethin' you can sit down in and rest when you get tired of pushin' the thing."

"What's your name?" said the new school teacher, addressing the first boy on the bench.

"Jule Simpson," replied the lad.

"Not Jule—Julius," said the teacher. And addressing the next one, "What's your name?"

"Billious Simpson, I suppose, sir." And the new teacher had to rap for order.

Returning now from summer resorts, and coming from the hot interior districts, people find the cool atmosphere of San Francisco a pleasant change. But 'tis not so easy as might be imagined to find a roominghouse without some objectionable feature. No one, either lady or gentleman, need hesitate for a moment, however, about locating at "Hotel Ramona," 130 Ellis Street, of which Mrs. Kate S. Hart is manager. The management giving instant assurance of the high character of the house.

Besides which it is most centrally and conveniently located, right on the edge of the business section and within a short walk of all places of amusement, yet sufficiently removed from the hubbub to be free from street noises. There are one hundred and fifty fine rooms, including some beautiful suites, and the rates are very reasonable. Try "The Ramona."

A HOME DINNER

is rare when you're traveling, and sometimes when you're not. You can get them at all prices—such as they are—but there is no place in San Francisco that can serve you the genuine article in the same style, taste and elegance for the modest sum of $1.00 as

"SWAIN'S"

We serve a la carte also. 213 SUTTER STREET, NEAR KEARNY.

THE NATICK HOUSE. Cor. Main and First Sts. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Most centrally located. Cable cars pass the house for all parts of the city. Floors carpeted with the best body brussels and velvet. Electric bells and heated by steam. The only house in the city running a FREE 'BUS both ways and independent of the Transfer Co. Watch for the Natick House 'bus. Rates, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per day. HART BROS., Proprietors.

London, Chatham, & Dover Railway.

A. THORNE, Formerly at H. B. Claflin & Co's, New York. American Representative in England, London, Chatham and Dover Railway, Victoria Station, London, S. W.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

Telegrams: Caldover, London.

PURE CIDER

is a rarity. There are many imitations. Some is labeled; some is not, and you don't know where it is made.

MONROE'S

is made in the Eel River Valley, the greatest apple producing district in California. It

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE,

sparkling and delicious.

JOHN BUTLER, Gen. Agent, 7 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

Notwithstanding the season is well along, Gilroy Hot Springs seems to be keeping up to the top in point of patronage. It is well known, and, together with the well-equipped stage service from Gilroy to the Springs, under the proprietorship of Mayock & Hooper, the trip is robbed of the ordinary tediousness of many of the interior resorts.

Pleasure seekers into Lake County have been very much pleased this season with the new management at the Magnolia Hotel, Calistoga. Mr. Van Loon, the proprietor, who not long since assumed control, serves a splendid lunch. Many people also find Calistoga a pleasant place to remain for a while, and no better accommodations can be found than at the Magnolia.

Soda Bay Resort, on the borders of Clear Lake, has been having an exceptionally good trade this year. Mr. Heath has left no stone unturned to popularize it, and the result of this season's business would indicate that he has been more than successful. It is unquestionably the most delightful spot on the borders of the Lake.

The Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara is still continuing its numerous improvements for the comfort of its fall guests and for those who will patronize the City by the Sea during the winter months. Mr. Dunn, the proprieter, is untiring in his energy and efforts to please, and from all accounts his guests thoroughly appreciate it. Now is the time to go to Santa Barbara for delightful bathing, to say nothing of the beautiful drives to be indulged in in the vicinity of the little town.

When you are passing through Denver don't fail to stop at the Windsor Hotel. It has a splendid reputation, and enjoys (which some hotels have not) one of the most active and untiring managers in the hotel business, namely, Mr. J. A. Wiggin. He gives his personal attention to all its details, and the result is universal satisfaction.

There is still a goodly crowd at pretty little Laurel Dell, on the banks of Laurel Dell Lake, in Lake County. Mr. Wambold tells us that he has had an exceptionally good season, and from all we hear we believe that he deserves it. Fishing, boating, bathing, beautiful drives and walks are among the attractions, and we have yet to hear of any one who regrets a visit to this beautiful little spot.

Sanhedrin Resort, in Lake County, at an elevation of 4000 feet, has had an excellent patronage. It is different from all the other resorts in the county because of its elevation, quaint surroundings, and thoroughly home-like appearance in service. Here may be had splendid fishing and hunting, and next season it will no doubt see its visitors more than doubled.

Too much cannot be said of Klamath Hot Springs, in Siskiyou County. While it may take a little longer to reach there than it does some other resorts in the State, yet you are amply repaid on arrival. It is beautifully secluded in one of the mountains of Shasta County, and enjoys a reputation of being one of the finest fishing grounds in the State, to say nothing of the delightful character of the waters and the desirability and comfort of the hotel and its service. We would recommend any one desiring to take a quiet outing and an enjoyable one to consider Klamath Hot Springs. Full information concerning them can be obtained either at the office of THE TRAVELER or by addressing Edson Bros., proprietors of the Springs.

Seigler Springs, at Lake County, are now enjoying the height of the season. Their splendid plunge baths are a never-ending delight to the guests, and its picturesque surroundings are always pleasing to the eye. Mr. John Spaulding, the proprietor, who is ably assisted by his good wife, is assiduous in his attentions to his patrons, and no one recognizes this fact more than the latter. There is no reason why these Springs should not enjoy a liberal patronage far into the season.

One of the most untiring workers among the Spring resorts is Miss Joey Anderson, who will be recognized as the proprietor of Anderson Springs, in Lake County. These Springs are but a short distance from Calistoga, and the trip is both easy and pleasant. Now that a fully equipped livery adjoins the grounds, another attractive feature has been added to this beautiful place. Those interested should also bear in mind that the season at Lake County is virtually an "all the year round" one, the months of August and September being particularly delightful.

Harbin Springs, on the hill-side, has been having a fine trade this year. Mr. Hays, the proprietor, has made every effort to make his guests feel comfortable and satisfied, and we have yet to hear a single complaint against this resort. A number of improvements are contemplated for next year, and in fact Mr. Hays is always looking for something to improve the already delightful resort that is under his efficient management.

In speaking of Lake Tahoe (the gem of the Sierras) it should be remembered that there is a most beautiful resort not far from McKinney's, on the border of the Lake, by the name of Rubicon Springs. It is now under the effective management of Mr. Archie Allen, who has taken a five years' lease of it, and from the manner in which he has opened it there is every indication to believe that he will make a most profitable success. Those desiring information about this pretty resort can obtain it by calling on or writing to "The Traveler's Bureau."

In the high Sierras, at that incomparable resort, Deer Park Inn, we recently received a pleasant letter. From it we learn that every one has been delighted with the place, its surroundings, and its service, and it also enjoys the reputation of having gathered together one of the prettiest bouquets of female beauty that has been seen at any of the resorts. Among them may be mentioned Miss Marjorie Ide, daughter of Judge Henry C. Ide; Miss Donaldson of Philadelphia, Miss Stone of San Francisco, Miss Mabel Bacon, daughter of the late Jacob Bacon of San Francisco, and Miss Kelsey Paterson, daughter of the Hon. Van R. Paterson of San Francisco. Deer Park also has enjoyed the patronage of Mr. J. L. Phelps, editor of the Stockton *Independent*; Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, and Miss Amy M. McKee of Oakland; Mr. Sam B. McKee of Oakland, Hon. Q. Beckman and wife of Sacramento, and A. S. Hart, Jr., of San Francisco. Evidently Deer Park has secured a good portion of the very best people.

"Is it true that your father has made an assignment?" asked the agitated lover of his fiancee.

"All his vast fortune is swept away," she sighed, "but you are left, Algy."

"Great Scot! Yes, I *am* left!"

A recent traveler to the Orient tells us most enthusiastically of the splendid service given by the steamers of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company plying between San Francisco and China via Honolulu and Japan. He says, from experience, that it cannot be excelled by the great Atlantic liners, though they may have larger steamers, and in some respects a few trifling modern innovations, but as for the attention, the geniality of their officers, and the excellence of the cuisine, the Occidental and Oriental steamers will take a back seat to none.

Mrs. Isaacs—Vake up, Isaac, a burglar is trying to get in.

Mr. Isaacs—Vell, vait till he opens der vindow, undt den I shoot.

Mrs. Isaacs—Vy don't you shoot now?

Mr. Isaacs—Vat! Undt break a bane of glass!

We have just published for Mr. E. F. Burns, manager of the Hotel El Paso de Robles, Cal., an attractive eight-page pamphlet descriptive of that famous resort. It is just off the press, is rather unique in its appearance, and those desiring a copy can secure it, without charge, by addressing Mr. Burns as above.

Notwithstanding the unexpected cut in the well-known "Columbia" bicycles a short time since, it is interesting to note that most of the high grade wheels have not followed suit. Notably so is that of the manufacturers of the "Sterling" bicycle, for whom A. C. Nichols & Co. at San Francisco are the Pacific Coast agents. A further interesting feature is that the cut of the "Columbia" bicycle seems to have made no difference in the sales of the "Sterling," showing that the people recognize its intrinsic merits and are willing to pay the price for the assurance of a strictly first-class commodity. We hope that this action on the part of the "Sterling" people will be maintained, for we cannot conceive how a bicycle so beautifully made can be sold for less money than is now asked for it.

"The Traveler's Bureau," at No. 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, has on file pamphlets, cards, and all other information about rates and routes, concerning the hotels and resorts published in "The Traveler." We admit none to our columns that are not first-class and reliable. There is no charge for this service. Call upon or write to us.

SUMMIT SODA SPRINGS

Is a delightful resort in the Sierra Nevada Mountains thirteen miles from Summit Station, on C. P. R. R., and will be open June 1st. Fine scenery, excellent hunting and fishing, and refreshing MINERAL SPRINGS. Altitude, 6009 feet. Rates, $2.50 per day; $10.00, $12.00 and $14.00 per week.

For further particulars address

GOULDEN & JACOBS, Proprietors,

Donner Postoffice. PLACER COUNTY, CAL.

LOS GATOS HOTEL.

OPPOSITE DEPOT.

Headquarters for Commercial Travelers. Best accommodations and Polite Attention. Excellent service. First-class table. Beautiful drives. Delightful climate.

C. W. GERTRIDGE, Proprietor.

LOS GATOS, CAL.

POPE HOUSE AND COTTAGE.

The Pope House is favorably located in the most beautiful residence portion of town. The genial warmth of the atmosphere, and freedom from the cold, damp winds of the beach, furnish the luxuries of a rural home. Tennis, croquet, billiards and music room. Electric cars to beach and baths.

Rates, $2 to $2.50 per day; $10 to $15 per week.

For further information, address

MRS. ANNA POPE, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE

The Leading Hotel.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

E. B. PIXLEY, Proprietor.

Remodeled. Refurnished. New Management. Strictly First-Class.

Free Sample Rooms. Free 'Bus to and from all trains

SANHEDRIN HEIGHTS SUMMER RESORT.

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Over 4000 feet elevation among the pines. Fine scenery, pure air, delicious water, shooting, fishing, etc. Home cooking and comforts. There is no more delightful and healthful resort in Lake County. Further information and descriptive pamphlet can be obtained by writing L. B. FRASIER, Manager, at the above address or at the office of THE TRAVELER, 20 Montgomery St., S. F.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

Season of 1897.

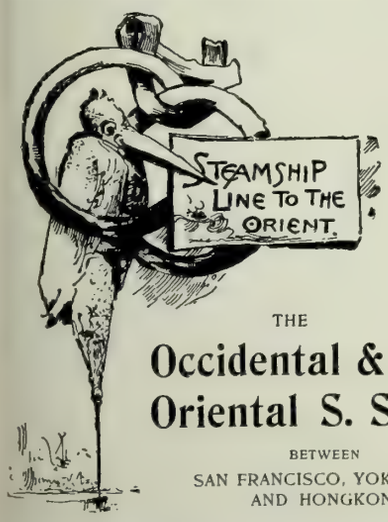
GREATEST ATTRACTIONS IN THE WEST.

Charming climate, wonderful natural attractions, famous fishing and wild goat shooting. The new scenic ride from the Ocean to Middle Ranch. Splendid coaches; famous western drivers. Delightful Coast excursions. Novel outdoor sports. Grand concerts every day. Dancing. Pyrotechnic displays. Water carnivals, etc., etc.

HOTEL METROPOLE, always open, remodeled and enlarged, new addition, elegant rooms with private baths. Grand ball room, etc., ready this season. **ISLAND VILLA** opens July 1st. Full information, rates and illustrated pamphlets,

WILMINGTON TRANSPORTATION CO., 222 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

C. H. JORDEN, San Francisco Agent, 571 Parrott Building. Telephone Mint 1685.



THE

Occidental & Oriental S. S. Co.

BETWEEN

SAN FRANCISCO, YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Steamers leave wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Hongkong, via Honolulu, (as below), Yokohama, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai. Connections at Shanghai for North China and Corea; at Hongkong for India, etc.

SAILING DATES:

BELGIC	Saturday, August 14, 1897
COPTIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, Sept. 2, 1897
GAELIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, Sept. 21, 1897
DORIC	Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, Oct. 30, 1897
COPTIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, Nov. 18, 1897

NOTE.—Cabin passengers may, if they desire, and without extra charge, lay over at Honolulu from an O. & O. or Pacific Mail steamer, either outward or homeward, and continue journey by a succeeding steamer of either company.

Holders of Regular single-trip Cabin tickets can avail, without extra charge, of a steamer of the Oceanic S. S. Co. between San Francisco and Honolulu; on twelve-months' round-trip tickets this privilege is allowed one way only, as passenger may elect. This will also apply to through tickets sold in Europe, Canada or Eastern Cities of the United States for Japan and China.

Round-trip tickets at special rates.

For both Freight and Passage apply at Company's Office, 421 Market St., corner First St. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

Beautiful Honolulu is a charm forever!

Steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company sail bi-monthly.

Send for "Beautiful Hawaii," to

J. D. Spreckels Bros. Co.,

114 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

SAMUEL SODA SPRINGS.

SURE CURE for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Rheumatism and Constipation; hot mineral baths; no liquor sold on the premises; Napa County, twenty miles from St. Helena; stages leave St. Helena, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:30 p. m.; railroad fare to St. Helena, $2.05; stage to Springs, $1.50; board and lodging, $10 per week; telephone connections. Address

J. R. MORRIS, Prop., Napa Co., Cal.

HOTELS AND RESORTS.

Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—HOTEL RAMONA, Central, first-class, moderate rates, new sanitary plumbing. Electric bells.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—HOTEL BELLEVUE TERRACE, Sixth and Pearl Sts. First-class. American plan. $1.50 per day and upwards. Special rates, week or month.

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SANTA MONICA.—THE PAVILION; Eckert & Hopf, Proprietors. Fish Dinners a Specialty.

SISSON, MT. SHASTA.—DEPOT HOTEL; Mrs. John Ney, Proprietress. Trains stop 25 minutes for meals. Sample room for Commercial Travelers. Single Meal, 50 cents.

BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.—ROYAL BATH HOTEL, 18 miles from Southampton. Patronized by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. "The Hotel de Luxe of the South."

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Unquestionably the finest, best equipped and most modern hotel in Santa Cruz. Elevator, steam heat, etc., and up-to-date both in furnishings and prices. Elegant rooms for families. Special terms to commercial men.

FARRELL & ELY, Lessees.

HOTEL EASTLAND.

MILL VALLEY, CAL.

MRS. M. A. FARRAR

PROPRIETOR

Formerly Manager of Blithedale.

Just 45 minutes from San Francisco, on the slope of Mt. Tamalpais. Picturesquely located, delightful climate, home comforts and first-class table, tennis court, croquet. The Hotel is easy of access, having 14 trains daily from San Francisco. Bus meets all trains. Rates, $10 to $14 per week.

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC RAILROAD

$25.00 Rate to Chicago for Christian Endeavorers

Is open to the public as well
If they travel via the

GREAT SANTA FE ROUTE.

SANTA FE EXPRESS LEAVES DAILY AT 5:00 P. M.

Daily Pullman Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, also Modern Upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, Oakland Pier to Chicago.

Ticket Office,
644 MARKET STREET,
Chronicle Building. *San Francisco, Cal.*

JNO. L. TRUSLOW, General Agent, 61 CHRONICLE BUILDING.

S. H. PERKINS, City Ticket Agent, 644 MARKET STREET.

"BUILT LIKE A WATCH"

That phrase is almost as familiar as "Good Morning, have you used Pears' Soap?"

It means just what it says, too, and applies only to the

STERLING BICYCLE.

On the market for nearly seven years, and still at the top.

We have made ***no reduction*** in price. We don't have to and we are selling them just the same as ever.

Call in and see our line, or send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue, free to any address.

A. C. NICHOLS & CO.,

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

400-404 Battery Street. SAN FRANCISCO.

TUSCAN SPRINGS

CAL., U. S. A.

Stands at the top round of the ladder in the cure of Chronic Diseases. Daily four-horse stage from Red Bluff, distance nine miles. Open for guests the year round. Altitude 1000 feet. Post Office, Telegraph and Telephone Office. More variety of mineral waters; more springs; stronger waters. The only Springs that takes certain skin and blood diseases under a written guarantee to cure.

Send for information and book of testimonials.

E. J. B. WALBRIDGE, Prop.

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IN ALL TINTS.

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THE HICKS-JUDD CO.,
23 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

PARAISO SPRINGS

The Carlsbad of America

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

Is a Summer and Winter Resort well and favorably known to the traveling public. The waters are the most healing in America. Fare to the Springs, $8.00 for the round trip.

Rates, including board, room and baths, are $2.00 to $2.50 per day; $10.00, $12.00, $14.00 and $16.00 per week. Reduced rates to children and nurses.

SPECIAL NOTE.—To those remaining at the Springs for not less than three weeks we will refund $2.00, one-quarter of the round trip fare paid from San Francisco and Oakland. To those remaining four weeks we will refund $4.00, one-half of the round trip fare.

Leave Third and Townsend Sts., San Francisco, at 9 A. M. From Soledad to Springs, 6 miles, easy staging.

Illustrated pamphlet free to any address.

R. ROBERTSON, Lessee and Manager.

EL PASO DE ROBLES SPRINGS HOTEL.

Paso de Robles,
San Luis Obispo Co., Cal.

The Greatest Health Resort on the Pacific Coast.

MUD AND SULPHUR BATHS.
FAMOUS SODA WATER.
NEW HOTEL AND COTTAGES.

The Waters of Unequaled Medicinal Value.
RATES—$10, $12.50, $15, $17.50.

E. F. BURNS,
MANAGER.

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Souvenir, mailed to any address, free.

BARTLETT SPRINGS.

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
Main Office, 22 Fourth St., S. F.

Progressive Whist on Hotel Veranda at Bartlett.

ADDITION to Dining Room. New Hotel Cottages. The Cuisine is Perfect. Resident Physician; advice free. A Positive Cure for Kidney, Stomach, Liver and Rheumatic Troubles. Swimming Tank; Mineral, Tub, Vapor and Roman Baths. Competent Masseurs. Paid Orchestra. Dancing, Tennis, Bowling, Billiards, Hand Ball, Shuffle Boards. Livery, Burros.

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YO SEMITE VALLEY.

TWENTY MILES NEARER BY RAIL

And almost before the ink that prints this is dry

THE SIERRA RAILWAY

will be completed to Chinese Camp, thirty miles nearer, making

THE BIG OAK FLAT AND CALAVERAS BIG TREES ROUTE

To the Great Valley the most popular, because the shortest, the easiest, the cheapest and the most wildly picturesque of them all.

Consider these Rates, **All Applying from San Francisco.**

To Yosemite and return	$25.00
To Yosemite and return (Including Calaveras Big Trees)	32.50
To Calaveras Big Trees and return	15.00

For information, or to secure tickets and seats, apply to

J. M. HUTCHINGS, 19 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Wells Fargo & Co's Bank

N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus, $6,250,000

JOHN J. VALENTINE, President.
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SPEND YOUR VACATION AT

Laurel Dell Lake

There is Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Hunting, etc. Finest Scenery in Lake County.

Many improvements have been made—a new livery stable has been built, finely equipped; anything from a buggy to a fourteen-passenger four-in-hand can be furnished.

A new dining-room, with a length of 130 feet, overlooking the Lake, will be appreciated; it will be cool and inviting.

For terms in Cottages or Hotel, enquire at office of THE TRAVELER, or address

H. WAMBOLD,
Laurel Dell, Bertha P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

Tourists and Californians

en route eastward from the Pacific Coast should not fail to stop off at Salt Lake City, Utah, for a few days and visit the points of interest in the Mormon City, and experience the delightful sensation of a swim in the warm and buoyant waters of the Great Salt Lake.

If you stop at The Knutsford you will find a fine, modern hotel, handsomely equipped, centrally located, and a courteous management.

G. S. HOLMES, Proprietor.

Mount Hamilton Stage Company and Hotel Vendome Stables.

Daily stages for Lick Observatory leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M., returning about 6 P. M. Saturdays only, stages leave at 12:30 P. M. For further information, address F. H. ROSS & SONS, San Jose.

GET OUT INTO THE MOUNTAINS!

SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, imposing, majestic, sublime.
CLIMATE—Genial, bracing, invigorating, rejuvenating, upbuilding.
RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback riding, boating, mountain climbing, excursions

OR RUN DOWN TO THE SEASHORE.

Magnificent hotels, toning and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

UP SHASTA WAY. Tavern of Castle Crags, Sweet Brier Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissons, Mt Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.

LAKE COUNTY AND VICINITY. Geysers, Ætna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay, Laurel Dell and Blue Lakes.

ON SIERRA SUMMITS. Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

YOSEMITE AND THE BIG TREES.

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS. Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

SOUTHWARD. Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

ALONG THE SHORE. Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company Agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN, for resort folders.

Where are you going to spend the Summer?

Why not try CONGRESS SPRINGS?

NO FOG. NO WIND. NO MOSQUITOES.

Rebuilt and refitted—the Hotel is one of the best in the State. This, with the natural beauty of the place, makes it the Ideal Summer Resort of California.

Easy of access is a great feature, as it is but 2½ hours from San Francisco or Oakland.

For rates and printed matter, address

JOHN S. MATHESON, Manager.

THE ARLINGTON HOTEL.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

Accommodates 500 guests. Rooms large and elegantly furnished; cuisine unexcelled. Is a summer as well as a winter resort. No excessive heat; air bracing and invigorating; no insect pests; semi-tropic trees and vegetation; a wealth of fruits, surrounded by lawns, carpeted with variegated flowers, making it a veritable Garden of Eden. All letters and telegrams promptly replied to. Famous Veronica Springs one mile from the Hotel.

E. P. DUNN, Proprietor.

HOTEL VENDOME.

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CHARMING SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.
MODERN, COMFORTABLE AND HOMELIKE.

THIS beautiful hotel is situated in the "Garden City" of the Pacific Coast—in the wonderful Santa Clara Valley—and only fifty miles from San Francisco, connected by three lines of railroads, with frequent communication—no less than twenty trains arrive and depart daily.

Headquarters for all tourists to the great Lick Observatory, from here (Hotel Vendome) stages of the Mt. Hamilton Stage Co. leave daily. Send for illustrated "Souvenir." For rates, etc., address:

GEO. P. SNELL, MANAGER.

HOTEL ST. NICHOLAS.

JUNCTION OF

Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT.

A modern hotel, containing 400 elegant rooms, acknowledged by all unequaled by any in the city, conducted as a first-class family and commercial hotel.

THE TABLE WILL BE A SPECIAL FEATURE.

Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. Rates reasonable.

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CAPT. J. KNOWLTON, JR., Manager

THE BROWN PALACE,

DENVER, COLO.,

FIRST-CLASS.
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.
American and European Plans.
Rates, including Steam Heat:
American, $3 to $5 per day.
European, $1.50 per day and upward.

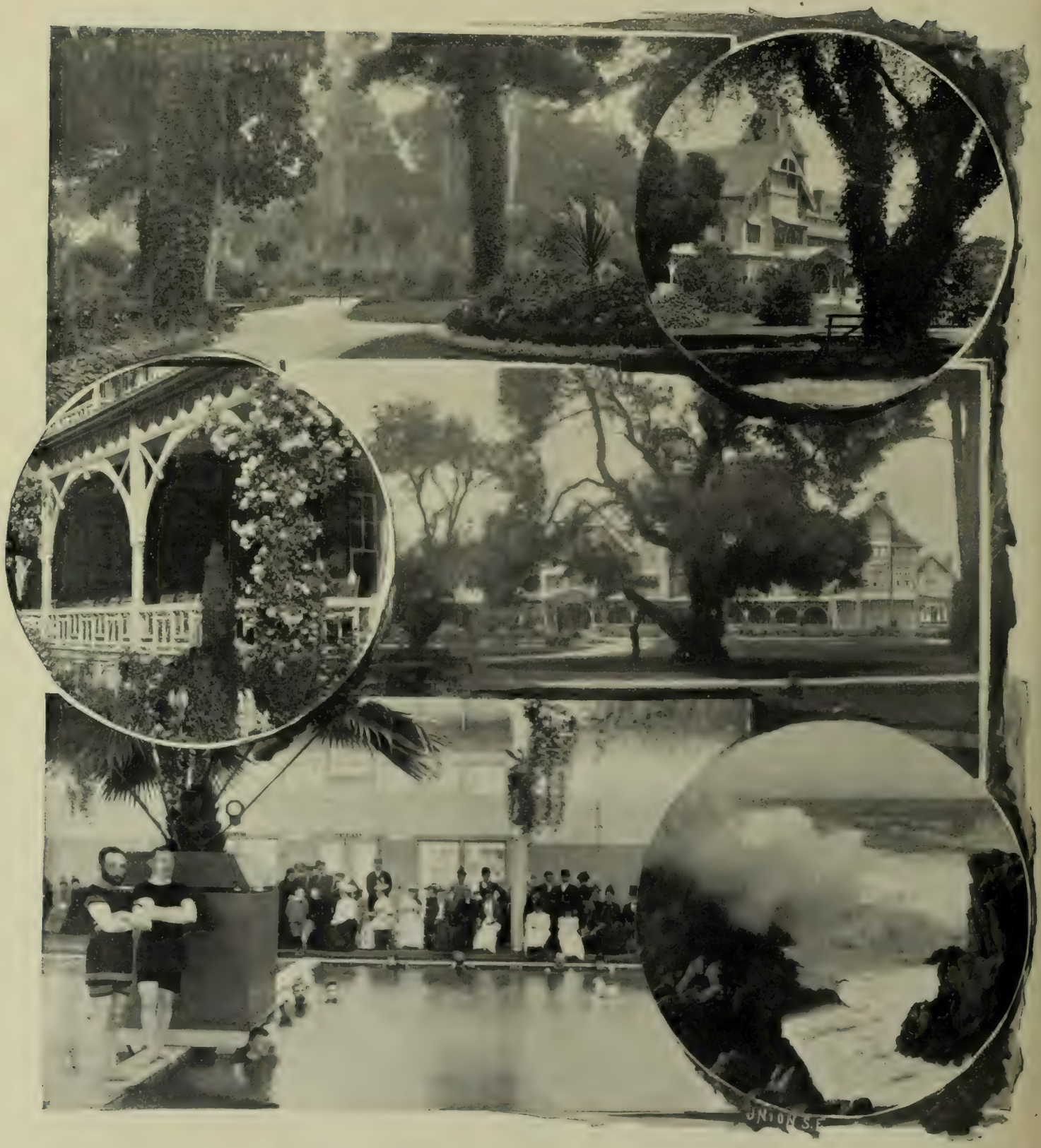
THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SEPTEMBER, 1897. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. W. Ericson photo.

LOGGING IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CAL.



Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS.

New Hotel. Thoroughly Fire Protected.
Established 1858.

FAMOUS
SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.

LAKE COUNTY.

CONTAINS
SULPHUR, IRON, MAGNESIA AND ARSENIC.

WONDERFUL CURES OF

RHEUMATISM, GOUT,
DYSPEPSIA, PARALYSIS,
BLOOD POISONING,
SKIN DISEASES,
KIDNEY, LIVER AND
STOMACH TROUBLES,
CATARRH.

Rates, $10, $12, $15 and $18 per week, or $2, $2.50 and $3 per day, Including All Baths.

HOW TO REACH HARBIN.

Take the 7:30 o'clock boat at Oakland ferry from San Francisco. On reaching Vallejo Junction, change for Napa Valley branch. At Calistoga, stage awaits the morning train from San Francisco and Sacramento daily, except Sunday.

Stage Calls at Calistoga Hotels for Passengers.
Stage Fare to Springs, $2.50.
Round Trip from San Francisco, $8.00.
Time from San Francisco, 6 Hours.

The Only Springs in California having All-Night Telegraph and Telephone Service.
Modern Sanitary Arrangements in the Hotel.
All White Attendants.

JAS. A. HAYS,
Proprietor.

DR. H. C. DEVENING.
Attending Physician.

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Lake County, Cal.

This delightful watering place is located in the mountains, 2400 feet above sea level. No fogs; air dry and bracing. The coolest dining-room in the State. Electric lights. The Springs are celebrated for their curative properties. Hot and tepid mineral baths provided by Nature, beneficial in all Rheumatic, Skin and Nervous Affections.

SWIMMIMG POND, Fishing, Hunting, Etc.

Rates $8.00 to $12.00 per week. First-class Sanitary Arrangements.

JNO. SPAULDING, Proprietor.
SEIGLER SPRINGS, LAKE CO., CAL.

DEPOT HOTEL.

W. J. GILLESPIE, Proprietor.

REDDING, CAL.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' HEADQUARTERS.
SAMPLE ROOMS FREE.

Train No. 15 arrives 6:40 A. M.; 25 minutes for breakfast.
Meals 50 cents.

"CAMP McCLOUD"

McCLOUD RIVER
AT THE BASE OF MT. SHASTA.

This famous fishing resort will be open this season under the old management of

MR. AND MRS. GEO. McCLOUD.

Rates, $10.00 per week.

When notified, stage will meet parties at either Castle Crags, Upper Soda Springs, Mott, or Sissons. Address,

GEO. McCLOUD, SISSON, CAL.

ANDERSON SPRINGS

The best resort for health and pleasure.
The only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County.
Only way to drive the Grippe Poison from the system and cure permanently.

Natural Hot Sulphur and Iron Baths for the cure of Rheumatism, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids.

Board: $8.00 to $14.00 per week. No extra charge for baths. Telephone connections. How to reach the Springs: Take Oakland ferry at 7:30 A. M. for Calistoga, distance 73 miles. Arrive at 10:55 for lunch. Take stage and arrive at Anderson Springs at 4:00 P. M., distance 21 miles. Fare: $8.00 round trip from San Francisco; $4.50 one way. Livery Stables at Springs.

Tickets can be bought at 613 MARKET ST., S. F. Address all communications to J. ANDERSON, Proprietor Anderson Springs, MIDDLETOWN, LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

AGER HOTEL.

J. A. AGER, Proprietor.
Dinner 50 cents.

First-class accommodations at Reasonable Rates.
Livery Stable in connection with House.

STAGES LEAVE DAILY FOR KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS, KLAMATH FALLS, LAKEVIEW AND WAY POINTS.

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O. W. R. TREDWAY,
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is beautifully located nearly 3000 feet above the sea. For pure air, water, mountain scenery, trout-fishing, etc., it is the finest suburban resort in the State.

Remember ——

If you want to hunt
If you want to fish
If you want to recuperate
If you want the best of recreation
If you want pure air and sunshine
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate

Come to Glenbrook, and you will find all the above in addition to many other pleasures.

MUD BATHS

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
THAT IS: **FRESH MUD FOR EACH BATH.**

UNEQUALED FOR RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, GOUT, ETC.

Where can this be had? Proper attendance by experienced Masseurs.

ONLY AT THE

MILL VALLEY SANITARIUM.

MARIN CO., CALIFORNIA.

A Hotel for convalescents and others who are in search of pleasure as well as health. Special attention paid to diet. Rates reasonable. For further information write to

E. STEELE, MANAGER,
P. O. Address, Eastland, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.
Reference: The Medical Fraternity of San Francisco.

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LAKE COUNTY, CAL.
Change of Management

This beautiful pleasure resort is situated on the border of Clear Lake, and is open all the year. You can enjoy here the finest BOATING, FISHING and BATHING in Lake County. Splendid scenery, perfect table service, billiards, tenpins, croquet lawn tennis. Telephone and telegraph service. Rates: $10 per week; $2 per day. Take San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad to Hopland, thence by stage via Highland Springs and Kelseyville direct to Soda Bay. Round-trip fare, $10.

F. B. HEATH, Prop., Kelseyville P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

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Is winning for us a big and increasing trade. Work typographically correct and elegant in appearance—and reasonable charges—you are assured of if we have a chance at your work. We print "THE TRAVELER," and we do all kinds of **Bookbinding** as well. Let us give you an estimate anyway.

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23 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

The hotel man did not want to serve on the jury, so he feigned difficulty in understanding the questions put to him. "Are you deaf?" "Yes, one side." "That is sufficient. You are disqualified. A juryman must hear both sides."

Cometh up the statistician as a flower, with the cheerful assertion that out of 451 colleges and universities in these United States, only 41 are closed to women. It is safe to say that the evolution of these 40 plus 1 is only a question of time.

A LIVING VOLCANO.

How to reach it and the
COFFEE LANDS OF HAWAII.

THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD.

STEAMER "KINAU"
Clarke, Commander.

The largest and fastest steamer in the Hawaiian Islands. 25 large staterooms, electric lights and call bells.

A trip of seven days, coasting the Island of MOLOKAI, making three stops on the Island of MAUI, giving a magnificent view of the crater of HALEAKALA, four stops on the Island of HAWAII, skirting the richest SUGAR and COFFEE lands in the world. A carriage ride of thirty miles over a fine macadamized road, traversing a primeval tropical forest, interspersed by SUGAR and COFFEE plantations. Eight hours from HILO to the VOLCANO. No change of vehicle. TWO DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS AT THE VOLCANO.

To those seeking INVESTMENTS IN COFFEE, this line offers unequaled facilities for selecting land. Stops are made on the Island of HAWAII, at ports in the Districts of Hamakua, Hilo and Puna. Coffee from these districts commands a higher price than that produced on the older lands; the yield per acre is also greater. Large tracts in all these districts are now producing coffee. THE HAWAIIAN GOVERNMENT OFFERS LANDS AT A NOMINAL SUM ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT, and REMITS TAXES on improvements. An ASSURED FORTUNE to industrious men of moderate means. A crop that does not spoil or deteriorate, but improves with age. A sure return of twenty per cent on CAPITAL.

$50 *Pays all the expenses of a trip from . . Honolulu to the Volcano and Return* ***$50***

WILDER'S STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd., HONOLULU.

DEER PARK INN.

NEAR LAKE TAHOE.

This delightful and unique resort is in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 6500 feet in elevation. Climate superb and exhilarating. The scenery is strikingly picturesque and grand. Splendid hunting and fishing; beautiful walks and drives; fine mineral springs, and amusements of all kinds. Accommodations in the Inn or cottages at rates from $10 to $16 per week, the latter price including a private bathroom and an open wood fire. Our illustrated pamphlet mailed with pleasure. Address—

MR. J. B. SCOTT, or MRS. J. S. LIBBY,
Deer Park Inn, Truckee, Cal.

TUSCAN SPRINGS

CAL., U. S. A.

Stands at the top round of the ladder in the cure of Chronic Diseases. Daily four-horse stage from Red Bluff, distance nine miles. Open for guests the year round. Altitude 1000 feet. Post Office, Telegraph and Telephone Office. More variety of mineral waters; more springs; stronger waters. The only Springs that takes certain skin and blood diseases under a written guarantee to cure.

Send for information and book of testimonials.

E. J. B. WALBRIDGE, Prop.

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That can be conveniently carried in the pocket. Consulted by everybody. Contains all time tables, accurately corrected and always up-to-date. The most popular Railway Guide published. For sample copy and advertising rates, address

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LAKE TAHOE TRANSPORTATION CO.

MODERN GRILL. MEALS 50c.

C. T. BLISS, General Manager.

GLENBROOK, NEVADA.

McKINNEY'S... LAKE TAHOE

Most sheltered spot on the Lake, and popular family resort; large new hotel, just completed; iron and magnesia springs; large dancing hall and parlors; hot baths. FREE BOATS AND FREE FISHING TACKLE. No rattlesnakes, no poison oak, table excellent, dairy connected with hotel. Terms, $10 to $12 per week. Round-trip tickets to Tahoe City, $16.

MURPHY BROS., Proprietors.

HOTEL EASTLAND.

MILL VALLEY, CAL.

MRS. M. A. FARRAR

PROPRIETOR

Formerly Manager of Blithedale.

Just 45 minutes from San Francisco, on the slope of Mt. Tamalpais. Picturesquely located, delightful climate, home comforts and first-class table, tennis court, croquet. The Hotel is easy of access, having 14 trains daily from San Francisco. Bus meets all trains. Rates, $10 to $14 per week.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

—OVER THE—

MILL VALLEY & MT. TAMALPAIS SCENIC RAILWAY.

GRAND. LUXURIOUS. INEXPENSIVE.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO 9:45 A. M., 1:45, 5:15 P. M.
Arrive at Tavern at Summit 2 hours later than above schedule.

LEAVE TAVERN AT SUMMIT 1:25, 4:20 P. M. Extra trip from Tavern Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 7:00 A. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9:15 P. M.
Arrive in San Francisco 2 hours later than above schedule.

SUNDAY.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A.M., 1:45, 2:30 P.M.
Arrive at Tavern at Summit 2 hours later than above schedule.

LEAVE TAVERN OF TAMALPAIS 10:00, 11:10 A.M., 12:20, 2:50, 4:15, 5:25 P. M.
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ARCHIE ALLEN, Prop.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1897. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

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FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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THE meeting of the National Association of Letter Carriers' is almost upon us, and the local Finance Committee are bending every energy in soliciting donations to make the affair a success. It is not yet too late to contribute to this worthy cause, and if any of our readers feel so disposed, any remittance sent to the editor of THE TRAVELER will be gratefully acknowledged by the postal boys. Now is the time to establish San Francisco's fame as a great convention center. Merchants should exploit the State's marvelous resources by contributions at committee headquarters of wines, fruit, and flowers, which will be distributed among the delegates.

FROM time to time we have seen published in the daily newspapers statements showing the record of fast runs made by railway trains. For a great many years the Empire State Express of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. has held the world's record for running the fastest regular passenger train. Latterly, the palm has been claimed by the Caledonian Railroad at Scotland, which is running a regular passenger train on a schedule of about 60 miles an hour, being considerably higher than the scheduled speed of the New York Central train. This in turn, however, has recently been greatly exceeded by the Atlantic City Railroad, which has inaugurated a summer schedule between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, including a one-hour train. This train leaves Camden at 3:48 P. M., and is timed to reach Atlantic City, 55½ miles distant, at 4:40 P. M. On the same day this time-table went into effect, the first train started 2½ minutes late and reached Atlantic City 1½ minutes ahead of time, the 55½ miles being run off in 48 minutes, or at the rate of 69.35 miles per hour. The train sheet shows that the 4.8 miles between Egg Harbor and Brigantine Junction were covered at a speed of 82.26 miles per hour. When it is borne in mind that the train weighed 320,000 pounds, and that much of the distance was run against head winds and in a heavy thunder storm, the feat becomes nothing less than phenomenal. The train consisted of one combination car, three standard passenger cars, and a Pullman vestibuled palace car. It was hauled by a Baldwin locomotive with seven foot drivers, the total weight of the engine and tender being 227,000 pounds. The total weight of the engine and train was therefore about 273 tons. It will be observed that the locomotive weighed about two-thirds the weight of the train, and the distance is short compared with that covered by the Empire State Express. On the other hand, the Atlantic City train was longer by one more car than the New York Central train, and its booked speed is about eleven miles per hour faster.

FROM the standpoint of the uninitiated the months of September and October in California are far from being appreciated as to either our so-termed summer resorts or our winter hotels in the southern part of the State. As the farmer styles it, these months are virtually between "hay and grass." But comparatively few realize that this period embraces perhaps the most delightful of the entire twelve months in the State in either section of the country, north or south.

In Central and Northern California the warm season attendant upon the middle months of the year is delightfully temperate, and in Southern California is just encroaching upon the Indian summer, so that it is really difficult to decide, so far as climatic conditions are concerned, which section is most salubrious.

WITHIN the past few months we have occasionally read accounts of the progress made in various kinds of electric vehicles, and there is no doubt that the motor carriage has come to stay. The latest invention in this direction is that of the electric stage coach, and one is at the present writing in operation at Greenwich, Connecticut. It runs over a distance of about a quarter of a mile on an ordinary road without tracks of any kind, and is propelled by power taken from wires which are supported by poles along the side of the road. By a novel arrangement a flexible cable attached to the carriage is conducted along the circuit wire in such a manner that two vehicles can pass each other, and each may turn completely around or go from one side of the street or the other at the will of the driver.

"EBERY NIGGAH HAD A LADY BUT ME."

The electric stage coach may also start and stop when it pleases, calling for passengers at their doors on either side of the road, and making its way against head winds, the only restriction being the direction of the roadway and the poles and wires that fringe it. It is said that a heavy carriage can cover the quarter of a mile in forty-five seconds, which would indicate a speed of twenty miles per hour—not half bad for a cumbersome stage coach. These experiments have been so successful that a permanent line of considerable length will soon be established.

SOME WESTERN STAGE DRIVERS.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

"LEFT foot first." Instinctively I put forth my right. "Left, I say. Now the other—up—and there you are!" And in truth there I am. An excellent compromise on airship accommodations is this rocking cradle by the roadside. The driver swings to his seat beside me, gives a signal that is neither chirp nor command, nor anything else intelligible as to speech, but which the leaders understand, for, with ears like exclamation points, they pull at the harness. According to tradition, when a stage starts, the driver cracks his whip. As a matter of plain fact, the whip usually stands idly in its socket, the driver takes up the reins, and the procession moves with no grand-stand flourishes whatever.

Staring not being considered bad form in the country, I turn to see what my companion of the reins looks like. He is hale and ruddy, with a skin that a woman might be proud of, and such coloring in it as never was passed over a drug store counter. His hair and beard are quite white, his eyes blue and clear, with a shrewdly quizzical expression in them when he answers my first question, which is, of course, a query as to how long he has been in the business.

"Thirty years."

Thirty years. Why, some of us wore bibs thirty years ago. What stirring experiences he must have had in those three decades! Part of the time in the wilds of Nevada, too. I move a shade nearer and prepare to thrill at the recital of blood-curdling adventures.

"Of course," I remark, confidingly, "you have been held up by masked highwaymen, have looked down the barrels of loaded shotguns, and killed off at least several desperate criminals in the effort to save a treasure box?"

The blue eyes gaze with Washingtonian simplicity into mine. Their owner cannot lie, even to oblige the ladies. He tells me that he never had an accident and never met a highwayman in his life. My thrill fails to arrive. Thirty years without a gun being pointed at one's head! One might as well have been digging clams for a living.

Presently I learn that this kindly and veracious man is Mr. Keyser, who owns the stage line that is carrying us from Hopland to Highland. He answers my questions with much patience, is good enough to talk to me about some of the passengers he has had charge of in days gone by, and vouches for the truth of the famous Horace Greeley story, for he knew Hank Monk well, they having driven for years over the same road, from Carson City to Lake Tahoe. I learn that Hank ("short" for Henry) was what is called by the fraternity a lucky driver; that although he was continually tipping people out, setting the stage on end, or tumbling it down a bank, and always started out so saturated with whisky that he often had to be helped to his seat, he never killed anybody. Which I think is rather a hard nut for the temperance people to crack.

"He was fond of practical jokes," says my friend of the blue eyes, "and always on the lookout for a victim. And a profaner man would be hard to find. He was short and stout, with a very nasal voice and a 'dry' humor about his manner. Once, in driving an old gentleman and his niece recklessly over a rough road, the stage turned a somersault with the young lady inside. Her escort picked himself up, rather dazed, from a clump of bushes and called out to Hank, who was trying to steady himself on his own pins, 'Where's my niece?' Hank was befuddled and misunderstood him. '—— —— your valise!' he replied; 'you ought to be thankful your neck ain't broke.'

"Another time he entertained a number of lady passengers on the way to Tahoe with sensational accounts of the Mormon successor to Brigham Young. As they approached Tahoe one of them enquired if they would be likely to see the wicked personage in question. 'Why, there he is now!' exclaimed Hank, pointing with his whip toward the hotel, where the elderly proprietor of the house, a Mr. Cobb, was talking with a group of lady guests on the veranda. 'There he is, and his wives with him.' Of course, the passengers were horrified, and met every polite advance of the supposed wives with disdain. It afterward led to an exciting scene on the lake, when the passengers who were fooled by Hank accused the other ladies of belonging to the Mormon leader.

"One of the guests at Tahoe was impatient for the arrival of her trunk, which Hank kept forgetting to bring. Finally she demanded that it be forthcoming on the next trip. 'Madam,' said Hank, gravely, 'I'll bring it, sure—if I have to cut it in two to make room for it.'

"At the hotel Hank's employer, one winter night, put his top boots, thick with mud, outside the door to be cleaned by the boy. Hank got them and sat up pretty near half the night putting a French-mirror polish on one of them. Next morning his employer had to put them on, half-and-half, and go down town that way, not having time to get the mate cleaned. Those boots did look ridiculous.

"He was fond of relating the Greeley incident. When they started, with the great editor the only passenger, on his way to lecture at a distant town, they addressed each other very formally as Mr. Monk and Mr. Greeley. The pull up the grade was a long one, and the lecturer got uneasy at the time consumed, but Hank let the horses crawl all the slower for that. When they reached the summit of the mountain he started the team down the grade at a terrible rate, the stage with its light freight jumping after the horses, its passenger bouncing about like a ball inside. Presently the Greeley head, chin whiskers and all shot up through the roof of the stage and shouted to the driver to slow up. Hank looked back coolly. 'Keep your seat, Horace,' said he—'I'll get you there in time.'

"Hank happened to be sober the night the Grant party was to be driven through Carson. The city was one blaze of fireworks, which made the horses nervous and Hank, too, so he asked me to take charge of the distinguished guests, which I did, transferring the party to my own stage.

SCENE OF A BLACK BART HOLD-UP.

"Yes, I've carried some noted people, among them Governor Alger and family and the Hayes party. Mrs. Hayes wanted to see the timber flumes, one of the sights between Carson and Tahoe, then in operation for their benefit. It was a very warm day, and Mrs. Hayes sat beside me, asking me many questions about the flumes and the country in general. I advised her to go inside; for when the timber came down the river it was apt to throw the water all over her. She laughed and declared she wished it would. And it did, the logs sending the water twenty feet, drenching her to the skin, which she considered great fun."

I am sorry when the ride is over. A truthful stage driver may be a most entertaining one after all, though he has never squinted down shining gun barrels and captured robbers red-handed.

Somebody admonished me not to leave Lake County without meeting Jim Miller. I regret to say that fate kept Jim and myself apart during my holiday. I am told he is "a character"; that he has the most extraordinary watch in California, big as a cabbage, with a chain on it like a section of the Atlantic cable, a present for bravery on the box; that when he gets out of patience with the leaders he just hauls out that watch and chain and whacks them over the ears with the timepiece, after which bit of byplay he winds it up and stows it away in his pocket.

Here in town there are several ex-stage drivers pursuing other breadwinning avocations. One is a barber, which seems a far cry, but why should not a man take congenially to hair-razing when he has been accustomed to hair-raising episodes—curveting around precipices, dodging highwaymen, and the like. One of these former drivers is no less a person than the big, brave, kind-hearted sergeant of police who is stationed at the headquarters on California Street near Kearny, and who is known in the department as James H. Helms. Sergeant Helms, once called Hank by his associates in staging, has as clean and creditable a record in stage-driving as he has upon the force since he first wore a uniform. Both vocations require what he possesses—a cool head and quick perception. For a dozen years, during the booming days of mining in this State, he carried enough treasure to found a national bank, but never lost a dollar of the money entrusted to him. He says that the

prettiest road he ever drove over is the one between Marysville and Grass Valley—forty miles of beautiful country, passing Yuba Dam, Timbuctoo, and other points. It was on the road between Laporte (formerly called Rabbit Creek) and Marysville that Sergeant Helms had a memorable encounter with Black Bart, who perpetrated bold robberies and atrocious "poetry" for a long while, until traced and caught in this city by a laundry mark on a linen cuff.

"It was on a return trip to Marysville in '82. The ride is a long, hard one of sixty-five miles. Suddenly a figure jumped into the road, disguised by a linen duster, slouch hat, and mask made from a starched shirtfront, with holes for the eyes. Seated by me, on the lookout, was George Hackett, now dead, messenger for Wells, Fargo, and one of the bravest fellows that ever lived. Before Bart had a chance to cover us with his gun, Hackett fired, not stopping to take aim. Bart ran in front of the leaders, new horses nervously trying to climb the bank to get away from the strange-looking object, and Hackett fired again, this time giving him a scalp wound. Bart saw it was a losing game, so he leaped into the brush and got away, but in doing so lost his mask and hat. These, bloodstained, with a spyglass and can of corned beef, hidden behind a log, we found, and turned over to the company as evidence. We did not attempt to run him down. I had eighteen thousand dollars in the treasure-box and didn't care to take chances on being relieved of it while Hackett was on Bart's trail.

"We drove on to Woodville where our six horses were changed for four fresh ones. The road there branches off to Oroville and Marysville, and it was on our way to the latter that we encountered another stage robber the same afternoon. I saw a gun leveled at us and the shoulders of a man behind a tree. 'There's another of them,' said I. 'All right,' answered Hackett, 'drive ahead,' and taking aim he fired, tearing the bark from the tree and probably hitting his man, for he made off into the brush.

"When Black Bart was captured I was sent for to identify him. He was the most polite man I ever talked with in his peculiar line of business, and laughingly informed me that after our meeting on the road he had sat next me at one of the city theaters one evening, and was strongly tempted to 'renew' our acquaintance. He also told me that, many months before, he had been a passenger on my stage, and asked if I recalled the fact that a man had requested me to stop at a lunch station long enough for him to have a chicken broiled. 'I was that man,' he said. 'What were you doing up there?' I enquired. He laughed. 'Oh, just seeing how the land lay, and picking out a good place to hold you up later.'

"Two miles from Nevada City, on the Marysville road, the Cummings murder occurred, but mine was not the stage held up. Matt Daley was the driver, his passengers being six men inside and a lady on the box. Among them was a mining man, Cummings by name, who had made eight or ten thousand dollars, which lay in a satchel under the lady's feet. Two masked men appeared, one covering the driver with his gun, the other the passengers, who, excepting the lady, were ordered to line up on the road while the stage was searched. When the robber came to the bag under the lady's feet he paused and said, 'Is this your satchel, madam?' Had she said yes instead of no a terrible tragedy might have been averted, but she was too badly frightened to have presence of mind, and answered no. As the fellow laid hold of the bag, Cummings sprang forward. 'Drop that,' he said, 'it's all the money I've got in the world, and you can't have it.' The robber who had the passengers guarded turned and broke Cummings' neck with a blow from his gun, while the other passengers stood by, too cowardly to interfere. Both men were finally caught. One escaped from State's prison and one was hanged."

Jerry Culverhouse, a Shasta driver, has a record for bravery. Once, in order to save the treasure box, he ran over one robber and was shot by another, losing an eye. The company presented him with a watch. I think Jerry is entitled to all the satisfaction he will ever get from looking at that watch with his other eye.

George Hackett, the messenger, always carried his gun pointing downward, between his knees. While riding with Sergeant Helms one day, it was accidentally discharged, shooting his foot to pieces. A similar accident also mutilated his hand. It was peculiar that throughout his hazardous career the only injuries Hackett received were inflicted by himself.

Johnny Reynolds, route agent for Wells, Fargo in Shasta, has a good record as a driver, and Nevada once had a woman stage driver who masqueraded as a man for years before being discovered.

"THE COVE," HIGHLAND SPRINGS.

SAND GLACIERS.

C. F. HOLDER.

Those who remember San Francisco in 1849, or later, before the city had been built up, will bear in mind the fact that the locality was a vast sand-dune, rising here and there in miniature hills and mountains—a dreary but picturesque feature of the landscape. In all probability, in these early days there were few who gazed at the sand-dunes with any appreciation of their beauty or the real meaning of the phenomena of enormous masses of sand, several miles in length, moving in from beach to bay; but here was a sand glacier, if one can so term it, flowing in from the sea to the bay, as it had been moving for centuries under the tireless action of the wind. The foundation of San Francisco is the bed of a sand river that began ages ago to move from the shore, passing over what is now the Park, scurrying along in little rivulets, creeping up over hills, running down into and filling up little valleys; ever moving on, carving strange shapes, only to change with the next breath of wind. In this way the sand manufactured at the ocean came in and formed a great glacier that filled closely its sinuous length into the undulations of the land and moved on, not bodily like a glacier, but by countless rivulets upon the surface, ever adding to the sand river that long ago crossed the peninsula and entered the bay.

The very apparent desolation of the dunes has a charm, but they are rarely desolate. In the East, especially, where the great sand-dunes of the Atlantic Coast lie blazing in the sun, the booming breakers just beyond, a most interesting congregation of life will be found. There are birds which affect the sand-dunes; and down on the Florida coast, where the beach is low, the pure gray surface is often covered with footprints on the sands—delicate traces of sand pipers; the broad, webbed foot of a gull or tern; the sharp, incisive markings of the crow; while everywhere, crossing and recrossing, are the tracks of countless crabs, which make the dunes their home.

The sand glaciers, as I have called them, of Southern California are very interesting. The Island of San Nicolas has almost succumbed to them, the great rivers reaching up into the canyons, filling them up in a marvelous manner, and covering the rocks with a shroud of sand. On the west coast of San Clemente Island are some of the most interesting sand-dunes in the western country. From our landing, looking south, I saw an undulating dune extending for some miles like the waves of the sea, and cut into little ridges, so that one could lie behind a sand billow and listen to the roar of wind and wave without feeling the former. Three miles down the coast we came to a strange dune, which was separated from the sea by a ridge of rock, showing that the ancient sand beach, which had been the source of supply, had been elevated, putting a stop ages ago to the increase. The surface of the dune was as hard as frozen snow and strewn with countless numbers of empty snail shells, and reaching up from the dune, filling a canyon, was a perfect sand glacier. The canyon had been almost completely filled with sand, and near its entrance was a singular phenomenon—a pit one hundred and fifty feet deep and four hundred feet across, its sides as level and smooth as though they had been carved by hand. The resemblance to a glacier here was perfect, one canyon being filled with the white sand that wound its way upward from the beach, appearing to the casual visitor as though it were glacial ice flowing down. On the west coast of this island the wind is strong and powerful, and the sand, ever shifting and changing, is slowly creeping up over the land.

At the south bank of the St. Johns River I once found a very active dune, on which a little company of pilots had built the semblance of a town. Every morning the sand was swept from the yards; and one mound was pointed out in which was a house that had been completely covered. The owner had been lost at sea, and in less than a year the roaming, shifting sand had swept over his cabin and effaced every evidence of it.

THE NEW SPRING AT HIGHLANDS.

THEO. PELTON.

TO THOSE interested in mineral springs, and particularly those who have been fortunate enough to have relegated themselves for a time to the delightful treat at Highland Springs in Lake County, it will be interesting to learn of the discovery of a new mineral spring, which was located not long since in a little canyon about one and one-quarter miles from the hotel.

No complete analysis has yet been made of this bubbling wonder, but its effects have already been sufficiently tested to prove that it is delightful, efficacious, and mild in its action. It is what might be termed a bi-sulphurate of magnesia, and, while it has the flavor of the ordinary sulphur spring, its constituents are so well blended that it might be said to be the "best quality" of the so-termed sulphur springs.

The taste of the sulphur, while pronounced, is mild and palatable, and, perhaps, the most remarkable quality shown in the water is that it can be taken with impunity in almost illimitable quantities, according to the capacity of the imbiber. It produces a most wonderful tonic effect, principally upon the liver and kidneys, and the results from its use are brought about without discomfort. It is clear, cool, and refreshing, and is destined to be one of the most popular springs among the many now listed at Highlands.

Mr. Craig, the manager, proposes, shortly, to build a trail from the hotel on a direct line with the spring, which will cut off about a half mile from the present route. It will make a beautiful walk when finished, and no doubt will be well trodden.

In this connection it might be well to add that Highlands is still enjoying a brisk prosperity, and even at the present time there are close on to two hundred guests domiciled at this attractive resort.

There is one feature about Highlands which is lacking in many other summer resorts, and that is that the young men are plentiful. It is a source of frequent complaint and regret on the part of the ladies that so few men have been found at the various springs, and this makes the exception at Highlands so striking a feature.

The deer season is well along, and hunting parties for the majestic animal are of almost daily occurrence, to say nothing of the regular sport and fun of coon hunting on moonlight nights.

PARTNERS.

It is interesting to note the associations of a varied character that are formed during a short sojourn at the springs, not the least of which is shown in the accompanying photograph, which will, no doubt, be recognized by those who know him, as the photograph of our Attorney-General Fitzgerald and his protege, Master Carleton Bryan. Their acquaintanceship became so intimate that they mutually agreed to term themselves "partners," although the junior member was unfortunate enough to so far lose his self-control on the departure of the General that he stepped over the bounds of the "silent" tear.

Comparatively few people realize that some of our so-called summer resorts are quite as delightful during the fall and winter months as in June. Particularly is this true of Highland Springs. The climate here is perfection. The temperature is never severe, and the nights are invariably cool. The new hotel at Highlands has sprung into popular favor with a bound, and is assuredly as complete a resort as can be found anywhere.

A CARSON POKER INCIDENT.

SAM DAVIS.

Ever since civilization began to make any progress in Nevada, Carson has been considered the stamping-ground of the poker expert. While the superior dexterity of the Virginia faro-dealer is never questioned, the artistic accomplishments of the Carsonite at a little or big game of draw is often alluded to with pride and delight by residents of that metropolis.

Yet there was an occasion when Virginia City wrested the laurels of victory from Carson in a style worthy of record.

Some of the boys had been down to a picnic, and while there fell into the hands of the poker Philistines. Their absence was not noticed in Virginia City, however, until about eight o'clock in the evening, when Orndorff & Magee, of the Delta, received the following dispatch:

Send down $500 by telegraph.—BILLY.

Then it was known that Billy Robinson and some of the boys were down at Carson, holding the fort for reinforcements. The Delta boys, with characteristic promptness, sent the required sum and waited anxiously for the next hour, when they received the following:

Send $1000 more and Joe Dixon.—BILLY.

Dixon was soon found in his palatial sporting headquarters, next the Washoe Club rooms, going for the exchequer of a number of prominent citizens. The situation was at once explained. Joe rose from his seat, sent up to Mooney's for a team, and took a fat sack of coin from the safe. Jack Magee joined him in a few minutes, and Joe drove across to the Western Union.

"A friend of mine passes Reno on the eastern-bound train. He's a lightning-striker, and if I can stop him with a dispatch the game is ours." Joe spoke with great deliberation, and sent the following:

To Charles Huntley, on board eastern-bound train at Reno—Get off, and come to Carson by rapid conveyance. Meet me at Ormsby House before three o'clock. Business. DIXON.

"He'll be there," said Joe, "if the wires don't go back on us."

In another instant the two men were flying over the Divide, en route for Carson.

It was a little before midnight when the horses, drenched with foam, reached the city. There was no time to lose. At twenty minutes past twelve they found Billy Robinson and his gang in the hands of a crowd whom the newcomers recognized at a glance as the very flower of the pasteboard chivalry of Carson.

Joe is an open-up sort of a man, and walking up to the table remarked: "I s'pose a man with coin can take a hand here?" and he laid down his bag.

Nothing suited the Carson chaps better. Joe and Jack took the places of the Virginia men who had been fighting, Robinson stood back a little from the game, and telegraphed important results.

Meanwhile the Delta Saloon in Virginia City was the scene of an anxious gathering, and the bulletins from the seat of war were posted up. They were as follows:

CARSON, one o'clock. Jack has just taken a pot of $360.—B.

Here all hands imbibed. Presently another came:

1.20—Joe bluffed them out of $700. Set up the wine.—B.

The wine was set up. At two o'clock came the intelligence which dropped like a bombshell into the place:

We've just lost a pot of $1500. Send down more coin.—JOE.

The answer went back at once:

We endorse your paper for $10,000. ORNDORFF & MAGEE.
GRANT ISRIAL,
DICK BROWN.

At a little after three o'clock Huntley stalked in. Joe and he had not met for years, and during the time had known each other only by correspondence; yet there was no gleam of recognition as Huntley slid like a phantom into the game. He showed the requisite amount of coin, and the Carsonites laughed inwardly because they had another victim. He looked like a divinity student. When he dealt, his thin hands played like lightning over the pack; his shuffle was the work of a magician, and the cards seemed alive.

After the deal the bets began to pile up very much as if every man had a big idea of the value of his hand. They went twice around, and everybody stood in with the raise.

A Carson man remarked quietly: "I see it two thousand better."

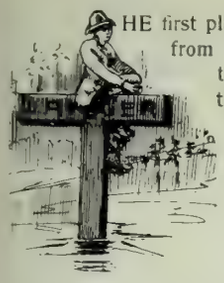
It was a stranger's turn next. He said, "I raise it five thousand," and laid down the checks. Then the Carson men, after a brief consultation, dispersed, leaving the table and looking for the door. Virginia had won.

"What did you have?" asked Joe.

"Don't know," said Mr. Huntley. "To tell you the truth I haven't yet looked at my hand. If a man looks at his hand, sometimes he gets confused and loses his nerve. I believe largely in the straight bluff."

UP THE RIVER YUKON.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE first place at which you will touch, if you proceed directly from San Francisco to Northern Alaska, is Oonalaska, in the Aleutian Islands, about twelve days distant from the Golden Gate. A narrow channel, with green hills on either side, leads into the harbor, where you may sometimes find a good deal of shipping—revenue cutters, whalers, and vessels belonging to the Alaska Commercial Company. Oonalaska is quite a pretty spot; the settlement is built upon a long, narrow peninsula, a creek runs down into the harbor, and the beach is covered with white pebbles. In June and July you may find the weather warm and pleasant; indeed, the thermometer rarely falls to zero, though the summer is backward, owing to the prevalence of foggy and cloudy weather. On the way from Oonalaska to St. Michaels you may, if you are lucky, catch sight of the much-talked-of Pribylof, or Seal, Islands, but the chances are that they will be so thickly enveloped in fog as to be entirely invisible. About four days after leaving Oonalaska you reach St. Michaels, which is not, as is commonly supposed, at the mouth of the River Yukon, but on an island of the same name about seventy miles to the north of it. In the spring and summer there is often a large gathering here of natives, traders, and employees of the Alaska Commercial Company. At St. Michaels passengers and cargo are transshipped from the ocean steamer to a light-draught river boat, in which you steam down the coast to the Kusilvak mouth of the Yukon—a majestic stream, to be compared only to the Mississippi among American rivers. In its lower part it is very wide, but the shores are flat and low, and the country through which it flows is uninteresting; it winds through sloughs and has a very muddy current. After passing the Ikogmut Mission the first place of importance is Anvik, and the next Nulato. Above Nulato the river-banks become higher, and the stream narrower and much more rapid. The higher you ascend the bolder the scenery grows, and you spend your waking hours in watching an ever moving panorama. On the hillsides is grass as high as a man; wild roses, buttercups, and daisies abound; blueberries, raspberries, white and black currants may be gathered in profusion. Yet, despite all this, less than a foot below its surface the ground is frozen solid. Some distance above Nuklukayet you come to the Lower Ramparts, where the stream rushes between high banks with such velocity that the steamer has great difficulty in making headway at all. Up to Nuklukayet the boat may average three miles an hour, but above that point she is likely to go much slower. At Fort Yukon the Porcupine River flows into the Yukon, which turns off in a southeasterly direction. The fort was formerly a trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company, but nothing now remains of it except a few heaps of stones. Both above and below the confluence of the two rivers the Yukon is crowded with islands, being in some places so wide that one bank cannot be seen from the other. Above Fort Yukon, and to the south of it, is Charlie's Village, Charlie being the chief of the Upper Yukon and lord of five hundred miles of river. But, for all that, he is ready to accept the smallest gift, such as a bit of jewelry, a cast-off garment, or a chew of tobacco. At a distance of 260 miles from Fort Yukon we come to Fort Reliance, a trading-post situated just on the International Boundary Line. A little to the east and south of Fort Reliance are Dawson City and a stream bearing the magic name of Klondyke. Above the fort are the Upper Ramparts of the Yukon, where the river rushes between high, frowning, rocky walls with an almost irresistible force. The Upper Ramparts are the most serious danger encountered by those who enter the Klondyke district over the Chilcoot Pass and across the chain of lakes. At the northern end of the Upper Ramparts the Stewart River, and at Fort Selkirk the Pelly River, empty their waters into the Yukon. The total length of the Yukon from the Kusilvak mouth to its source cannot be less than two thousand miles, and is navigable by river steamers for fifteen hundred miles.

AN ALASKAN ICEBERG.

A PICTURESQUE MEXICAN CELEBRATION.

J. M. SCANLAND.

The fifteenth day of September is the Mexican Fourth of July. In the rural districts of California it is celebrated in a more picturesquely Mexican style than in the towns. It was on this day in 1810 that Mexico declared her independence of Spain, and achieved it after fighting eleven years. In the various Mexican settlements of Los Angeles, San Diego, and other coast counties the day is celebrated in primitive style.

The largest ranch house in the settlement is usually selected for the event, because of its convenience, especially for dancing, for most Mexican ranch houses are small adobe huts with little or no accommodations. Word has been sent out weeks ahead that the celebration will take place at the Rancho Flores, or Solari, and everybody comes. On the afternoon before, they begin to arrive from the *mesas*, canyons, and transverse canyons, in old-fashioned caretos, ox-wagons, and on horseback, three or four deep.

By noon next day the neighborhood has arrived—about two hundred, men, women, and children, entire families coming, for it is a general holiday, and the house may as well be closed. The men amuse themselves with horse-racing, an impromptu cock-fight or two, and a quiet game of monte, perhaps. The senoras busy themselves in preparing dinner, which lasts all afternoon, and then there are coffee and cakes to be prepared for the evening. Those of the senoritas who are not listening to the sighs of the young senors are making themselves useful in setting things in readiness for the *fandango*.

Under the direction of the host a tall sapling has been cut down for a flagpole and erected in the yard in front of the house. Then a platform is built for the orator of the day, or rather of the evening; also for the band and a few "distinguished guests." An old rusty cannon, lashed to a log, is brought out for duty. It is of the old-fashioned make, and was about as dangerous to those in the rear as those in front when in use during the frequent revolutions in California. In those days it was the custom of the retreating army to bury their cannon, and a number were also buried when the American army of conquest came. In after years these cannon were resurrected from their graves, and now do duty at various Mexican ranch houses on their day of National Independence.

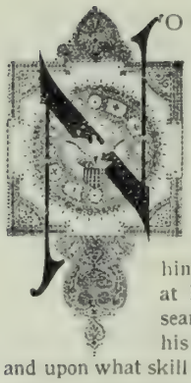
At about dark the American and Mexican flags are run up and the cannon is touched off, every one seeking cover except the gunner, who takes the desperate chances. In a few minutes the string band ascends the platform and plays a Mexican national air.

Everybody justly applauds, and the host, dressed in Mexican costume, welcomes his guests, compliments their patriotism, and thanks them for thus honoring himself—eating him out of house and home. He then introduces the orator of the evening, who is literally covered with red sash and rosettes of various hues. The cannon is again turned loose. The orator reads the Declaration of Independence, a remarkably short document, not occupying twenty minutes in the reading. He reads in a clear, well-modulated voice, with proper emphasis, and then delivers an "oration" of about fifteen minutes' length, giving the reasons for the Declaration and paying a high eulogy to the patriots of the Revolution. Cheering follows, and, if the cannon has not burst, it is again fired. Dancing now begins, and continues until daylight, for there are not enough sleeping accommodations for all. The senoritas are dressed in Mexican costume of the olden style, and display excellent taste in the combination of colors. The dresses are of red, yellow, or orange-colored silk, or white over red, relieved by sashes extending from right shoulder over the bust to left side, where it is "gathered" by ribbons of various colors.

The old custom of breaking *casqueronis* is still observed. The *casqueroni* is an eggshell filled with vari-colored bits of paper and cologne, and when broken over the coal-black hair of a senorita gives a pretty effect. This is considered a compliment, equal to words of admiration, and is quite an assistance to bashful lovers. At a celebration, however, allowance is made, and during the height of the *fandango* the smashing becomes more general; the battle of the *casqueronis* rages all along the line; the black hair of the revellers looks as if powdered and the floor as if it had been the scene of a snowstorm.

FLY-CASTING.

ELAINE HOLLIS.



NO PEOPLE have greater need of out-door exercise than Americans, whose hurried lives retard healthy development of body and mind. A love for angling and pursuit of the pastime renews the energies, bringing both health and happiness to the fly-fisher, who is nothing if not enthusiastic concerning the advantages of the sport which to him is one of singularly pleasurable abandon and charm. Enticing the wary game-fish from their sequestered haunts, he forgets the wear and tear of business life in an occupation which rests him, yet keeps alive his interest and attention. With creel at his side, and bearing the pliant and obedient rod, he searches the banks for a favorable location, depending upon his intuitive knowledge of such places to guide him thence, and upon what skill he may possess in the matter of casting, to fill the empty creel. In spots where overhanging branches nearly sweep the water he must bring all his ingenuity into play, lest he entangle his line and frighten away the larger fish from their shady retreat. So intricate, indeed, are the situations he encounters, that it is not strange the angler should regard ordinary fishing as far removed from fly-fishing as is the painting of landscapes from the house-painter's work.

Drawing out as much length of line as he thinks he can cast, the angler lets it go far out behind him with a backward motion of the rod, and before it settles brings it toward him with a forward movement of the wrist and forearm, casting his flies to the spot aimed for on the water. Upon his individual judgment must he rely in the measuring of distances with the eye, and the amount of strength required to carry the flies to their destination.

To California in general and San Francisco in particular belongs the honor of claiming the world's champion in fly-casting, Walter D. Mansfield, whose splendid record, made a fortnight ago at Garfield Park, Chicago, in the angling tournament for the world's championship, is still the main topic of conversation among anglers the country over. Mr. Mansfield established a new world's record by 9 feet in long-distance fly-casting, winning first prize for 111½ feet, against the world's record of 102½ feet, which had stood for 7 years. It was confidently believed by local anglers that Mr. Mansfield would bring back the championship medal, his cast of 108½ feet having been a local triumph of the present season. At Chicago he also won first prize in dry fly-casting for accuracy and delicacy—86⅛ per cent. His method is best described as a free-arm movement, assisted by a muscular spring of the entire body, which is thrown well back, the arm at an angle of about 40 degrees from the horizontal in the back cast; he then brings the arm and body forward until the arm is almost horizontal, and the upper portion of the body nearly so in his forward cast, the line unfolding until the fly flutters softly to the water. Mr. Mansfield is a gentleman of scholarly acquirements, and a lawyer who has achieved marked success in contests before the bar, where he is content to win cases instead of medals. He is at present assistant attorney of our Board of Trade.

WORLD'S CHAMPION FLY CASTER W. D. MANSFIELD.

The interesting tournament held at the World's Fair, attended by several of our most enthusiastic rod experts, had its aftermath during the Midwinter Fair, when a tournament, attractive for its uniqueness on this Coast, took place May 4, 1894, at Stow Lake in Golden Gate Park, a picturesque expanse of water at the base of Huntington Falls. The lake was then stocked with thousands of rainbow trout, the work of the State Fish Commission, but the speckled prizes whose presence lent realism to the occasion, were entirely safe, one of the rules having provided for the breaking below the barbs of all hooks used. Several hundred spectators were present. Five events, with twenty entries, were witnessed, the first being fly-casting for distance; second, distance and accuracy combined; third, distance, accuracy and delicacy combined; fourth, salmon-casting, double handed; fifth, lure-casting. Five beautiful first-prize gold medals were awarded relatively to R. R. Flint, Henry E. Skinner, A. M. Cumming, J. S. Benn, and A. D. Ayers. Colonel G. C. Edwards scored the best general average in the first four events.

An organized association of anglers being decided upon by devotees of the rod at a meeting held a few days afterward, the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club came into existence with thirty-one names enrolled, and officers as follows: G. C. Edwards, President; E. T. Allen, Vice-President; S. Golcher, Secretary; A. G. Wieland, W. J. Golcher, and John F. Siebe, Executive Committee. For the first two years of its existence the club was not a success, owing to a lack of interest, but at a meeting held in the Olympic Gun Club rooms in March of last year, the organization took a new lease of life, and has since literally "gone on its way rejoicing," with the following officers guiding its destiny: W. D. Mansfield, President; C. G. Young, Vice-President; A. T. Vogelsang, Secretary; W. F. Bogart, Treasurer; G. C. Edwards, M. C. Allen, John Hunt, Achille Roos, and F. H. Reed, Executive Committee. Among the members are notable local representatives of business and professional life. They are:

MR. H. E. SKINNER. FORWARD CAST.

D. W. Alden, Merton C. Allen, E. T. Allen, Stanley T. Allyn, Harry Babcock, John P. Babcock, Willis E. Bacheller, Wakefield Baker, A. C. Bassett, H. Battu, J. S. Benn, W. F. Bogart, W. B. Bradford, John Butler, A. S. Carman, A. L. Coombs, W. A. Cooper, A. Russell Crowell, A. M. Cumming, Captain George Cumming, Fred Dassonville, F. E. Daverkosen, Hon. S. C. Denson, A. A. Dewing, F. P. Deering, John H. Dickinson, J. W. Dorsey, G. C. Edwards, Charles P. Eells, Hon. H. F. Emeric, George W. Emmons, Hon. O. P. Evans, A. B. Finch, H. C. Golcher, W. J. Golcher, F. M. Haight, Alexander Hamilton, J. M. Hanford, Jr., Charles W. Hibbard, Hon. John Hunt, Charles Huyck, R. Isenbruck, Morgan Jellett, G. H. Kellogg, Charles Klein, H. M. Landsberger, R. H. Liddle, A. E. Lovett, Dr. E. N. Lowry, Rev. Robert Mackenzie, J. H. Mangels, Walter D. Mansfield, W. H. Metson, Rev. C. L. Miel, W. A. L. Miller, E. A. Mocker, J. J. Mone, C. F. Montealegre, F. G. Montealegre, Hon. W. C. Murdoch, H. F. Muller, Bartholomew Noyes, C. M. Osborn, Charles Page, F. E. Peterson, Carter P. Pomeroy, George A. Rankin, F. U. Reed, Achille Roos, F. G. Sanborn, E. Saunders, Oscar T. Sewall, John F. Siebe, Henry E. Skinner, Hon. Charles W. Slack, S. E. Slade, H. H. Smith, Horace Smythe, Frank M. Stone, E. R. Swain, F. W. Tallant, A. C. Stubbs, Jas. S. Turner, Alex. T. Vogelsang, George Walker, James Alva Watt, Chas. S. Wheeler, W. F. Whittier, Albert G. Wieland, Hon. A. P. Williams, O. Wiseman, C. G. Young.

The scope of the club is by no means as limited as its rods and lines, or confined merely to amusement. It reaches out to protect the fish in California waters, to assist in enforcing fish laws, to prevent the destruction of fish by the use of giant powder or any other means of emptying fishing waters; and to promote social intercourse among its members. But a few names are now lacking to complete the one hundred which is the membership limit.

The series of contests held annually show continued improvement among the members. Each contest consists of three events: Distance, distance and accuracy, accuracy and delicacy. The strictest of rules govern the club.

In the medal series of 1897 there are 30 contests, 24 of which have taken place, won as follows: Event 1, distance, Mansfield, 12 contests; Lowry, 9; Bacheller, 2; Lovett, 1. Event 2, distance and accuracy, Mansfield, 14 contests; Lovett, 3; Edwards, 1; Skinner, 1; Smyth, 1; Young, 1; Babcock, 1; Muller, 1; Lowry, 1. Event 3, delicacy and accuracy, Bacheller, 7 contests; Lowry, 5; Mansfield, 4; Lovett, 3; Young, 2; Crowell, 1; Smyth, 1; Skinner, 1.

ABOUT THE STAGE.

THE DEVOTEE.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER is unquestionably the sensation of the summer season. Accustomed to disappointment after seeing loudly "boomed" actresses, I determined to expect nothing extraordinary from this lady whose unique stage training has been the theme of so many newspaper paragraphs, and there was, therefore, added to my spontaneous delight in her performance, the pleasurable sensation of having discovered her for myself. In this case I do not grudge for the playwright the precedence accorded the actress. "The Heart of Maryland," with its swinging trapeze climax, might draw the crowd, but it is Mrs. Carter who draws the elect. We have seen no such powerful acting as hers for many a day; she lifts the conventional heroine of a frank and furious melodrama on to the plane of tragedy, humanizing the part far beyond what it warrants. The first two acts afford her her best opportunities, because they are the most rational; her outburst of grief when they tell her of her brother's death is thrilling in its realism, and even through the wild third act, from her sensational entrance to the famous belfry ascent, the intensity of her passion forbids the laughter which the situations naturally excite. The scenic settings and effects are what one might expect from a stage manager's play, and gain their share of applause from that large section of the audience which considers that the drama should minister finally to the ocular and oral senses. I trust that before long we shall have the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Carter in a genuine tragedy part, and then we may finally judge and place her.

After having seen Miss Isabel Irving pass through a long series of misfits it was a pleasure to witness her charming performance of Dorothy in "Rosemary," a part which she is so eminently suited to portray. Many opinions have been expressed concerning Mr. Drew's role of Sir Jasper Thorndyke. For my own part, though I admit the truth and pathos of the contingency, I find that the sight of an elderly man suffering tortures of unsuccessful love for a damsel of childish years is not without its absurdity; the subject is a risky one for sympathetic treatment on the stage.

After "The Heart of Maryland's" four weeks' engagement comes W. H. Crane with his Martha Morton. Three years ago, when I saw him last, he was playing one of Martha Morton's earlier works, and giving her better than she gave him.——

It is satisfactory to know that the Frawleys return for three more weeks after "The Twelve Temptations" vacate the Columbia. They have presented some interesting plays during the month, notably "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Idler." If the public clamors for "The Charity Ball," I suppose it has to have it, but I wish it wouldn't. The performance of "Rebellious Susan" was, with a few exceptions, excellent, but that of "The Idler" was disappointing; there was an all-round want of assurance about it, a want of intensity and grip. I have only the original London production to compare it with, and of course it would be unfair to draw too close comparisons, for I hold that one ought to regulate one's demands in accordance with the prices of admission, and since it cost considerably less to see Mr. Frank Worthing, Mr. Carlyle, and Miss Blanche Bates in the principal parts than it did to see Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Herbert Waring, and Miss Marion Terry, it would be unreasonable to expect the same excellence. Mr. Worthing suffers little in comparison with the best in his own line, and Mark Cross, being decidedly in his line, receives from him a good portrayal, but Mr. Carlyle is altogether too perfunctory. Miss Bates always impresses me as a clever amateur. In her laudable attempt to be always natural and avoid anything like staginess she uses methods which are insufficient to impress her audiences; her emotions do not carry beyond the footlights. It is not that she does too little; economy of gesture is one of the secrets of power. It is that she does not do the telling things. She does not rise to the demands of her more exacting parts, but is invariably that very pleasant person, Miss Blanche Bates. In such parts as she has in "Christopher Jr." or "The Two Escutcheons," we are content to have her so, but when playing Lady Harding or Lady Susan Harabin it is not enough. Her performance of Susan was far more interesting than that which Miss Isabel Irving gave us two years ago, but neither actress seems to have realized what a full, human part this is, and what an excellent acting part as well. I deplore the departure of Miss Eleanor Moretti, though it was inevitable that so accomplished an actress should be needed for more important roles than those for which she was cast before and after the production of "Pudd'nhead Wilson"; roles which she invariably played much better than their authors could reasonably expect any actress would. Miss Moretti has received much commendation for her clothes, but, though I am sensible of the beauty and originality of these, I would rather praise her art. Even her she-devil parts she played with a certain amount of plausibility, though never a human chord was to be wrung from them, and she seized the comic possibilities of Mrs. Glibb with a true hand, but it was as Roxy that she got and used her one chance of distinction.——

ISABEL IRVING.

ELEANOR MORETTI.

The Tivoli is at present giving the best performances for the price that it has ever been my lot to witness, or any one else's, I imagine. In fact, I fail to see how, despite the crowded houses, the management recoups itself for its outlay, unless the advertisements on the curtain bring emolument commensurate with their hideousness, but that is fortunately its own affair, not mine; I would rather enjoy and criticise than con balance sheets. The most important feature of the present grand opera season is the production of the better known Wagner music dramas for the first time on the Tivoli stage. The performance of "Lohengrin" was far more than creditable; under the musical direction of Mr. Hinrichs and the stage direction of Mr. Lask it could not have been improved upon with the resources at command. Tuneful "Il Trovatore" seems thin, indeed, after "Lohengrin"; it is as a purling brook to the great sea, but we would not have it banished on that account; we can still love the brook although we have seen the sea, and just as we do not cease to enjoy Sheridan after having known Ibsen, so we can listen with pleasure to Verdi after having heard Wagner; indeed, one has certain moods not great enough to approach the masters in, which are best satisfied by Sheridan and Verdi. Miss Effie Stewart is a newcomer and a graduate from the Carl Rosa Opera Company, as were Mr. Rhys Thomas, Signor Abramoff, and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan; she possesses a beautiful soprano voice, clear and even; the apology offered for her hoarseness before she appeared as Leonora was not perceptibly necessary, though an apology for her acting would not have been out of place; however, experience has taught us to be lenient toward the acting of opera singers, and on that account we appreciate the more the spirited performances of Mrs. Hinrichs, who gave such a fine rendering of Ortrud.——

At the Alcazar large audiences have been laughing at the farces they love. "The Firstborn" is to return here for two weeks before going East, and is likely to draw as well as before, for the town was not nearly tired of it when it was taken off. Mr. Powers is fortunate to have this chance of reinstating himself in public favor after the "Turk Meets Greek" fiasco. Gillette's successful farce, "Too much Johnson," will be seen this month.

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

A TOURIST.

THE day was bright with California sunshine, and by noon a crowd began to gather, exchanging greetings with those who were about to depart on the Occidental and Oriental Steamship "Coptic," then moored at the wharf awaiting the hour of departure. Wagons heavily laden with baggage, carriages filled with tourists and their friends, the movements of many stevedores transferring numberless packages of personal effects to the clerk in charge, all combined to make a memorable scene of animation on that April day of '97. Soon a large, lumbering wagon, flanked by a second smaller one, halted in front of the gangway with the great United States mails, at the same moment the gong on board pealing forth its warning—"All ashore." The last embrace being given, the last good-by spoken, the stream of humanity filed slowly down the gangplank; the lines were cast off, the big liner began to move astern, the outer end of the wharf was cleared, and soon her bow was pointed down the channel, the engines were throbbing ahead, and the voyage to the far east was begun.

Passing through the shipping we are soon abreast of Alcatraz, steering direct for the Golden Gate. A fresh breeze is blowing, the Presidio, Fort and Lime Points are in turn left behind, and we begin to feel the swell as it rolls in from the ocean. We hug the north shore, and when Point Bonita is abeam our course is changed, bringing the ship into the trough of the sea. The bar is breaking, which compels us to take the north channel, the heavy rolling sending so many passengers below that but few of us are left on deck to watch the curling breakers as their white caps tumble in beautiful and magnificent proportions, sending their spray high into the air with a roar truly expressive of the force and power of the mighty waters. Onward the steamer ploughs her way; at times her lee rail under water, drenching the lower deck, and keeping all on that deck within their respective houses. Another hour and we discharge the pilot, and shape our course for Honolulu. Toward nightfall both wind and sea have moderated, and by noon of next day the ship is comparatively steady, the passengers one by one make their appearance at our well-provided table, and the formality of becoming acquainted begins, facilitated by the readiness of our accommodating captain, assisted by his efficient staff of officers, who provide comforts and amusements for all. The service is excellent, the table could not be surpassed, and with the cheerful, congenial party on board it is not surprising that we predict an exceptionally delightful voyage. There are a bride and groom touring the world, an expectant bride going to meet her *fiance*, a bright and charming lady with a young and lovely companion, a group of lively college graduates, a number of jovial tea merchants, and several ladies and gentlemen of leisure, also a number of Japanese gentlemen, and last, though not least, a party of missionaries, whose kind and courteous manners win the friendship of all. We soon commence to feel at home, and take part in the games and frolics so ingeniously planned, a few of which it will not be amiss to mention here, as it will show how easy it is to brush away the dullness of a sea voyage.

KAMEHAMEHA MUSEUM, HONOLULU.

First, there is the punch bag, always on deck for use by passing voyagers; quoits, cricket, bowling—played with three pins instead of ten—the bag race, the one-legged race, the soda-and-cracker race, the three-rows-of-potatoes race, the obstacle race, tug-of-war, married and single men; for the ladies the thread-and-needle race, the letter-writing twenty-word race, tablespoon-and-egg race—all being indulged in by as happy a party of tourists as ever crossed the Pacific. There is also a commodious swimming tank, complete as could be desired, made by lashing four large spars together, resting them on the top of the deck-houses, then fastening a canvas forming a square tank about ten by twenty feet, into which water from the sea is pumped to a depth of about three and one-half feet, affording fine sea bathing and an invigorating plunge into clear water from ocean depths.

Thus pass the days as our fine, steady, commodious steamer is reeling off nearly fifteen knots each hour of the twenty-four. Early in the morning of the sixth day the Island of Molokai is in sight, and at eleven o'clock we are off the Port of Honolulu, receive the pilot, proceed at once into the harbor, and make fast alongside the wharf. Immediately taking a carriage we are whirled through the streets of this lovely, tropical city and to the various points of interest; first, to the Pali, an historical spot made famous by the defeat of the native chiefs by King Kamehameha I., when he conquered the island. The Pali is a precipitous cliff, some four hundred feet high, overlooking a beautiful panorama of green vegetation, rugged rocks, and the ceaselessly rolling surf. It is said that the great King drove the native warriors before him until they reached this cliff, where they were compelled to leap over the precipice or were massacred. Along the line of the road leaving the city we see many beautiful homes in spacious grounds covered with tropical foliage artistically arranged, and, dotting the roadside, the home of the native—a little cottage and a small patch of land cultivated with rice, bananas, poi, or other products. Men and women astride on horseback are going to town, children with books are coming from school, bright, happy, the picture of health, full of life and frolic. Many of them might be called handsome, and all are of intelligent appearance.

Returning, we drive to the Punchbowl, a prominent hill overlooking the city, from which we have a fine view of the harbor, ocean, Honolulu, and surroundings. Then to the palace, now the government house, also to Waikiki, the road to which passes through a delightfully pleasant part of the city. On both sides are cozy, comfortable homes with attractive grounds, and cocoanut, banana, and palm trees in profusion. We drive to the beautiful grounds on which are situated the buildings for preparatory schools for native children and the fine Kamehameha Museum. This building is a handsome stone structure, and contains within its walls much that is very interesting to the visitor. There are utensils for eating and for war, such as bowls, spears, and clubs made from the hardest wood, fashioned in appropriate shapes. The bowls are particularly noticeable because of their exact circular form, as true as if turned in a lathe, and yet the crudest tools were used by these ingenious natives, they being nothing more than sharpened stones. There are also many cloths, gown materials, and other articles of fine texture woven from the bark of trees, but the most wonderful of all the articles in this museum is the coronation robe of King Kamehameha I. This robe is made of yellow feathers taken from a bird now extinct, each bird furnishing only four feathers, two on each wing. It required one hundred years to complete it, and it was originally worn at the coronation of Kamehameha I.; since then by all his successors when ascending the throne. Many articles illustrating the lives of cannibals of the South Seas are here preserved. There are girdles of human teeth, which were taken from the mouths of the victims. One string of one hundred and forty teeth is pointed out as having been taken from white men whose bodies had been eaten by these savages. The identity of the men was determined by the cavities and filling in the teeth. From this instructive place we are driven to our steamer, and, swinging away from the wharf as the Hawaiian band is pouring forth sweet music, we steam out of the harbor and shape our course for Yokohama.

Before our departure we have added several more to our pleasant company, also receiving on board two hundred Japanese emigrants, returned home by the government of Hawaii.

The weather continues pleasant, and all are participating more or less in the various games, swimming, reading, or writing, and considerable interest is taken in the wrestling matches of the Japanese. From among

the steerage passengers fifteen Japanese are chosen on each side. Strong, muscular, well-built fellows enter the ring, two at a time, displaying wonderful skill and staying qualities. On Sunday divine service is held, and the remainder of the day passed in reading, writing, chatting, and walking. At night all hands retire early, and the following morning, when summoned by the gong to arise, coming on deck we are told that the day is Tuesday, April 13th, and in some way Monday has dropped out of our reckoning. In our sleep we have jumped over a full day, leaving Monday on the other side of the 180 degrees of longitude, which we crossed during the night, and which we expect will be returned to us when, later on, we retrace our course homeward. In the evening we have a concert of vocal and instrumental music and a few comic declamations, and the following evening an exhibition of stereopticon views of Japanese scenery, accompanied by an interesting lecture. Early in the morning of the 19th every one is on deck to catch the first glimpse of the Land of the Rising Sun, and at eight A. M. we enter the beautiful Bay of Yeddo, passing on the way a multitude of junks steering in every direction. At 11:30 we enter the harbor of Yokohama, and are moored to the buoy, having covered a distance of 5496 miles. We board the steam launch for the shore, and are soon landed on what is here called the hatoba (wharf), for the first time enter the convenient little jinrikisha and speed along the Bund to the Grand Hotel, where we register, after which our little yellow man is again called, and we start for a ride to Mississippi Bay, passing on the way the race track and other beautiful and interesting points along the beach, with hosts of fishermen and women mending their nets and junks. Returning to the hotel late in the afternoon for dinner, the next morning we are again on the move behind our ricksha man, whirling through the streets to the public garden with its profusion of lovely cherry blossoms, through the native quarters, crossing and recrossing the bridges spanning the canal, up the Bluff and through the winding roadways, and obtaining from the top of the celebrated one hundred steps a fine view of city and harbor; then to the many silk and curio stores, taking in all the sights possible within the time allotted. We have been constantly on the move, and when the hour of ten in the evening has arrived we are again on board our steamer, reluctantly going below to get a much-needed rest.

(To be continued.)

A SAN FRANCISCO TYPE OF SPANISH BEAUTY.

THE LITERARY OVERFLOW.

DOROTHY QUILL.

Midsummer magazines, heavily padded as to advertising matter, with material of more or less interest and readableness sandwiched therein, have made their annual appearance, beguiling the purchaser who is always sniffing about the book stalls for bargains, into parting with his coin. They are fat and deceptive, these "special" editions, and as disappointing in their way as the "annual bargain clearance sale" is to the average shopper. The sale consists largely of the mammoth-lettered signs that announce it. The midsummer number is principally "ads," with the usual amount of literature thrown in. Wherefore a midsummer number, anyway? Is it become a tradition that the subscriber insists shall be kept alive for his mental gratification? Is the subscriber so fearful of not getting the worth of his money that he must needs be pacified by a few dozen pages extra of magazine when the year is six months old?

Apropos of magazines, it would be well if the makers of them ceased sending out uncut leaves for us to mutilate in our haste while reviewing, and swear over or scold about, according to sex, when hacking at the folded pages. Life is too short for this sort of surgery. The reviewer of to-day is a busy person to whom time is a commodity of much importance, and who has none of it to waste in slashing paper right and left, or in endeavoring to get at an article bias-eyed when that article is presented on the magazine half-shell. Nothing should be done by hand in this progressive age which can be equally well done by machinery, thus giving us that much extra opportunity to employ advantageously. Exercise that benefits neither body nor brain is energy wasted. The uncut-leaved magazine should reform without delay.

"Of making many books there is no end;"
So sang a poet once upon a time;
More truth than poetry there is, my friend,
Within that simple rhyme.
But this one point by it at least is made—
It stimulates the ink and paper trade.

Nowadays a writer does not gain fame—he attains a vogue. This mysterious state of things once acquired—mysterious because no one knows why or how it comes to pass—his "success" is no longer a matter of concern to himself, though it is usually an affair of considerable puzzlement to the thinking world. To attain a vogue is to reap pecuniary reward for stuff of mediocre worth, the author of which may be, and most likely is, a literary freak. Once the vogue standard is reached, however, any old thing that he turns out of his inkwell "goes" with a mad rush. Is it a novel? Then straightway it falls from one edition into another. Is it a new book of verse? It sells hotly while the volumes put forth by our genuine poets gather dust on the market's shelves. An instance in point is Stephen Crane, to-day one of the most egregiously over-rated litterateurs in the American workshop. "The Third Violet" is the latest story plucked from his mental garden, and it is just about as typical of the real fragrance of American literature as are the gaudy imitation bunches of the exquisite violet exhibited in a milliner's window.

But then, he has a vogue, this
Stephen Crane;
Which means he's not encumbered
with much brain.

DID SHAKESPEARE GOLF?

Following the fact that new golf links have been opened at Stratford-on-Avon, the burning question arises: Had the great bard thereof any knowledge of the game? The *Home Journal* of New York enumerates these weighty reasons in favor of the theory that he had:

"We find in 'Much Ado About Nothing' an unmistakable allusion to a characteristic Saint Andrews' gesture in the words, 'I know you by the wagging of your head.' While in 'Titus Andronicus' we encounter the pertinent query, 'What subtle hole is this?' In 'Richard III' again we meet the line, 'Put in their hands the bruising irons of wrath,' and in 'Henry VI' (Part I) the statement, 'I'll call for clubs.' Falstaff's ruling passion was evidently golf, for we know that on his deathbed he 'babbled of green fields.' There was certainly a course on Prospero's island, else why the question, 'Why hath thy queen summoned me hither to this shortguess'd green?' There are, we believe, some commentators who prefer the reading, 'To tee or not to tee, that is the question.' But, apart from this disputed passage, we find in 'Hamlet' a reference to the fault of 'striking too short.' This ingenious compilation of quotations from the 'myriad-minded' man ought surely to settle the controversy."

A gentleman was being driven home after a dinner, when his carriage was smashed up in a collision. The coachman turned out to be tipsy, and was dismissed. He begged hard to be forgiven. "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he, "but I was not very drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk." "Well," replied his master, "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman, but you were d——d drunk for a coachman. So git."

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

An affecting little poem has just appeared in a New York weekly, entitled "When Dad Has Worn His Trousers Out." It is gratifying to note that Gotham still insists upon keeping up to a high poetical standard which the wild and sheepskin West may gradually work up to if it has time enough allotted to it, and the enthusiasm of its versifying litterateurs does not give out. I myself was tempted to essay a fitting companion piece to the interesting domestic vision conjured up by the New York whittler of metre at the poetical woodpile, but my first attempt not only looked but sounded as though it had been carved out with a buzz saw, and I abandoned the job in tearful discouragement. I still have the first couplet, upon completion of which the inspiration left me. I submit it herewith for some one more gifted than I to finish:

I would I could forget the day
When mommer's bloomers swift gave way——

Her face is wistful in its look. I know
That something in her life the girl has missed.
Perhaps (I more than half suspect 'tis so)
She never has been kissed.

Another blow for the bloomer. A girl fell into a well recently, and in her dizzy descent her skirts, acting in the useful capacity of parachutes, expanded picturesquely and wafted her with feather-like grace into the depths of the earth, landing her badly scared but in bodily safety. This is in itself a sermon, and a most eloquent one, against bloomers. While it is true that persons of sex feminine do not, as a rule, while passing through this mundane existence, topple over into old wells more than forty or fifty times at the utmost, still it is advisable to go prepared for easy transportation while doing the well-diving act, taking a header down a precipice, or any old thing in that line which is accomplished by means of the eternal law of gravitation. Hang up your bloomers in the hall-closet, girls. Skirts are less comfortable to carry, I admit, but they make lovely parachutes when put to the life-saving test.

An exchange naively asks: "Is there any sweeter sight than an infant waking from sleep?" That depends. Personally I think that a baby is the dearest thing on earth, but there are moments when it is easy to believe that there may be sights sweeter than the awakening referred to by the enthusiastic exchange. When under the distressing influence of colic a baby does not appear to the most desirable advantage, and if the waking process be induced by uneasiness in its tiny diaphragm at dead of night, sound as well as sight might be sweeter. That is why I say it all depends. For whether a baby be wailing merely to obtain lung exercise, whether it be crying for the Castoria which is Pitcher's, whether it be lamenting from genuine physical anguish or infantile perversity, one longs for the squall to blow over, and prays that peace may enter in as a dove upon the nocturnal scene. Yes, it all depends.

POSTMORTEM PLEASANTRIES.

The people who fain would be shrouded in state
Within a magnificent tomb,
Must really have money enough to cremate,
To purchase luxurious gloom.
But those who prefer to inhabit an urn,
And who shrink from financial display,
Require, not money, but bodies to burn
In a quiet and posthumous way.

From Naples comes a most astonishing story concerning one Mrs. Maddelina Granatta, a lady of fifty-seven years, who lives, so runneth the fable, a dozen miles from that city, and who is the mother of sixty-two children, all but three being boys. She is now a widow. This startling number of progeny includes eleven sets of triplets and of twins galore. Her astounding maternal record, it is stated, has aroused among her countrymen the question of a pension. I protest that a heavy fine should have been imposed upon the Granattas for threatening Italy with over-population. The good lady most certainly should not be pensioned.

"What was your special crime up there?"
Was questioned of the millionaire
When he had landed, a new-comer,
Within the realm of torrid summer
Where through eternity each soul
Must pay its board by heaving coal.
"Did you neglect, in gaining pelf,
To love your neighbor as yourself?
And how do you suppose you'll stand
The weather in this red-hot land?"

The rich man sadly shook his head:
"Friend Satan, guess again," he said;
"I loved them all too well, I fear,
In point of fact, that's why I'm here.
I led so many double lives,
Acquired so many contract wives,
And was so roasted by the press,
I died to end my sore distress.
Your climate suits me very well:
To me 'tis but a milder hell."

An Eastern newspaper is authority for the statement that Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, possesses one of the rarest collections of jewels extant, and that he owns the most valuable parasol in the world, the shade being wrought with precious stones upon the silk, the staff a magnificent length of coral. And he won't let one of his wives use it, which is very tyrannical and horrid of him.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Never was there a summer season so happily devoid of ornate millinery as the one just passing. Emancipated from the tyranny of flowers, ribbons, and feathers atop of her brain, woman has shared with man the comforting delight of straw unadorned. A blessing undisguised has been the sailor hat of '97. True, it has covered all sorts, sizes, and colors of faces, irrespective of age or feature; but what of that? Is not physical comfort the main thing, after all, and does it not bring in its wake rejuvenated feelings, improved tempers, and other beneficial results? Therefore may the ubiquitous and convenient sailor be revived next year, even though the milliners make an organized fight against its tremendous popularity. There is a very great deal to be said in favor of this simple form of headgear. It is inexpensive, costing but a fraction of what one has to spend on the ordinary up-to-date chapeau. It is useful, for even though a sportive breeze wrest it from hat-pin confinement and send it rolling like a runaway wheel down the mountain side, it will be found a few miles, more or less, hence, none the worse for its wild spin. It is profitable, for it may do duty as a fan the summer long, and when no more of value as part of one's wardrobe, may be utilized as a waste-basket, if one favors such painful economy, or can be donated to the nearest orphan asylum. There is a tougher degree of endurance in a "four-bit" sailor than in anything else one can go a-shopping for. Should you drop it into the lake, all you have to do is to fish it forth again and dry it on the nearest tree. No insult offered to a sailor hat seems worth its resentment. 'Tis a thing of utility and a joy forever. Adieu dear circle of straw. Unwillingly do I lay thee on the shelf. May we be reunited next year!

She tarried in our midst for weeks
With her accustomed whirl;
The papers all have teemed with her—
The giddy "summer girl."
But though she's frivolous and vain,
I don't see how she can
Be any more devoid of brain
Than is the summer man.

I protest against the name of Hungry Hollow as a cognomen for a California town, and more particularly does it jar upon one's sensibilities now that the advance wave of prosperity that we've heard so much about is said to have arrived. Pray get yourself baptized over again, H. Hollow. You worry me. I shall sleep better o' nights when you're erased from the map of this golden and glorious State.

Wails a despondent poetess by the name of May Smith:

"The bright weeks wear away. I do not mean
To pass them listlessly, nor do I know
How the slow days glide by. They come and go
And bring to me small change."

I have noticed the very same characteristics about those weeks, my dear May—they seem to have such a habit of coming and going. Doubtless they contracted the peculiarity long before you or I or any rhymester were ever thought of, and will keep on transacting business at the same old stand when both of us are seeking our reward in heaven. It's no use trying to reform the weeks and days, dear girl. They will give us the overlook for our pains, sure as fate. But you ought not to complain, it seems to me, for you admit that they bring to you small change. Lucky May! Any poetess ought to be perfectly happy under such prosperous circumstances. It is in a mad endeavor to persuade the days to bring a satisfactory amount of small change my way that I wear out so many pens and sacrifice so much of Carter's Koal Black. It's small change that we're all after, May; no matter how small, we love its infinitesimal, infrequent appearance just the same. Cheer up, friend, you're better off than you think you are. And may the days—365 of 'em yearly, not counting leap year—continue to treat you with the favoritism the rest of us most always fail to woo through the uncertain ink-bottle medium.

I wish that the furriers of this luxury-loving city would cease sending me circulars that exploit the beauty, length, breadth, thickness, and other attractions of their furry wares. Hope long since died within my breast as to the possession of a garment that once, in its original state of usefulness, playfully disported itself in Arctic waters and counted itself safe because a great and learned man down at Palo Alto was its friend. I expect to go to my future home without having experienced the delight of hanging a sealskin up which should be the envy of every other woman in the room when I displayed its silken lining. And in that future home shall I still go unsealskinned; for if it be above, it would not look well with diaphanous drapery; and if below, it would be altogether too warm for comfort. No, I shall never own the rapturously sweet thing, because I cannot reconcile the wearing of so costly a garment with the occupation of pen scratching. When one thinks of the number of words one would have to write for even a sleeve of the garment, one is discouraged. Hard work and high-priced goods are not congenial companions.

NEW GOLD.

AFTER THE STORM.

[*Written for The Traveler by Hester A. Benedict.*]

Sing, bird, though the bough is bare;
  Sing, though thy breast is bleeding;
Swing and sing, for thy song is prayer,
  And the Giver of all is heeding.
High and low, high and low,
Swing and sing where the sea winds blow,
  Till I, akin to thee, shall gain
  A glimpse of the purpose that hides in pain.

Sing, bird, though thy nest is gone;
  Sing, though thy heart is breaking;
Swing and sing till the rosy dawn
  That heralds a soul's awaking.
Thou and I, thou and I,
Passing out as the night goes by;
  With wounds forgotten and heights to gain,
  We learn the purpose that hides in pain.

A CITY OUTLOOK.

[*Written for The Traveler by Ella M. Sexton.*]

From eyrie lifted high o'er clamorous ways—
  And so remote the hurrying throng below,
  Mere puppets in some strange, fantastic show,
Play on their silent parts—the far, clear gaze
Caught here by spires that pierce a crowded maze
  Of roofs and lofty towers, seeks there the glow
  Of gilded domes through veiling vapors low.
Flung on the west winds, stream along the haze
  Long wavering plumes, snow-white, or dusky gray,
Or dark as night; each smoky pennant flies
And marks where, close imprisoned, breathes and sighs
  The giant Toil, still urging day by day
Unwilling slaves. . . . Beyond, brown hills arise
To meet the bending arch of deep blue skies.

TO A BANK-NOTE.

The Fates decree that I must say farewell
To thee, my cherished one, whom I would fain
Within the precincts of my purse retain
A little longer. Fancy dare not dwell
Upon the blank which thy departure makes
In my poor pocket, which, when thou hast left,
Of money will be utterly bereft.
Ah! even Hope my fainting heart forsakes,
And vanishes with thee, for where to turn
To find another such I've yet to learn.
Yet, after all, it really is a wonder
That thou hast been so long my constant mate
When all thy friends have fled. Oh, cruel fate,
That drives us two so very far asunder!

—*Herbert Ditchett in the Edinburgh Student.*

THAT'S WHO!

Who hypnotized me with her ways
Until my heart was all ablaze
With love, and every nerve appeared
To be, like lightning, double geared?
  Lucinda.

Who listened to my earnest pleas,
And warmed toward me by degrees
Until she called me Sam, and said
I'd sort o' turned her little head?
  My sweetheart.

Who let me kiss her one sweet night
Beneath the moon's white metal light,
And said she'd ever cling to me,
As clings the bark unto the tree?
  My betrothed.

Who left the altar at my side,
Dressed in the trappings of a bride,
And said again and yet again
I was the king of all the men?
  My wife.

And now who often calls me down,
Upon her face a vicious frown,
And if to answer her I dare
Entwines her fingers in my hair?
  Same girl. —*Denver Post.*

THAT REMINDS ME.

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Alpine Guide—And now, gentlemen, as soon as the ladies leave off talking you will hear the roar of the waterfall.

A certain minister while preaching said that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by mowing his lawn when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor; cut your sermons short."

The Poet (reproachfully)—So you didn't take the trouble to read my poem? What a poor opinion you must have of me.

The Girl—Think what an opinion I might have had of you if I had read it.

"How was this vase smashed, Mary?"

"If you please, sir, it tumbled down and broke itself."

"Humph! The automatic brake again!"

"I'm afraid that fellow will go blind. He's so dreadfully egotistical."

"Why should that affect his sight?"

"He overworks his I's."

Agent—Sir, do you need any typewriter supplies?

Merchant—Yes; send me about four pounds of chocolate creams.

Hunker—Staggers has a pretty easy time of it.

Spatts—In what way?

Hunker—His wife drives him to drink and a cabman drives him home.

"Would you oblige," said the reporter who gets novel interviews, "by telling me what book has helped you most in life?" And, after a thoughtful pause, the great man answered, "My bank-book."

A Friend—If you love her, old fellow, why don't you marry her?

Bachelor Doctor—Marry her? Why, she's one of my best patients!

She—It is true that Miss Richleigh has money, but she is also very exacting. If you marry her you will have to give up smoking and drinking.

He—If I don't marry her I shall have to give up eating also.

"I am very sorry, Charles, you don't admire my new frock. Everybody says it's charming," said a young wife.

"Your friends, my dear, pay you compliments; I pay your bills," replied her husband.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Returning now from summer resorts and coming from the hot interior districts, people find the cool atmosphere of San Francisco a pleasant change. But 'tis not so easy as might be imagined to find a rooming-house without some objectionable feature. No one, either lady or gentleman, need hesitate for a moment; however, about locating at "Hotel Ramona," 130 Ellis Street, of which Mrs. Kate S. Hart is manager. The management giving instant assurance of the high character of the house.

Besides which it is most centrally and conveniently located, right on the edge of the business section and within a short walk of all places of amusement, yet sufficiently removed from the hubbub to be free from street noises. There are one hundred and fifty fine rooms, including some beautiful suites, and the rates are very reasonable. Try "The Ramona."

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequalled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

Klamath is celebrated also for its hot steam, sulphur, and mud baths, which are noted for their cure of neuralgia and rheumatic complaints. The climate is perfect, and, most important of all, the rates are reasonable.

Did it ever occur to you that there were a large number of inferior makes of cider in the market? Many people like good cider but they don't know where to get it. We don't hesitate to tell you that the best on the market that we know of is Munroe's. It is made in the Eel River Valley, the greatest apple producing district in California. It retains the real flavor of the fruit, and is a most palatable beverage. Those who are unacquainted with it should call upon Russ, Early & Harville, agents, at 121 Davis Street, or address Mr. J. W. Munroe at Fortuna, Cal.

When You're Hungry

there's nothing so satisfying as a good meal, well and palatably served. It's half the dinner. Quality first, service second—both are what we strive for and attain. Try us and be convinced.

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G. H. WATERMAN, MANAGER.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

A report from Glen Alpine Springs of the Tahoe region contains the interesting announcement that for a period of ten days the trout catch averaged twenty-seven per day, or two hundred and seventy in all. The trout are also larger and intensely gamy, making the sport unusually interesting for the enthusiast. Fish are biting much better in the Upper Lakes than usual. Those who are fond of piscatorial diversions will do well to bear this fact in mind.

Campbell Hot Springs in Sierra County is filled with a very jolly crowd. Among the amusements, the hunting of the sage-hen and deer, to say nothing of the fishing, is very largely indulged in. Picnic parties are of almost daily occurrence, and the splendid baths at this resort are well patronized, especially the swimming tank, into which pours a hot spring at the rate of one thousand gallons per hour. Many of the visitors at Campbell Hot Springs make the trip around the valley, some of them to Independence Lake and others to the snipe grounds, where the best English snipe in the State can be found. Mountain quail are also unusually plentiful, and the tules are full of ducks. Musicales are the order of the evening.

A correspondent at Tuscan Springs in Tehama County writes us an interesting little note as follows: "Here I am at Tuscan Springs. You may not find it on the map, yet it is the Angel of Bethesda to every sufferer who drinks and bathes in these exceptional medicated waters, and since my arrival I have seen the sick and emaciated regain their old time strength. Rheumatics discard their crutches and canes, and royalty once more dominates the man while mental peevishness and gloom vanish among the ghosts of things forgotten, and they join with us in our social dances, croquet, billiards, and pool, or don a bathing suit and take a plunge in a swimming pool of mineral water that you cannot sink in. There are a great many people here from all parts of the Coast, and Tuscan Springs is destined to be the Mecca for all. Rest assured I will not return until my vacation is up and duty calls me back again."

We learn from a correspondent at Klamath Hot Springs that J. L. Hitchcock and E. C. Sachs of San Francisco succeeded in killing a splendid specimen of a black bear on August 11th, weighing over five hundred pounds. They had started on a little tramp for deer and unexpectedly located bruin a few miles up the bluff in front of the hotel. They started early in the morning and about three in the afternoon returned with the news that they had captured their prize and required assistance to bring him in. When measured he covered seven feet and two inches from tip to tip. This is simply an evidence that Siskiyou County is still prolific in the bear line.

Samuel Soda Springs in Napa County is accommodating at present about two hundred people. It has had a remarkable run for a comparatively new resort. There is always a reason for a success of this kind, however, and in this instance it lies in the fact that the weather is incomparable, and free from fogs, to say nothing of the mineral waters, which are increasing in favor with all who partake thereof. In the way of amusements there is dancing every evening to the tune of excellent music, the hunting and fishing are all that could be desired, and the captured deer is not an infrequent sight. There is likewise fine dove-shooting, and the amusing sport of coon-hunting at night. Taking it all in all Samuel Soda Springs has proven itself to be a most popular resort, and no doubt the accommodations and attractions will be further increased next season.

Few people realize that it is not necessary to go one two, or three hundred miles from San Francisco in order to see the splendid specimens of the *sequoia gigantea* (big trees), and that some of the most striking examples may be observed near Mill Valley, only forty-five minutes' ride from the city. Just four miles from Mill Valley, over a delightfully picturesque road, is a group of redwoods well worth the trip, and for picnic grounds they cannot be surpassed. When you are over in that direction some time, don't fail to go there. You will never regret it. Eighteen miles from Mill Valley is Willow Camp, another attractive spot, and of which the residents of Mill Valley justly boast.

The hunting season at Sanhedrin Heights in Lake County is now in full blast, and sportsmen are scouring the mountains for the fleet-footed deer and mountain lions. Bears have also been sighted near the hotel. The balmy Indian summer season has arrived, and Sanhedrin with its splendid elevation of over four thousand feet above sea level is proof from the smoke, fogs, and dust of the lower levels. Here the tourist can revel in pure air, bright sunshine, and hold communion with the murmuring brooks and whispering pines. The business at Sanhedrin thus far this season has been exceptionally good, and all its guests will prove a walking advertisement for the coming year.

Notwithstanding the several hotels that grace the Mormon stronghold at Salt Lake City, the Knutsford seems to maintain its position as unquestionably the only strictly first-class hotel in the city. The pleasing arrangements of the interior are a delight forever to passing tourists, and no one who has been there can say one word against the service or the incomparable table.

Lakeport, the county seat of Lake County, has had a valuable addition in the hotel line in the shape of the Hotel Giselman, under the proprietorship of Mr. A. H. Spurr. This hotel was formerly known as the Grand, but was reopened July 1st by Mr. Spurr, remodeled, enlarged, and refurnished throughout. It is now fitted with every modern convenience, including direct telephone connections, and special inducements are offered to the commercial trade. If you go to Lakeport be sure to stop at the Hotel Giselman.

The somewhat curious feature of a mud bath, *without mud*, so to speak, may be observed at the Mill Valley Sanitarium, where not long since a splendid building was erected for convalescents. The advantage of it is that medicated mud bricks are made, and are dissolved in a tub of water before using, thereby avoiding the necessity of more than one person using the same mud. From all accounts these baths have already produced wonderful results, and when they are thoroughly well known will no doubt receive the large patronage that they deserve.

An agreeable surprise has been given the traveling public in the announcement of the association of Mr. George H. Arnold with the new Hotel St. George at Santa Cruz. The firm, which formerly consisted of Messrs. Farrell & Ely, will hereafter be called Farrell & Arnold, and the latter will give his personal and active attention to the promotion of its interests. Mr. Arnold is well known throughout the Coast, especially through his latter connection with the famous Hotel Del Monte, so that we may expect to see the Hotel St. George come rapidly to the front in popular favor.

The Golden Eagle Hotel at Sacramento still retains its reputation as the only first-class hotel in the Capital City. Messrs. Gray & Titus are progressive in their ideas, and have made a splendid success of this hostelry.

The table d'hote at the well-known Swain Bros., 213 Sutter Street, has met with great success. Swain's has long been recognized as the model of first-class catering, and it is only within the past few months that table d'hote dinners have been introduced between five and eight o'clock. Patrons can also have their dinners *a la carte* if desired, which system is used entirely for breakfast and luncheon. Travelers and tourists will find Swain's especially desirable and first-class in every sense of the word.

Now is the time to be thinking about fall hats. When you do remember that Herrmann & Co., 328 Kearny Street, carry one of the largest assortments on the Coast, and they can suit the most fastidious tastes.

About this time many people are figuring on the interesting journey to Mount Hamilton, twenty-seven miles from San Jose. If you contemplate such a trip, let us tell you two things: one is that the Hotel Vendome is the only place to stop at, and the other that the Mount Hamilton Stage Company is the only first-class line running stages between those points. The rates are reasonable and the equipment is undoubtedly among the first in the State of California.

The Santa Fe offices in this City and Oakland enjoyed a phenomenal business during the prevalence of low rates east bound, on account of the Christian Endeavors. Hundreds of persons availed themselves of the many attractions offered by this route. The only desert on this line is between Barstow and The Needles, and is crossed at night, and the second morning out from San Francisco brings the traveler to the higher altitudes of Arizona and New Mexico, where it is comfortable all the year round. The fast time made by the Santa Fe route has likewise been a great inducement to travelers en route to the East. The Passenger Department on that line is being energetically looked after under the efficient supervision of John L. Truslow, General Agent of the Passenger Department, and S. H. Perkins, City Ticket Agent.

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to the **"STERLING"** is the wheel which copies the improvements of the STERLING most closely, for all try to. The 1897 STERLING is unapproached in strength, in beauty, in durability, in rigidity, in modernness, in every detail. The 1897 lady STERLING is the perfection of grace.

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HOTELS AND RESORTS.

Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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Is seven miles from Tallac House, Lake Tahoe. Beautiful scenery; fine trout fishing in the numerous lakes nearby. Daily stage connects with boat at Tallac and Cascade House. Saddle horses and guides at Springs.

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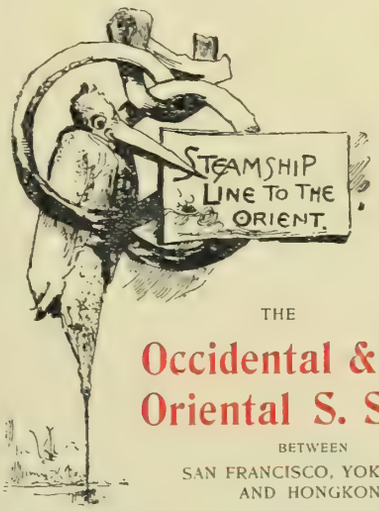
J. R. MORRIS, Prop., Napa Co., Cal.



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Hotel Del Monte

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, etc., there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. It is little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

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New Hotel. Thoroughly Fire Protected. Established 1858.

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Take the 7:30 o'clock boat at Oakland ferry from San Francisco. On reaching Vallejo Junction, change for Napa Valley branch. At Calistoga, stage awaits the morning train from San Francisco and Sacramento daily, except Sunday.

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This delightful watering place is located in the mountains, 2400 feet above sea level. No fogs; air dry and bracing. The coolest dining-room in the State. Electric lights. The Springs are celebrated for their curative properties. Hot and tepid mineral baths provided by Nature, beneficial in all Rheumatic, Skin and Nervous Affections.

SWIMMING POND, Fishing, Hunting, Etc.

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The best resort for health and pleasure.
The only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County.
Only way to drive the Grippe Poison from the system and cure permanently.

Natural Hot Sulphur and Iron Baths for the cure of Rheumatism, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids.

Board: $8.00 to $14.00 per week. No extra charge for baths. Telephone connections. How to reach the Springs: Take Oakland ferry at 7:30 A. M. for Calistoga, distance 73 miles. Arrive at 10:55 for lunch. Take stage and arrive at Anderson Springs at 4:00 P. M., distance 21 miles. Fare: $8.00 round trip from San Francisco; $4.50 one way. Livery Stables at Springs.

Tickets can be bought at 613 MARKET ST., S. F. Address all communications to J. ANDERSON, Proprietor Anderson Springs, MIDDLETOWN, LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

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Remember ——
If you want to hunt
If you want to fish
If you want to recuperate
If you want the best of recreation
If you want pure air and sunshine
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The business for July and August at Catalina Island has exceeded by many hundreds that enjoyed during the corresponding period at any time in its history. At present there are somewhere between two and three hundred visitors on the Island. The Hotel Metropole and Island Villa are having a splendid trade. The Marine Band and the grand orchestra have caught the public favor, and adds much to the enjoyment of the visitors. The youth, beauty, and fashion of California seem to be concentrated at Avalon, and large numbers of tourists from the East, South, and North are likewise listed among the population. The new stage line has been completed from Avalon to the summit, affording a delightful trip, the elevation being sixteen hundred feet above the ocean. The pavilion is thronged nightly with dancers, and balls are given every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at the new ballroom of the Hotel Metropole. The record for fishing is still maintained, and large catches of tuna, yellowtail, etc., are of frequent occurrence.

"Have you read my last poem?" asked the amateur versifier, and the weary critic answered involuntarily, "I hope so."

DEPOT HOTEL.

W. J. GILLESPIE, Proprietor.

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COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' HEADQUARTERS.
SAMPLE ROOMS FREE.

Train No. 15 arrives 6:40 A. M.; 25 minutes for breakfast.
Meals 50 cents.

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AT THE BASE OF MT. SHASTA.

This famous fishing resort will be open this season under the old management of

MR. AND MRS. GEO. McCLOUD.

Rates, $10.00 per week.

When notified, stage will meet parties at either Castle Crags, Upper Soda Springs, Mott, or Sissons. Address,

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Dinner 50 cents.

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1897. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 7, RUE BALLU, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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JUST at the present time society at large seems to be in an unusual state of disquietude, uncertainty, and disgust at the most remarkable torpidity and unsatisfactory results in the workings of our judicial machinery throughout this country. And there is every reason why it should be. Perhaps we have never before observed, at any one period, so many cases of public interest that are dragging their slow length along under the burden of our judiciary chain, with an occasional reinforcement of public opinion, but every advance is met by additional obstructions, enough to dishearten the boldest, strongest, and most confident, and to rob them of every hope or confidence in their unequal struggle for the goal of justice.

"Government by injunction" has assumed a new role in human destiny, and has come to play a most important part in the relations between capital and labor. Our habeas corpus act is suffering an abuse and an unwarranted interpretation; our privileges in appeals are almost illimitable, and through the technicalities of our lawyers, permitted by the bench, the opportunities for delays and the ultimate defeat of justice are becoming more common than its victories. Crime is gradually loosing its terrors, beyond mere confinement, and, as statistics prove, is on the increase. To-day the temple of justice stands quivering on its pedestal, one hand outstretched in benedictive pose, the other with its aching palm bears the inscription: "Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute; but let that speak, the client gets the suit." Corruption, bribery, political intrigue with all its venemous accessories, the prostitution of the King's English and inordinate ambition form the tottering supports of all great nations. Let us replace them at once, or remove the barnacles, and preserve for our own country, at least, a substantial foundation of confidence, prosperity, and strength without which many a greater commonwealth has been submerged whose record reposes only in the archives of the historian.

THE advent of the yellow fever in the Gulf States just at the most delightful season of the year has been most unfortunate, and a severe blow to transportation companies and general business. The disease first showed itself at a pretty little resort in Mississippi, whence it spread rapidly to contiguous towns, traveling west to the Crescent City and north to Vicksburg. Hardly had the disease announced itself when every city and hamlet in the Southern States adopted strict quarantine regulations, and in many instances their severity was unwarranted and beyond all justice and common sense. Press dispatches state that the panic assumed such an absurd stage at Jackson, Miss., that the Governor of the State was refused admittance after an absence of a few days. The most rigorous measures for the inspection of railway trains from Southern points are in vogue at all points, and it is not infrequent that passenger and freight trains are not even permitted to stop at many of the towns, while in some instances rails are torn up and bridges burned to the complete annihilation of railway traffic. And yet the disease itself is said to be without its usual virulency or fatalities. On this account, as well as the approaching cooler weather, it is to be hoped that it will shortly subside, and business restored to its normal condition.

A CURIOUS judgment was pronounced the other day by a judge in a court of law at Volisso, in the Island of Scio. An action for damages was brought by two persons against the local railway company for losses sustained by a collision. It appeared that a man had lost an arm and a young woman had lost her husband. The judge—a Greek—assessed the damages thus: He gave 6000 piastres to the man for the loss of his arm, and 2000 to the woman for the loss of her husband. At this there were loud murmurs, whereupon the judge gave his reasons in these terms: "My dear people, my verdict must remain, for you will see it is a just one. Poor Nikola has lost his arm, and nothing on earth can restore that priceless limb. But you (turning to the woman), you are still young and pretty. You have now some money; you will easily find another husband, who possibly may be as good—perhaps better—than your dead lord. That is my verdict, my people. And so it must go forth." So saying, the judge left the hall. The people cheered him, and congratulated themselves on having such a judge.

IT IS certainly a gratifying testimonial to American enterprise and skill to know that negotiations are under way for the purchase in England of 100,000 tons of steel rails for use on English railways. It is but comparatively recent that the United States manufacturers have come so prominently to the front in the manufacture of rails, and it is all the more striking when we remember that for many years we ourselves were obliged to go across the water to equip our own enterprises of this character. The reason for it is that Americans are unexcelled in the making of machine

"PLAYING HOOKY." *Lyons Fernandez photo.*

tools, and the accuracy of their products is correspondingly unequalled. Foreign machinists are more punctual in the fulfilment of their contracts, for which reason many orders have been lost to the United States, but merit, exactness, and durability will tell in the long run, and satisfactory work requires time to produce these requirements. It is just now beginning to be appreciated, and we may therefore look forward to a very strong foreign market if we don't get the big head in the mean time and spoil the reputation we have achieved after years of effort.

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

THE TOURIST.

[IN THE September issue of THE TRAVELER appeared the first of a series of descriptive articles relating to the Orient and points of interest en route. The voyage from San Francisco to Yokohama was graphically detailed, and the attractions of Honolulu illustrated by pen portraiture and half-tone. In the accompanying article the reader and tourist obtain their first impressions of the Empire and are carried from Yokohama through the famous Inland Sea, to Nagasaki on the Southern Peninsula.]

At dawn next morning the "Coptic" is again under steam. Passing from the harbor of Yokohama, down the bay, out into the ocean, we shape our course for Kobe, the weather continuing pleasant, with occasional clouds. The fleet of junks has not diminished, and the maneuvers of these oddly shaped vessels attract our attention. We wonder how such frail craft can withstand the boisterous weather sometimes encountered in this vicinity. The sun peeps out, then the heavy vapor which has enveloped the higher land is soon dispelled, exposing to view Japan's beautiful and venerated mountain, Fusiyama, clad in a clear white robe fully half way down to the base, with the glittering sunlight playing on its snow-capped sides, bringing into relief its grandeur of proportion and beauty of form. We are enchanted, and gaze, almost with the rapture of a native, at the stateliness and symmetry of the sacred pile.

In the meantime our good ship is speeding along, passing islands and headlands that are well marked by first-class lighthouses for the guidance of mariners. Toward nightfall the breeze freshens, by midnight a strong wind is blowing, and occasionally the sea plays pranks by scattering its spray well over our bow. Steadily onward we go, seemingly unmindful of the resistance of wind and wave, and at six A. M., on the twenty-second of April, ahead of schedule time, we let go anchor in the harbor of Kobe. This is a busy, bustling seaport, where we count about forty large steamships and many sail vessels loading or unloading cargo. In every direction steam tugs are moving, with one or more lighters in tow taking freight to or from the various vessels lying at anchor. As soon as we come to anchor, our vessel is surrounded by crowds of sampans, many of which are handled by women and girls, who are as dexterous in sculling and avoiding collision or other dangers as are the men of mature age. For the time our interest in the skilful management of these sampans becomes quite keen, and while we wait for breakfast, watch the friendly rivalry among them as to which shall be first to obtain the patronage of the passengers. After the morning meal, we board the steam launch for the shore, and as we step to the Bund, the little yellow man is present with his diminutive carriage ever ready, for a consideration, to cater to our wants. We engage rickshas and speed away to see the sights. Passing through the European quarter, we are impressed with the neatness and style of the buildings and the width and cleanliness

INLAND SEA, JAPAN.

of the streets. Soon we are in the native quarter, the thoroughfares varying in width, some narrow, others of fairly broad proportions, and generally smooth and comparatively clean, all filled with bustling humanity. Little stores on both sides appear to be well patronized. The multitudes of children that throng the roadway are particularly noticeable, and as we pass they salute us with the usual childish yell. Our ricksha men keep up a brisk trot, avoiding collisions with the skill even of the sampan man or woman, and in a little while we are in a district where the houses are scattered and the people fewer in numbers. The road commences to rise and our progress is consequently slow, which enables us to view at leisure some of the beautiful points in the range of mountains forming the background to the landscape as it is seen on entering the harbor of Kobe. Up among lovely trees and shrubbery, winding around the hills, passing groups of cheerful men and women in odd apparel, wending their way to the more thickly settled portion of the town; and then our road becomes so steep that we alight and continue our journey on foot. The surroundings become more attractive as we proceed, until we are led in front of the gorge over which tumbles the Nunobiki waterfall, a bridge leading from the side of the ravine, in the center of which is the typical tea house for the accommodation

WATERFALL, KOBE.

of visitors, to rest and view the clear water in its leap over the rugged rocks. After sipping a little tea, served in a tiny cup by as tiny a black-eyed girl, and noting the bright green of the trees, the narrowness of the rift in the mountain side, and the volume of water in its descent, we take our departure, retracing our steps down the road, at the foot of which we again enter our rickshas and are rapidly wheeled away toward the city, taking in a different section from the morning ride, stopping occasionally at some odd-looking curio store to make a purchase and inspect the queer-looking articles exposed for sale. We continue in our easy little vehicle through the smooth streets, sometimes over bridges spanning canals whose sides are carefully walled up with stone blocks, to the railway station, the square or recreation ground, the Bazaar and Museum of Art. The latter is a beautiful curio store in the European settlement, where we linger until the waning sun gives warning that it is time to return to our steamer, so we start for the waterfront, settle with our ricksha men, and take passage in a sampan managed by a young woman, who places us safely alongside the "Coptic" in time for our evening meal, which is relished with the zest of a gourmand. We have passed an enjoyable day, and are in condition to sleep soundly until morning.

After the cargo has been discharged the next day we weigh anchor and proceed slowly through the shipping until clear of all obstructions, then at full speed are on our way to Nagasaki. Favored with a bright, sunny morning, our good ship makes excellent time over the smooth water, and in less than an hour we are abreast of the Island of Awaji, entering the narrow Strait of Akashi, the eastern entrance to the beautiful and world-renowned Inland Sea. The strait is short as well as narrow, and we are but a short time passing through and out into a broader expanse of water, on whose surface the gentle breeze scarcely causes a ripple. Myriads of vessels of many sizes and shapes, the European built schooner, Japanese junk, fisherman's boat, and sampan—most of them loaded and with full and spreading sail, heading for Kobe or some of the many towns in the vicinity. In passing they give us cheerful greeting as our noble ship cleaves the water at almost railway speed. The day is warm. We remain on deck, and with glass in hand view the charming sights abounding in this incomparable sheet of water, never tiring of the varying and interesting scenes on every hand, the interest becoming more intense, the delight more pronounced.

The lunch hour being over, our attention is called to the distant land ahead, and we are told that we are approaching the most beautiful portion of the Inland Sea. Thanks to our speedy craft our eager waiting is soon rewarded, the large Island of Shodoshima is at hand, and in passing we note the villages cozily nestled in some favored nooks. Small patches of green are scattered over the hillside—with the ever industrious fisherman in the foreground. Leaving the larger island behind, we encounter what seems to be a perfect labyrinth of islands of various shapes and sizes, nearly all of which are inhabited, and whose people have displayed wonderful skill and energy in wresting from these barren surfaces enough of food to make a partial supply for their wants. This is an hour of supreme pleasure, during which we pass a peculiarly shaped island whose surface has the appearance of volcanic formation, and as we move ahead and note the changeable shape, we look with surprise at the little, irregular terraces of green reaching high up the sloping sides, and the hamlets so safely located from danger from the elements while easy of approach for the hardy fisherman. The channel is now becoming crooked, narrow, and tortuous, the current swift, and the vigilance of the pilot is taxed to its utmost, not only to keep the ship in the channel, but also to steer clear of the multitude of sailing craft ever present in these waters. The fishing industry is the principal source of food supply, but it is evidently of insufficient quantity, as is indicated by the toilsome efforts of these industrious people, who coax from these little parcels of soil, situated often on steep declivities, every spear of green that careful nursing may bring to the surface.

To the right and to the left our massive steamer swings. Without diminished speed she passes through these crooked reaches, obeying her helm with the precision of a pilot-boat. Ahead of us we see what appears to be a solid wall through which there is no outlet. Nearer and nearer we approach this formidable barrier, and as the distance becomes what seems to us an uncomfortably short one, we instinctively look toward the bridge, where stands the weather-beaten form of the Pilot, beside him the ever watchful Captain, both intently gazing on the land ahead, but with cool, unruffled mein, until the looked-for moment when the order, "Hard aport!" in clear, distinct tones is given to the man at the helm. The shore is very close, the opening not yet in sight, but the graceful "Coptic" is responding beautifully. Around swings her ponderous bow, and before we have time to collect our excited thoughts she is pointing direct for a straight and open channel, with land close aboard on either hand, but sufficient room for our gallant ship to pass in safety. Thus we steam by the many islands with picturesque and changeable outlines, and as our vessel speeds along through those curved and twisted channels, shifting the scene so frequently, we know not which of all these beautiful pictures to admire the most. Here on the steep hillside one can trace the extent of the productive soil by these emerald spots, regularly terraced one above the other and in many instances only a few feet in dimensions, like steps of stairs reaching almost to the very top—diminutive farms tended with tireless care, and the skill that centuries of experience has produced, yielding to the anxious farmer every blade of green so necessary to his daily wants. As we move our glass from top to base the fact is apparent not one inch of ground on those scanty slopes has been overlooked, and when our attention is directed to the many threadlike streaks of vegetation, we exclaim, "Even the fissures in the rocks are cultivated!" Now we see the gorgeous sunlight reflected from the queerly shaped pinnacle on the right, again, a deep shadow from a ragged bluff, and then the methodical terraces of verdure struggling from out those barren sides and basking in the warmth that gives them life. So grand is the panorama, so lovely, so charming, that we reverently bow before nature's great handiwork. These beautiful islands on the silvery bosom of the sea are an awe-inspiring reminder of the great forces that were at work when these numberless pinnacles were forced above the surface of this sheet of water. An object lesson is the patient, ingenious and cheerful perseverance of the people, whose resources are so limited, and yet whose efforts to maintain themselves are so successful.

The sun has set, the narrow and intricate channels are left behind, and we are steaming in broad and roomy waters, continuing our course until well into the night, when the anchor is dropped awaiting daylight, at which time we are again under way and pass through the Straits of Shimonoseki, an historical place that will be mentioned on our return from China. Out upon the ocean we pass many more islands, but of less interest, and with the weather changing to mist, and making our speed somewhat accelerated, at four P. M. on the twenty-fourth we enter the beautiful land-locked harbor of Nagasaki.

As the hour is late we defer going on shore until the morning; in the meantime we are interested in viewing from the deck the large number of vessels so safely anchored in this, what seems to be a completely sheltered haven. There are five large Russian, and one each of English, German, and American warships, all busy going through the various drills and routine duties on shipboard, steam launches are flitting here and there, many with lighters in tow to or from the cargo vessels, which give to this snug little port an air of bustle and activity equal to many of larger pretensions.

(*To be continued.*)

A MEXICAN RUNAWAY.

BOURDON WILSON.

"Speaking of runaways," said the old railroader to the drummers, as soon as a lull in the conversation gave him the chance, "did I ever tell you of an experience in that line I had when I was down in Mexico?

"You didn't know I had ever been to Mexico? Yes, I was down there, but I didn't stay long. It was in one of the early 'eighties.' I found myself out of a job in the States and concluded to try my luck in Cactus Land. The road I went to had just been completed to the City of Mexico, and I was given a job running baggage between Calera and Silao.

"From Calera to Zacatecas, where the road crosses the Sierra Madre, is rough country. It's all set up edgeways, and the road is a series of reverse curves and mule shoes—as crooked a road and as heavy a grade as you'll find anywhere.

"In those days the peon Mexicans didn't like railroads, and were continually ditching trains or interfering with their running in some way—putting rocks on the track, loosening a rail, or shooting at trainmen. A favorite trick was cutting off the air just behind the tender so the brakes would not work anywhere except on the engine. It was funny—sometimes it was—to see an engineer sail into a station expecting to make a fly stop, apply his air and go flying by, calling for hand brakes. It was not so funny if the track ahead of him happened to be obstructed in any way.

"Of course, that sort of thing is done with since President Diaz has had so many train-wreckers shot, but it was hot stuff in my time.

"On one of my trips—the last one I took in Mexico, by the way—we pulled out of Zacatecas with me up to my neck in baggage, checking it up, getting ready to turn it over to the other crew at Calera. I was so busy I didn't notice we were running unusually fast, until, as we rounded a short curve, a big Mexican saddle detached itself from the top of a pile of baggage at the front end of the car, and came sailing and sliding, like a big, awkward bird, to the rear end. Then came a big, fat, red leather grip, which burst as it struck the floor, filling the car with a flying mixture of wearing apparel, playing cards, Bibles, poker chips, empty flasks, and such other stuff as you drummers carry in your grips. I had just succeeded in dodging a large zinc trunk which seemed trying to waltz with me, when an agonized shriek, short, sharp, and piercing, came from the engine. At the same moment the front door of my car flew open, and Roberts, the express messenger, appeared, as though blown in by the gust of wind that tore into the car.

"'My God,' he shouted, 'we're running away! Help me set some brakes.'

"Out of the rear door we went, just as another shriek came from the engine. Outside the air was full of flying sand and pebbles that made things look hazy. The flanges were sending forth a continuous scream as we ripped around those reverse curves, and the car was plunging like a bucking mustang. I expected the train to leave the rails at any moment, and go rolling down the side of the mountain.

"With a screech the brake-wheel spun around taking up slack; the next moment the rod bent beneath our combined strength, and a cloud of smoke and sparks flew from under the car.

"To the brake-wheel of the second-class coach was but a step, as we measured it, and in a moment its wheels were locked by the brake-shoes.

"'Look at the d——d cowards,' shouted Roberts, as we raced through the second-class coach, pointing, as he spoke, to the Mexican brakemen, who, as well as the passengers, were on their knees praying with all their might.

"'*Santa Maria, Madre de Dios,*' came to our ears as we dashed out of the rear door.

"'Santa Set-Brakes would do 'em a d——d sight more good,' exclaimed Roberts, whose profanity increased as the danger became more apparent. '——— any railroad that'll hire such d——n chumps,' he added, as we spun the brake-wheel of the first-class car.

"Our efforts had checked the frightful speed of the train but little, for the heavy Pullman car at the rear kept pounding it along, and the engineer was still calling for brakes as we sprinted through the first-class car. About the middle of the car we sprang over the prostrate form of the conductor, who, as we afterwards learned, had been thrown down by a lurch of the car and stunned by his head striking the floor.

"Reaching the Pullman, we soon had its wheels sliding. Gradually the train slowed down and came to a standstill, and the engineer and fireman, white and as limp as rags, climbed out of the cab.

"We found, upon examination, that the air had been cut off behind the tender while the train was standing at Zacatecas; and when the engineer found the brakes wouldn't work he tried to hold the train with the engine, but both cylinder heads blew out and he became helpless.

"When we reached Calera I called for my time and quit the country. I don't mind brakemen having prayer-meetings if they want 'em, provided they have 'em at the proper time. But I don't want a call for brakes mistaken for a summons to prayer-meeting on any train I happen to be on."

HUNTING THE 'POSSUM AND THE 'COON.

R. W. CROCKETT.

THESE animals are generally hunted at the same time, and happy is the hunter who can capture several of either or both, in half-a-night's ramble. Those who anticipate a feast of "'possum and 'tater," will prefer to catch the grayish little animal with a hairless tail and a receding forehead; while the other class, who seek the excitement of a fight in the dark or by firelight, will wish to tree some vicious, chicken-fed 'coon, dark brown and striped with yellow.

Of course every one knows that a 'possum will not fight a dog, but will, as soon as seized, grow sullen and feign death, "playing 'possum," as it is called. Likewise it is known that a 'possum can easily vanquish a 'coon, though the same 'coon may have whipped the dog which the 'possum dared not fight. This must not be held to prove the 'possum's cowardice; we must remember with Uncle Remus that the dog tickles the 'possum, while the 'coon does not. Indeed, it would be far safer for the 'coon had that strange thing called instinct taught him also to pretend death instead of recklessly fighting.

There are three things necessary for a successful 'possum hunt: a 'possum dog, a suitable night, and a hunting ground. Hunters are of course presupposed, but, as the sport is so pleasant and often so exciting, they are never difficult to find; and indeed, they are not always necessary, as a well-trained dog will often find the "varmints" without any hunter. First, and most important, the 'possum dog. Like a poet, he is born, not made. Like a poet again, much practise is needed to achieve perfection, and often a little well-tempered criticism administered by means of a beech limb will teach him to leave off chasing hares, field mice, and flying squirrels. A good 'possum dog is a being of decided character—he must not be constantly changing his mind whenever some fresh scent crosses the trail. Likewise, he must have the element of veracity—for who would follow a dog that would bark up the wrong tree? Another important characteristic is perseverance. He must not tree and then leave his station before the hunters arrive. Many acts of this kind would cause him to lose his reputation and perhaps his life. Last, but of no mean importance, your perfect 'possum dog must be an orator. His voice must resound far and wide through the lonely forest, as he calls back to you to follow on the trail. His yelp changes to a prolonged, resonant, reverberating howl as he brings the game to bay. They say that a born 'possum dog always has a mole under his chin, on which grow three or more hairs—whiskers, perhaps.

TWIN LAKES, CALIFORNIA.

The night must be still, or at least not windy, for otherwise the scent may be blown away too soon. It should also be damp, for then the scent is more easily retained. A dark night is better than a bright one, for a 'possum is like those whose deeds are evil and he is also said to be afraid of his shadow. Game may be taken on cold nights, but warm ones are better.

In dense thickets, grape-vines, and persimmon trees, along branches or creeks we will find 'possums; in the heavy timber, 'coons. Not often does a 'possum climb a large tree, and when he does from some necessity take one, he will generally stop on the first limbs. The reverse is the 'coon's program, the tallest trees and as near to the top as possible. Above all things, let us select an extensive wood with much undergrowth, for here we may find both kinds of game. Let us select some watercourse, for a 'coon may be along the shallow places, fishing about in the mud for minnows or frogs. We shall go first to that heavy grape thicket down in the valley, then skirt around the edges of those cornfields near the thin woods and at last strike for the heavy timber in the creek bottom.

It makes a dog a keener hunter to starve him a little before we go, just as it makes a man fight better in war time. It is also better to chain him fast or lock him in the kennel during the day preceding the hunt. Then he will appreciate his liberty and make good use of it. But you yourselves are not ready to start yet. Look at your clothes and those new shoes. Put on some rough, cast-off clothing and your worst pair of shoes.

And so our little company prepared for the first hunt of the season. Frost had fallen and nearly all the trees were bare. I had taken care to have along a neighbor noted for his ability in climbing. He bore the name of Jeems. Old Ruler, my 'possum dog, famous for miles around, was brought from his kennel and we started for the grape thicket. The dog has preceded us and will hunt it over without our entrance. Presently the full rich voice of Ruler breaks upon the air. He is trailing and his master splits the night with a whoop and halloo that is given to cheer the dog in his work. It is a hot trail and Ruler yelps at every step.

"He's treed," says Jeems. And then, as we catch sight of a dark object on a grape-vine some thirty feet in the air, there are mingled shouts of joy.

"Jeems," said I, "can't you go up that tree and shake him from the vine?"

And Jeems ascended, slowly but surely. At last he gave a prodigious shake and the 'possum came tumbling down. Before he could run a step, Ruler seized him and gave him a shake. Immediately the 'possum sulked and relaxed himself as if dead. I caught him by the tail and made Ruler desist. The sack was quickly produced. Then Jeems prepared a light pole, some eight feet long, from a green sapling. One end of this was split and Sir 'Possum's tail was inserted in the crack and pulled down between the two parts of the pole until it was tight and fast. Then Jeems put the pole on his shoulder, the 'possum dangling down behind. But it was not long before the 'possum had "come to" and climbed to a perch on top of the pole. Thus he was carried during the rest of the hunt.

While we were passing through the thin woods, Ruler again made himself heard. This time it was a very large 'possum in a small tree—too large to be conveniently carried on a pole and so he was put in the bag. His weight must have been nearly twenty pounds.

It was not long before Ruler was again in evidence. This time, after a long trail, he treed up a small oak-tree. We "mooned" the 'coon in the top of the tree; that is, we placed ourselves in such a position that, so far as we were concerned, the moon was in eclipse with the 'coon. Then Roman candles were called into requisition. No sooner had the fiery balls begun to fly around the animal than he straightway began to run restlessly about and at last jumped headlong from the tree. Ruler was ready and they soon clinched in a terrific fight. It was a very large 'coon and it was a long time before Ruler could do much with him. But the hunters had all surrounded the combatants and escape was impossible. At last the 'coon succeeded in having a short armistice declared and immediately turned to flee. As luck would have it, he ran directly toward Jeems, who was carrying the pole that held our first catch. Jeems saw him coming and dexterously threw the pole on top of the 'coon's neck and pinioned him to the ground.

"Hold off the dog; let's catch him alive," said Jeems.

Ruler was caught and the 'coon was soon slipped into the bag. Then the bag was given to one of the larger boys, who was anxious to carry it. By the firelight I gave Jeems a nod and a wink to keep quiet.

We started toward home, but we had not gone twenty steps before the boy that held the sack called for help. We heard the two "varmints" in the sack, our big 'possum and the 'coon, engaged in another fight. There was such a growling and snapping and squalling and jumping in the bag that the boy who had the sack vowed he couldn't hold it a minute longer. This afforded us more fun for a few moments. Then, after the fight had begun to grow vicious, we shook the animals apart, and tied a string between them.

At last, well satisfied with our night's hunt, we called in Ruler and left the woods for home.

HOW TO CHANGE ONE'S FACE.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

"REALLY, it is a simple matter," said Harry Corson Clarke, apparently addressing his very good-looking and youthful image in the mirror, but in reality replying to my question as to how he manages to change his face. For Mr. Clarke thinks it no trick at all to so disguise himself by a few flourishes of the hand that his best friend would need an introduction to him. Of course this sort of facial metamorphosis is accomplished by means of make-up and the skill used in its application. And it is because of his skill that Mr. Clarke to-day is undoubtedly the best portrayer of old-men characters in the United States. He is certainly the most talented "eccentric" in his line that San Francisco has seen.

"First comes white vaseline or cold cream for a groundwork," continued Mr. Clarke, obligingly gratifying my curiosity concerning the mixture which he was deftly applying to his features, a half hour before the curtain was to rise on "Men and Women." "Then this flesh-colored grease paint, which is a trifle darker in shade than that customarily used, to give the skin an appearance of age. No, we never use white; it imparts a ghastly, unnatural hue, but amateurs invariably smear themselves with it, and that is why they frequently look from the front of the house as though they had stood on their heads in a flour-barrel previous to the performance. Next I apply this stick of slate-colored grease paint around the eyes, to produce the sunken effect that one sees in old people. Wrinkles? This is how they are made," and with several sleight-of-hand movements Mr. Clarke in half a minute had counterfeited as many furrows in his face as Father Time could have traced in half a century. The instrument that makes wrinkles while you wait is an innocent-looking section of maroon stickiness, and Mr. Clarke proceeded to soften the ravages its lines represented by shading them with slate-color and touching them lightly with whitish paint.

"Gray or white eyebrows are effected by rubbing white paint into them," explained Mr. Clarke, and forthwith the greasy stick descended upon the left Clarke eyebrow by way of illustration. When its mate was similarly treated, and I had peered into the mirror to see the reflected result, I began to feel as though I might be a little girl in a play, with Prince Charming being transformed before my very eyes into an imitation of Methusaleh, or some other nice, elderly gentleman. It did not surprise me when Mr. Clarke told me that the people who see him on the stage frequently refuse to accept his identity when his name is made known to them.

HARRY CORSON CLARKE. *Moreau photo*

"Which reminds me," he remarked, "of a lady in Salt Lake who took a fancy to my impersonations—all of them being in the old man line—and came night after night to the theater, where, from a box, she was a most enthusiastic spectator. Near the close of the company's engagement she expressed a wish to meet me personally. Of course I presented myself in everyday attire and face *au natural*. I shall never forget the expressions of mingled astonishment and disappointment on that lady's countenance when I was introduced.

"'Surely,' she exclaimed, 'this is not the dear old man I have been admiring all this time? You, a mere boy! And I had really fallen in love with you.'

Moreau photo

AS NATHAN GREEN IN "ECHOES."

"So I lost her forever," added Mr. Clarke, laughing at the recollection of her vehement disdain for his lack of years and dearth of snowy hairs. "She took no notice of me after making the discovery that I was not as grandfatherly as I looked. Speaking of silvery hairs, though, you have the best wig-maker in the country, M. Duval, right in San Francisco. He is a wonder—just look at this beauty, now," and the wearer of countless wigs invited me to examine an ingeniously imitated cranium covering, adorned with fine, handsome hair that once grew to a glistening whiteness on somebody's head, and was sold for I doubt not a pretty sum to monsieur the maker, before it covered the other gray matter beneath it in its present owner's head. Mr. Clarke's wig collection is the most extensive one in the United States, with the exception of Billy Thompson's.

"How do I hide the line where forehead ends and wig begins? I blend them with two shades of flesh paint applied to the real and the imitation forehead—so. This that I have on is a combination wig, the hair of which can be adjusted to different characters, and is the most expensive one I possess. Now for the second layer of make-up—the finishing touches"; and Mr. Clarke dexterously frescoed himself here and there, glancing critically into the glass meanwhile, every turn of the wrist being made with the quickness and precision that come from long practise in the art of changing one's face.

Moreau photo

AS BUXTON SCOTT IN "YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP."

"These wrinkles must be slightly deepened with the dark red, then lined with white to give the required appearance of fullness to the skin on either side, also delicately touched with slate to simulate the shadows caused by such alternate fullness and depression. Flesh-colored powder dusted over the face after it is made up softens it to a life-like hue. Dry rouge between the eyebrows brings them into prominence, and applied to the cheekbones heightens them."

"But how do you assume the different expressions that you sustain in so many dozens of characters?" I asked. "Do you make faces at yourself in the glass until you catch the desired one? And how in the world do you contrive to keep your teeth in total eclipse for an evening, as, for instance, while playing Nathan Green in 'Echoes?'"

It is only a woman who can ask six or eight questions at once, and only a man who has the patience to answer them in consecutive order.

"I never know what I am going to do with a new role until I walk before the footlights the opening night. I never 'make faces' at myself in the glass"—here Mr. Clarke regarded me with polite reproach at the suggestion of such an undignified method. "As for hiding the teeth it is easily managed this way," and forthwith the even row of ivories went under a curtain of upper lip, while what was apparently a toothless octogenarian mumbled a sentence or two in perfect imitation of old age's cracked, shrill tones. "When I created the role of Nathan Green, in Denver, one of the critics commented on the convenience of false teeth, declaring that all Mr. Clarke had to do was to remove his when the part required it."

Moreau photo

AS JUDGE KNOX IN "THE CHARITY BALL."

My compliments to that Colorado critic whose eyesight so basely deceived him, for be it known right here that Mr. Clarke's teeth, like the originality of his genius, are his by the grace of Nature.

"No, I can't explain how I assume the expression that, to my conception, a character should have. It comes to me, as it were, when I go on to act the part. The majority of people on the stage are what is called rehearsal actors or actresses. That is, each gesture, and in fact nearly all of their stage business is rehearsed beforehand. I repeat my lines merely, and when the curtain goes up throw myself into the part with such interest that for the time being I live it."

Moreau photo

AS ADONIS EVERGREEN, IN "MY AWFUL DAD."

"How is make-up best removed?"

"By cold cream in the dressing-room, hot water and castile soap afterward at the hotel. The only make-up I use for the hands is an outlining of the veins with slate paint if the person is supposed to be very old."

Through the wings came a murmur of music from the orchestra. There was a frou-frou of silken skirts as a star twinkled by to wait for her cue. "First act!" echoed a warning voice down the corridor. Prince Charming had vanished by degrees from my vision. In his place stood Colonel Zachary T. Kip, one of Mr. Clarke's innumerable and venerable aliases, and, like the disillusioned Lady of the Lake, I bade him good-by.

OUR THEATERS.

WHEN it was announced that William H. Crane was coming hence to play a several weeks' engagement at the Baldwin, the theatrical weather prophets who linger about in the foyers 'twixt acts, and utter wise things concerning what seldom, by a curious coincidence, happens; these weathervanes, I say, veered around to the opinion that Crane's advent would be a cold, cold frost. For, once upon a time, seven long years ago, when the ambitious William brought his star piece hither—"The Senator"—behold, we fell flatly at the feet of a feminine member of his company, and giving him a few salaams that we thought ought to pacify him, continued to adore one of his satellites instead of himself. True, we liked Crane, and thought his Hannibal Rivers immensely good; but Georgie Drew Barrymore's widow role captured our hearts, as widows in real life are doing the world over, and society, petting her delightedly, quite forgot to give the star the hero worship to which he was accustomed. Whereupon the star twinkled angrily, and then fell to ripping San Francisco up the vertebræ, declaring that the town was "jay." Since then other stars and lesser theatrical lights have echoed Crane's accusation, and have received the marble heart for their indiscretion. So it was not surprising that the prophets bespoke icicles for the actor upon his return.

But the wise-acres of the foyer frequently cannot see an inch before their noses. Crane came, saw, conquered prejudice. Instead of encountering a Chilcoot Pass at the Baldwin's doors, he has found the climate in that region salubrious in its warmth. For he made his peace with San Francisco by a splendid bit of acting near the close of the opening night play, "A Fool of Fortune," and has been playing to most excellent houses ever since. Miss Martha Morton, author of the production, gave it two rather weak acts and a third very strong one: and for that third one, pathetic, realistic, dramatically intense, she may be forgiven much. Mr. Crane has imported a number of talented people, among whom Annie Irish, Walter Hale, Percy Brooke, Boyd Putnam, Kate Lester, Percy Haswell, and Frances Stevens are deservedly popular with the audiences. Walter Hale's part in the first week's production, that of a Frenchman, contained a line remarkably inconsistent with it—"Damn my ancestors!" Fancy a Frenchman in real life anathematizing his house in such tersely expressive American fashion. No wonder that it was the means of making more than one matinee girl swallow a caramel whole from sheer excitement.

The Columbia harbored "The Twelve Temptations" for a fortnight, and being compelled by an untoward fate to sit throughout two performances by the crazy-quilt company permitted to present the show, I had a double dose. Twenty-four Temptations—to commit suicide before the evenings were over. Which reminds me that an Orpheum wit defined Twelve Temptations as "eleven glasses of beer and a woman." But though I did not approve of Mr. Yale's taste in the matter of shows, and though the memory of the Twelve is as a nightmare with me yet, I do not blame Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. at all. They cannot cater to your preferences and mine every night in the year. There are those who thought the piece quite the best the Columbia had brought to these benighted shores, and they swarmed in orchestra and dress circle, filled the galleries, and I dare say would have camped in the aisles had there been a scarcity of seats and no fire ordinance to prevent. No, I blame the management not at all. They are not running a theater for their health, thank you, and the Temptations paid.

ANNIE IRISH AT THE BALDWIN.

Reverting to the Frawleys, they are doing capital work at the Columbia in attractive plays; and as blessings invariably brighten when about to take their flight, the public is fairly falling over itself in a mad endeavor to reserve seats for the remaining nights of the engagement. The Frawley Company in general, and several of its members in particular, are very dear to the San Francisco heart. They were never so strong a combination as now, and recently a charming addition was made to their personnel in Miss Eleanor Robson, a lovely young girl who has stepped from the twilight of convent life to the calcium glare of the stage. A graceful exit and entrance has it been, for this child, with the beauty of womanhood blossoming upon her, fresh and sweet as a morning-glory, possesses a native talent that makes her as much at home upon the stage as in the four walls of her former convent abode. My blessings upon thee, dear saint of the footlight world, and may thy bright eyes know never a shadow of sorrow. Mr. Francis Carlisle, whose brief season with the Frawleys closes when that popular company goes a-traveling, has had several good offers, 'tis said, from the East. I hope he will accept one of them, for I think Mr. Carlisle better adapted to succeed there than here. He is a fine-looking man. Nature gave him the face and figure that women are wont to adore across the footlights, but alack and alas, she forgot to supplement these blessings with the greatest gifts of all—magnetism and talent. I place magnetism first because without it even talent goes to the wall. True, Mr. Carlisle has been sincere in his efforts to establish himself with the local public; but success—which means the warming of the public heart to actor or actress—does not depend upon the mummer's sincerity, or the letter-perfection of his lines. He must have the indefinable quality called magnetism.

ELEANOR ROBSON AT THE COLUMBIA

To the Columbia in the near future are coming Digby Bell and Laura Joyce with the "Hoosier Doctor," a domestic drama over which the Windy City critics have raved in choicest Chicagoese.

Widely heralded as a comedy is "My Friend from India," announced for next Monday night at the Baldwin as a two-weeks' attraction. Frederick Bond and May Vokes head the cast. "My Friend" is imported by the Smythe and Rice Comedy Company.

I go to the Orpheum every week for I know no better antidote for the cares that infest the day than the jolly vaudeville program that I find there. The little red Hungarians are a perpetual pleasure to myself and to a good many thousand pairs of ears and eyes besides mine. "The First Born" has been transplanted to New York, but the Alcazar is still filling its seats nightly with an excellent class of amusement seekers, and is likely to be a lively competitor with other houses for public favor. At the Tivoli, grand opera has been well sung and well patronized, Faust leading in point of general excellence. Elvia Crox has acquitted herself with especial credit. The season of light opera under Edwin Stevens' management is certain to be a highly successful one at the Tivoli.

THE BOHEMIAN.

CHINESE CHARMS AND FORTUNE-TELLERS.

HENRY SOUTHFIELD.

SUPERSTITION is as prevalent in Chinatown as its indescribable odors, and stronger even than the latter, for it is filtered down through countless Mongolian ages, and is therefore part and parcel of the Chinese character. So hemmed about and controlled by traditional influences are these people that the merest trifle may be to them portentous; the smallest incident fraught with fateful significance.

The visitor who threads Chinatown's alleyed ways, and studies the life found in this Asiatic spot upon the municipal escutcheon, sees much that mystifies him. Nor can he easily learn the meaning of signs, symbols, and customs, for the coolie is ever ready with his "No sabe" in answer to questions; and Chinese gentlemen with the leisure, courtesy, and command of English language necessary to enlighten the inquisitor are not available on every block. But it was my good fortune recently to interview a Celestial of official rank who gave me more information in an hour than I had acquired in years of periodical pilgrimages to these interesting, if unsavory, haunts of heathendom.

There is always method in Chinese madness. In noting their preference for red as a color, one naturally infers that it is because the bright barbarity of the hue pleases them. Not so. They believe that red things exorcise evil spirits, and this is why the tiny, pigtailed children, darting about at play along the sidewalks, almost invariably have red silk braided in their miniature queues. Red ink is believed to be efficacious in the "shooing off" of evil spirits from the person using the book. Old coins are favorite charms, suspended by red string and worn upon the person or hung near a bed. Charms painted on pieces of board are often put up over the door or under the eaves of houses. When temples are erected, brass charms are cast and used in their construction.

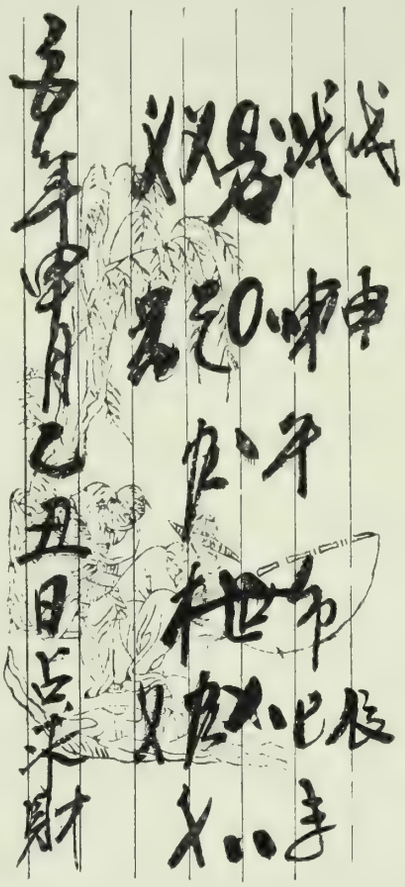
Roofs of houses have divers charms, such as the image of a cat or lion or other creature fearfully and wonderfully made. Slabs of stone are sometimes placed at the entrance of an alley in order to head off bad influences that are supposed to haunt it; and the concave mirrors for which the Chinese evince such admiration have naught to do with vanity. They are believed to focus and counteract evil conditions emanating from various points in adjacent dwellings, their arrangement being a matter of grave concern.

Yellow paper charms are quite common, ornamented with scroll-work, characters or pictures of idols. These are placed wherever it is presumed they can do the most good. Sometimes they are burnt and the ashes mixed with tea or other hot drinks as a specific against disease.

ONE OF CHINATOWN'S SEERS.

In China, the building of houses is accompanied by many devices for insuring them from disaster and the presence of malicious influences, for to these strangely superstitious people the unseen world is thronged with hobgoblins and fiends who go about seeking what they may destroy.

A priceless mascot in Mongolian eyes is a knife that has killed some one, its gory record supposedly scaring wicked spirits out of their wits. Old fishnets, cut up and worn as belts by children, are thought to be a great protection to life and limb. Swords, made of rods covered with one hundred coins, are hung up as fetiches. Yellow bits of paper, stamped with the head of a dog and a buffalo, are used with implicit belief by persons who hate each other and who thus strive to bring about the enemy's sickness or death. Only the ashes of these charms are permitted to touch the foe, and should he be made aware of the frightful plot, its power becomes void. In China, on the morning of the first day of the fifth Chinese month, each family nails up, on both sides of the front windows and doors, leaves of the sweet-flag plant, which, being long and tapering, resemble swords so closely that any evil spirits roaming around will see the deadly weapons and take to their heels accordingly. The study of Chinese superstitions leads the practical Caucasian into labyrinths of surprising myths too intricate and absurd to be remembered, but those here mentioned serve to show how firmly the race is grounded in idolatry and fanaticism.


A PAGE FROM THE FUTURE

It naturally follows that fortune-telling is a flourishing trade among these almond-eyed pagans, though the methods in use are but six in number, the most common being by means of the eight horary characters representing the hour, day, month, and year of birth, the dealers in futures learning their craft from books, to which they constantly refer. Fortunes are told on the native heath by the aid of a bird and various slips of paper, the seer carrying a section of the small end of a cow's horn and a small bamboo stick, tied together and rattled to call attention to his approach and readiness for business. In a tiny cage he also carries a diminutive bird, and on the slips of paper which complete his paraphernalia are written poetical effusions, with sketches of gods, weird animals, or other objects of cabalistic import. Arranging these on a table or other surface, he places the bird-cage near, and upon opening the door the wise little occupant hops out and picks up a slip with its bill. This slip is then elucidated by the fortune-teller.

A tortoise shell and three pieces of cash, ancient as possible, are another combination for penetrating the mysterious veil of the future, they being placed, with candles and incense, before the picture of a ghoulish, bewhiskered old man, the deity of the occasion, whose aid is implored. After incantations and shaking of the coins in the shell, repeated several times, the relative positions of the coins as they are turned out are noted and compared with book rules. This practise seems to bear a sort of family resemblance to the enlightened American's favorite manipulations with dice at the great American bar.

A cheerful specialty is that of selecting "lucky" sites for the interment of the dead, that blessings may descend upon the posterity of the departed. With a compass and many wise nods of the head, the oracle explores the spot, examining its topography. This geomantic survey is a slow and expensive proceeding, and a luxury reserved for the class with "money to burn."

Selection of lucky days for business and matrimonial transactions is made by the fortune teller, who must be told the year when his customer was born, or the animal under which his nativity occurred; for every Chinaman is said to belong to one of the following twelve animals: dog, horse, boar, sheep, rat, monkey, cock, dragon, cow, rabbit, tiger, snake. The "five elements of nature" are constantly referred to—metal, water, wood, fire, and earth. In comparing the terms denoting one's age with the five elements there are two accepted formulas of calculation. One is: "Metal produces water, water produces wood, wood produces fire, fire produces earth, earth produces metal." The other: "Metal destroys wood, wood destroys earth, earth destroys water, water destroys fire, fire destroys metal."

Those who declare that all Chinamen look alike will perhaps be interested to know that fortune-telling is also done by physiognomy, the applicant being closely inspected and deductions drawn accordingly. A common form of fortune-telling in darkest Chinatown is by means of written characters dissected, the necromancer's stock-in-trade being a small box holding folded sheets of paper, on each of which is an intricate character. Two are chosen by the customer, their meaning being announced by the authority he has consulted. To doubt his utterances is to offer him unpardonable insult.

THE SENDING OF A TELEGRAM.

J. W. HEATH.

TO COMMON a factor for facilitating communication has the telegraph system become, and so convenient is its adaptation to modern usage, that it is doubtful if the average person ever pauses to consider the amount of scientific skill and marvelous mechanical devices employed in the sending of a telegram.

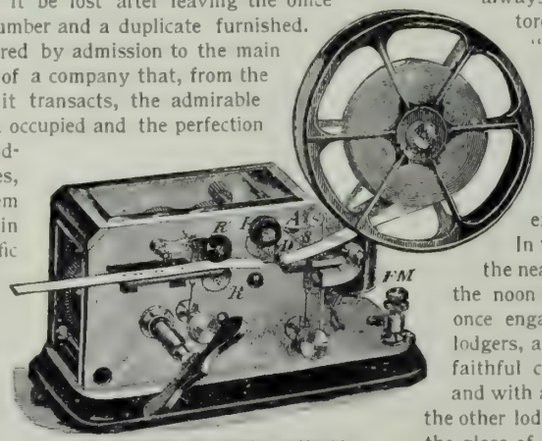
Before Morse, the great American inventor of electric telegraphy, gave his discovery to the world, the idea that a business man could sit in his private office and transmit a message therefrom to the other side of the continent by simply writing some words on paper and touching an appliance above his desk, would have seemed as incredible as the Arabain Nights' tale of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp. The miracle, however, has passed into fact; the unbelievable has come true.

Reduced to a brief summary of the processes by which a message reaches its ultimate destination, it seems a simple enough routine. The intricacies are not visibly apparent; yet the agencies at work are marvelous in their conception, faultless in detail, and cannot fail to inspire the observer with infinite respect for the master minds—the genuises—of those who have invented and perfected the telegraph system. The machinery employed is adjusted and operated with a nicety and delicacy that command admiration.

In San Francisco, as in other cities, a large percentage of business men find that direct and immediate communication with a telegraph office is a most important, in fact an indispensable, matter. They become regular subscribers to, and patrons of, a telegraph company. The latter supplies each with a signal wire connecting with the main office, and a number. By a slight pull of the little lever attached to an automatic box in his office, the man of affairs has notified by signal rung in the company's office that he desires to send a message. Instantly an ink-recording Morse register ticks upon a paper slip in telegraphic code his number. The boy whose duty it is to note this, glances at a near-by list of patrons to compare the number, and reports same to a clerk who quickly dispatches a messenger to the subscriber's office. Returning with the message, the lad gives it to a receiving clerk, who notes its destination, counts the words and audits it with care and rapidity, then places it in a wire basket overhead, in which it speeds on its way to the operating-room, reaching the desk of a check clerk, who sends it to its appropriate wire, where it awaits its turn in the operator's hands. When the operator ticks its contents into the instrument before him, the message is flashing its meaning to another operator perhaps a mile, perhaps many hundreds of miles, distant, the entire time consumed between the writing of the message and its reception at the destination office occupying but a few moments.

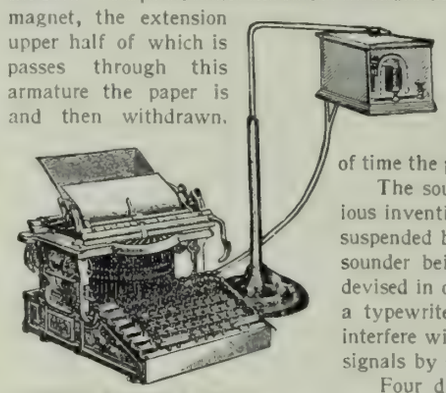
Let us, in imagination, arrive with the telegram and see what its subsequent routine is. Received from the sounder and printed upon a typewriter by a receiving operator, it is passed to a check clerk who takes a duplicate impression of it upon a roller, then sends it to the delivery department, where a clerk places it in an envelope, addresses it, and summons a messenger to deliver it. From the instant a message is received at the main office it is carefully watched, and so perfect is the system devised for its safety that should a copy of it be lost after leaving the office it can very easily be traced by number and a duplicate furnished.

The writer was recently favored by admission to the main office, operating and other rooms of a company that, from the tremendous amount of business it transacts, the admirable facilities at its command, the area occupied and the perfection of its management, may be considered a model, representing, as it does, all that the electric telegraph system of the present day is achieving in speed and correctness. The Pacific Postal Telegraph Cable is the one referred to. Two notable experts are at its head; men whose names have long been identified with those foremost in affairs of the telegraphic world—Mr. L. W. Storror, Superintendent, and Mr. Frank Medina, Electrician. Of particular satisfaction to San Franciscans should be the fact that in Mr. Storror they have an inventor known to fame wherever telegraphy itself is known, and who has by no means accomplished all that is expected of him in the line of invention. It was he who made the application of the typewriter to the sounder a practical thing, about a decade having elapsed since his success was proclaimed. The feat had been a vexed and important problem with inventors everywhere before it was solved by the San Francisco man, and the invention is now in use all over the United States. Mr. Storror's responsibilities are ably shared by Mr. Medina, who, though essentially a deeply read scholar, a philosopher, and a man of marked scientific attainments absorbed in his work, is both genial and popular.



INK RECORDING MORSE REGISTER.

Of the many machines and appliances that do their work neatly and with speedy precision, none is prettier than the ink-recording register, though its manner of operation is far easier for the ordinary observer to perceive than that of many others. On the outside of the register, which is covered by plate glass, are placed a disc and an ink-roller, the disc revolving by means of clock-work gearing inside the box. A spring holds the ink-roller against the disc, the spring being attached to an arm which supports the roller. In this way the edge of the disc is moistened with ink. Two rotating rollers pull the strip of paper along, one of them operated by gearing within the box. To a point under the disc is extended the armature lever of an electro-magnet, the extension carrying a guide in the upper half of which is a slot, and the paper slip passes through this guide. By operation of the armature the paper is alternately lifted to the disc and then withdrawn, impressed by a long or short mark according to the length of time the paper and disc are in contact.



BUNNELL SOUNDER RESONATOR.

The sounder resonator is an ingenious invention. It is a resonating box, suspended by an adjustable support, the sounder being placed within, and was devised in order that the noise made by a typewriter in operation should not interfere with the reception of telegraph signals by sound.

Four dynamos supply the requisite electricity in the Postal Company's office, two of the machines being in constant use. It requires four hundred volts to operate a quadruplex machine. The commutator of each dynamo makes one thousand revolutions per minute. A peculiarity of these dynamos is the number of brushes affixed to their commutators, each brush connecting independently with telegraph lines of varied lengths. Five hundred miles is a good length for a quadruplex wire. In the office of the Postal Company is a duplex wire direct to Chicago, an unusual length; also four quadruplex machines, two transmitting and two receiving, operated by four men. As is well known, the original Morse system was a single wire; that is, signals could be transmitted by but one station at a time, because the opening and closing of the circuit by any one of the keys operated all the instruments on the circuit. This developed into duplex telegraphy, or the sending of two messages over one wire simultaneously in opposite directions, from each end. Quadruplex telegraphy is a combination of two forms of duplex. The number of messages sent by the average operator per hour ranges from thirty-five to forty, but as many as sixty can be transmitted.

STOCKTON'S FOUR-FOOTED FIREMAN.

The Slough City is remarkable for other things than mosquitos, malaria, and luscious fruit. It has Dandy, the only fireman in the country who is always dressed for duty, and who beats the fastest engine that ever tore up the street on its way to a conflagration, for Dandy is a "natural born" fire laddie, and runs ahead of the horses. He is a black-coated, gray-breasted Gordon setter, part Spaniel, about four years old, and everybody in Stockton is his friend. His master, Mr. Richard de Treville, the *Mail* artist, is doubtful if Dandy's duplicate in affection and intelligence can be found anywhere. At the first sound of a fire alarm, day or night, the dog will dash for the scene of the blaze, barking his excitement and setting a pace that would distance a racehorse. In fact, if you but say "Fire!" to him he is ready to leap from the nearest window to locate it, barking wildly the while. He knows the noon bell from an alarm and is never deceived. Mr. de Treville once engaged apartments where the landlady was opposed to canine lodgers, and not wanting to turn Dandy out, he contrived to let his faithful companion share his quarters. At two A. M. an alarm pealed, and with a hoarse response that did not wake the dead but that terrified the other lodgers, Dandy bounded down-stairs and leaped head first through the glass of the front door in his eagerness to report on duty. All this is absolutely authentic, but the statement made that Dandy once missed the number of the alarm and ran back to the engine-house to get it, the writer does not vouch for. It was told by a newspaperman and should therefore be taken with several grains of allowance. Dandy is credited with being the most accomplished dog in town, though this honor has been disputed by rival owners of canine intelligence. Were the question to be decided by ballot there would be no doubt of Dandy's supremacy as a town favorite.

CONSERVATIVE VIEWS OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case against the Oakland Street Railway Company has evoked much unjust newspaper criticism. It is only of late years that parents have been allowed damages for the death of their children. Courts granted judgment in such cases on the theory, solely, that the parents had been deprived of the unpaid services of their offspring. These cease at majority. Judge Van Fleet correctly stated the law, in his opinion. Everybody knows that, as a rule, children follow the vocation of the parent, and yet because the Judge so stated in his reasoning, much harsh language has been uttered. It is a good rule to examine even a Supreme Court decision before abusing it.

The Blythe case continues to furnish new points for lawyers and litigants. In the year 1997 a great-great-great-grandson of W. H. H. Hart will move the Court to set aside some technical ruling entered against the heirs of Florence Blythe-Hinckley and a lineal descendant of Mr. Holladay will rise to oppose with as much force as was recently displayed in the United States Circuit Court. Well, lawyers must live and clients must pay.

Already the candidates for Sheriff are laying plans. Rumor has it that McNabb will make another run and that County Clerk Curry will contest the Republican nomination with him, while Whelan expects a renomination because of Phelan's aid in return for what Whelan does for him. There is strong talk of a certain lawyer taking the Non-Partisan nomination and beating all the candidates, but we cannot Reed all the lines yet. All these men are good citizens and each one will make a good officer.

The attack on the Board of Education is the natural sequence of the ousting of the Board of Supervisors. It may be all right to change a whole city government by law suits, but I confess to a prejudice in favor of the good, old-fashioned way of selecting officers by the ballots of the voters. Dr. O'Donnell expects to have as big a monument to his memory as is erected to "Deacon" Fitch, and I guess he will deserve it very nearly as much.

It is possible for even a judge to err, hence Judge Cook may be mistaken in holding that Figel was entitled to bail. Suppose he is wrong, it was an error on the side of mercy, so let's say no more about it but await the trial soon to be had which will decide the young man's guilt or innocence.

There are too many great men in the Republican Party. They cannot all be Governor. Unless they are appeased in some manner, we will have more sore-heads in the Republican ranks after the State convention than developed in 1894 when Burns nominated Estee and his rivals beat him at the polls. In every well-regulated race card can be found a "consolation race" for beaten horses. Something of that kind must be arranged for the Republican Party before the battle of 1898 or it will lose again its gubernatorial candidate. An enterprising genius can immortalize himself by inventing a scheme that will either nominate every candidate or else give him a better office.

The nomination by Governor Budd of Mayor Phelan as his successor means a Kilkenny war among the California Democracy, and particularly those of San Francisco, from now until November, 1898. It shows a combination against "Jimmy" Maguire, as Budd affectionately calls him, that must make the Congressman's hair stand on end. If the Budd-Phelan-*Examiner*-Wallace-Spreckels Board of Supervisors is upheld by the Supreme Court, the Lord love all Democrats who do not follow the banner of *Senator* Budd and *Governor* Phelan, for their hold on the official flesh-pots will be very short in tenure. Already the rumblings of the storm are to be heard. The heavy footfall of Rainey and the pert step of Andy Clunie are marking time to the deeper thunder. The statesmen of the water front and the "push" of the City Hall are making ready for the fray and are drawing long breaths at the prospect of good times that looms before them, even as dollar wheat does before the farmer. Maguire and White (our Stephen) will not surrender without a struggle and a combat worthy of giants will soon be upon us.

Let us all give thanks at the conclusion of the Fair-Craven lawsuit. Neither side gained any honor as human beings or lawyers during the long-drawn out struggle. It was an unseemly washing of soiled linen provoked by Mrs. Craven and her lawyers, but carried to extremes in both camps. The average layman is talking of the jury being 8 to 4 for Mrs. Craven. Every lawyer knows that, legally speaking, there was no vote or verdict or division of the jury. The records simply show that the jury being unable to agree, were discharged. Hence all this talk about the Judge overriding two-thirds of the jury is nonsense. We presume that a long-suffering public will, in a few months, be compelled to wade through many thousand columns more of newspaper slush about the case. Well, well, we must have some kind of plague all the time.

Government by injunction has been condemned by many newspapers and speakers, but government by newspapers is probably worse. It is a curious and most interesting study that the record of some San Francisco newspapers and lawyers who have been foremost in denouncing government by injunction, and yet within a few days have sought to run our city by newspaper law and mass-meeting courts. Judge Wallace may or may not have decided the Supervisor case correctly, but it certainly does not help his logic any to have it fortified by violent editorials and enforced by inflammatory speeches at a public meeting openly called as a menace to the Supreme Court of the displeasure of certain newspapers and men if it dared to reverse Judge Wallace. Government by newspapers will do more harm than government by injunction.

MISS FELDMANN *Photo. prop.*
Well-known and popular in the social circles of San Francisco.

The Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, has gone through its usual yearly improvements, and now ranks at the top in every phase of modern improvements. Mr. F A. Shepard, formerly connected with the Hotel Mateo, goes to the Hollenbeck on October 15th as an assistant to Mr. Bilicke the proprietor.

Dancing and excursions at Highland Springs seem more of a pastime at present than during the earlier season. The evenings are all that could be desired. "Music has power to charm even the savage" and those are the sentiments generally after listening to some of our talented guests.

Miss Schwartz of Alameda, Capt. Collier of "Comet fame" and Louis Newbauer of the celebrated Tivoli Orchestra very courteously favor us for entertainment.

Our "younger set" recently organized the "Tamale Club" and are constantly introducing new and varied amusements. The beautiful steam yacht "Ariel" is their favorite, and is now under charter by the Club.

Among the late arrivals are:

J. H. Anthony, C. Morgan, S. S. Varner, Thos. McMahon, Mrs. I. Irving, R. C. Williams, M. D., Alfred Tobin, A. B. McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cipolloni, San Francisco; J. L. Robinson, W. O. Edmonds, Upper Lake; J. H. Brown and wife, San Mateo; Geo. H. Wheaton, Oakland; N. Cocking, England; Paolo Bargagliotti, Switzerland; Miss L. Collier, "Kabana"; Geo. Cahill, Henry Boggs, David Williams, Judge Bond, G. W. H. Minstrell, Mrs. Judge Bond, Mrs. Gray, Wm. Boggs, W. H. Manlove, Lakeport; W. T. Brush, R. C. Ban, Cloverdale; Alb't. Allen, Woodland; J. Still Anderson, Lower Lake.

The following telegram has just been received in the office of the Santa Fe Route in this city:

"The first CALIFORNIA LIMITED eastbound will leave Los Angeles Tuesday, October 26th, going through to Chicago in 71 hours and 43 minutes. Immediate connection will be made at Barstow with sleeper leaving San Francisco, Monday night, October 25th. The train will leave eastbound Tuesdays and Fridays, connecting with trains leaving San Francisco Monday and Thursday afternoon. The train will consist of ten-section double drawing-room palace sleeper, buffet smoker and dining car through to Chicago; also palace sleeper through from California to St. Louis via Kansas City."

THE FINANCES OF FISHING.

DR.

During the fishing season when the average man yearns for the pleasures of angling, he buys a fishing rod	$ 8.00
To wade, knee-deep, down a brook, without high-top boots of rubber, is out of the question	4.00
He goes out in the garden in quest of the humble and harmless subterranean reptile, known as the angle-worm. In digging for the same, the hoe handle swats him one under the eye. Court-plaster	.10
He hires a team to use in his trip of two days to the neighboring hamlet	5.00
He buys oats	.75
He loses two days' time	2.50
Arrived at his destination, he puts up with the hospitable farmer, who gives him the freedom of the house, barn, and the remainder of the farm for	3.40
Bribes the farmer's boys to show him where the best "holes" are	.25
Steps on a slippery stone, falls, breaking his watch, entailing a bill for repairs, amounting to	1.30
Climbs over a barbed wire fence, lacerates various and sundry parts of his anatomy, calling for an investment in liniment	.50
Follows the brook and its various branches, wanders 'cross-country, gets lost, and has to hire a native to drive back to headquarters with him	1.00
At close of second day drives home, horse shies out, dishes a wheel, which necessitates a triumphant entry into town with a rail strapped under the carriage. Sees a wheelwright	11.75
Unused to exposure and rough exercise of tramping through the woods and over mountains, he is laid up for a time, and hires a man to come in and look at his tongue and feel his pulse	2.00
Pays for medicine prescribed	1.15
Total amount expended	$41.70

CR.

Incidentally captures seven small trout, valued, on the basis of 50c. a pound, at	$0.23
By 8 trout bites	0.00
By 97 mosquito bites	0.00
By bang-up good time	41.47
Total receipts	$41.70

A SAMOAN WAR CANOE.

W. ROSE-SOLEY.

THE good old days of native boat-building are over in Samoa, as in most of the other islands of the Pacific. The arrival of the European artisan and the importation of cheap pine lumber have pushed aside the slow and cumbrous work of the native craftsman, and the Samoans are smitten with the craze for big boats. That is to say, big boats after the European pattern, for their own canoes are now quite obsolete, and only to be met with in rare and out of-the-way places. Imagine, if you can, a whale boat a hundred feet long, seating some forty or fifty oarsmen, and with only ten feet beam. She is hastily nailed together out of inch planks, and as a general rule, after a few trips across the stormy strait between the islands, ends by breaking in two when lifted on the top of some unusually high wave.

Under these circumstances genuine specimens of Samoan boat building of any size worth mentioning are comparatively rare. The small fishing canoes are common enough, it is true; every village owns dozens of them. But then they are simply hollowed-out logs, with a primitive outrigger, large enough to hold one, or at most, two persons. They are a cranky, leaky craft, easily capsized, and are only used for fishing inside the lagoon, where a spill is of no consequence. In places where there is no protecting reef, and consequently no smooth lagoon for fishing in, a larger canoe, termed a *paopao*, is used. These boats will carry half a dozen people and are seaworthy enough to venture far away from the coast in search of bonito.

But it is only when we come to the larger size of native vessels that we find a real display of ingenuity. The process of hollowing a fishing canoe out of a log is comparatively simple; any Samoan can make one. Still a log has its limitations; trees suitable for the purpose will not grow beyond a certain size, and the problem of building a larger vessel has been solved by the natives in a most ingenious fashion. The *taumualuas*, or large canoes, are in shape something like a European boat, only with sharper lines. There is no outrigger, and instead of oars there are paddles, the rowers facing the bow. There are only a few of these boats in existence, one of which I saw on Manono being some fifty feet long. The peculiar feature about them is that they are literally tied together; not a nail nor a single piece of iron being used in their construction. The hard wood planks out of which they are made are cut to every shape and size and pieced together like mosaic work. On the inside edge of each piece is a rim or ledge through which the sinnett lashing which fastens the whole together is passed. The work is done with marvelous neatness. Each piece fits so exactly to its neighbor, that, on the outside, the seams or joints can scarcely be observed. It is strong, too, for if proper care is taken, and the sinnett, made from cocoanut fiber, renewed when necessary, one of these boats will stand many years' service.

The *taumualua* marked the height of the Samoan's peaceful ambition. It was only for war purposes that he desired anything bigger. Here, however,

his ambition o'erleapt itself. The Samoan, despite the name which has been given to his islands, is not a good navigator. Nor is he much of a fighter, and consequently his attempts at naval warfare are mainly characterized by the ludicrous. And the greatest of his failures in this direction is the gigantic *alia*, or war canoe, of which an illustration is given, and which is to be seen ignominiously rotting on the coast of Savaii. She is the largest vessel of purely native workmanship yet built in Samoa, and, indeed, she is so large that her prows project from out the shed across the public footpath which runs along the coast, as if the vessel were unable to find cover for her hugh bulk under the thatched roof. She is a wonderful specimen of marine architecture, unique in size and unwieldiness. For two years the entire town devoted itself with single-handed energy to the construction of this craft. The strong young men scoured the bush in search of the *torea* tree, which they cut down and hewed into shape with infinite labor. The old men and the weakly, sitting in the houses, plaited endless coils of sinnett for the fastenings, whilst the women and girls gossiped over the huge mats, which, sewn together, were to form her great lateen sail. When these things were all collected, two clumsy boats of canoes, each eighty feet long, were constructed. The planks were sewn together with sinnett, in the manner already explained, and then the two hulls were joined catamaran fashion by strong thwartship beams. A roughly laid deck forms a great fighting platform, with a curious kind of hut or cabin in the center for the high chief in command. In shape it is like a lean-to, open on one side, and completely closed on the other with mats. A tall mast, rigged with the mat sail, completes the equipment of this singular man-of-war.

Undoubtedly a craft of this weight and size would be dangerous to the enemy if only a crew could be found to manage her, but so far this has not been accomplished, and the career of the *alia* does not encourage further efforts of the kind. Through the united exertion of some three hundred men she was launched and a trial voyage attempted. But the crew proved totally unable to control such a huge vessel, in shape little better than a raft, and finally the great mat sail, stimulated by the trade wind, took charge. The result of it all was that the big war canoe, the pride of the village and the talk of the whole coast, was but narrowly saved from total destruction, and since that day she has reposed ignominiously but peacefully by the roadside.

JUVENILE LITERATURE, PAST AND PRESENT.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

Perhaps in no way is the advance of intellectual culture more forcibly marked than in our juvenile literature. It is a great step from the crude horn-book of our ancestors to the children's brilliant periodicals of the present. In the "good old times" the mental nourishment that the literary larder offered to growing minds was first the New England Primer, with its quaintly worded couplets and still quainter wood cuts; and later such interesting matter as Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Bacon's "Essays," and Locke on "The Understanding." We pause in admiration before the youthful intellects that could survive this heavy diet.

Morbidness is happily going out of fashion. Nowadays "the good" do not always "die young." Rather are they inclined to grow up to be noble men and women. The modern heroine no longer sits in the house with her sampler or goes for prosy walks with a grim, hawk-eyed governess. By her brother's side she climbs the pleasant paths of knowledge to the mountain top. An embarrassment of literary riches now confronts parents and educators, and the present danger lies in the over-stimulation of bright, ambitious boys and girls. Authors of world-wide reputation contribute to our juvenile periodicals illustrated gems of art, science, and fiction, over which "children of larger growth" linger with pleasure and profit.

From "Reading without Tears" and the adventures of "Sanford and Merton" we have arrived at an age of historical romances, tales of travel and exploration in foreign lands, descriptions of country sports and fireside amusements, and books of wholesome fun. The wonderland of natural history in all its branches is also open to youthful investigators, and the child is rare indeed who fails to evince a lively interest in even the smallest creature that runs, crawls, or flies. The bird on the nest, the bear in the forest solitudes, the butterfly flitting in the sun, the whale spouting in the ocean breakers, and the humble mollusk on the seashore, all exert on childish minds a powerful influence which is as lasting as it is irresistible. There are some books, such as "Mother Goose," "The Arabian Nights," and "Robinson Crusoe," which, in a certain sense, have become classics, and are enshrined affectionately in the memory; while fathers of families may occasionally be found poring over the "Ragged Dick" series or Oliver Optic's books for boys.

There is a class of detective or "cowboy" literature, a taste for which is sometimes indulged in secretly by children of good families, though it is mainly patronized by street boys. "The Yellow Mask," by the author of "The Red, Red Shirt," "Dare-Devil Dick, the Terror of the Plains," "The Poisoned Doughnut, or the Baker's Revenge," are tales whose titles suggest their contents. It is safe to say that no child of spirit will read anything "stupid;" and the moral, if any, should be inferred rather than forced. Action and stirring events are indispensable to success in books for children, and writers along these lines would also do well to remember that the budding mind is apt to translate literally, often putting most curious constructions on high-flown figures of speech.

The best is none too good to offer to those who will make our future history; for, if "childhood is the sowing-time," surely the seed should be worth the harvesting.

A BALLOON STORY.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

THAT bad luck or the mysterious agency designated as a "hoodoo" is responsible for the unfortunate career of some balloons, who can say? Balloon people themselves adhere firmly to the latter theory, sharing with the show fraternity in general an unshaken belief in superstitious signs.

It may have been a coincidence that one day at the Chutes, Elbert R. de Tamble, Secretary of the Haight-street grounds, should have declined to superintend the inflating of the balloon advertised to ascend, because, as he said, he believed that it had a hoodoo upon it; and that a few minutes later "The Chutes" went up on fire with Aeronaut Emil Markeburg hanging to the parachute. Press Agent Phil Hastings—and here is another incident that may have been chance but which savors of prophecy—was standing near when Mr. de Tamble spoke, and said: "I believe that inanimate as well as animate things are either mascoted or hoodooed. Ascension after ascension may be made by some without the slightest trouble, but this balloon has met with an accident every time with one exception. I wonder what is going to happen to-day?"

What did happen was the balloon conflagration referred to, and hoodoo or not, the mishaps to "The Chutes" are a sample of what has beset the destinies of other smoke-holding bags.

The balloon was constructed by the Viola family of aeronauts. It was to carry away on its initial ascent Leila Adair, the eldest of the family named, but when the time came to cut away, the knife would not work and down came the hot-air bag, parachute, and balloonist, all in a heap on a willow-tree on Webster Street; the fair aeronaut, however, escaping injury. It was next sent up across the bay with Essie Viola on the trapeze, and there the young woman was dashed against a tree. It then essayed a night ascension from Haight Street with Miss Essie again on the trapeze. It shot up against the side of a three-story building in the Western Addition and seriously bruised the young woman before she was rescued, but she pluckily made another and successful trial of the cranky airship.

On the next occasion, when the balloon was released, the man in charge of the furnace neglected to cover the cylinder, and Miss Essie had to be held back to prevent her from being dragged through flames that were leaping six feet in the air. After the balloon landed in the vicinity of the Mission it was captured by a mob of boys and young men, who had a neat fist fight over it, each side of contestants claiming the right to hold it for the reward usually paid for a balloon's recovery. After that Miss Essie made another ascent, meeting with an accident that confined her to her home for three weeks. The cut-away knife failed to work until the balloon had come down within a hundred feet of a house. Then the rope suddenly parted, precipitating the girl to the roof.

Leila Adair then attempted an ascent, but there was more misfortune. The crowd got so close to the balloon when it left the ground that the young woman was crowded out of the path on which she had to make a run holding on to the trapeze cords, and lost her hold on the cords. In trying to recover them the swinging trapeze bar struck her with such violence on the shoulder blade that she fainted. The balloon went serenely on its way, as though satisfied with its work, and landed in Mission Bay, where it was rescued by some boatmen. Then there was additional trouble. The boatmen wanted an exorbitant price, claiming that as it had been saved from the waters of the bay they were entitled to salvage. It required three days' negotiations to reach an amicable settlement. Then the property was turned over to a young man, who placed it in a wagon to convey it to the grounds. Ignorant of the existence of a boulevard ordinance, he drove rapidly out Golden Gate Avenue, and was arrested by an officer, who escorted him and the balloon to the City Hall.

A bystander who heard Mr. deTamble relate the history of "The Chutes" to the writer, supplemented it by asking if the balloon was rubbed down with a silver dollar before it went up the first time.

"Guess not," was the reply.

"Well, then, that accounts for it. The next new balloon you get, you rub it with a silver coin and it's 16 to 1 it never will have an accident."

Bridges, like the human freight that passes over them, have their characteristics and their peculiarities. An authority upon the bridge subject savs that there are few, if any, bridges in the world over which troops are permitted to march in regular step. A suspension bridge is always traversed with caution, the soldiers proceeding at irregular steps. The reason of this is that it has been found dangerous to impart a steady vibration to the structure, the result being so heavy a strain at each repetition that even the strongest piece of architecture is imperiled thereby.

JOURNALISTIC BOUQUETS.

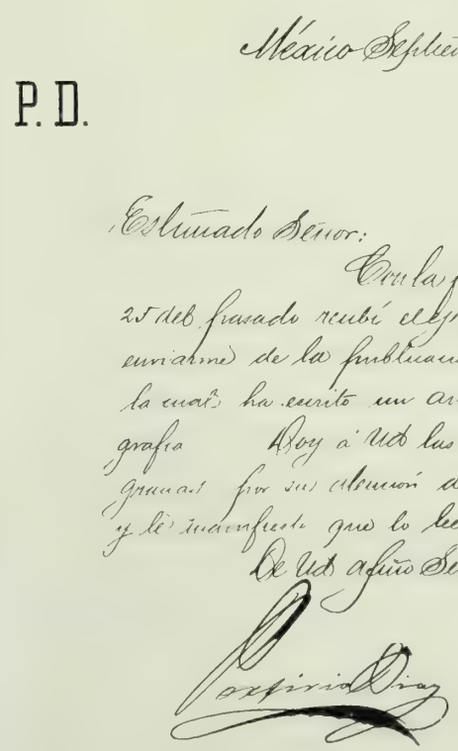
The following comment upon THE TRAVELER, reprinted from the Boston *Daily Globe*, is one of the most acceptable of the many "bouquets" passed this way by appreciative contemporaries. Especially do we value praise from this quarter, the *Globe* being one of the great representative newspapers of the country, with a reputation for high literary and journalistic excellence in all departments of its make-up.

One of the finest specimens of art typography on the continent, and one that will compare favorably with any in the world, is San Francisco's well-edited TRAVELER, an illustrated family monthly of royal quarto size. The tenth volume began with the July number, which is replete with photographic and artistic charms. The illustrated articles on "The California Soldiers' Home," "British Beauties," and "The Lariat and its Use," are among its most interesting features. It is William V. Bryan (notice the V.!) who is responsible for the make-up and issuance of a magazine that is a decided credit to the art in an era well filled with such excellences.

And here is what a Southern neighbor kindly says of us:

THE TRAVELER is conceded to be the neatest magazine of the Pacific Coast from a typographical point of view, and the late number is full of most interesting matter relative to the country in which we live.

In view of the recent attempt at assassination of President Diaz of the Mexican Republic, and the somewhat unusual courtesy of the acknowledgment of small matters from great men, we have thought that the following letter to one of our contributors would prove an interesting reproduction. It comes direct from the President's sanctum sanctorum, bears his own signature, and is a gracious response to an illustrated article appearing in a recent issue of THE TRAVELER. The translation of the letter follows the facsimile.



México Septiembre 2 de 1897

P. D.

Estimado Señor:

En la favorecida de U. de 25 del pasado recibí el ejemplar que se sirve enviarme de la publicación "The Traveler," en la cual ha escrito un artículo sobre mi biografía. Doy á U. las mas rendidas gracias por su atención de haberme enviado, y le manifiesto que lo leeré con toda atención.

De U. afmo. Servidor

Porfirio Diaz

Private Office of the President
of the Mexican Republic. MEXICO, September 2, 1897.

Dear Sir:—With your favor of the twenty-fifth of last month I received the copy which you had the kindness to send me of the publication THE TRAVELER, in which you had written an article on my biography. I give you the most grateful thanks for your attention in making this known to me, and I assure you that I shall read it with all attention.

Your obedient servant,
PORFIRIO DIAZ.

Preacher—Attendance falling off somewhat, isn't it, sexton? *Sexton*—Yes, sir; they are all going over to Pastor Downs' church. *Preacher*—There's evidently got to be something done. *Sexton*—Suppose I spread a report about your having kissed a leading member of the flock. *Preacher*—Er—some purely fictitious story would er—do just as well, I think.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

California marble is to be used in the construction of a ducal palace abroad. I delight in knowing that our native product is to be put to such purpose, so long as another native product in the way of a daughter of this Golden West is not imported with it. I would suggest that every marriageable foreigner of title be presented with a fine specimen of California marble—in the form of a heart.

THE BUYING OF LITERARY FAME.

Far more frequently than I desire to receive them, there come to me from various points of the compass in these United States, offers from book and magazine publishers to assist me in a dizzy climb up the ladder of fame. Now these b. and m. publishers haven't the ghost of a personal, kindly interest in me or my welfare—bless you, no. For every rung of the ladder up which they fain would hoist this humble mortal frame of me, they modestly request various sums ranging from five to twenty-five dollars, according to the amount of fame parceled out at the time of hoisting. As for instance: an Eastern publishing house—they are great shearers of Western lambs, those enterprising Eastern chaps—sends me a tempting (?) suggestion per circular typewritten letter, prefaced by some palpable fabrications about my high literary standing in the East, that I permit the use, in a forthcoming most important edition de luxe, of my photograph, together with a biographical sketch of myself—for which the merely nominal sum of twenty-five dollars will be charged (payment solicited immediately) to defray expenses of same. In return for this sum I am to receive a copy of the volume, the half-tone of my tortured phiz, and the glorious distinction of being sandwiched between the covers of a book that nobody will ever read excepting the owners of the other tortured phizzes that bear mine company—and glory no doubt loves company as fondly as does misery.

Now I do not in the least blame the people who promulgate these schemes, so long as other people are foolish enough to bite at the bait, which is nothing more or less than a grand-stand play to their vanity. Publishers of books and magazines must live, by fair means or foul, and it is a perfectly legitimate thing for them to profit by the weaknesses of their fellow creatures. In fact, I think it is rather bright of them to sell fame at so much per inch, when there are so many people with money to burn—I mean money to buy.

From my own prejudiced point of view, these transactions, whether they involve the expenditure of twenty-five dollars or five, are nothing but the advertising, at stipulated rates, of one's personality, and precisely on a par with any other kind of advertising. Therefore will I none of it; for fame that is bought is a worthless thing, and a very poor investment for one's money.

When a writer has worked hard enough at the point of a pen to gain a recognized place among his coworkers, and is, without his knowledge, made the subject of a paragraph praising his efforts to do credit to his profession and himself, it is very gratifying to him to catch the bouquet thrown his way. It is an unsought tribute, therefore one to be appreciated. But how about the bouquet that has a bill for a holder? How about the write-up that is bought and paid for? It strikes me that it is about as fragrant as those imitations of nature—paper flowers.

Wherefore this straining after fame, anyway? What difference can it possibly make to me whether the good people of Milpitas and Sausalito are or are not aware of the fact that I write?

What care they if, summer and winter,
I wrestle with globules of ink
That threaten the brain of the printer
And drive the proofreader to drink?

So please, O magazine and book publishers, with your eyes focused for a greedy moment my way, make me no more offers. I want not your half-tone of the face that I am condemned to wear owing to circumstances over which I have no control, nor do I yearn for a copy of your book, — for I positively have not time to dust it, much less read it. Nor am I longing for fame, because that is something which genius alone merits, and my place is with the rank and file. As for the five and the twenty-five and all intermediate sums, I shall need them one of these days for knitting needles, spectacles, catnip tea, and other necessities of serene old age, when you, your schemes, yea, your books themselves are cobwebbed o'er upon the shelf of time.

DIVIDED.

So near together lie their paths, so near!
And yet they dare not pause for one brief space
To meet and greet each other face to face,
Lest in that swift, sweet interchange appear
Their paradise denied; a higher sphere
Than this dull level of the commonplace
Where toil and duty hold in firm embrace
Life's all, from hour to hour, from year to year.
Too brave for tears, too loyal for regret,
By ties of honor bound they live their days,
While love, unanswered, calls from heart to heart.
So near their pathways lie, so near! And yet
The gulf could scarce be wider were their ways
Ten thousand weary, sunless leagues apart.

"WHO SAID I WAS A FLIRT?"

FROM MY WINDOW.

Gaunt spires, like ghostly fingers pointing, meet
The fog's gray mantle as it settles down
And wraps in chilling folds the busy town.
Below, the hurried tread of many feet
Along the hard, worn surface of the street;
Above, the sky's impenetrable frown.
Ah, who would guess that ways like these, dust-brown,
My longing gaze can change to meadows sweet,
While for one fleeting, magic moment come
The scent of clover and the lark's clear call?
Slow drifts the fog adown the noisy mart. . .
Yet still I lean to hear the wild bees' hum,
The music of the rippling waterfall;
And summer's peace abides within my heart.

Indiana trainmen have been forbidden to wave their handkerchiefs at, and otherwise flirt with, women. Thus does the iron heel of monopoly grind into the hide of its hirelings. Even here in San Francisco there is a sign on every cable dummy warning us that we must not talk to the gripman. And yet they say this is the age of woman!

A RHYME TO ALASKA.

O dark and dreary land devoid of scandal,
Where hungry man would rather eat than flirt;
Where like as not an inch of tallow candle
Is all one ever gets for one's dessert;
O land of snowed-up gold and azure noses,
I'd rather be, this fair October day,
A deadbroke scribbler in our realm of roses
Than any frozen miner up your way.

Fresno, torrid city to the south of us, has sustained a journalistic loss which is San Francisco's gain, Mr. A. J. Waterhouse having been lured from the *Republican* office, which his brains adorned editorially for several years, to similar responsibilities in the *Examiner* office. He will continue to adorn at the new stand as modestly and brilliantly as at the old, for Mr. Waterhouse is a wonderfully prolific writer whose work sustains an even excellence notwithstanding the volume of it. And as for personal unobtrusiveness, one might go searching the highways and byways of journalism, every nook and corner of them where brains abide, and find no more simple-mannered, unpretending man than he anywhere. I doubt if a writer in all the length and breadth of the Pacific Slope has so many friends. I am pleased that Mr. Waterhouse has come into the newspaper fold. I congratulate the *Examiner*, commiserate the *Republican*, and welcome the talented wife and bonny bairns of this writer whose wit has cheered thousands of readers, and whose songs have gone straight to the hearts of thousands more.

Caloric Fresno, however, is not altogether unbeloved of the gods, for I hear that Mrs. L. Claire Davis will remain on the *Expositor's* editorial staff, although the Stockton *Mail's* readers refuse to believe that the "*Mail's* Girl" has really said good-by, not *au revoir*. Stockton, you must know, recently elected by a very large-sized majority of votes this bright, brave, good little woman and pen toiler to its School Board. Mrs. Davis didn't find it hard work in the least to get an office which men pull wires and spend money to gain. She just consented to let her name go on the candidate list, and the *Mail* and the voters did the rest. I don't blame her for wanting to elude Stockton climate but it seemeth to me that Fresno as an alternative is like a leap from the frying pan into the fire. I am no prophet but I predict that San Francisco will eventually enroll Mrs. Davis on the newspaper list. She is the right kind of people and therefore ought to be with us.

In a few days the Frawley Company will have gone a-touring, therefore I who have tears to shed will weep them now, for, all unknowingly, certain of the members thereof have made my lot as a theater-goer less hard at times to bear. Adieu, Blanche Bates; I shall miss you, your dimpling face and your talent that, like wine, improves with the seasons. Adieu, Frank Worthing; your refinement will long console me for the grossness that I am fated to see in some others; you are an artist and a gentleman and there are too few of you. Harry Corson Clarke, most excellent actor, without you what's the band—of Frawleys? It suits me to hear that you'll not be permitted to leave San Francisco alive—that you are to be kept here as bright particular star of the Alcazar Stock Company. Adieu, Madge Carr Cooke; you are a credit to the stage and deserve praise for your careful work. Adieu, William Lewers; I like you several hundred per cent better than I did George Leslie. And Gladys—crisp, captivating little ingenue Wallis whose gowns are a dry goods dream; Phosa McAllister, dignified and dependable; Wilson Enos, competent and satisfactory always. Adieu, each of you, and may the ghost always walk for you on schedule time.

Prussia is gracefully falling into line on the woman question. Recently Miss Marie Hassenstein received a principal's certificate as teacher, declared to be the first ever given to a woman in that country. It is stated that she intends to establish a school for girls at Charlottenburg.

Says a beauty doctor and all-round wrinkle-chaser: "Cucumbers have a singular and powerful effect upon the complexion." The same might be said concerning their effect in the region of the diaphragm.

NEW GOLD.

CONCERNING MARS.

[*Written for The Traveler by Lillian Ferguson.*]

They tell us, those whose scientific eyes
Are turned inquiringly upon the stars,
That countless beings, fashioned human-wise,
Inhabit Mars.

A strange and puzzling problem, this, to face;
If "there are others" thus beyond our reach,
What are the customs of that sky-born race,
And what their speech?

Does man, I wonder, love his neighbor's wife
Not wisely but too well in that far sphere?
Do those who murder take new lease of life
The same as here?

Pray, are the women old or young or "new"?
Must they, too, wait for leap year to propose?
And do they say they'll be a sister to
Rejected beaux?

Can it be really possible that they,
Who dwell so very near to Peter's door,
Are fed like us on scandals fresh each day,
Yet howl for more?

Do politicians there extend the hand
That men call "glad," before election day,
And then each name and face and promise bland
Forget straightway?

Are buttons ever missing from a coat?
Does tyrant man don perforated hose
The while his gentle partner yearns to vote
And end her woes?

When husbands lift the latch at break of day,
And sail to port like ships long overdue,
I wonder if the mischief is to pay
In Mars—don't you?

The hat theatric; deadly trolley car;
Unloaded guns, and puns that cause despair—
I question if these earthly evils are
Endured up there.

Does man descend to language impolite,
And murmur things he never can take back,
When steps he blithely in the dead of night
Upon a tack?

Alack, how can I learn the state of things
Aloft in that mysterious realm called Mars,
Unless I cultivate a pair of wings
And scale the stars?

A RAILWAY REVERIE.

She muses! A far-away look
Steals into the hazel eyes,
And the untried wealth of the open book
At the window neglected lies.
Reposing, a slender hand reclines
Ungloved, with a careless grace
And the languid swoon of the afternoon
Comes over the perfect face.

She sleeps! and the full-blown rose
Droops drowsily on her breast
And nods in the tremulous tide that flows
In the warm young life at rest.
Could the quivering smile on the cheek that plays
Be traced by the daring pen,
How the plaintive lays of a lover's praise
Might live in the hearts of men.

She wakes! Did a dawn like this
E'er yet on the dark earth smile?
Did a passing spirit stoop to kiss
The cheek that a saint would guile?
Divinely fair is the rose-blush there
Where the shadows of dimples play,
And my hungry gaze—but I must not stare—
Reluctantly turns away.

Ah!—sweet are the thoughts that cling
To the picture in every line,
And my soul would sing on a bouyant wing
Of the vision that hath been mine.
God grant his care to the dear, sweet life,
And bright be the days to come,
But my reverie stops with the train. 'T is my Wife,
And I pay for the carriage home!

—*Ernest N. Bagg in New England Magazine.*

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. F. Ryan.

Millionaire—Honesty, my son, is always the best policy.

His Son—Well, maybe it is, father, but still, you've done pretty well.

A mustard plaster is not a very poetic subject; but, ha, how warmly it appeals to a man's feelings.

The man who thinks the world owes him a living, and will come around and pay it, gets left.

Some workingmen were discussing the names of great scientists in Manchester. The name of Darwin cropped up. One of the company, less learned than the rest, said, "Darwen! I kna that place. A've been ther' monny a toime." "Get out, you fooil," said another, "we're nut talking abut the place called Darwen, but the mon! Hevn't ye nivver heard o' Darwen? Why, if it hadn't been for Darwen we should all h've been chatterin' monkeys, and nut gentlemen, like we are!"

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them, a Marsellais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duellist had ever met. "How was it?" asked everybody. "I was at an hotel and chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing-master. 'One or the other of us,' he declared, in a fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive!' 'So let it be!' I shouted in response, and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!"

Some amusing mistakes are made by scholars in the use and meaning of words. Says a ministerial authority: "I have heard a pupil teacher teach his class to say, not, 'Star of the East, the horizon adorning!' but 'Star of the East the arise in the morning!' I have a servant girl who used to sing, not 'Before the hills of Zion yield their many sacred sweets,' but 'Before the hills of Zion's yell how many secrets sweet.' Nearly everybody knows the story of a well-known clergyman. He met one day an old parishioner, whose son had lately emigrated to Australia. 'Well, Elizabeth,' said he, 'so your son's gone?' 'Yes, sir,' she answered. 'It is what the Bible say—'Train up a child and away a' do go!'"

Have you ever seen the crocus crow?
Or seen where the cowslip slips?
Have you ever seen the snowballs snow?
Or been where the snowdrop drips?
Have you sat in the morning glory's glow?
No! But I've often kissed tulips.

Doctors now say that boiled cow's milk is not good for babies; it is better raw. The doctors are right; a raw cow gives better milk than a boiled one.

Miggs—When you order a swell dinner, eat it, and suddenly discover that you are broke, what do you do?

Diggs—The proprietor, if I can.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequalled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

Klamath is celebrated also for its hot steam, sulphur, and mud baths, which are noted for their cure of neuralgia and rheumatic complaints. The climate is perfect, and, most important of all, the rates are reasonable.

Returning now from summer resorts and coming, from the hot interior districts, people find the cool atmosphere of San Francisco a pleasant change. But 'tis not so easy as might be imagined to find a rooming-house without some objectionable feature. No one, either lady or gentleman, need hesitate for a moment; however, about locating at "Hotel Ramona," 130 Ellis Street, of which Mrs. Kate S. Hart is manager. The management giving instant assurance of the high character of the house.

Besides which it is most centrally and conveniently located, right on the edge of the business section and within a short walk of all places of amusement, yet sufficiently removed from the hubbub to be free from street noises. There are one hundred and fifty fine rooms, including some beautiful suites, and the rates are very reasonable. Try "The Ramona."

DO YOU WANT GOLD?

Every one desires to keep informed on Yukon, the Klondyke and Alaskan gold fields. Send 10 cents for large Compendium of vast information and big color map to Hamilton Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

TEN DOLLARS A WEEK FOR EIGHT.

It does not seem possible that the table for eight people can be provided for ten dollars a week. But Mrs. Rorer, the most famous cook in America, says it can be done. She has tried it and knows. She proves her case in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for October. She gives twenty-one menus, covering a week's meals, and gives full, practical directions by which any woman can make as attractive meals as Mrs. Rorer explains, for this small sum of ten dollars.

Carl L. Jensen's Crystal-Pepsin Tablets for dyspepsia and indigestion are coming rapidly into popular favor, and are marvelous in their effect. They can be obtained at all druggists for 50 cents per flask.

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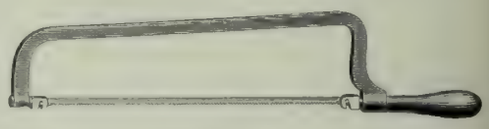

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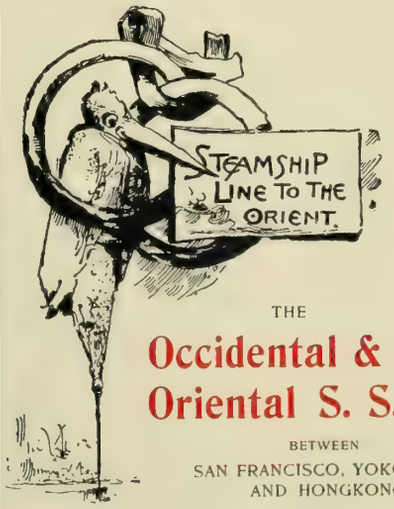

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COPTIC (via Honolulu)	Thursday, Nov. 18, 1897
GAELIC	Tuesday, Dec. 7, 1897
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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1897. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 15 AND 17, RUE DES MARTYRS, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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DID it ever occur to you, real seriously, just why we are, and have been, passing through a financial panic for the past three years? Did you ever stop to think of the broad definition of the word "confidence," and realize that the lack of it is accountable for the condition of the nation at this time. Just this single insignificant word, as defined by standard authorities, is the key to individual happiness, to the harmony of Statehood, to the success of nationality, and to the progress and betterment of the world at large.

Why should we pass through the period of depression that we have experienced for the past four years? Lack of confidence in the values of realty and securities. And to probe still further, why this lack of confidence in the values of realty and securities? This question brings us to the vital points, but it admits of a rather voluminous elucidation. Concisely, however, it may be chiefly attributed to the laxity of our laws, their elastic interpretation, and the encouragement therein by the thrones of justice. When it comes to pass that a court of law permits an argument on the definition of the little word "from," as embodied in an important contract recently in litigation in Washington, and when in San Francisco a man arrested for expectorating in a public conveyance, prohibited by statute, is defended on the technicality that he spat and not expectorated (*ex*, out of, *pecto*, the lungs), how under the sun is it possible to get justice? It is just this uncertainty of the administration of our laws that makes many a man hesitate about entering into a contract involving the expenditure of money, for it seems almost impossible to so frame an instrument that it will be invulnerable to litigation should it be attacked. Again, the aggressive and arbitrary attitude of our so-called labor unions has done an incalculable injury to our manufacturing interests, has paralyzed capital, discouraged investment, and sacrificed life and limb. The theory of labor organization for mutual protection is eminently laudable, but the practise of the principle that the "end justifies the means" is responsible for our riots, bloodshed, destruction of property, and the consequent paralysis of trade and the attendant distrust in the investment of capital.

Lastly, the iniquity of modern politics, the inordinate ambition of its devotees for the almighty dollar, the rings in their noses, with the omnipresent "boss" at the other end, the itching palm ready to be relieved by the all-powerful golden eagle, forms the last link in the chain of justice, labor, and municipal governments. To carry out the simile, "a chain is as strong as its weakest link," would hardly be applicable to the case in point, for the reason that each end of these three links finds its support on the columns of the judiciary. Were these impregnable and immovable the chain depending upon them would never break. In other words, the ponderous tome bearing the inscription of "jurisprudence" forms the cornerstone of national prosperity, and the framework, in turn, of our social and political institutions.

Let us then get to the root of the existing evil: Our national constitution must first be built up with a powerful tonic before we can operate successfully upon its component parts. We must have a national revision, or amendment, then State, and lastly municipal, amplifying the existing principles by hoops of steel, so closely riveted, that they will withstand the fiercest onslaught of technicality and misinterpretation.

ALREADY are let loose the dogs of war, and we can hear their distant baying as they gather together the cohorts of the political arena. The gubernatorial boom has begun, and we have a list of names before us that have been "prominently mentioned" as candidates. Fortunately for us—perhaps more so for himself—we shall not be inflicted with another reign of Jimmy Budd. The bud blossomed forth not long ago into a full-bloomed flower, but it lacked the delicacy and sweetness so promising in its early growth, and was a bitter disappointment to those who nourished it. Its leaves are faded now, and its sweetness has been wasted on the desert air, forever.

While we are looking for a pilot for the ship of State, why not select one of our prominent and respected *business* men, and lift him with a single bound from the ranks of the mercantile world to the gubernatorial chair. Few there are who would decline the honor, and not having received a training in the school of politics, he would, at least, be unfamiliar with, and perhaps too old to learn, the teachings of those principal text-books entitled, "Pulling the Wires," "Get Your Money Honestly—If You Can," "To the Victor Belong the Spoils," and "Politics, Patronage, Perquisites."

ON FRIDAY evening last in the neighborhood of eight thousand people witnessed the pugilistic contest between Lavigne and Walcott. To the lover of sport it was perhaps one of the most interesting and scientific boxing exhibitions that has ever been seen in San Francisco, and while the defeated Walcott was carried bodily from the ring, his condition

CHUMS. *Fiske photo.*

was alleged to have been caused by an attack of cramps rather than from bodily injury. If we will recall the history of prize fighting in San Francisco alone, it will be remembered that rarely have serious consequences followed a fistic encounter, yet there are thousands of people who look upon this form of sport as brutal, degrading, and nothing less than a disgrace to the fair name of the city where such contests take place. These same people, however, will go miles to see a game of football where it is the exception for some of the participants to conclude without some serious injury—a broken arm, leg, or collar bone seems to be in order in the roughest of all so-styled "manly sports."

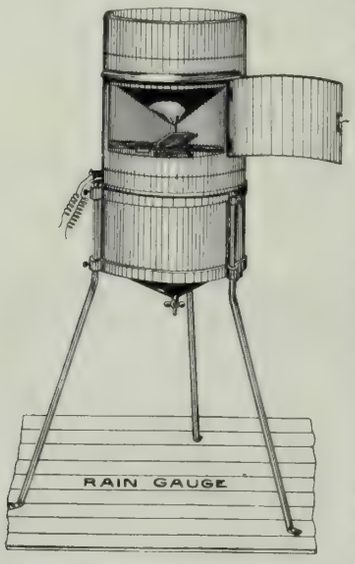
A TALK WITH THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

THE elevator of the Mills Building skyward went until ten floors were between myself and terra firma. I wanted to find the man who keeps his finger on the climate's pulse, Mr. W. H. Hammon, Forecast Official and Section Director. Mr. Hammon's weather eye was withdrawn from the misty horizon and his weather ear was at the telephone listening for a message, the while he instructed an assistant to have Fresno stack her raisin trays, issued an order or two, answered three enquiries and dispatched a messenger. And it wasn't his busy day either. To the visitor this department of the government is most mysterious in its workings with codes, signals, and intricate, sensitive machinery. To Mr. Hammon it is as simple as A B C.

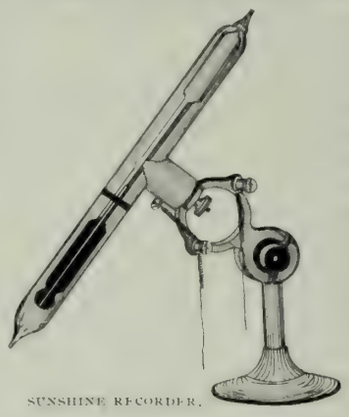
"Twice a day," said he, "at five o'clock in the morning and five at night, we receive telegraphic reports from every weather bureau station on the Pacific Coast. These reports are transmitted to maps upon which are recorded the temperature, air-pressure, wind velocity, wind direction, general state of the weather, and amount of rainfall in each section of the country. By examining this map made out this morning you will observe that a blue mark connects various points. This indicates that the same temperature existed at all of them. The red lines connect points where air-pressure is the same. Drawing a circle around each of the points, we darken or lighten the space within to correspond with the cloudy or sunny conditions prevailing there. Thus is obtained a literal picture of the weather.

"Two supplementary maps are then prepared, upon which are recorded all changes that occur from time to time in the different localities where weather history is made. This one is for air-pressure advices, the red lines showing changes that have taken place within twenty-four hours, the blue those of the past twelve hours. The other map tells the temperature story, and a varying one it is, since in the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Lake country it may have dropped from ten to thirty degrees within twenty-four hours, while in Nevada, Utah, and portions of Oregon it may have risen that much. Closely studying these changes as they occur we see their manner of movement, note the conditions under which such movement takes place, and make deductions accordingly. By this method we are enabled to forecast the weather in a given locality.



"Preparation of weather observations begins at 4:30 o'clock, in order that they may be ready for the telegraph operator promptly at five A. M. From that hour until six A. M. he is rapidly receiving and transmitting reports to other points, collecting and distributing to Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles, Chicago, Denver and other places. At seven A. M. a clerk comes on to prepare the forecast charts. At the same time another clerk commences the preparation of an engraving in chalk over a steel plate, recording the information contained in the primary forecast chart, and a printer is setting up in tabular form whatever information has been received from the various stations. By 7:30 A. M. the charts are fully prepared and the printer has his table in type. Then the forecaster draws red lines connecting points where the air pressure or barometer is the same. The technical term for them is isobars. He then connects the points for equal temperature with lines called isotherms, after which he dictates to a typewriter a description of the weather conditions as shown on the weather map, and forecasts what he expects will take place on that night and the following day. At once this information is put into the hands of a printer and passes into type. While this copy is being prepared, the engraving clerk stereotypes his chalk map and the typewriter is preparing, for distribution, telegrams containing the forecast, hundreds of copies of which are sent throughout the United States by telegraph and thousands more by mail, San Francisco people receiving per mail six hundred copies. All this work is accomplished practically within the space of one hour, for by 8:30 A. M., at the latest, the forecast is in the hands of every display man in the State. To facilitate this we have the active and valuable co-operation of the Postoffice Department and telegraph company.

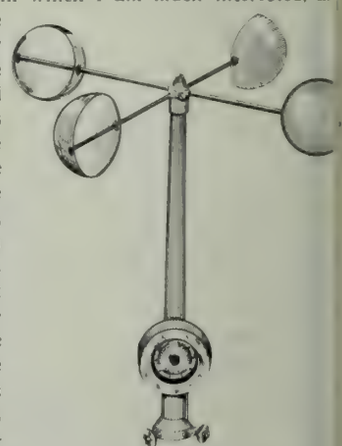
"All display men who receive messages over the same wire have their names on the same blanks, where they are designated as 'Weather' Smith, 'Weather' Brown, etc. The forecast official takes a blank on which are group of names belonging to the same wire, writing upon it the forecast for each group. Then a clerk prepares the individual blanks, his method being very rapid, to economize time. He uses a small code of one hundred words which form the forecaster's nomenclature, each word being moulded into a block of rubber which can be quickly inserted into a groove and stamped. Another clerk prepares postal cards containing the forecast, in a similar manner; these having been previously addressed. While the forecast official is preparing the blank, a clerk at the ferry postoffice station, D, is waiting at the telephone, rubber stamps and pencils at hand, to receive, record, and mail the information, a considerable saving of time. Each letter-carrier is furnished with a list of places along his route where subscribers are located who wish to keep in touch with the vagaries of the weather, and precedence is given to the delivery of this class of matter. By this time the printing press is running on the weather maps.


SUNSHINE RECORDER.

"The mechanical devices employed by the Weather Bureau are ingenious, accurate, delicate in construction, and interesting. One of them is a veritable weather historian, recording continuously the direction from which the wind is blowing, its velocity, when the sun is shining, when the rain is falling, and the amount and rate of the rainfall. It is a triple register doing quadruple work; a cylinder turned round by a clock supplied with several recording pens operated by electricity. As you will see, one of these pens makes a zigzag line to denote the fact that the sun is shining, while this one notches its news of the rain falling on the roof above; each of these notches records one-hundredth of an inch rainfall. Another instrument records continuously the temperature by making certain traces on a revolving cylinder.

"Thermometers are mounted on the roof in a lattice-work box impenetrable to the sun but accessible to the air, pressure of which is indicated on the barometer. One of the most remarkable of instruments in use by us is the which records the sunshine. But the chief instrument depended upon by the weather man is the barometer, this glass tube, which you see is nearly a yard in length, closed at one end, filled with mercury, then inverted so that the open end is immersed in a cup of mercury; the closed end being uppermost the mercury does not all run out, since air cannot enter to cause its escape. It does, however, fall to a certain point, leaving a vacuum in the top of the tube about thirty inches at sea level above the surface of mercury in the cistern, the mercury in the tube being held at this height by pressure of atmosphere on the surface of the mercury in the open cup. If pressure diminishes, mercury runs out; increased, it rises. In short, the instrument is a form of balance, in which a column of mercury is made to balance pressure of atmosphere.

"Weather announcements have proved a practical protection to the raisin and fruit industries, dryers and raisin-growers admitting that the injury resulting from occasional summer showers has been greatly reduced. The margin which insures success and defeats failure is due to this system of warnings, a branch of bureau work in which I am much interested, and which I am pleased to be able to state has been tried with most satisfactory results. I give careful attention to the agricultural interests of the State, and advise stacking only when a shower is certain. Another line of work is the protection of fruit from frost. The conditions under which frost occur are better understood now than ever before, and I anticipate improved service with the new station on Mount Tamalpais.


ANEMOMETERS.

"But the Weather Bureau's work is not confined to weather announcements alone. Climate and crop service is established throughout each State and Territory, the bureau supplying a simple set of instruments—rain gauge, maximum and minimum thermometers—for those persons in each county who are willing to take observations and furnish monthly reports. From this office is issued weekly a bulletin containing a general crop report summary compiled from reports received. Will it rain to-day? Yes, in a few moments."

And with a barometric pressure on my brain of isobars, isotherms, and marvelous, mystifying machinery, I went forth to invest in goloshes.

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH A SHARK.

J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.

WE LAY becalmed between two islands of the Navigation group, and the situation was anything but amusing. The sea, as far as its surface went, was like glass, but a heavy swell, the remains of yesterday's blow, kept our little schooner tossing to and fro like a pendulum. To walk about was impossible, for even if the vessel had been at rest two steps was the maximum promenade permitted by the narrow limits of her deck. To sit still in that blazing sun and feel the deck burning like redhot plates through your clothes, was equally difficult, and reading was out of the question; moreover, we had long since exhausted the small stock of literature on board. The Capt'n, a hardy old sailor of the genuine beachcomber type, squatted by the kicking tiller, and cursed *sotto voce* every time it smote him in the ribs. The crew, consisting of one Fiji boy, lay on the forward hatch and baked in silence after the patient manner of his race. I am very much afraid that we, the white passengers, would have lost our sense of dignity and ended by joining in the skipper's profanity, had not the fish come to entertain us.

It was the most wonderful display of deep-sea life it has ever been my fortune to witness. The rail of our tiny craft was barely more than a foot from the surface of the water, and leaning over we could look down for miles, as it seemed, into the clear blue depths. It all began with a school of bonito which sprang as if by magic from nowhere at all. In a moment the water around and under the schooner was alive with these magnificent fish. Great big fellows, three or four feet long would dart past us, shining in all the glory of their natural colors, silver and blue and gold mingling in ever-changing tints and merging into a streak of shining whiteness as the fish made its way to the depths below, only to be replaced by another and equally brilliant specimen of its race. Little fish of all kinds sported nearer the surface, picking up the crumbs we threw overboard, as they lazily sank through the crystal waters. Now and again huge dolphins, dwarfing even the bonito by comparison, would play around us, scattering the smaller fry before them like chaff. But the fish were not eating each other on that particular day, they had other and more serious matters to think of.

"There must be a shark somewhere about," said our skipper, who like most of his craft in the Islands was learned in the ways of deep-sea fish; "they've come to seek protection from the schooner."

How the bonito and the dolphin, not to mention all the smaller fish, reasoned it out I know not, but they certainly had come to the conclusion that they would be safer near that big black thing on which men lived. They knew that the shark, being a coward and a bully, would be afraid to tackle such a powerful opponent, and as for themselves, they were learned about hooks and lines, and had nothing to fear from men. Though we baited our hooks never so temptingly, not one of the fish, big or little, which swarmed around, would look at them, and we soon gave up the attempt to catch victims and confined ourselves to silent admiration of the spectacular display afforded.

It was not long before a general bustle and commotion below warned us of the approach of the shark. His Lordship, a big shovel-nosed brute, swam lazily hither and thither, the smaller prey carefully keeping a path clear for him. None of them would go far from the schooner; they would just dodge about, now on one side, now on another, and now beneath the shade of her keel. At last the shark, seeing that there were to be no fish for dinner that day, evidently thought it would be a good thing to investigate our craft and find out if the men folk could spare anything of an eatable character. Herein he made the one, and I may say, the final error of his life.

"Now we'll catch him," said the skipper, suddenly taking to animation.

"How are you going to do that?" I asked, "you've got no hook."

"Don't want no hook," replied the Captain, "Know a trick worth two of that. You'll see."

By this time the shark, being left unmolested, had grown quite confident and swam lazily alongside, almost rubbing his great back against our planks, and now and again taking a cruise around our stern to see if we had happened to drop anything good overboard. To encourage him we did drop a few pieces of meat over the side, which were swallowed almost as soon as they touched the water.

"He's a beauty," remarked the skipper, scanning the fish with a practical eye, "he'll be worth fifty taros when we get him ashore."

"Just then I thought the chance of trading shark for taro a practically remote one, but the skipper seemed confident, and I soon had reason to change my opinion.

The method of capture was exceedingly simple. First the old man took the loose end of the main sheet and made a running bowline in it, carefully coiling down the slack on deck. Then he called the "crew" aft and bade him attach a piece of salt beef to the end of a small line.

We were then ready for operations. It was the crew's part to dangle the salt beef temptingly just below the surface of the water. The small line to which the meat was attached was passed through the bowline on the main sheet, and the skipper stood ready to lasso the shark as soon as opportunity occurred.

We had not long to wait. The great man-eater soon smelt the meat and came sniffing after it in his lazy, confident way. Two or three times he approached his nose, and then satisfied that there was no hook or other mechanical device concealed within the tempting morsel, decided that he would swallow it. Alas, even this last satisfaction was denied him.

The skipper was ready with the bowline, and as soon as the shark turned over and opened his enormous jaws, with their sawlike rows of teeth, he deftly slipped the loop over the head and fins of the brute and before this monster of the seas had time even to taste the meat he found himself securely caught.

To portray the rage and indignation of the shark at this unheard-of liberty would require pages of descriptive writing. Luckily the main sheet was a stout manilla line and it held him. He squirmed and twisted and turned in his wrath but strange to say he never attempted to bite through the rope which bound him fast to the stern. For a time, I believe, he even towed the schooner backwards, but as we had done nothing but drift all day, this made little difference. At last his struggles grew weaker, and he perished by drowning; a most ignoble fate for a deep-sea fish. During the remainder of the voyage, and it lasted three days more, he hung by the tail from the cat-head forward, half in and half out of the water. Many times we were painfully conscious of the proximity of the defunct fish, but the skipper having taros in view, clung to him persistently. And when at last we reached Savaii the natives crowded eagerly around to examine our prize. Its elevated nature did not discompose them in the least. Fifty taros, and fine large ones at that, were speedily produced, and all day long the ovens of redhot stones smoked in anticipation of the coming feast.

I need hardly add that I did not partake of shark for supper that night. Our acquaintance was of too long standing.

Photograph by Anton H. Schefer, showing the firing of a cannon at West Point, taken June 5, 1896. An eight-inch rifled gun, with 25 lbs. of E. V. hexagonal powder, and a 180-lbs. Butler coned shot. Exposure, $\frac{1}{50}$ of a second. In the picture the streaks of fire issuing from the gun are very plainly defined—an unusual thing, as most pictures of the firing of guns show only the smoke. The editor of the Camera Club of "Harper's Round Table" says that Mr. Schefer is to be congratulated on obtaining so good a picture.

THE AGE OF NIAGARA.

There appears to be a greater discrepancy among the scientists concerning the age of the famous Niagara River than there is between the average woman's assertions as to her birth, compared with the cruelly uncomplimentary statement set forth in the family Bible. At first we were informed that the river came into existence through changes in the level of the land round the great lakes, a trifle of fifty-five thousand years ago. Along came somebody else with the assertion that this was about forty-three thousand years too many. Then Sir Charles Lyell, the English geologist, jumped it up again to thirty-five thousand years, and now his learned brothers declare most decidedly that the river's real, bonafide time on earth is most anything from nine thousand to thirty-two thousand years.

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

THE TOURIST.

THE following interesting article is the third of an illustrated series which commenced in the September TRAVELER describing a voyage to the Orient, and taking the reader from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, and Nagasaki. Herewith the journey is continued, with a farewell reference to Nagasaki, to Canton and Hong Kong, our correspondent giving vivid accounts of what he has seen en route.]

We are at once impressed with the shape, the size, and location of this anchorage, presenting as it does an appearance similar to a large and extensive graving-dock. The entrance is about one-quarter of a mile wide, broadening out to a variable width from one-half to one mile, with a total length of about three miles; the shore line is indented with numerous little bays, and on the western side is situated an extensive shipbuilding and docking plant. The town of Nagasaki is located on the eastern and northern side of the harbor, stretching in a southerly direction until it joins the small European business section. Further south, on rising ground surrounded by beautiful trees, are the homes of the foreign residents and their consulates. From the deck of a ship there is no more beautiful picture to be seen in all this great empire of beautiful scenery—the quiet little inlet fringed on all sides with habitations and the marts of industry, with an imposing background of towering hills, covered with a wooded growth of lovely green. All this, associated with events of past ages, makes the spot a particularly interesting one to the traveler.

Next morning we are taken on shore in a steam launch, and walk a few blocks to the tortoise-shell store, where the ladies of our party are charmed with the fine display of shell-work, and willingly yield to heavy drafts on their finances. Here we take rickshas for a spin through the native town, which in appearance resembles other Japanese towns, with its crowded thoroughfares, fairly clean and smooth streets lined with little stores and workshops, the diligent workman in a sitting posture busily forming into shape the various articles in his line. As we pass along these interesting roadways we note the cheerful faces and contented expression of the men and women, while children in great numbers frolic here and there, and in their childish joy have no care for the morrow; and yet these people are poor, very poor. We turn into an open space or square filled with a crowd worshiping at a temporary shrine, in lieu of a temple to be erected on the same spot. The ceremony is conducted by three Shinto priests, each in turn performing some particular part of the service, all clad in elaborate robes and maintaining an air of solemn dignity as they offer up their invocations in behalf of their flock. Noon is approaching and we hasten to our steamer where we find the hour of sailing postponed, a delay that is acceptable, as it enables us to witness the very interesting process of coaling large steamers at this port.

FREIGHT AND PASSENGER WHEELBARROW, SHANGHAI.

On either side of our vessel are three coal-laden hulks. From their decks, leading up to the steamer's deck, a series of platforms, like the steps of stairs in appearance, are fastened to our ship. On each of these steps are stationed two women or girls, who pass in rapid succession baskets of coal, each weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds. There are many of these platforms, each requiring a crew of about ten people, and a glance at the busy throng impresses one with the cheerful activity of the workers. The men are mostly employed in the holds of the hulks shoveling coal, while the women, girls and smaller boys are stationed on the staging and about decks, passing from one gang to another their baskets, until the contents ultimately reach the steamer's bunkers. Many of these children are but ten years of age and less, but notwithstanding their extreme youth are very skillful and quick at the work allotted to them. Full of fun, they keep steadily at their work, and at one period we counted fifty-five baskets per minute passed by one gang. It was said that fourteen hundred tons of coal have been loaded on an ocean steamer in the short space of five hours. The compensation for this work varies from twenty cents to the principal men, to about five cents to the children per day, and we wonder that with such scanty recompense they can appear so content. The only explanation would seem to be that being extremely poor, their wants are few and never rise above their income, thus are satisfied with their lot.

ELEVATED TRAMWAY TO VICTORIA PEAK, HONG KONG.

At 5:30 P. M. we are again under steam and on our way to Shanghai. Soon clear of the land, with smooth water, we are making good time across the Yellow Sea, and at ten P. M. of the 26th, anchor at the mouth of the great Yang Tse River in the Chinese Empire. Early next morning we proceed up river to the anchorage off the town of Woosung, at which place we board a tug and follow a river of the same name. Along its banks is seen at work the patient Oriental farmer, and as we near the City of Shanghai the tall chimneys of large cotton mills are noted, apparently in full operation. A number of war vessels and many other craft are passed, evidence of commercial activity. Landing from our tugboat we enter rickshas and are whirled away on the Bund, a clean, broad roadway, one side of which is lined with beautiful buildings, the other side forming the water front. Here we see the stylish European carriage, the convenient little ricksha, and the quaint looking wheelbarrow, all used for passenger traffic, the latter vehicle for both passengers and freight. One is astonished at the heavy loads that are sometimes carried on these one-wheeled wagons. As many as six persons at a time are seated on these primitive vehicles, and the single coolie between the shafts will wheel them long distances for a very moderate fee. The ladies of our party are tempted to do more shopping when brocade and other silks of beautiful shades and textures are unrolled before their admiring eyes. Then we go for a ride through the streets of this pretty city and out on the Bubblingwell Road, past the fine race course, among many dwellings and grounds on the way, on to the Chinese Park, an enclosure fitted with Oriental passages, rockeries and refreshment booths conveniently arranged and extensively patronized by the wealthy Chinese. We dine at the Astor House, and at nine P. M. board our tug for a return to our steamer. It is a warm evening, the lights on the numerous vessels resembling the twinkling stars above. The smooth waters of the river and steady movement of our vessel add to the pleasure of the closing day. Next morning we are awakened early by the bustle on deck and the movement of the windlass, as link by link the ponderous chain is paid in through the hawse pipe. At 6:30 we are underway down the river, and on our course to Hong Kong, where we arrive April 30th. He for a time we leave the "Coptic" for quarters at the Hong Kong Hotel,

and next day visit some of the interesting and pretty places to be found in this neatly terraced city. The Queen's Road is a busy thoroughfare, lined on each side with fine stone and brick buildings, with attractive stores of every kind. To Happy Valley is a beautiful ride, passing the race course and parade ground. We visit the cemeteries and go to the Peak on the high level tramway, where there is an excellent view of shipping and harbor, and are reminded of the herculean efforts necessary to build this pretty island city. On the third of May we take a river steamer for a visit to Canton. Leaving the wharf we pass through the shipping into broad smooth waters, thence into and through narrow channels, with many high and picturesque islands. Then come the low banks of the river, a carpet of green rice fields, with here and there the attendant husband-man; now the nine-storied pagoda, and hundreds of fishing-craft dotting the stream. The old town of Wampoa is passed, other pagodas are seen, and further on the floating craft become more numerous, an indication that we are nearing the ancient city. A bend in the river, and we see in the distance a mass of water-craft. As we approach the landing-place we are astounded at the swarm of boats moving about in all directions and moored to the wharves, each containing families who are born, who live and die in these, their homes. We now realize what is understood by the great floating population of Canton. It has been said that three hundred thousand people are living on these boats. Arriving at the steamer landing, our guide procures sedan chairs, and, seating ourselves, the coolies raise us, and with shafts or handles on their shoulders start ahead through a mass of screaming humanity along the waterfront, across the canal to the hotel. Having several hours before sundown, we resume our chairs (six in number), making quite a procession, and recross the English bridge to the native quarter, the guide in the lead. We move rapidly and easily along and soon plunge into the narrow, crowded streets filled to overflowing with myriads of busy people. This is our first glimpse of a thoroughly typical Chinese city. The streets are about six feet wide, closely lined with brick buildings two and three stories high, each of which is a store or workshop. Our coolies trot along at a steady gait, shouting as they go a note of warning to the multitudes ahead, who in response dodge into the doors or niches to permit our passage. The sedan chair is about seventeen feet long from one end of the handle to the other, and skill is therefore required of the coolie in navigating this spider web of streets, and turning corners so as to avoid collisions, a point very necessary for our safety. On we go, the throngs of people increasing in numbers, but good natured, flattening themselves against the buildings as our chairs graze their persons, and staring with a curious and surprised look at the intruders. In an hour or so we halt for a visit to a celebrated silk store, the ladies selecting from the beautiful embroideries and grass-cloths such articles as they wish. Resuming our journey through these contracted lanes, we halt in front of the Temple of Peace and enter, where our attention is called to the fine wood and stone carving, the great dragon and image of the God of Peace being most prominent. Our interest here centers in the prostrate form of a poor woman, who is worshiping before this disciple of Buddha. Her appeal is earnest, her

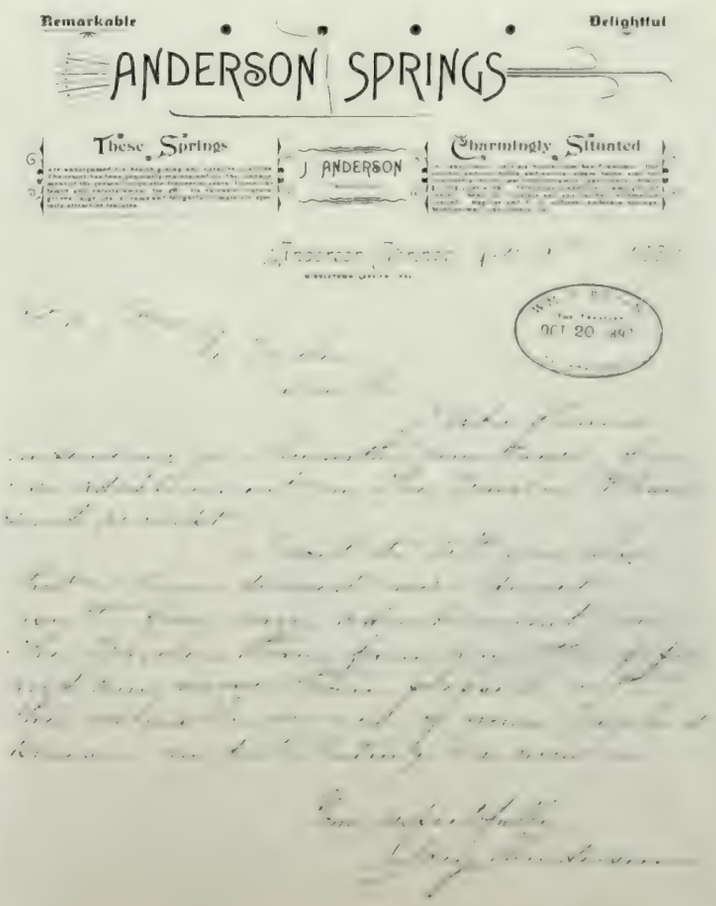
APPROACHING NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

supplications as fervent as though coming from the lips of the most devout Christian. On bended knees, with uplifted hands and face, this poor creature pours out her tale of woe before this gilded image, humbly pleading for peace. The hour is getting late and we again move on with rapid strides so as to be outside the gates before the setting sun. Next morning our procession is formed for a long day of sight-seeing. Our coolies are fresh, and move along seemingly unmindful of the crowds, slackening their speed only when with great care they turn the short and narrow corners. In less than an hour we stop to visit the Temple of the God of War. This huge, savage-looking image is flanked on each side by the God of Wind and the God of Fire. Then we visit the Temple of Buddha, the Temple of Longevity, the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii. At the execution ground we have an interview with the executioner, who allows us to handle and inspect the keen blade with which he severs the head from the body of condemned criminals, and when asked what was the compensation for this work, he, smiling, replied fifty cents for each head. From here we go to the Examination Hall, an interesting and curious gathering of structures where every three years the sages of the Empire preside over the examination of thousands of students from all parts of the country, and from all stations in life, who enter the lists for high degrees. The examinations are very rigid, and it is said that on the occasion of the last of the eleven thousand struggling for diplomas but eighty-five were successful. Once more through the crooked little lanes to the five-story Pagoda, which, situated on a high hill, is approached by a long flight of granite steps. We ascend to the fifth story of this ancient building, and obtain a fine view of this great city, which from this distance has the appearance of one continuous roof covering, the streets being too narrow to distinguish their boundaries. We note many four and five story buildings scattered over the city. These are the celebrated pawnshops, where the rich and middle classes pawn their goods when in need of money. Descending, we continue through the Tartar district, then into the Chinese quarter to the vaults, where the rich temporarily inter their dead. Here we see an enormous coffin, beautifully lacquered at a cost of $3000, containing the body of the former Governor of Foo Chow. Next, we see the celebrated water clock which, it is claimed, was originally built five hundred years ago, but frequently destroyed. The people for miles around come here to adjust their watches. Then the prison, the ruins of the British Consulate, the ivory and blackwood stores, keep up our interest until the twilight warns us to be outside the gates before the sun has set. We return to the hotel tired, but exceedingly well pleased with our trip through this wonderful City of Canton.

(To be continued.)

Voluntary communications like the following (which is reproduced in fac-simile) are not only pleasant to receive, but convey a meaning worthy of the consideration of all thinking business men. Many a dollar is wasted in injudicious advertising, but the profitable medium is the one that *brings results.*

The moral is, modestly deduced, *it pays to advertise in* THE TRAVELER.



OUR THEATERS.

BEYOND question, the name of Frohman is mighty in the theatrical world. Whether prefixed by a Daniel or a Charles, it is all in the family anyhow; so when saucy San Francisco woke up on a recent morning and discovered that a Frohman over in Gotham was saying horrid things concerning her all-round jayness, she laughed and entered into the controversy with great glee. San Francisco is too indifferent to the utterances of a Frohmaniac to be annoyed by them. She doesn't mind the "jay" brand at all, for it advertises her as a city with a critical mind of her own, who thinks what she pleaseth and don't care a button who knows it.

Mr. Frohman has sent us some excellent plays and people worth a dollar and half a seat, and he has also sent us plays and people worth a third of what the public was taxed to pay. Naturally, there were a good many empty seats in consequence, for San Francisco is not a freak. She likes to get the value of her money. That is not jayness. It is justice.

But Mr. Frohman declares that he will not, by the shade of Shakespeare and everything theatrical, lose any more money on our account. He will sail to London town hereafter, so he will, nor send a company the plains across in this or any other season. To our cheap stock-company theaters he will sell his old plays, and that's all we'll get of anything Frohmanian the rest of our natural lives. So be it. We shall not, however, sit in theatrical darkness forevermore, lamenting our freeze-out and refusing to be comforted. We are not dying of a broken heart. Just watch us and see how calmly, how sweetly we bear the blow, Messrs. Frohman Et Al Hayman, and all the rest of you syndicate gentlemen who have given us a cold, Klondike stare.

The past month has been one of cheerful activity at the theaters. With the passing of the Frawleys in "Sue" came "The Hoosier Doctor" to the Columbia, then Corinne. To-night, November 1st, Madame Adelaide Herrmann, begins a two-weeks' engagement with the aid of Leon Herrmann, nephew of the famous man of mystery. The prestidigitatrice—awful word, that, to pronounce in a hurry—has made such a study of her late husband's art that she amazes all who see her by her skill. The great bullet-catching feat is thrilling to a degree, Madame the magician bravely posing as a target for rifle balls and deftly catching six of them on a plate. She is something else unpronounceable also—a tehildat memsahib. As TRAVELER readers may not all be on speaking acquaintance with Hindoostanee, I will rise to explain that the words mean "devil woman." Madame Herrmann earned the appellation, so the story goes, by performing a marvelous trick before a crowd of fakirs in far-off India, juggling so successfully that the lightning-fingered fakirs were themselves out-juggled, and bestowed upon her the distinction mentioned. She is without rival in the black-magic line and is doing a big advance-sale of seats already.

FLORIDA KINGSLEY, ALCAZAR.

MME. ADELAIDE HERRMANN, COLUMBIA.

Press Agent Phil Hastings, who is a genius at the business of booming theatrical attractions, has left the Orpheum and is devoting his energies to the Chutes, which he declares to be the greatest attraction this side of Jordan. There's vaudeville at the Chutes, and Adgie and her lions are not the least alluring items on the bill. Society is quite as fond of the Chutes as of the Park, and Pacific Heights patronizes the Haight-street grounds frequently.

Mr. Avard J. Moore resumes the Orpheum press-agency after a several months' absence, and will bring his talent to bear upon the destiny of that popular house. The Orpheum is a veritable mine for its management. No wonder Gustav Walter prefers California to Alaska. All the town goes to the Orpheum, from my lord and lady of high degree who preempt the cushioned chairs, to the newsboy aloft in the gallery. This week's bill is a strong one. There is captivating Edna Collins, who whistles a fat salary into her pocketbook every week, and who is fast winning the laurels formerly worn by Alice Shaw. Other Orpheum attractions worth seeing and hearing are Irene Orbasany and her trained cockatoos; the Countess Von Hatzfeld; the wonderful American Biograph; Hayden and Hetherton, "repartee artists"; the Dunns in comedy; Miss Ola Hayden, contra-tenor vocalist, and the dear little bandmen from Hungary.

COUNTESS VON HATZFELD, ORPHEUM.

The best thing done at the Alcazar since "The First Born" left us was "Too Much Johnson," with Wright Huntington in the title role. I did not weep when Hugo Toland was exported to New York. When he parted with his mustache awhile ago, I realized that there was a yawning gulf between us that even time in all its tender mercy could not bridge. The Alcazar is making a brave bid for public approval. Its people are talented and work hard for the applause they are getting. Manager Thall's theatrical experience is an important factor in the Alcazar's success.

"Under the Red Robe" has been the Baldwin's best attraction of late. November 2nd sees the California in dress array, for it will be the opening performance by the much-heralded Italian Grand Opera Company, a big traveling organization with twenty principals and untold numbers of minor personages. "La Giaconda" is the bill, and brilliant staging is promised, the scenery having come across lots with the company. The opera is not intimately known to us, but those who are opera wise declare it to be in Ponchilli's best vein. Following this will come "Othello," "L'Africaine," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Ernani," "Mask Ball," "La Boheme," "Rigoletto," and other productions.

The Tivolians have made an immense success of "The Geisha." It is a jolly piece of operatic excellence, with enough pretty Japanese girls in the cast to turn the head of an Edwin Arnold, and catchy music well sung by competent people. The Tivoli promises us some particularly good things this winter.

Portland opened its arms and the Frawleys fell into them. "Standing room only" was the business they played to in the North. By-the-by, Portland has a dramatic critic who is a genuine curio. He blithely referred to "Pudd'nhead Wilson" as "a play by the late Richard Mansfield." Will somebody kindly lance that critic's eye teeth? THE BOHEMIAN.

A LEGEND OF SANTA YSABEL.

PAUL SHOUP.

THE aspect of bountiful fullness is of all things at Santa Ysabel. The swelling hills show broad sides of verdure with gently sinking vales between; no deep defiles or sharp ridges give a frown to the face of Nature thereabouts. The very oaks that picturesquely cluster here and there have a spreading rugged stateliness rather than the tall austerity of the pine. And the glamor of romance is over it all, and that is the crowning glory of Santa Ysabel. The moon seems more genially radiant in softening outlines, the breezes that steal up the slopes have a sweeter cadence in their tree-top songs than elsewhere, and the clinging moss that twines the rugged oaks and leaps in fantastic festoons from limb to limb often swings to fairy laughter when mortals sleep.

The evening was very still. The long shadows were reaching across the vales and the sun was giving to hilltop windows one last dazzling burst of splendor. Johnnie and Robbie, with guardian left dozing in the easy armchair, had romped down the high road, waded in the creek and then in the dust, watched the calves through the bars of the fence, peered fearfully about the old adobe for goblins, and now very tired, lingered regretfully by the lakeside.

"Bubble-deep," said something out in the lake.

"A fwog," remarked Johnnie, with an air of much knowledge, "Le's look for him."

"Bubble-deep," said the frog and crawled out on a snag that lifted its head above the water. He was a very sorrowful looking frog, indeed. You could see the wrinkles about his eyes and he seemed very sober.

"Bubble-deep," again remarked the frog.

"I wish he'd say somfin' else," said Robbie, disappointedly.

"Good evening," said the frog.

"Oh!" cried Johnnie and Robbie together; then they hastily but politely added, "Dood even'n, Mr. Fwog."

Mr. Frog laid his hand on his heart and smiled, but very sadly.

"What is the matter wif' oo?" asked Robbie, sympathetically.

Mr. Frog drew his water-lily handkerchief from his pocket and applied it to his eyes. "I really can't bear to mention it," he said, dejectedly.

"I'll tell you!" said a little, silvery voice, and Robbie and Johnnie turned in astonishment. There calmly floating on a big oak leaf was a lovely fairy. She held a wand of glowing silver and wore the prettiest gown made from a bluebell blossom.

"A long, long time ago Mr. Frog was a very, very bad fairy. He was very selfish and wanted everything that was good for himself. There was another fairy who had the finest moss swing in the big oak and he wanted it. So he cast a spell about the other fairy so that he could not leave the castle, which of course you know is the old adobe. When the Queen heard of it she was so terribly angry, that after setting the other fairy free, she turned him into a frog; and she was so vexed that she said he should remain a frog until some entirely innocent human heart wished him well."

"BUBBLE-DEEP." Hon. McMurray photo.

"Bubble deep," said Mr. Frog, oh, so mournfully.

"He has repented long ago, to be sure," continued the fairy, "for he has had many years to think over it, and the Queen is very sorry she said what she did; but you know a Queen's word is a Queen's word and cannot be broken." At this point Mr. Frog's feelings overcame him and he almost fell off his seat.

"So," concluded the fairy, "all that he can do is to just stay here and wait for some innocent heart to wish him well. And yet though many people come and go, because their hearts are not entirely innocent, no matter how good they are, they do not know when Mr. Frog cries for help; all they hear is "Bubble deep! bubble-deep!"

Mr. Frog nodded; he was too choked for utterance.

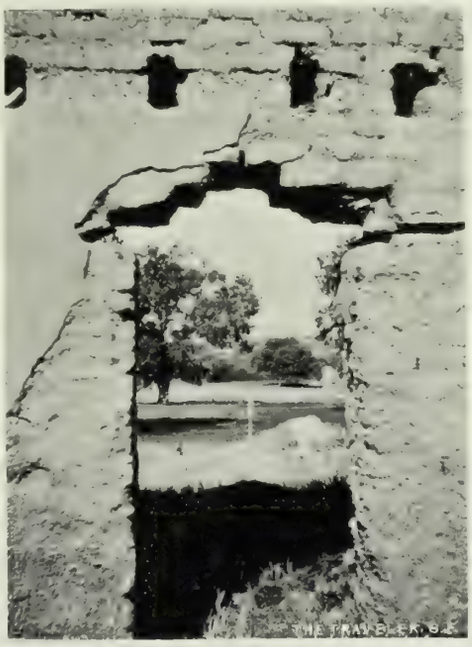
"I fink it's too bad," said Johnnie, sympathetically. "I'se orful sorry for oo."

"'N I wish 'oo was a fairy aden," supplemented Robbie.

"You see," said the fairy eagerly, "I'm the Fairy of the Raindrops, and I dance on the lake whenever it rains. Now if you'll do just what I say everything will be all right. You must go down to the old adobe ruin and go in and out of the big door three times and each time as you pass through say:

Fairy Frog, Lake Ysabel.
Fairy Frog, we wish thee well.

Then hurry back, for you must throw into the lake what you find in your hand, just as the sun goes down."



OLD ADOBE, SANTA YSABEL.

Darkness was gathering between the hills and Johnnie looked doubtfully down the road into the gloom.

"It's orful dark," said Robbie, and his voice quavered though he tried hard to keep it steady.

"We'll tum back aden when it's light," said Johnnie, apologetically.

Mr. Frog had brightened up but at this two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"You see," said the fairy, "it must be done at sunset."

The twins looked at doleful Mr. Frog. "Den we'll do," said Johnnie, stoutly. "Tum on, Wobbie," and hand in hand they went. The tired little legs carried them down the road through the twilight. Quaking and trembling they went backward and forward in and out of the darkness of the ruin, clutching each other's little fingers tightly in an ecstasy of terror. Their voices broke and the words stuck in their throats, but they remembered the look on Mr. Frog's face and persevered. As they ran out of the door for the last time Robbie felt something in his hand. It was a little golden key. Together the twins toddled back up the long road.

The sun was just setting as they reached the lake. Robbie threw the key far out in the water and Johnnie stood very straight with a bright happy smile on his face, and said:

"I dess it's all wight, Mr. Fwog."

The fairy was tripping up and down her leaf in great excitement, and Mr. Frog was clasping and unclasping his hands in a fever of joy. As the key touched the water the sun went down and a bright scarlet light came right up out of the warm water and its glow spread over everything. Then Johnnie and Robbie saw a strange sight. In less time than it takes to crook the little finger of your right hand Mr. Frog disappeared, and in his place stood a handsome fairy with a high hat, a green coat, and green tight-fitting trousers, and a speckled waistcoat; and he smiled and bowed at Johnnie and Robbie and thanked them so profusely that they fairly blushed with pleasure. Then great big bubbles appeared on the surface of the lake, and out of each bubble came a fairy; and they all joined hands and together bowed to the twins—even the Queen, who had a beautiful moss-covered chip for a throne.

"Wake up, youngsters!" said papa's voice. "It's a pretty chase you've given us."

Robbie rubbed his eyes sleepily, "Dess we helped the fairy, didn't we, Johnnie?"

"Iss," said Johnnie.

Some grown-up people say they were just dreaming; but grown-up people are very ignorant and forget in learning the things of this world all knowledge that is worth knowing, which is the wisdom of the world before. But I know one man who sometimes asks himself, "Because twins are as alike as two peas from a pod shall they necessarily dream the same dream?" Perhaps if at midnight he was hidden down where the big oaks of Santa Ysabel nod sleepily at one another and the moonlight wanders through vistas of—— but that is a story that I cannot relate now as it can be told only in the full of the moon.

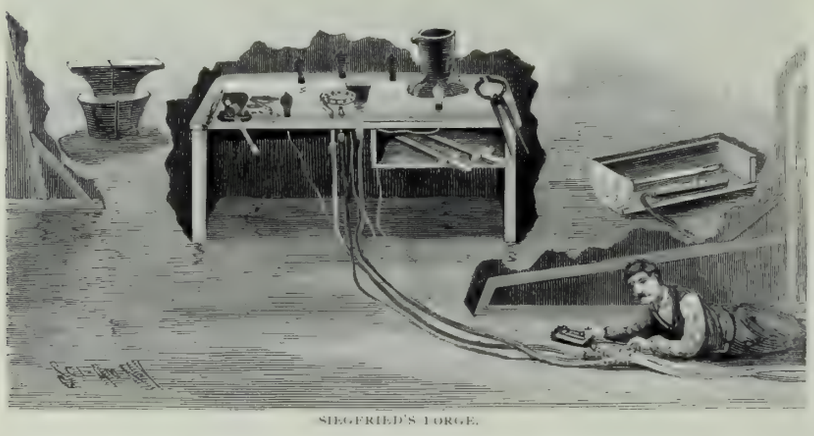
This you can prove for yourself. Wait as long and listen as intently as you may you will not again hear from Lake Ysabel, "Bubble deep!"

SOME THEATER SECRETS TOLD.

NOBODY disputes the saying that all the world loves a lover. Nor does THE TRAVELER think it will be disputed in asserting that the world loves magic, for, no matter how old it may grow, it does not outlive its childhood affection for the "Arabian Nights," or its fascinated interest in black magic.

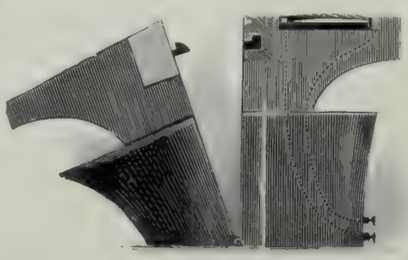
In view of the fact that magician Leon Herrmann and Mme. Herrmann are playing an engagement in this city, our readers may like to peep behind a drop-curtain and see how an illusion trick can be performed. We quote from "Magic," a new and elaborate work of 550 pages on stage illusions and scientific diversions, published by Munn & Co., New York. Price, $2.50.

"Those who have never seen 'Siegfried,' the second drama and third evening of the 'Ring of the Nibelung,' can form but a faint idea of the realism in the cave scene, which taxes the resources of the property master to the utmost. At the forge, Siegfried heaps coals upon the open hearth and fans the fire to a roaring blaze. Placing a crucible in the midst of the fire he puts therein pieces of the broken sword. These melted, he takes up the crucible with tongs, pours the fluid metal into a clay mold and throws it into a trough, the contact with water causing steam to rise. When the sword has cooled he takes it from the trough, breaking the mold with a blow, then heats the blade in the forge, proceeds to the anvil, strikes a shower of sparks with each blow of the hammer, and completes the sword. As he brings it down to test its temper, a tremendous blow to the anvil cleaves the latter in twain, sparks following it to the ground.



SIEGFRIED'S FORGE.

"It will now be asked how the very clever illusion of the forge and anvil is produced. Our engraving gives an idea of the rear of the forge. It consists of a rough table, the front of which is covered with canvas to represent rocks. The top of the table is quite well hidden from the spectators by painted work which masks the front of the forge, so that the mechanism for obtaining the light effects from the top is disguised. The gas is connected with the forge by means of two pieces of rubber hose, one of which is provided with a small burner which is kept constantly lighted. Before the curtain is raised it is not noticeable, as it is turned down until the flame is blue. When Siegfried goes to the forge and heaps on the coal, the stage hand, called the 'gas man,' turns on the gas so that it flows through the other pipe, which ends in a rose burner at the top of the forge. The instant the gas reaches the rose burner it is ignited by the jet which was kept lighted. By manipulating the valve the quantity of gas is regulated so that the flame burns high or low, as desired. As soon as the fire is supposed to rise to any height the glare of it is cast upon Siegfried's face. This is accomplished by means of incandescent lamps, which are arranged one on each side of the rose burner and three just in front, in the painted work which masks the front of the forge. The lamps are arranged on two circuits; those in the middle on one circuit, and those on back of the forge on another circuit. The wires run into the wings, and the electrician lights them and dims them, as required, by means of rheostats. Steam is used to give the effect of smoke. This is admitted by a stage hand in the wings.



THE DIVIDED ANVIL.

"The quantity of steam admitted depends upon the height to which the fire is supposed to have risen. It may thus be seen that the effect of the lighting is produced by a clever combination of gas, electricity, and steam, which must be combined with the greatest possible art. In the old forge at the Metropolitan Opera House, which was burned in the fire, the effect was obtained in a slightly different way. A man was placed under the forge, and when the flame was to rise, he blew lycopodium powder into it from a box underneath the top of the forge. A quantity of the powder was blown out at each stroke of the bellows. The particles of the volatile powder caught fire when they came in contact with the gas jet, thus producing the effect of the gaseous flames from blacksmith's coal and its sparks. The new arrangement is considered to be more effective and desirable than the old method.

"Under the top of the forge will be noticed a shelf on which are kept two swords. This enables Siegfried to substitute the swords, as becomes necessary, and here is kept the sword with a firmly riveted hilt which he finally uses to strike the anvil.

"The trough is also connected with a steam pipe. When Siegfried throws into the trough the mold which encases the sword, and when he tempers the sword, the steam rises. The steam is supplied from a drilled iron pipe. This pipe is connected with the steam pipes at the side of the stage by means of a hose which is carefully covered from view. The anvil upon which Siegfried strikes in forging the sword has one side covered by a piece of corrugated iron, six by twelve inches, and another piece of iron is over it, as shown in our engraving. It is arranged so that when the bow-piece of iron at the top comes in contact with the lower piece a momentary short circuit is produced, so that at each stroke of the hammer a shower of sparks is produced. When Siegfried raises his sword and brings it down upon the anvil, he really strikes a spring which lets one-half of the anvil fall, its under and outer side having the corner cut off for the purpose, as will be seen from our engraving.

"In the third act, the scene is laid at night, with thunder and lightning. Before the entrance to a cavern in the rock stands Wotan. Siegfried advances to the latter, holding his sword, which has once before been shattered on the same shaft, in order that he may reach the summit of the mountain upon which Brunnhilde sleeps, protected by the sea of flames. Siegfried fights with Wotan and hews the spear in pieces. A fearful roar of thunder follows; flames and steam rise in front, and Siegfried's horn is heard as he plunges into the fire. At length the fierce glow pales, the scene changes, and represents the summit of a rocky mountain peak, as in the third act of the Walkure, and Brunnhilde is seen in deep sleep.

WOTAN'S SPEAR.

"The illusion is very clever, indeed. Wotan's spear, as shown in our engraving, consists of a divided shaft, one part of which telescopes with the other for a few inches. The upper part of the spear is forced down over the lower, thus compressing a coil spring. When the spring is compressed sufficiently, it is caught by a catch. Now, when Siegfried strikes the spear with his sword, Wotan presses a button which releases the upper part of the spear. The coiled spring is sufficiently strong to throw it off from the lower part. As the upper part rises it lights matches secured by holders in the center of the lower part of the spear. A piece of sandpaper is secured to a little door which opens in the shell of the top part of the spear. As the sandpaper passes the matches, it lights them, setting fire to a small quantity of gun cotton, which lights flash paper concealed in the end of the spear. A lightning flash and a peal of thunder usually accompany the breaking of the spear. Formerly an electric spear was used, but it was found that the matches were simpler and more reliable. The volume above quoted abounds in illustrations and well-written matter pertaining to magic.

CONSERVATIVE VIEWS OF CURRENT EVENTS.

THERE is a great beating of tom-toms going on in certain quarters over the election of Freeholders to frame a new charter for San Francisco. Some one is getting ready to cinch some one else. At present the sky is a little murky, and the hands of the various schemers are not so clearly defined as they will be later on, but enough can be discerned to cause alarm in the hearts of all tax-payers. Non-partisan nominations are better on paper than in reality, and particularly is this so when the parties who make Non-partisan nominations are very, very Partisan. It is usually best to have a party responsible for the action of an official, even in framing a charter for the City of San Francisco. Our disastrous experience in a Non-partisan State Constitutional Convention should keep us from making mistakes now in a smaller matter. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

What are we going to do about water rates? Our Supreme Court in the San Diego water rate case, lately decided by it, seem to have effectually knocked out every obstacle in the way of the Board of Supervisors doing exactly as they please in the matter of adjusting water rates. There is apparently no check upon their power. The Spring Valley Water Company must study up some way of escape or the next action of the Supervisors may mean death to them, while bringing joy to the poor of San Francisco. It is passing strange that the attorneys for the Spring Valley did not take a hand in the San Diego lawsuit, for it means so much to them. The people next year must insist upon good men being nominated for Supervisors. It is now absolutely necessary. We do not mean to say that we have ever had any but good men as Supervisors, but that in the future we must be more careful than even in the past. *Sabe?*

If Judge Maguire really desires to be nominated and elected Governor he must cut loose at once and forever from the embraces of the *Examiner*. We have felt considerable pride in Maguire and have rather expected his further rise in politics, but sure death awaits him if he encircles his political body with the yellow pages of that newspaper. Rightly or wrongly, the people have come to suspect the sincerity of the *Examiner*, and when that point is reached in the history of any paper its influence is at an end. Besides, the *Examiner* has lately been very much out of luck and its "hoodoo" will affect Maguire. Now that Budd has at least said he was not a candidate (no one knows whether he means it or not) Maguire has a good chance of receiving the Democratic nomination, but he never will get it if the *Examiner* makes his fight, and if nominated the friendship of that paper will surely defeat him. For a very interesting record of the "Monarch's" failures in advocating important political measures see the editorial in the San Francisco *Argonaut* of very recent date.

MISS LORETTA GRACE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The Figel case will soon be on trial. What a crowd we will see surging in and around Judge Cook's courtroom! It is marvelous the number of people in this busy town who can find time to attend murder and other exciting trials. It is unfortunate that the attorneys for the prosecution and defense are so closely related. It would be better all around—for Figel—for the people—for the lawyers—if the District Attorney surrendered the management of the trial to his associates, Murphy and Ach. Unless he does, "people will talk" regardless of the result. The trial will undoubtedly present some peculiar phases, and the steady visitor will be much interested. In the cooler precincts of the Superior Court much of the exuberance of Ach and the sarcasm of Barnes will freeze on the lips and die unuttered, but still warmth enough will be left for many a side bar speech. All we can say is, "Let justice be done."

Every lover of fair play—and every true American is such—is wishing Claus Spreckels God speed in his efforts to bring Hearst into court. Of the merits of the controversy we say naught. But we do say that any newspaper proprietor does an incalculable injury to the cause of freedom of the Press when he runs from the State where he publishes his newspaper and hides to avoid service of summons. It is not right that a man should claim a residence in New York while publishing a paper in California and thus be exempt from defending or explaining in court what he prints in his paper. We hope that Hearst will see the error of his ways, come out into the open, and do as others do—answer in court the charges made by Spreckels regarding the statements made in the *Examiner* concerning Spreckels and his sugar business.

"Shall Los Angeles dictate to the balance of the State?" cry the Republicans of Alameda. In the cry can be detected a tone of alarm that the Southern county may have the power to dictate. The recent racing carnival in the City of the Angels did draw together many would-be leaders of the G. O. P. From Colonel Burns down or up to Colonel Stone they could be seen at all hours of the day holding mysterious consultations. The result was an agreement to make no combinations until the State Convention assembles. The spirit of Hervy Lindley, despite his political death and material absence, still lingers in Southern California, and will not down at the bidding of the new boss, Colonel—or is it General?—Harrison Gray Otis. Attorney-General Fitzgerald wired from Washington, so it is said, that he would be very much in evidence at the primaries, while from Pasadena came a soft murmur, "My name is Markham; I may want something." Taken altogether, the conference was a brilliant success, in that it accomplished nothing, but made no man angry.

Government by newspapers received a deadly blow from the Supreme Court in the decision regarding the removal of the Board of Supervisors. The people are to be congratulated that the Justices of the Supreme Court were men of courage as well as learning. Had they shown the least symptom of fear the whole gang of yellow journalists would have opened fire on them with the blackest of mud. It is to be hoped that the good citizens who were led away by the shrieks of the *Examiner* will learn from this escapade that the editorial writers of that paper are not safe captains to follow where decent government is involved. The selection of officials in the mode and manner set forth in the Constitution will prove safer in the long run than sudden upheavals caused by dyspeptic editorials and wild-eyed reformers.

As was expected the Supreme Court of the United States advanced the hearing of the Durrant appeal. Before another issue of THE TRAVELER is circulated a decision will have been rendered. No sensible person doubts the result. The new avenue of delay for convicted murderers will be walled up by the court. It is not to be tolerated in this country that the various States of the Union are to be deprived of their right to punish criminals by the working of a Federal Statute designed to aid the innocent, not the guilty—the falsely accused, not the rightly convicted. We will not be surprised at reading some strong language from the august tribunal of last resort in this Nation upon this question. There are some rights left to the States even in these days of latitudinarian construction of the Federal Constitution.

Will somebody please inform a long-suffering public why the authorities permitted Bennett, the would-be wife murderer, to escape, and at the same time tell us why the police have not arrested him? He committed a felony; hence every one who aids or assists him in escaping is guilty of a felony also under the provisions of Section 32 of the Penal Code. Yet, this person and that person has sheltered Bennett, and some one else cared for his wounds, and another one brought him a doctor, and the police know it. Why is not an arrest made? Is there any pull concealed in this case? The crime was a most dastardly one, allowing Bennett to escape a most careless and indefensible act; and yet the police permit him to remain free and to write threatening letters to the woman he sought to murder while they grant his confederates immunity from punishment. Verily Commissioner Gunst was right in saying that the "upper office" needed renovating.

MY ALASKA BEAR.

SARAH HUGHES GRAVES.

STRETCHED out on the deck, notebook in hand, weary with the day's tramp, I was writing a reply to Agnes's letter that reposed in my pocket. It was not reassuring. "You see, dearest," she wrote, "father cannot be brought to believe in the commercial value of a man who paints impressionistic pictures for a non-impressionistic public. If he knew you I am sure it would be different." I was not so sure.

"Avast there!" growled Lieutenant Coburg, stirring me up with his foot as I was about to resume my pen. "Nice shipmate you are, leaving me to stand off the whole mess on that bear story. Come down and display your landlubberly knack at lying. Wendell and I have sworn ourselves black in the face and not one of them will concede that we saw anything resembling a bear while we were out fishing to-day."

I rose to the occasion. "We'll get the Old Man to let us off to-morrow with a Winchester and a cartridge belt apiece. The gang can come along, and we'll hunt that bear for all there's in it."

"That's what we will. I'll see how big a crowd I can drum, and you shall overhaul the Old Man."

I reopened my letter.

"P. S. We are going out to-morrow 'loaded for b'ar.' Four of us hunted moose all yesterday and brought in four hen grouse, of which I killed three by shooting off their heads, thus gaining the partial respect of my fellows."

Coburg and Wendell approached. "All right!" the latter sang out, "Peters, the head engineer, goes with us, but the rest want to stay by the ship. A crowd from the excursion steamer just up from San Francisco are expected on board to-morrow."

Next morning I was busy strapping on my cartridge belt when the bo's'n offered me a long hunting-knife with tapering blade and a stanch buckthorn handle.

"A gun ain't much account in a rush," he said, "any way you'll find this come in handy to peel off the hide."

"The worst of it is," I replied, drawing the stout weapon out of its stiff leather sheath, "I won't know how to use the thing." I was conscious of having sunk a full degree by his mental thermometer.

"I reckon 'f a b'ar should open out his arms 't wouldn't take long to stick this in betwixt his ribs," he said, moving off.

I humbly accepted the reproof and stuck the knife into my belt.

"Pickin' the head off'n a grouse at fifty feet on the fly takes a stiddy hand," he turned back to observe, "but a man's got to have clean nerve when he lets in to ticklin' a b'ar at close quarters. Don't stop to think about what he's goin' to make of you; jest grip your knife with both fists and sock it to him."

I shouted back my thanks as the boat pushed off, then forgot about the bear in reveries of Agnes.

"Asleep?" Wendell broke in on my thoughts after five minutes of dreamlike gliding over the dimpling Alaskan sea. "Wake up! We want you to give us a lift about dividing up the crowd."

I straightened up with a groan. "Peters and I can beat the brush along the lake, while you and Coburg hug the base of the hills."

"Well; if I find him two shots will let you know you're wanted."

"Don't wait for two," I remonstrated as we landed. "We must agree to shoot at nothing but the bear; then all make tracks for the shot whenever a gun goes off."

Peters left me soon and I moved slowly on, keeping a keen lookout for the enemy. A rustling in the brush sent me behind a big tree, gun at rest, and finger on the trigger, determined to shoot as soon as I could get a bead on the brute's ugly noddle. The padding sound on the soggy earth came nearer, accompanied by a heavy sweep against the close-lying bushes. Sighting my gun in the direction of the noise I—dropped it with a shock, for emerging from the underbrush came an elderly man, armed with shotgun and fishing rod.

"Good morning," I said. "Out for sport?"

"Out for fish, ptarmigan, duck, grouse, any thing to be come up with in this confounded place," growled he. "Here we've been tramping since sunrise, and not a beastly thing to show for it. Talk about trout! Well, I don't want to brag, but just put me on the banks of the Eel River up in old Mendocino and I could show you more fish in an afternoon than these blasted natives can hook in a week. What are you doing?"

"On a still hunt for bear," I replied. "There is a big one here somewhere. We ran across each other yesterday, but he got away. Four of us came out to-day to hunt him. By-the-by, if you shoot you'll have the whole crew down on you in a bunch. We agreed to gather in at the first fire."

I looked at him perplexedly. Of course one can hardly ask a man out for a day's hunting not to shoot. He proved to be of a fairly good sort.

"Let me in on that racket," he volunteered, "and I'll keep mum unless I happen to run up against the bear. My friends have no guns."

So it was settled. I watched him glide off into the underbrush with the practised step of a hunter, now that real game was in prospect. He was a fine, frank-faced old boy, with an intangible something in his manner that pleased me. "One of the excursionists," I concluded.

For an hour I hunted faithfully, my mind pretty evenly divided between Agnes and the bear. Meanwhile my chance companion, I learned afterward, bore off toward the hills. All this while Bruin was lopping comfortably along, a side at a time, coming from the opposite end of the lake. Suddenly he paused and raised his coal-black snout. His neck still sore from the assault of yesterday, it was with a sense of deepest injury that he recognized a scent, whether of powder or the odor of an approaching human being it would be hard to decide; perhaps his quick ears gave warning in spite of the cunning of the practised woodsman. At all events the black snout was lowered sagaciously; the lazy matutinal waddle changed for a lunging trot which brought him to the edge of the clearing just as the old hunter stepped from the protection of the trees on the opposite side.

The man raised his gun and fired both barrels in rapid succession. The shot spattered into the bear's tough hide and took away his breath. He remembered that he had old insults to avenge. Rearing straight up before his assailant in such a manner as to cut off all hope of flight, he struck him a sharp blow on the side of the head with his formidable armed forepaw. The long claws tore through skin and muscle to the bone, laying bare the entire cheek and ripping the cartilage of the ear from its attachment. The hunter dropped prone, his face buried in the moist, rank grass, his whole soul concentrated on the duty of non-resistance. The bear tumbled him over, but he took care to fall limply back into his former position. Bruin considered, snuffing occasionally the while. Not a muscle of the victim moved; his limbs flapped lifelessly under the conqueror's mighty paw. Bruin picked up the gun in his huge jaws and shook it viciously, growling. It was stiff, but otherwise did not resist; it also must be dead. He shook it again, rose on his short hind legs, drew back his blunt and shaggy head, and with one mighty jerk of his massive neck hurled the weapon into the underbrush, where it lodged in the crotch of a tree. He had already made a bountiful breakfast on a yearling, and appetite declined to respond to the call of opportunity. He now noses the body, growls, then indolently stretched himself on a level with his prey. Presently he rises sorrowfully. He is not hungry. Then he trots away and begins to dig. Rapidly the sharp claws fly; deeper and longer grows the trench before the terrified eyes hidden close in the fragrant bunch-grass. Bruin surveys his excavation approvingly. Returning he sets his teeth on either side of the man's neck to drag him to the trench, then roars with pain, while his burden drops to the ground. A bullet has entered his side; another, another.

I had time to give him one more shot full in the breast as he rose before me. He staggered, recovered poise, and lunged forward just as I drew my big knife from its sheath. The blade went straight down his yawning throat, the handle vibrating beneath his leathery nose. My next sensation was one of surprise at finding myself under the hands of Wendell, who had utilized my shirt sleeves to bind up a broken arm and a bleeding cranium.

"The man!" I gasped, then became aware of a group gathered around the poor fellow, who was conscious. Close beside me lay the bear.

They took us to the excursion steamer, and then I fainted again, for I saw Agnes—my Agnes—rush in a passion of terror to the stranger's side. Her father was the man I had saved.

When the surgeon came into my stateroom to fix me up he said the old man was much shaken on hearing my name, and had sent his grateful acknowledgments. No, his daughter had not been present.

"Agnes," said her father, faintly, later in the day.

"Yes, father," cheerily.

"Have you made——up your mind to——give up——that——young fellow——that artist?"

"Dear father," she coaxed, "don't think of my affairs; don't think at all. We must not quarrel while you are so weak."

"Did you see the——fellow that——killed the bear?"

"No," with quick compunction.

"Agnes, he is a brave man. If I should die—this is my last request—you must marry that man."

"There, there!" soothingly. "You must not talk."

"Will you?" feebly.

"Hush!" she sobbed, kissing him. He smiled.

"At least," he whispered, "you will go and see how he is?"

"Soon," she replied.

"Now, now, darling!" he insisted.

Calling the stewardess, she left him and came to me. And oh! the startled flood of unbelief, of grief, and ecstasy in her dear, dear eyes.

AMONG THE YAKUTATS.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE Yakutats are the dwellers round Yakutat Bay, which is distant about two hundred and fifty miles in a northwesterly direction from Sitka, the capital of southeastern Alaska. It is a rough trip from Sitka to Yakutat, and in stormy weather the mail-boat sometimes takes nearly a week to make it. The easterly head of Yakutat Bay is called Ocean Cape, and near it is an Indian settlement named Setuk, where so many salmon are found during the run of the fish that a man can spear a canoe-load in an hour. The fish are split open, hung up in the smoke over the house-fire until thoroughly dry, and laid by for winter use. Great quantities of halibut are also caught, and besides the natives eat devil-fish, cockles, mussels, limpets, sea-urchins, and several varieties of sea-weed. They also eat the flesh of the hair-seal, the blubber furnishing them with the oil eaten as a relish with all their food. This seal oil is drunk, used in cooking, and copiously smeared over the berries, of which many varieties are found in the Yakutat country.

The houses of the Yakutats, like those of southeastern Alaskans, generally are constructed of wood, and consist of one large apartment with a hollow place in the center for a fire; all round the walls runs a bench about three feet wide, and one or two feet high. Married children usually occupy the same house as their parents, each family group taking up a certain space upon the sleeping-bench, but all cooking at the central fire, the smoke of which escapes through a hole in the roof. The floor of the house is dug out, and is lower than the level of the earth outside, probably from a desire to gain greater warmth. The entrance is through a round hole, and, on first stepping inside, one has hard work to distinguish anything in the darkness, the only light being that admitted by the door and the smoke-hole in the roof. But houses of this type, though still to be seen, are becoming scarce, most of the natives living nowadays in ordinary frame buildings, fitted with window-sashes and stoves purchased from the traders. Hemlock and spruce wood are commonly used as fuel, and, as a result of living in cabins full of smoke, the Indians suffer much from weak eyes and ophthalmia. Many of the women are afflicted with a disease of the hip-joint, which gives them a queer rolling gait; in fact, the ungallant whites call them "side-wheelers."

The Yakutats have no strong belief in the power of young women to resist the overtures of the opposite sex, as is shown by the fact that, when a young girl approaches maturity, she is placed in an empty house, and kept there for eighteen months, during the whole of which time she is allowed to go out only at night, and under the care of her mother or a female attendant. The object of this is to increase her marketable value; a marriageable girl may be worth a hundred dollars or more. When girls reach the age of eighteen they are usually sold to the older men. Most of the Indians have only one wife, and few have more than two, their means not permitting them to maintain a larger number. The young men who cannot afford to buy young wives marry old women who have a little money laid by, and then use the money in purchasing a young wife. The natural result follows; the old wife and the young bride, living with one man in the same house, quarrel violently. Many of the men are under petticoat government, and are decidedly henpecked.

YAKUTAT INDIAN HOME. *Taber Phot.*

At irregular intervals an Indian settlement is enlivened by a *potlatch*, or entertainment given in honor of a distinguished visitor. Each guest at a *potlatch* brings a quantity of things as presents to the most powerful man in the tribe, in order to get what is known in more highly civilized communities as "a pull." Often a rich and powerful Indian spends a great deal on a *potlatch*, entertaining all comers for several days. Sometimes his vaulting ambition leads him into an expenditure so lavish that it results in his impoverishment, just as a keen contest between two great English families for a seat in Parliament did a century ago. The music at a *potlatch* is furnished by a tum-tum suspended by a string from the ceiling, and struck by a spruce stick. The women dance for the amusement of the company, their dance-robe being a sort of shawl and broad-cloth with four or five rows of pearl buttons set closely together on its edge; it is faced with fine red flannel, and is worth from twenty to thirty dollars.

During the summer of 1894 a Kayak Indian (the Kayaks live to the west of the Yakutats) while out on a bear hunt, was killed by a Yakutat, who mistook him, clad in a brown blanket, for a brown bear. The kinsmen of the slayer were at first much alarmed, believing that the Kayaks would kill several of them to avenge the death of their tribesman. But their fears proved groundless, for the Kayaks accepted many blankets as a peace offering.

PRONOUNCIATION TEST.

In order to divert his mind during a moment of leisure a youth waiting in a New Orleans depot bought a book to which none other extant is comparable for words difficult to pronounce.

Although possessed of an excellent education, he found that he could not read an entire page without encountering at least one word which puzzled him as to its pronounciation. The reader is herewith invited to try the test also, the following being a sample of the language used and the trend of the book:

A reputable man of national fame once occupied a suite of rooms in San Jose. He was a great financier, a man of industry, and patriotic spirit, conversant on all questions of nineteenth century civilization. He had a fine physique and a dark mustache. His wife was a notably decorous society woman who felt it obligatory to extol people instead of using contumely. Their beloved children were mischievous and given to all kinds of juvenile chicanery and subtle tricks, when not with their comrades.

They could tell you stories of dogs, calves, donkeys or ostriches, describe the Arctic glaciers, the Chinese or any of the antipodes, also Calliope or the Naiads. They were fond of almonds, licorice, syrup and desserts. When ill with diphtheria, bronchitis, erysipelas, neuralgia, or an epizootic, their mamma or aunts gave them half a spoonful of genuine morphine, cayenne and water, alternately. The daughter, although an amateur pianist, could play either Mozart, Hayden or Chopin in exquisite taste.

Monsieur's demise occurred one February afternoon. On inquiry a deficit of eleven hundred dollars was found in the treasury. After the obsequies the remains were taken to a cemetery in Missouri. The relatives left for Iowa and Arkansas.

UNCLE SAM'S WEALTH.

The wealthiest nation of the world is the United States. The census of 1890 shows the true valuation or fair selling price of the real and personal property of the country to be $65,037,091,197. It is an increase of over forty-nine per cent on the valuation of the previous decade, and is about six times the value of the money of the entire world. The mind cannot grasp the meaning of such figures without graphic illustration. This amount in gold dollars would load 123,570 carts, each carrying a ton. If two thousand gold dollars were piled one on the other they would form a stack three feet high. Make similar piles close together till a wall of gold one mile long and worth $230,400,000 is formed. Increase this wall to twenty-eight and one-fourth miles, and the amount would represent our national wealth. Placed side by side the coins would form a carpet of gold covering five square miles.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Ambrose Bierce's "Prattle" has been "heard to cease." The satirist of the century, says journalistic rumor, will turn his attention from the making of paragraphs to the more enduring art of making stories, for Mr. Bierce, having a corner on brains, is also the short-story writer of the century. It is for him to choose whether he shall leave behind him such fleeting fame as may follow "transient records of individual opinion," or a lasting glory as the maker of a permanent literature.

Mr. Bierce has been paragraphing for more than a quarter of a century, and could the shades of the luckless mortals whom he has during that interval stabbed to death with his stiletto pen swoop down upon him in one vast, unhappy horde, there would not be enough left of him to make moan—to say naught of making stories for this and future generations to enjoy. But genius leads a charmed life, and there is a cheerful prospect that Mr. Bierce will live to write books, which in turn will live: and incidentally he will continue to let his knowledge of English shine as a lamp unto the feet of those who blunder about in the darkness of ignorance. Journalism will lose and literature will gain, and this is as it should be.

But what, I wonder, will Mr. Bierce do with that cavernous Poet's Cauldron of his, into which he has been wont all these years to toss his choicest prey, the aspiring tunester, whose discordant notes jarred the critic's nerves to homicidal fury? Will he sell it for old iron? Or will it be exhibited in some museum ages hence, a crumbling, rusty testimonial to the tortures inflicted upon victims of the owner's literary mania during the years of our Lord ending '97, in the nineteenth century? There is no denying that it was hard on the victims, but, after all, Mr. Bierce merely made the punishment fit the crime; for if bad verse be not a crime against art, what is?

So I say to those of you who in the past have been roasted a rich golden brown in "Prattle": Be sure that your literary sin was great or vengeance would not have overtaken you. Piece yourselves together—if you can—buy another bottle of ink, and try with all your mental might to do something worthy the name of literature. Don't practise poetry in public. What would you think of a violinist who pranced into the ears of an audience before he had learned to play? It is not enough that you have music in your soul—you must show it in your work. Our friends will pityingly forgive us our mistakes, but how are we to make our peace with Art?

And Ambrose Bierce so reveres the divine art of poesy that who shall say he was not justified in savagely protecting its shrine from the well-meaning but nevertheless desecrating touch of the tyro?

Since Mr. Adolph Spreckels has all the money that he is likely to need while journeying through this vale of tears, perhaps he will be good enough not to sue me for damages if I relate the following anecdote in which he plays a stellar role. The fifteen cents which repose in my purse at the time of writing this is all he could collect anyway, and I think I need it more than he does. So pray be forbearing, Mr. Spreckels, if the yarn be a libelous one, reflecting upon the temperance side of your character. I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me, and will wager a pound of sugar that it is a true one.

Once upon a time, so runneth the fable, Mr. Spreckels had been dining with a merry company of congenial friends, who did not confine their libations to lemonade. Whatever was imbibed between courses I cannot say, but the result was that when he parted from the crowd and started for the Palace Hotel the millionaire completely lost his bearings, and somewhere, 'twixt midnight and dawn, found himself exploring, for no good reason whatever, the highways and byways of Barbary Coast, and for the life of him he could not tell in which direction to turn. The Palace was lost, if Mr. Spreckels was not, like the Indian's wigwam of chestnut fame. While he pondered upon his plight and looked vainly about him for a cab, he became uncomfortably aware that a slouching figure was dogging his footsteps with the evident intention of sandbagging and robbing him. An idea, inspirational in its brightness, flashed athwart the fog of his brain. Approaching the would-be footpad, he threw himself upon the latter's mercy, saying that he was without a cent and unable to find his way to the hotel, where he had money, ten dollars of which he would pay a guide to escort him there. The footpad immediately offered himself as guide, philosopher, and friend to the distressed gentleman, and the procession started toward the Palace. Arriving there, in the safe environment of the office, Mr. Spreckels pulled a brimming handful of twenties from his pocket, selected a half eagle and offered it to his companion. The latter drew himself up haughtily, angrily, surveying with keenest anguish the coin that might have all been his yonder in the darkness. "Sir!" he exclaimed, in a voice choking with rage, "you have robbed me!" and scorning the ten, strode out into the chill gray dawn.

Somehow the word cow does not lend itself musically to poetry. The cow is an excellent and in every way worthy biped, but let her amble into the realm of poesy and she is not welcome; nay, she is as awkward as

HOWARD W. ADAMS

The leader of the younger contingent of San Francisco's "400."

the traditional bull in a china shop. Yet a Palo Alto poet, who, living within such learned surroundings, ought to know better and doesn't, has dragged or driven a cow, horns, hides, and hoofs of her, into a poem on "Live Oaks" thus:

> "The slumb'ring cow beneath their shade,
> May know in part the secret sweet;
> Or oak-ball hunters at their feet,
> Who laugh and play all undismayed."

Now a slumb'ring cow may be a vision of peace, cudless and supine, the very picture of beefy repose; but she doesn't sound that way when the Palo Alto singer strikes the lyre in her behalf. If the rhyming gentleman with the football hair had only said kine instead of cow! I am not quarreling with the verses, but I resent the presence of the cow. When the gentle bovine is done into verse instead of beefsteaks, she should at least become kine in the process. Personally I prefer her a la porterhouse.

Readers of THE TRAVELER and all good Californians will be interested to know that some one in our midst has developed the patience and ability to compile a correct history of our famous Missions. The "some one" to whom I refer is Mr. Charles V. Kavanagh, who for years has been carefully collecting and arranging valuable data concerning these grandly picturesque features of California landscape. The story of the old Missions has hitherto eluded the historian. Books of various sizes have appeared from time to time, but between the covers of each the reader has encountered inaccuracy and disappointment. Mr. Kavanagh, realizing this, and determined to bring to light the facts, and facts only, undertook what was a veritable labor of love, pursuing his researches steadily until the result has been reached—a true tale of the Missions dear to the California heart: a romance woven out of truths.

It was not the author's original intention to give his work to the public, it having been accomplished for the satisfaction that the study of these historic structures gave to a studious mind fascinated by a theme rich in suggestion; a theme that appeals to all who love their California. Mr. Kavanagh recently read his manuscript to a number of invited guests at his residence, illustrating the interesting lecture with magnificent stereopticon views, more than half a hundred in number, the finest collection of Mission pictures extant. The slides were the artistic work of his brother Mr. Frank Kavanagh, the discourse being appropriately announced by the title "Under the Gray Robe." It is to be hoped that Mr. Kavanagh will yield to the wishes of his hearers and lose no time in placing his manuscript in the hands of a publisher. Such a work, superbly illustrated from photographs not elsewhere duplicated, would without doubt have a large sale. California may not rally to the support of all her authors, but I think she would warmly espouse an authentic volume on the Missions.

In the past century or so I have admired the talent of a number of actors, but my appreciation of their work before the footlights has never taken the form of hero worship to the extent that I must needs bestow jeweled tokens of my regard upon them. All women, however, are not so lacking in generosity, and popular actors are frequently the recipients of costly gifts galore from wealthy fair ones. Now all this is extremely nice, of course, and I wonder that an actor thus adored has not his head so turned that it will drop off his shoulders some night when he is speaking his lines. Several thespians whom I have met own enough jewelry to stock a small-sized shop, showered from time to time upon them by feminine worshipers in all parts of the world. Gifts come to them in other ways as well, and Harry Corson Clarke of the Frawley Company has a ring which would tempt almost any one to deeds of robbery. There are rings and rings. This one was entombed for ages with the mummy of an Egyptian princess.

It is a heavy silver band, curiously traced, and set with an Egyptian cats-eye, with a diamond on either side. Jewelers have puzzled over inscription and workmanship, and how old the ring is none can tell. Mr. Clarke came by it in rather an odd way. Attending a fair in Springfield, held under the auspices of society women, he visited the "Egyptian" room, where several dried-up personages of rank were exhibited in all their mummified solemnity. Urged by a bevy of fair Springfield maids, Mr. Clarke unwrapped a few folds of cloth from a piece of parchment that had once been a royal lady, and while examining the texture of her post-mortem wardrobe, the ring rolled into his hand in the most unexpected and romantic fashion. Now it happened that her royal mummyship belonged to a prominent and extremely wealthy Detroit man, who, when the ring was turned over to him, magnanimously presented it to the finder. Mr. Clarke may not consider himself engaged to the shrunken damsel of bygone days, but who knows how she may regard the transaction if her astral soul is floating around her former trinket? Anyhow, I think an actor ought to be content with having the modern matinee maid at his shrine, and not ruthlessly toy with the embalmed affections of a Cleopatra.

NOT EXCLUSIVE.

When first he smiled my way, I thought he meant
To single me from out the giddy throng.
Alas, what changes time will bring along!
That smile of his has gone down ten per cent.

I am not fickle. No. His is the blame.
I find that on this man of many wiles
I have no copyright. You see, he smiles
At every other woman just the same!

NEW GOLD.

BABY'S AWAKE.

[*Written for The Traveler by Arthur Macdonald Dole.*]

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! this wee, elfin
Brownie,
In cradle depths downy—
So rosy in health,
Was sent as a blessing,
And merits caressing,
Far greater than wealth.

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! he's laughing and
cooing,
He's gurgling and gooing
A wonderful tale;
This tale will grow longer,
As baby grows stronger,
And hearty and hale.

Heigho-ho! heigh-ho! the sunshine is
vieing
With baby, and trying
To answer his smile;
The bobolink flitters,
The mocking-bird twitters
And warbles the while.

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! the gentle breeze
veering,
Fans baby, and hearing
His happy outcry,
Stirs violet flowers,
And sends from rose-bowers,
A fragrant reply.

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! this bright, balmy
morning,
Kind Nature's adorning,
And striving to make
The whole household cheery.
Let no one be weary,
For baby's awake!

MY DOCTOR.

[*Written for The Traveler by S. M. Kennedy.*]

Who comes to me when I am sick?
Who feels my pulse and says it's quick,
My blood too thin, my speech too thick?
My doctor.

Who says my eyes are far from right,
My face too pale, my tongue too white?
And that I'm out too late at night?
My doctor.

Who says my liver's upside down,
My skin is yellow, green, or brown,
And that I really should leave town?
My doctor.

Who tells me that I must not eat
The things I like; to warm my feet,
And keep my head away from heat?
My doctor.

Who puts his ear upon my chest?
Who says he'll do his very best,
And Nature then may do the rest?
My doctor.

Who gives a sugar-coated pill
For every earthly pain or ill?
Who swells the undertaker's bill?
My doctor.

Who is my hope and my despair,
And keeps my body in repair;
Takes all the cash I have to spare?
My doctor.

Messrs. Hart Bros., proprietors of the Natick House, at Los Angeles, are among the progressive and up-to-date bonifaces of Southern California. They are constantly studying improvements to their well-known hostelry, and the latest is in the shape of a new tiled office floor. They are having increased success, and deserve it, and now travelers and tourists to Los Angeles can have at the Natick the comforts of a first-class hotel at moderate and popular prices.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

Why is a selfish man like the letter P? Because he is the first to pity and the last to help.

She—When you married me you said you were well off.
He—I was, but I didn't know it.

Silas Peters (highly excited)—All th' cows is dryin' up, pa.
Farmer Peters (calmly)—Wot uv it? The pump ain't!

She—If you don't stop your compliments I shall have to put my hands over my ears.
He (gallantly)—Ah! your hands are far too small.

Lady—Thank you, sir; but I don't like to deprive you of your comfortable seat.
Hibernian—Be the powers, leddy, it was comfortable no longer when Oi saw you standin'.

He—What a pity that Miss Vere de Vere should have lost her good name.
She (greatly shocked)—What do you mean?
He—Why, marrying a man named Jones, of course.

Bride (in restaurant)—What's the matter, John?
Bridegroom (spelling it out)—P-o-i-s-s-o-n. B'gosh, Mariar, we've got to be keerful. They've got pizen on the bill o' fare.

Smith—I see that a bullet from one of those new rifles will kill six men, standing one behind another.
Thompson—You don't say! In that case a man might just as well go to the front.

First Damsel—But I thought he said he would never speak to you again.
Second Damsel—Oh, yes; but he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a certain cure.

New Roomer (sarcastically)—Is this all the soap there is in the room?
Landlady (decidedly)—Yes, sir; all I will allow you.
New Roomer—Well, I'll take two more rooms. I must wash my face in the morning.

Mr. Gotrox (pointing a moral)—Now, Johnny, which should you prefer to have me drop in your little bank, this gold dollar or this silver dollar?
Johnny—The gold dollar; if you please, sir.
Mr. Gotrox (dropping it in)—Quite right, Johnny. Now tell me why.
Johnny—Because I can shake it out easier!

The new Hotel Green, Pasadena, is nearly ready for its opening; $260,000 have been spent on the annex, and Manager J. H. Holmes will continue in charge of this great caravansary. Mr. Holmes is one of the most genial and successful hotel men on the Coast and the fact that he will still be at the helm is in itself a guarantee of a splendid season at the Green.

A VALUABLE MAGAZINE.

It can be termed nothing else—that new and most elaborate catalogue just issued by the Emporium and Golden Rule Bazaar—and best of all, it can be had for the asking. It contains a fund of information, profusely illustrated, about everything we eat, wear or use. It ought to be in every household among the reference books. If any of our readers will drop a postal, or a letter (addressed to the "Emporium and Golden Rule Bazaar, San Francisco, Cal.,") and mention THE TRAVELER, they will mail you, *free*, a copy of this work. Better write at once.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequalled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

Klamath is celebrated also for its hot steam, sulphur, and mud baths, which are noted for their cure of neuralgia and rheumatic complaints. The climate is perfect, and, most important of all, the rates are reasonable.

Returning now from summer resorts and coming from the hot interior districts, people find the cool atmosphere of San Francisco a pleasant change. But 'tis not so easy as might be imagined to find a rooming-house without some objectionable feature. No one, either lady or gentleman, need hesitate for a moment; however, about locating at "Hotel Ramona," 130 Ellis Street, of which Mrs. Kate S. Hart is manager. The management giving instant assurance of the high character of the house.

Besides which it is most centrally and conveniently located, right on the edge of the business section and within a short walk of all places of amusement, yet sufficiently removed from the hubbub to be free from street noises. There are one hundred and fifty fine rooms, including some beautiful suites, and the rates are very reasonable. Try "The Ramona."

The advantages of private over public educational institutions cannot be questioned. Only in a well-conducted private school can the student receive the benefit of close personal attention and a wholesome moral atmosphere, both of such vital importance in the formation of character and development of mind. Those of our readers who desire for their children a thorough education and most careful supervision, will do well to send them to the seminary for young ladies, conducted by Miss Ellen Adie, 2117 California Street, San Francisco.

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there's nothing so satisfying as a good meal, well and palatably served. It's half the dinner. Quality first, service second—both are what we strive for and attain. Try us and be convinced.

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The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

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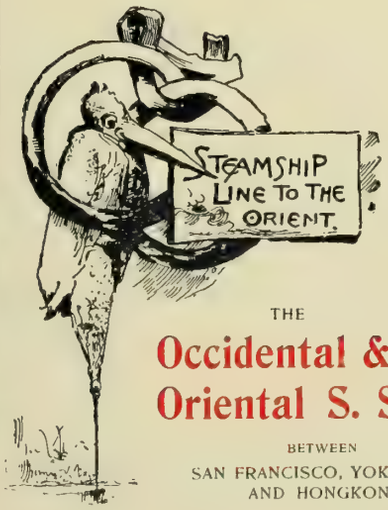

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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME X. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1897. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 15 AND 17, RUE DES MARTYRS, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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WITH this issue of THE TRAVELER the fifth year of its existence has been completed, and our following number, for January, 1898, designated as Volume XI, No. 1, will begin the sixth year. The first number came out in January, 1893, and because of its artistic excellence, its unequaled typographical appearance, and its beautiful paper, the concensus of opinions was "a veritable art album, a credit to California and the Pacific Coast, and a most laudable object, but such expensive work cannot be maintained, and we will give THE TRAVELER at the utmost six months to live unless this high standard of excellence is abandoned."

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That we have succeeded in our enterprise is best evidenced by the fact that we are here to-day; and, if our readers will pardon a bouquet for ourselves, we believe that the elaborate publication of our Western attractions, presented as no publication but THE TRAVELER has, or can do, has done more to acquaint strangers throughout the world with our wonderful resources than any other single medium on this Coast.

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SEND THE CHRISTMAS TRAVELER
TO YOUR FRIENDS.

JUDGE BAHRS of San Francisco sometime ago decided that under the California statutes, at least, there is no such crime as obtaining real property under false pretenses. The concluding words of the section of the code which relates to the crime of obtaining real property under false pretenses are, "is punishable in the same manner and to the same extent as for the larceny of the money or property so obtained," which the judge says seems to leave no other construction possible than that the legislature intended to limit the section to that character of property which was subject to larceny, which, of course, real property is not.

BETWEEN the Valley Road, its prospective advancement, and its acknowledged success, California is now making a little stir in the way of railway enterprises. Within a very few weeks, we have seen the completion of another railroad from Oakdale to Jamestown, Tuolumne County, tapping the main section of the mother lode. It is called the Sierra Railway. The cost of construction will aggregate nearly a million of dollars, and the road will be forty-two miles long. In this connection it is interesting to note that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, California built 202.05 miles of railway track, and but one State in the Union (Georgia) exceeded this record by 31 miles.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is universally recognized as the most important judicial tribunal in the world, and its decisions are everywhere respected. There can be no favor demanded or expected, for its judges are far beyond temptation, intimidation, or coercion, and therefore its decrees are absolutely just and unimpeachable.

The recent action, however, of the Supreme Court of the State of California in the case of Durrant, convicted of murder, is almost incomprehensible, and in view of the multitudinous delays that have been secured on technical grounds to prolong his life for nearly three years to date, and that even the supreme judgment of the land seems capable of revocation or even procrastination, we cannot but feel that there is but one thing as ephemeral and uncertain as the millennium and that is—justice! This deduction likewise reminds us of the action of the United States Supreme Court in incurring the hostility of the Knights of Labor some two years ago, whose General Assembly, on motion of the Grand Master Workman, adopted the following protest, which would never have received publicity in any country but ours:

Whereas, the Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the decision of Judge Ross, who, in his decision, raised a misdemeanor to a felony, and sentenced

THEY WON THE WAGER. *Photo. Pirie.*

R. Pitcher Woodward and his silver-shod donkey, Macaroni, who traveled from New York to San Francisco on a $5000 wager, the result of an election bet, covering 4096 miles in 340 days.

four local officers of the American Railway Union, at Los Angeles, Cal., to prison for eighteen months; and,

Whereas, the decision of the Supreme Court affirming the decision of Judge Ross places all labor organizations in the roll of criminal conspirators; and,

Whereas, said decision provides that a greater penalty can be imposed for a conspiracy to commit a crime than is imposed by law for the crime itself; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor most earnestly protest against such a travesty on justice and such an outrage on the liberties of the people, and condemn said court for its partial ruling in the interest of plutocratic classes and its abridgment of the constitutional rights of laboring people.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

SELECTED.

THE preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery and beheld a little fellow pelting the people with chestnuts. The clergyman was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stinging reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth, anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice: "You mind your preaching, and I'll keep the folks awake!"

"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we *want it*, whereas the sun's with us in the day-time, when we have *no occasion* for it."

An Irish barrister named Bethel wrote a pamphlet on the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Lysaght, meeting him shortly after, complimented him on the work, saying, "The copy I saw contained some of the best things I have seen in any pamphlet on the subject." "I'm very proud you think so," said Bethel, rubbing his hands with satisfaction; "pray what are the things which pleased you so much?" "Why," replied Lysaght, "as I came past a pastry-cook's shop this morning, I saw a girl come out with three hot pies wrapped up in one of your works."

Dr. Johnson was observed to be very inattentive at a concert while a celebrated violinist was performing a difficult piece of music. A musical friend, with the object of inducing the doctor to take a greater interest in the proceedings told him that it was an exceeding difficult performance. "Difficult, do you call it, sir?" exclaimed the doctor, "I wish it were impossible."

A lady once desired the doctor to give his opinion of a work which she had just finished, adding that if he thought it would not do she would like him to tell her, as she had other *irons in the fire*, and could bring out some other work. After looking through it, Johnson said, "I advise you to put it, Madam, where your *other irons are*."

The historian, Macaulay, passing one day through Seven Dials, bought a handful of ballads from some street singer. Proceeding home, he was astonished to find himself followed by a crowd of gaping urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Well, my lads, what is it?" said he. "Oh, that's a good 'un," replied one of the boys, "after we've come all this way." "But what are you waiting for?" said Macaulay, astonished. "Waiting for! Why, ain't you going to *sing*, guv'ner?"

IN THE MOUNTAINS, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

An Irishman entered a shop, saying he should like a two-penny loaf, which was accordingly placed before him. As if suddenly changing his mind, he declared he should prefer two pen'orth of whisky instead. This he drank off, and, pushing the loaf toward the shopkeeper, was departing, when demand of payment was made for the whisky. "Sure and haven't I *given* ye the loaf for the whisky?" "Well, but you didn't *pay* for the loaf, you know." "Thrue, and why should I? Don't you see, I *didn't take* the loaf, man, alive!" And away he walked, leaving the worthy dealer in a brown study.

A pleasant story is told of Partridge, the celebrated almanac-maker. Traveling in the country, he stopped at an inn for dinner, and afterward prepared to resume his journey. The hostler advised him to stay where he was, as it would certainly rain. "Nonsense," said Partridge, and proceeded on his way. He had not gone far, however, when, sure enough, a heavy shower of rain descended. Struck by the man's prediction, Partridge rode back, and was received by the hostler with a grin. The almanac-maker offered him half a crown on condition that he told how he knew it was going to rain. "Well, the truth is, sir, that we have an almanac here, called Partridge's *almanac*, and the fellow is such a notorious liar that whenever he promises a fine day we always know it will be the opposite. Now, to-day, your honor, is set down as a fine day in the *almanac*."

ON THE SAN LORENZO RIVER.

Sheridan was very desirous that his son Tom should marry a young woman of large fortune, but knew that Miss Callander had won his son's heart. Sheridan, expatiating on the folly of his son, at length exclaimed, "Tom, if you marry Caroline Callander, I'll cut you off with a shilling!" Tom could not resist the opportunity of replying, and, looking archly at his father, said, "Then, sir, you must *borrow* it." Sheridan was tickled at the wit, and dropped the subject.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines is forever embalmed in song as a rare production of the genus homo because he fed his horse on pork and beans. Our Captain Jenks of the State Militia will be forever embalmed in the aroma of a court martial because he failed to convince obstinate horses that good reliable wood splinters were preferable as a diet to oats and hay. Had the Captain succeeded he would have ranked with the other great inventors of the century. He failed, hence we must all consider ourselves horses and kick him.

Ought physicians to tell the truth about each other when called as witnesses in court? Most people would say yes, but "alack and aday" every doctor says no. Medico steps briskly to the front and says "I cannot swear against my brother medico, it would be a violation of professional ethics." Is this right? We submit the proposition a little vaguely and rather bluntly and promise ourselves a further discussion. A recent case in Judge Daingerfield's Court causes the query. Let every person who taketh drugs and payeth the prescriber thereof, study the point. It is of great moment to all of us.

The rescue of imprisoned whalers over which our daily newspapers are gushing at present with such brass-band self praise may be—no doubt is—commendable. We venture, however, timidly to observe, that to rescue the ears and nerves of suffering San Franciscans from the horrible noise of the travel on the stones of Market Street is a task to which every energy of our millionaire newspaper men should be directed. Let each one cover with asphalt the street in front of his office building and that would be an object lesson to the other property owners and to the city. It would enable them to urge other work with great strength of argument and citation of precedent. Speak up promptly, Messrs. Spreckels, DeYoung and Hearst. Who will be the first to enter into this home rescue work? It will not cost as much as Arctic supplies, and it will do a "darn sight more good."

THREE DECADES OF DRAMA.

L. F.

THE local stage of to-day is peopled with men and women of the time. Some have come hither from various parts of the world. Others, and of these there is a goodly contingent, since California is as generous with her native talent as with her fruit and flowers, are just at the beginning of a career. To them the far-off days of the early drama in San Francisco are little more than a tradition, but to one member of the profession in our midst they are the remembrance of a reality. To her the names of notable thespians who walked the boards of the old California Theater recall many an anecdote, many a personal friendship, although they are no longer seen on poster, placard, or program. Mrs. F. M. Bates is the only representative we have of the old and new in drama.

Who is there in town who does not know Mrs. Bates of the Alcazar as an actress of undisputed excellence with a record of creditable achievements? And who does not know and admire her beautiful daughter Blanche of the Frawley Company, who is rapidly making her way to the first rank of her profession?

When I asked Mrs. Bates to speak of matters theatrical she was at home trying vainly to get a few moments' breathing space between rehearsal and performance. At the questions I hastily propounded, a canary in a cage above a window-seat green with maiden-hair ferns burst forth into noisy protest. Even a bird may know that its mistress needs rest. Mrs. Bates, who was a bride at fifteen, is yet young in years, but learned in professional experience, and the stage is still as much a part of her existence as when she played roles to the sound of musket-ball and cannon in war times down in Alabama.

"It was an exciting period," said she, "and even now I can recall the intense anxiety with which, between acts, we rushed behind the scenes and up to the roof to see which way the battle was going. The Federals were endeavoring to gain possession of the city. My husband, F. M. Bates, was at the head of the Mobile Stock Company with Tony Roch. In those days a calico dress cost ninety dollars, and a pair of boots ninety-five dollars, and you may imagine that it needed several large-sized fortunes to dress dazzlingly. Never shall I forget the powder explosion that took place in Mobile during the last year of the war, supposedly caused by a negro soldier allowing a percussion cap to drop. It lifted the entire roof off our theater and at night we played under the sky. At the war's close we went to New York City where we played 'Camille' and 'East Lynne' with great success. Thomas Maguire heard of this and made us an offer to come to San Francisco, and this has been my home ever since, although I have frequently left it to travel. The Maguire Opera House was then on Washington Street near Montgomery, and its walls are still standing. Later, my husband and Harry Edwards, who was one of the most delightful men I ever knew, conducted the Metropolitan Theater successfully. In the cast when I came to the now historic California were Sophie Edwin, Mrs. Judah, Sallie Hinckley, Olivia and Rosa Rand, Bob Graves, stage manager, John McCullough, leading man, Charlie Tibbetts, Harry Edwards, Billy Mestayer, John Wilson, Dave Anderson, and William Barry. Later, I traveled all through California and Nevada, and had many odd experiences. In '73, in Pioche, Nevada, we played in a tent to splendid business. The mines were booming and money plentiful but we had to endure some hardships. I recollect many a rough mile traveled by team through Utah and Nevada, particularly one journey when the poor horses had the epizootic, and one night when, for lack of other accommodation, our company slept in a stable. I have costumed myself in dressing-rooms with the snow drifting down my neck, while the wheezy little stove in the corner seemed to make the thermometer drop still lower. Such were the vicissitudes of theatrical life in early days.

MRS. F. M. BATES. *Mirrorin photo.*

BLANCHE BATES.

"I starred in Salt Lake for weeks, playing a new piece every night. Brigham Young was an enthusiastic theater-goer and I had a niece of his with me on the stage during my engagement."

"When did you first play with Edwin Booth?"

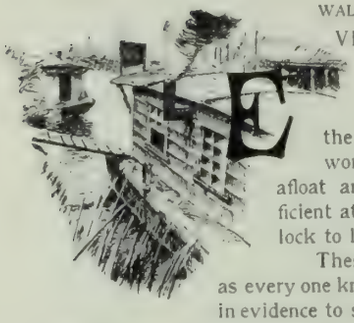
"In New York City. He sent for me to take the queen's part, and never shall I forget that night. I had to go on without a rehearsal, and the very thought of appearing with so famous and truly great an actor was enough to make me nervous, without the disadvantage of not having rehearsed with him beforehand. When we came to the closet scene, which is so important a part of the play, I was terribly afraid I would not be equal to it. As the curtain fell and the audience fairly stormed its approval, I hurried to the back of the stage while Booth went to the front to bow his acknowledgment of the compliment. The applause continuing, he sought me. 'As much your scene as mine,' he graciously said in answer to my surprised look, and leading me before the curtain patted me on the head before the vast audience. How the people cheered!" and Mrs. Bates' eyes softened at the memory of that triumph. "Booth was a lovely character. McCullough was a good friend also. Barrett had a somewhat colder nature but was nevertheless charming.

"Where did I make my debut? In Richmond, Virginia. Edwin Adams was leading man of the company, John Wilkes Booth walking gentleman, James Collier juvenile man, and Ben Rogers, so long with Booth and Barrett, low comedian. Rogers later became noted in character comedy. Yes, the stage is a difficult but fascinating life, and I suppose I shall stay with it until I die."

As I rose to go I recalled the incident of nine years since, when Modjeska kissed Mrs. Bates before the curtain in this city for her performance of the Queen in "Cymbeline." I remembered Peter Robertson's kindly notices of the part, and those of the late critic, George E. Barnes, beloved in life and tenderly remembered in death, and I said to myself that this indefatigable worker had well earned the praise that has been hers.

RUDDER GRANGE FOR KEEPS.

WALTER J. KENYON.



EVER since Noah landed on Ararat there have been those who sought their roof-trees on the water. Leaving out the men "who go down to the sea in ships," there are the canal boatmen, whose homes are on the keel; worthy and honest toilers whose babes are born afloat and learn their letters—ay, even become proficient at the piano, during their peregrinations from lock to lock.

These shifty but respectable water gypsies are, as every one knows, a considerable element in Holland; and in evidence to some extent in all the low countries of Christendom, to say nothing of China. A leisurely globe-trotter may board a canal boat at Buffalo and settle himself amid such comforts as lace curtains, carpets, snowy table linen, and gentle company; and dawdle thus across the Empire State to the Hudson, and so down to Manhattan; through as lovely a pastoral region as Ceres smiles upon.

The same life, in a cruder way, is to be seen on the Mississippi and its branch waters. Here the canal-boat has become a "house-boat," and is the domicile no more of a thrifty public carrier. Its captain is a veritable water tramp, without franchise, address, or calling; and his unseaworthy crew is represented in his chum, his pal, his "pardner." Their craft has not the Wouter van Twiller stability of contour displayed by the Eastern towboats. Its hull is a rectangular scow of uncouth angle and indifferent decoration. Its superstructure is the plainest sort of a hut, as crude within and without as a hunter's cabin. Its characteristic furniture a couple of rough bunks, a cur dog and a dateless fire-arm or two. Down the slow miles of the Father of Waters drifts this prideless craft; compatriot of the river snags and migrating with the waterfowls; with neither sail nor tow-lines, nor any sort of appeal from the steady purposed current, save through the spasmodic labors of a happy-go-lucky sweep. A landing here and there, where an opulent vegetable farm appears at the river margin, in conjunction with an empty larder aboard. An occasional raid on a poultry yard if the wildfowl should prove too shy. And so, at last, the water gypsy finds himself in delta waters. He may, should fortune favor, secure a tow back north at the favorable season. Or, captivated with the dreamy vistas of Reelfoot or Pontchartrain, abandon his seasonal rounds and amalgamate his interests—house-boat, cur dog, and gun—with the resources of the South. Or again, he may part with his rudder grange at what modest figure the buyer bids, and armed with the customary "tie-pass," leisurely seek the austere atmospheres of his birth.

A SAN JOAQUIN ARK.

In a land far toward the western sea the floating roof-tree is again in service. Although the world map makes but little ado over the mutual plain of the Sacramento-San Joaquin, here is room for several Eastern States to stretch themselves comfortably; and here are two rolling floods, heading far north in the snows of Shasta, and far south beyond Tulare; congesting their common delta ground, and twice each year bursting miles of levee as merrily as ever does the Mississippi itself.

Here are the ideal appointments for rudder grange. Roses the year round; strawberries in April and November; umbrellas unheard of all summer; what birds migrate do so merely to honor traditions of their kind. To the wayfarer from regions of afternoon thunderstorms and skies of fickle moods, this monotonous serenity is almost a plague. There the face of nature is human in its inconstancy; over this western land it is as if the assemblage of the gods had paresis. Here is the promised land for the gypsy—land or water. The "house-boats" have become "arks." All down the Sacramento they are strung from the Capital to the San Pablo Bay and all down the San Joaquin from far above Stockton to the salt marshes below, moored to the high levees, or dykes, behind which the fabulous crops are growing.

Mark the social evolution. Our boatman has heretofore been a nomad, an Arab of the eddies. Now he is a citizen. He has a name in the community, and even a vote.

Several hundred of the people of Stockton are among these residents of the arks. The little floating homes here are as innocent of the roving instinct as are the ducks born in a barnyard. Usually built on the "Peninsula," within the city limits, they are moored in the vicinity, once for all. Children are born and raised on these arks; go to school from them; marry and vote from them; sometimes go to church from them.

How do the arkmen live? Why, they are carpenters, cobblers, politicians, indistinguishable from the rest of us. How do they defy malaria? Ah! would that I, for one, might gain their secret!

The Stockton arks are gathered, thick as a beeswarm, about Weber Point, which separates two minor channels that a Mississippian would call bayous. Thence they scatter, snuggling in many an odd nook up and down stream. On one nearest the business part of town lives Mr. Wright. He is not an arkwright, for his sign sets forth, with the customary heraldic emblems, that boots and shoes are neatly repaired on his craft, and his gangplank, like the latchstring of popular report, is always out.

Many of these arks are tastefully painted, and in their *tout en semble* put to the blush some of their more pretentious neighbors on terra firma. "The Yankee Skipper" retains a nautical flavor and even has a remarkable contrivance whereby a sail may be rigged. The "Florence Romine" is queen of the fleet. Her tiny deck space, fore and aft, is wire netted; and within this safeguard there ofttimes toddles a tiny towhead, in gingham frock, scarcely to be seen for the riot of potted plants that hedge him in. The windows, too, are blooming with geraniums, and tiny curtains just show themselves within. On the "porch," shall I say, hang pans and skillets and like accoutrements that bespeak housewifely thrift. And if they are manifest to an occasional stroller-by, the artist eye, at least, will not revolt.

The enterprising harbor master of Stockton, actuated by a stern sense of efficient responsibility, once decided that these off-shore residents should pay wharfage, and set about collecting it. The arkmen argued that inasmuch as they used no wharves and merely basked in unpatented mud, no fees were due; and the official came, perforce, to this view of the question.

Old Bill Sayles is the veteran arkman of the colony. He lets boats as a means of livelihood and catches "mud-cats" on off days. Bill has invisible, mystic sleigh-bells attached to his cleated gangplank, so that the approaching visitor is at once announced and regaled by the music of his own footfall.

More than once an ark has been the scene of mysterious death, and somber stories are whispered of gambling and lurking shadows of habitual crime. But what would you! There are dark spots on shore, too. Most of these arks are wide open to the morning sun that finds its reflex in good digestion and good will. Lowly, happy homes, where the master may fish his breakfast at his chamber window even while he piecemeal dons his clothes.

This trip from the bay up the San Joaquin to Bill Nye's "City of Windmills" is well worth the while. Your odd little stern wheeler has not the rakish self-confidence and esprit of the palaces plowing eastern waters. Its carriage suggests rather the serious, vague purpose of a lobster or a turtle. Like the latter, too, these craft now and again weary of their allotted element and essay a trip overland.

Vast reaches of salt marsh presently give place to endless, level ranches lying low behind the crude and costly levees. The panorama is a prodigious crazy-quilt of every green and yellow, red and dun. And far in the east, fringing low against the sky, the Sierras rim the view.

It is one of Nature's enduring smiles. The mountaineer has his poetry of motion and the wild onset of the storm. The sailor, careening down the water slopes, sings a reckless song of turmoil. But he who has had his fill of the rack and rumble of the world let him trail his boat through this still valley, where only memory alternates with sleep.

ANGLING AS A PASTIME FOR WOMEN.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

DELSARTE builded better than he knew when he preached the principles of physical culture. Women became interested in the system because of a commendable desire to "grow in grace," but with the development of their muscles came an ambition to use them, and so by degrees they have been converted to the glorious gospel taught by Nature—the universal religion of fresh air and out-door exercise—which makes better men and women of us all. Athletic pursuits for womenkind have rescued them from ill health, broadened their mentality, driven depression and ennui forever from them, increased their usefulness as members of society in the broadest sense of that word, and rendered them doubly dear to mankind. For is she not indeed an ideal companion for the winter fireside whose unfailing good spirits and health have been found in exhilarating outings throughout the summer months? Is she not a better mother who left her tired nerves on yonder mountain-top, and whose irritability has been gently soothed in some restful vale by the healing influence of that other mother—Nature?

Golf, tennis, croquet, basket-ball, swimming, rowing, and gymnasium work are interesting and healthful pastimes if not overdone, but they become conventional after a time, and the spirited woman or girl, seeking new worlds to conquer, turns delightedly to a pursuit which will bring her in closer touch with spiritual and mental, as well as physical, development. Thus the mountains, streams, forests, and fields are offering allurements unthought of and unappreciated in former years, and angling for women is fast becoming a popular pastime. It was not until recently, however, that I realized the extent to which it has enlisted its devotees in San Francisco.

Now, a fishing-tackle store is hardly the place one would expect to be frequented by feminine shoppers. Happening into a leading establishment of the kind I was therefore surprised to find a lady making purchases with far more animation than she would have exhibited at a bargain counter in a dry goods store. The novelty of it drew my attention at once, and I watched with interest her critical selection of delicate rod and reel, exquisite silk line, dainty artificial flies and convenient book for holding them, creel for carrying future "catches," an aluminum drinking cup, and sundry other necessities for a complete fishing outfit. Then she examined and bought the wardrobe accessories, which I had not known could be so easily provided. For a short skirt and jacket she chose durable, closely woven canvas and twilled moleskin of grayish-brown color, to be made by a ladies' tailor into a jaunty, light-weight yet warm costume; for knickerbockers, a dark silken texture; footwear, tanned leather boots lacing to the knee, with soft iron nails in the soles and heels, to prevent slipping on the rocks; leggings, twilled moleskin finished with pliable ooze leather, capable of resenting any kind of wear or abuse, yet a really dainty addition to the outing toilette.

HER FIRST LESSON.

Upon examining the boots I was delighted with their adaptability to the purpose for which they were patented—and, moreover, they are the patent of a San Franciscan, one of the most expert anglers in the State. Their superiority in every way over all similar footgear has been recognized by Sarah Bernhardt, Princess Louise (wife of the Marquis of Lorne), Mrs. Langtry, and women throughout both continents, and they should be among the possessions of all other women to whom out-door exercise appeals. They are made of a dark-brown figured corduroy of rich shade; or of French calfskin, as one prefers.

Thus equipped, scores of fair tourists forsake the city in summertime for the coast and mountain streams, to pursue the fine art of angling in a scientific manner with the artificial fly. No publication upon the subject of angling, say its admirers, can convey an adequate idea of the fascination of this high-class sport, or practical instruction in it. Success in filling the creel comes with persistent practise, careful observation, and a disposition sufficiently philosophical to be satisfied with small returns after hard, faithful work. Yet this work must not be understood as in any way allied to toil. It has an incentive, satisfaction and charm all its own.

What can be more pleasurable than to rise with the dawn, wend your way through graceful willows, over boulders, fallen trees and logs, down to some crystal stream coursing through green meadows or purling through a canyon from distant mountainous source? Observe carefully the flies that have left their hiding places and are hovering near the water surface. Select from your assortment one nearest like them. Approach the stream cautiously. Be sure that your shadow does not fall on the water, and then make your cast, dropping the fly on the water very lightly so that it may touch it before any portion of the line does. Two or three trials on each pool or ripple will determine whether or not you may expect a rise. It may be necessary to change the flies several times in order to get the "taking" one.

A CALIFORNIA OUTING.

The above halftone is from a photograph of Messrs. C. A. Haight and Fred Mayhew and Mrs. A. G. Macfarland, taken near Duncan's Mills. It won, over 300 competitors, a prize offered by an Eastern magazine for the best amateur fishing picture.

The refined characteristics of angling attract to the practise of the art women of intellect and gentle breeding. Among those who have attained proficiency in fly casting are Mrs. W. D. Mansfield, wife of the world's champion caster who is constantly beating his own remarkable record; Mrs. Henry E. Skinner, whose husband is a prominent and popular member of the Fly Casting Club; Mrs. G. L. Nusbaumer; Mrs. Burns, wife of Dr. O. B. Burns; Miss Burling, sister of the late Ben Burling, who was an expert angler; Mrs. J. W. Bull; Mrs. W. F. Herrick; Mrs. W. F. Bogart; Mrs. Geo. T. Wright; the Misses Elliott; Mrs. G. W. Emmons; Mrs. L. L. Baker. These ladies have not formed a club, neither do they favor competitive tournaments, all of them following the diversion for its own sake and being averse to attracting personal attention. Mrs. Mansfield is a charming woman of gracious manner and sweet disposition, whose superb health speaks eloquently in defense of angling as a beneficial pastime. She is an ardent advocate of it, and accompanies her husband upon his outing and practise trips. Mrs. Nusbaumer and Mrs. Mansfield have explored some of California's most picturesque retreats together, and were the first women to reach the Siskiyou Plateau, a beautiful park-like bit of country in Southern Oregon. Mrs. Nusbaumer, who has toured in Italy and Switzerland afoot, is exceptionally cultured, with a fine complexion whose roses were gained out of doors. Mrs. Burns devotes much of her time to charitable work, but goes afield and astream in the rainless months, and is highly accomplished in several ways, being skilled with gun, rod, and oar. She caught the largest trout of the season when at Tahoe with her husband, and can pierce a postage stamp at thirty yards with a rifle.

The illustration entitled "Her First Lesson" is from a snapshot taken by the artist on Eel River a few days ago. As the unknown beginner was unconscious of his presence, and too intent upon her task to notice the liberty taken, the camera owes her an apology.

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA HOMES.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

IT HAS been claimed that Californians do not observe Christmas Day with the interest that animates people in the Eastern States; that we regard the custom more in the light of an annual holiday than the celebration of an event fraught with historic religious significance; that we are growing less mindful of its deeper meaning as we grow older, and that it is gradually becoming a conventional occasion for the exchange of gifts. I believe this to be an entirely erroneous impression.

It is true that we do not take life quite as seriously out here by the Golden Gate as do the dwellers in the less favored climes along Atlantic shores. There is a tonic in the ozone, a stimulant in the atmosphere that discourages profundity and brings the lighter emotions to the surface of human nature. Given a long enough residence in California, and almost any man of conservative, thoughtful disposition will become genial, will think less of the morrow and more of to-day. There is something radically wrong with him who is not a better man and more beloved of his fellows when he has dwelt among us as neighbor and citizen. Here's to the health of California and Californians! May the Golden State and those who love it live long and prosper!

In San Francisco's earlier days, when society was in an unsettled condition, when fortunes were lost and won in a day and lost again, this was not a city of homes. Therefore was the Christmastide a season slighted; to many the loneliest day of the twelve-month because domestic ties seem never so precious as then, and a large proportion of our population was separated from home ties in other States. Changes for the better have taken place, and while San Francisco supports more hotels and boarding-houses than any other city of its size in the Union, we have here thousands of model homes—homes in every sense of the word. From the mansion on Nob Hill to the cottage that represents a humble home on the sand dunes, Christmas is celebrated as it should be, and "Peace on earth, good will to men," is the motto for at least one day in the year.

It is to the home-loving Germans that we are indebted for the Christmas tree. Its origin with them was a thought worthy to be called an inspiration, for does not the beautiful custom appeal to hearts the wide world over? Beginning in Germany with a decoration of tiny Christmas apples, gilded nuts, ornamented ginger cakes, and a paper Santa Claus, ideas for the embellishment of a tree have been elaborated until now the manufacture of Christmas tree trimmings is an industry, giving employment to countless thousands. Nearly all the decorations used are imported from Germany, and are for the most part made in Nuremburg, Bavaria, by women and children.

MISS MADELINE McKISICK. *Taber photo.*
A typical California beauty, popular in Oakland society.

Among the San Franciscans whose Christmas trees are the subject of much thought, and triumphs of artistic beauty, who regard the day as one worthy of all the time, labor, care, and money expended upon it, are Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. W. H. Talbot, Mrs. Hugo D. Keil, Mrs. G. W. McKean, Mrs. H. S. Morton, Mrs. George W. Granniss, Baroness Von Schroeder, Mrs. J. L. Nickel, Mrs. C. F. A. Talbot, Mrs. Emilie Hager, Mrs. F. S. Moody, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Alexander Boyd, Mrs. M. H. DeYoung. The Christmas trees of which these ladies are the presiding geniuses are indeed resplendent pictures that linger in the memory of the beholder. San Rafael has magnificent homes in which a tree is yearly placed. Three charming matrons who delight in Christmas tree decoration are Mrs. Louis Carrigan, Mrs. E. B. Strong, and Mrs. A. W. Foster.

But a tree is not a luxury confined to the enjoyment of the wealthy classes. As much or as little may be spent in this way as the family fund will allow. A tree is within the province of all, save the sadly poor, and these should be hunted out and gladdened on Christmas Day by those more fortunate in life's struggles for maintenance. No matter how simple the act, how trifling the service, it may mean much to a heart that hungers for kindness even as the body hungers for food.

The novelties of the present day for tree decoration are infinite in variety and far surpass in glittering attractiveness the old-fashioned articles formerly used. They are even typical of the hobbies and occupations of different people, as, for instance, miniature musical instruments and sporting articles Tiny slippers of fanciful make, baby dolls, dimpled cupids, all kinds of animals and fishes in papier mache, metal, and glass, manifold designs in cotton and tinsel, tinkling bells in silver and gold, brass and nickel horns and trumpets, gaily colored acorns, cotton stars with cupid heads in the center and a fringe of glistening tinsel, fluted tissue paper, paper dolls, brilliant birds of paradise, ornamented candies, popcorn on strings and in balls, brightly hued cornucopia, with tissue frills, asbestos snow, peacocks suspended by a rubber that they may show themselves to advantage, strings of gold, silver, copper, and bronze tinsel known as Christmas tree lametta, brilliant Goldwolle, transparent baskets, wax and paraffine candles in all colors with globes and holders of varied hues, glass reflectors and butterflies, the Kriss-Kringle dear to the German heart, these are some of the things you may choose from for the glory of your Christmas tree. Wax candles are preferable; they burn longer and do not drip. The glass spheres, cones, and other designs are really beautiful when the candles illuminate them, reflecting rainbow colors that please the eye of the elders and are the delight of the juveniles. Some of these spheres and cones are encrusted with tinsel, others have ornaments enclosed; some are concave and all are obtainable either singly or in assorted boxes, at prices to suit a plethoric or limited purse.

Keep up the Santa Claus illusion among the children. Do not listen to the cold counsel of wisdom when it advises you that the Santa Claus myth is a deliberate deception that should be abolished. Make the pathway trod by little feet along the first half dozen miles of their journey as sunny a one as you can, filled with joyous surprises. Hang the tiny stockings near the fireplace and join in the speculations as to what the bountiful and bewhiskered personage who must circumnavigate the globe in a night, will slip into them. It is a happy deception that infuses such an unreasoning, but charming and altogether delightful element of pleasure into the childish heart. If we can lead the little ones into fairyland for a brief space, why not? None of us who remembers the breathless, delicious intervals between bedtime and sleep, when, vainly trying to hear the sound of reindeers' hoofs, we passed into a dreamland peopled with fascinating fancies, could wish that the story of the impossible and beneficent saint had never been told us. The tree on Christmas Eve, glittering with a multitude of lights, and spreading its branches over piles of packages beneath, containing untold possibilities in the way of gifts—no matter what else is blotted out in the memory, as we grow older, that vision remains.

Then make room for a tree in your homes when the day of days draws near. Let each member of the household have a share in its decoration, especially the little ones, who in after years, when pleasures are fewer and life less rosy, will remember with tender gratitude the joys of a vanished childhood. Spare no pains to have the tree so gorgeous, so dazzling a sight that it will never be forgotten by those who have a part in it. Why, the very odor of a fir-tree in the house, pungent and permeating, is sufficient to tell the blind that it was Christmas time. Group the presents around the foot of the tree and make the little world about you happy, if not for the sake of your children, your friends, and yourselves, for the sake of the dear Christ child, cradled centuries ago in a manger, crucified, and adored as the most ideal character ever created; the sacred Christ child, whose glorious birthday it is.

OUR THEATERS.

SOMETHING is happening. As THE TRAVELER goes to press the lawyers are holding star-chamber sessions in which mighty contracts play important roles, theatrically speaking. Unless all signs fail, by the time the printer's ink is half dry upon this journal, there will be fewer fingers than ever before in the local pie. I wager a bag of peanuts piping hot that Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., who are nothing if not ambitious, will own this corner of the theatrical earth—they've been coveting it these many moons—and that the Al Hayman corporation will be ancient history. Unfortunately, the press refuses to wait until the matter is decided, but if all the straws seen by everybody hereabouts show which way the wind bloweth, the offer made by the Friedlander faction will be accepted, and the Columbia, California, and Baldwin go under their management forever and aye.

As a rule one theater is about all that the average manager cares to control. A trio of such responsibilities would drive him to strong drink, gray hairs, and an early grave. That is the difference between people. The Friedlander-Gottlobs just dote on hard work, they court responsibilities, and go out of their way to woo dull care. I dare say they'll be reaching out and grabbing at Los Angeles playhouses, and gobbling up Sacramento and Portland theaters before 1900 is upon us. Well, here's success to them if the deal goes and the lease they long for with all their financial hearts is theirs. At least they demonstrate their unshaken faith in San Francisco's present and future by daring to put up their money on our jay patronage.

The hit of the past month at the Columbia was made by "In old Kentucky," with its dear old melodrama, splendid horses, and rollicking pickaninnies. It came hither with a cheerful whoop, and went with a merry farewell, a special car importing and exporting its heavy consignments of southern accent. Louis James and an excellent array of people are now at the Columbia in a strong, romantic play by Espy Williams, "A Cavalier of France." The story is an interesting one of court intrigue and is superbly costumed. A woman's garter is responsible for the plot, and a queen's garter at that, finely jewelled. Marguerite of Navarre proceeds to lose it, and it is subsequently found in the possession of a nobleman, who is promptly hustled out of the royal yard on a charge of theft. He has a loyal sweetheart who refuses to believe he did the purloining of this charming article made to blush unseen under a lingerie screen, and the plot thickens like a hasty pudding. Next week Mr. James offers us the following assortment of the legitimate, spiced with the heroic and romantic: Monday, December 6th, Spartacus"; Tuesday, "Othello"; Wednesday, "Julius Cæsar"; Thursday, "Spartacus"; Friday, "A Cavalier of France"; Saturday matinee, "Spartacus"; Saturday evening, "Julius Cæsar"; Sunday, "Spartacus."

FLORENCE WOLCOTT. *Thors photo.*
A sweet-voiced attraction at the Tivoli.

Mr. Hoyt's "Milk White Flag" will be waved as a holiday attraction at the Columbia, and from the rosy promises made by the press agent one is led to believe that he will out-Hoyt himself in its production. Next Thursday at the same theater Herr Scheel will wield his baton over the heads of one hundred and twenty-five musicians in a grand symphony concert under direction of the Orpheus Musical Club, commencing at three P. M.

Apropos of music, the Italian Grand Opera Company will begin a limited engagement at the Baldwin next Monday, opening in "La Boheme." Stuart Robson will come to this house the latter part of the month, and is said to have a choice lot of new successes to try on us. Meanwhile the Baldwin is jammed with people who think "In Gay New York" quite the most dazzling show come to town. I cannot describe the costuming of the piece, as clothes are conspicuous by their absence. A few more fig leaves would be useful. The girls are tempting providence by putting merely a frill or two and some silken tights between themselves and the weather; but the entertainment is a good one. Jeanette Bageard gives a really clever imitation of Yvette Gilbert. Eddie Foy does some startling things, and Ida Moreland and Gertrude Zella are in great favor for their talent as well as fetching looks. The latter is a Lillian Russelesque beauty.

IDA MORELAND. *Marceau photo.*
Gotham's most popular Casino girl, with "In Gay New York" at the Baldwin.

"The Geisha" has had a tremendously successful run at the Tivoli. The patronage enjoyed by this old-time opera house shows no waning. Next week Planquette's "Rip Van Winkle" will be given, followed by Edwin Steven's "Tales of Mother Goose," the music composed and selected by Max Hirschfeld. It is declared to be a jolly mixture of melody, ballet, and transformation scenes, the popular holiday combination.

I note with satisfaction the steadily increasing business at the Alcazar, although I own no stock therein, and have no personal claim on so much as a penny of its clinking cash-drawer receipts. The Alcazar has, however, advanced along precisely the right lines, treating the public fairly and squarely, and catering to the amusement of only the better class of theater-goers. No matter what may be the play announced, depend upon it that it is a good one to see. It has a steady patronage among families, who know that it always keeps faith with them in clean entertainment.

Over at the Orpheum there is the usual mad rush for seats seven nights in the week. The specialties imported by Gustav Walter are always the best that can be located on the globe and induced thither by golden persuasion. I doubt not that if the enterprising Mr. Walter heard of somebody away off in Afghanistan who could do a rattling good turn he would have him here in double quick time, if he had to send a balloon over to get him. Next week's Orpheum novelties include the De Filippes, noted dancers; Paulinetti and Piquo in their great bar act; Harry Edan and his dog comedy business; the wonderful acrobatic Pichiani Sisters; the serio-comic Caroline Hull; Sato, eccentric comedian; the Vesuviano Quartet; Fordyce; Cgita; marvelous violinist; and Servais Le Roy.

THE BOHEMIAN.

A TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

THE TOURIST.

[READERS of THE TRAVELER who have followed with interest the descriptive articles under the above title, commencing with the September number, will in the accompanying narrative go to the ancient town of Macao, touching other points of interest, and taking leave of the "Coptic" at Kobe. Journeys by ricksha and train are then taken to Hiogo, historic Osaka, Nara and its great temple, and Kioto.]

Next morning we take the steamer for Macao, arriving in the early afternoon, and under the care of a guide immediately start in rickshas to visit the interesting points in this ancient but very pretty town. We inspect the ruins of the Cathedral San Paulo, erected in 1602, and destroyed by fire thirty years ago. This ruin is preserved by the Portuguese government. Thence to the gardens and grotto of the poet Camoens and the silk fillature factory. Here we see eight hundred women reeling the silk thread from the cocoons. They are arranged in rows, with a basin of hot water before them, into which the cocoons are placed so as to loosen the thread, thus compelling close attention by the women to prevent the thread from breaking. These people receive twelve cents for twelve hours' work, and many of them work with their infants strapped on their backs. We go to the boundary between the Chinese and Portuguese, which is marked by a large arch, returning by way of the beautiful wide and smooth road called the Praia Grande to the hotel for dinner; in the evening to the celebrated Fan Tan gambling saloon, where the game is being played, and the next morning we take the steamer and proceed toward Hong Kong, where we arrive about the noon hour, and for the present will be guests at the hotel, remaining to revisit the places of interest and admire the substantial buildings which line the sloping sides of this attractive island, its pretty, winding roads, charming views, and busy thoroughfares on the lower levels, all of which occupies our time for nearly

AVENUE OF STONE LANTERNS, NARA.

a week. On the last day we again take that lovely ride to Happy Valley, and in the beautiful English Cemetery stand beside the grave of that noble sailor, Captain W. G. Pearne, who for many years commanded the Steamship "Gaelic." With uncovered heads in this far land we recall the many virtues of this brave man, always at his post when duty called, a skilful, careful navigator and a faithful servant to the last. Now, beneath the shadow of this mountain island, he sleeps in the quiet city of the dead.

The next day we once more resume our comfortable quarters on board the "Coptic," whose dress, always scrupulously clean, is now exceptionally neat, and as we draw near the stately craft her yachtlike trimness is the subject of comment. At one P. M., May 11th, our anchor is away, we are steaming out of the Harbor of Hong Kong, and are soon heading up the China Coast towards Shanghai, stopping on the way at Amoy, and on the morning of the 14th are at the anchorage in the Wosung River. Here we repeat the lovely ride up the stream, and another enjoyable visit to the thriving and attractive City of Shanghai, which embraces a tour to all the places of interest, as well as a second opportunity for my lady wards to drop a few more dollars into the coffers of the polite silk merchant. In the clear cool evening we make a return trip of sixteen miles down the river to our steamer.

The following morning early we feel the throbbing of the massive engines. Once more in motion we continue our journey toward Japan. Crossing the Yellow Sea at excellent speed, on the succeeding day we find ourselves within the waters of this the empire of many islands. Passing the historical Pappenborg we gaze at its perpendicular sides and recall the story that, about three centuries ago, thousands of native Christians were driven to this rugged rock and precipitated into the sea because of their refusal to trample on the Cross (recent utterances from the Imperial University imply a doubt of this story's truth). Soon after the noon hour we are again at anchor in the cozy little Harbor of Nagasaki. Our stay here being longer than on our previous visit we see more of the interesting country in this vicinity. Our first move is to engage the convenient little carriage for a ride to the village of Mogi on the Shimabara Gulf. Leaving the bund in regular order, our brawny little yellow men hasten through the streets, indifferent to the crowds, skilfully avoiding an encounter, keeping up the steady gait to the outskirts of the town and to the commencement of the rising ground. From this point we begin to notice some of the beauties of the pretty picture. Advancing up the hills, on the slanting sides of which are very many pocket-handkerchief farms, methodically laid out and walled up with stone on the lower sides to prevent the soil from washing away, we see a small plot not more than three or four feet in size; again, in a corner, a tiny spot not bigger than one's hat, and now streaks of irregular shape and uncertain dimensions, all laid out and carefully tended by the diligent, hardy, unpretentious tiller of these diminutive pieces of ground, whose surface now presents a lovely sight as we wind around the hills, dotted from top to base with myriads of dwarf-like patches of the deepest green. In the valley below the thatched cottage of the husbandman is scattered here and there, and women and children flitting about as if engaged in some occupation add much to the interest of the scene. On and upward we go, and arriving at the upper end of this delightful little valley where the road unites the two mountain sides, we stop to view the lovely landscape, the blending of different shades of color, the irregularities of size and shape of the fertile spots on each sloping side, with the little hamlet, the plum tree, the chestnut and wisteria combining to make the sight an enchanting one over which we delight to linger. Proceeding on our road, still winding around the mountain sides until the highest point is reached, and from which we obtain a splendid view of the Gulf of Shimabara. Descending on the other side, our interest maintaining the same intensity at the continuation of the lovely scenery, we twist and turn down the hills to the unattractive village of Mogi. Here we halt at the usual tea-house and to give our ricksha men a rest. The thimble-like cup of tea is served for a small fee, after which we are afforded a second look at the panorama, and late in the evening are on board our steamer. Next morning again on shore, we speed through the streets to the Osuwa Temple, the largest in the vicinity. Passing from the street under or through an immense bronze torii or gate, up two hundred stone steps, taking a look at the bronze horse in the courtyard, we come before the Temple, where we chance to witness the ceremony of christening an infant in accordance with the rites of the Shinto faith. We visit a pretty garden in the immediate vicinity from which a lovely view of city and harbor is obtained. Leaving this attractive spot we call at the homes of the priests, who appear to be absorbed in their devotions, or poring over volumes of manuscripts. Descending the two hundred steps we find our attendants awaiting to land us at the hatoba, where we board a sampan, are sculled off to the steamer, and in less than an hour are under weigh and passing out of the harbor on our way to Kobe.

At about four o'clock the following morning we go on deck to witness the approach to, and passage through, the narrow and interesting Straits of Shimonoseki. The weather is cold and rainy, but the headlands forming the entrance are seen, and as we near them we are reminded of the stirring scenes enacted in this vicinity. Here in the twelfth century a great naval battle was fought between rival clans, and here it was that the Prince of Chosu, who had fortified these straits, and had forbidden the passage of foreign vessels, fired on a number of European merchant ships and killed several men. The governments of these vessels being unable to obtain redress despatched several war ships to the scene, and the combined fleet of English, French, Dutch, and American vessels in 1863 bombarded the works at Shimonoseki, soon reduced them, and opened the passage to foreigners. Later, the treaty of peace between China and Japan in 1895 was concluded. Entering the narrow strait we note and admire the pretty headlands, rushing tides,

crooked channels, odd-shaped islands, numerous junks, little villages, new and modern fortifications, and the town of Moji. Rapidly passing out, and into the Inland sea, we continue our way eastward. In the afternoon we again enter the narrow reaches and pass through that enchanting portion of this lovely sheet of water. This time we approach from the west, and as before, are filled with rapture as we speed along through the contracted passages. The swirling tides and changing shoreline, little villages, fleets of fishermen at work in the eddies or crossing the channel combine to make this one of the most lovely of waterways.

Next morning we anchor In the busy Harbor of Kobe, and now comes the first shade of sadness in this hitherto delightful voyage. Here we regretfully

HARBOR OF NAGASAKI.

bid adieu to the splendid, well-officered, well-equipped steamship "Coptic." She has carried us in comfort and safety many thousand miles and we cannot but regret the parting as we pass down the gangway into the boat for the shore. We go to the hotel and at once commence our sightseeing in a ride to Hiogo, a pretty, bustling Japanese town, visit the bronze Diabutsu or Great Buddha, and go into the interior of the image, where there is an altar to Amida, and smaller images. The grounds are prettily laid out with many bronze animals scattered about. We are taken to the bazar or exposition. This is very interesting. Here are displayed the various products of the surrounding country, two large buildings being filled with bronze, porcelain, cloisonne, bamboo, lacquer, wheat, barley, rice, and all other products tastefully festooned with flags and other adornments. The entrance fee to this instructive fair is two cents each. Leaving this, we ride about the town and are much pleased with the stores and general appearance of the people, returning to Kobe in the evening.

Next morning, in charge of the guide whom we employed the night before, we take the train for Osaka, passing through a well-cultivated and pretty country, and on arrival ride through the streets of this ancient but busy city, observing the stores and pretty sights. Stopping at a factory where satsuma ware is made we are shown some handsome articles, and see the workmen preparing the different pieces for market. The finish in some cases is so fine that the painter uses a magnifying glass to see his work. We cross bridges and arrive at the Government Building where we make a personal request for a permit to visit the celebrated castle, and receiving the document resume our ride, and in a short time reach the broad open space and see before us the massive walls of Japan's famous fortress. Approaching the huge gates we present our permit to the sentry and pass into the enclosure. The visitor is deeply impressed with this stupendous structure, built in the year 1585 by Hideyoshi, Japan's distinguished war lord. The stones were so regularly cut that they fitted into their places without the use of mortar. Many of these blocks of granite are of such colossal dimensions that the visitor pauses with wonder and admiration for the great soldier who in the sixteenth century planned and finished this immense stronghold. Huge blocks of granite measuring ten by forty feet in length and weighing two hundred tons are as neatly in place as any of the smaller ones. How were these immense weights moved from the quarries and placed in these great walls? This is the question asked by every visitor. We ascend the granite steps to the top of the battlements, from which point we obtain a splendid view of city and country, with beautiful mountain ranges, rivers, various manufactories, the mint, numerous bridges spanning the canals with the forest of sailing craft between the walled-up sides of the convenient waterway, and throngs of people moving in every direction. Descending, we are shown a camelia-tree planted by General Grant, and further on the spots where stood the magnificent palace which was destroyed in 1868, when the Mikado's forces attacked the castle, defeating the shogun and dealing a deathblow to feudalism. The castle is now used as a barracks for Government troops. Passing out of the great gate and crossing the moat we notice large bodies of soldiers going through military evolutions. They are a fine body of men and the most of them are veterans.

Entering our rickshas we ride to the station and take the train for Nara, a city of many attractions, where we first visit a pretty Japanese hotel and partake of an excellent meal. The bright-eyed Japanese girls are very much interested in the dress of the ladies of our party and with amusing curiosity inspect the fit and material. From the hotel we go to the Government deer park, containing seven hundred animals. Nearly all are tame, and as we walk up the beautiful avenue fringed on both sides with stately cryptomeria-trees, and rows of large stone lanterns, these gentle animals come to the roadside and feed from our hands. This avenue is particularly attractive. The trees on both sides form a small forest, and are of great age, the stone lanterns having been silent sentinels for many centuries and at one time were all lighted every night, producing a beautiful effect in this great grove of magnificent trees. We slowly wend our way up this avenue to the great temple containing the immense Daibutsu, or enormous image of Buddha, it is made of bronze, is fifty-three feet high, in a sitting posture with legs crossed and on a bed of lotus flowers. This image was commenced in the eighth century and has been nearly destroyed on several occasions, but always restored, either by the Government or public subscription. The temple is also of colossal dimensions, being 290 feet long, 170 feet wide, and 150 feet high. There are two other images besides Daibutsu, but they dwarf into insignificance in comparison, being only 18 feet high. We pass into a court where hangs an enormous bronze bell cast in the year A. D. 732. Its dimensions are: height, 13 feet 6 inches; diameter, 9 feet; thickness, 8 inches. The tone is deep and clear and is struck by a large stick of timber suspended from the rafters of the belfry. We also visit the sacred horse, an animal small in stature and of a creamy whiteness. He is confined in a stall and is attended by a keeper who cares for his comfort and receives the small coin offered by the poor as they reverently pass by. We then visit a Shinto Temple where we witness the worship by a priest and two young girls. The ceremony is simple, consisting of certain movements of the body and hands at the prompting of the priest, with the usual bowing of the head, the girls being prettily dressed, and going through the ceremony as through a lesson rehearsed at regular intervals. We next visit the handsome little Lake Sarusawa No Ike, and for a time are amused at the play of the number of pretty fish who come to the sides to receive the crumbs thrown by those who rest by this lovely pond. Calling our ricksha men we hasten to the station and take the train for Kioto, passing through a highly cultivated country, with here and there villages and hamlets dotting the wayside. We arrive in the city after dark and are immediately borne through the streets and over bridges to the hotel.

(To be continued.)

G. A. HART. D. H. HART

FREE BUSS TO AND FROM HOTEL

Los Angeles, Cal. Oct. 28th, 1897. 189

W. V. Bryan, Esq.,

Dear Sir:-

Herein please find draft for advertisement to November 1st., "The Traveler" reaches us regularly, and we consider it one of the best and most effective mediums we have ever used, and cheerfully send you the enclosed.

Respectfully yours,

Hart Bros.

W. M. V. BRYAN
THE TRAVELER
OCT 30 1897
SAN FRANCISCO

IN SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY.

FAVORED in form, feature, fortune, and environment is the typical San Francisco society woman, a veritable pet of nature and the gods themselves, since all these seem combined in their happy influence upon her destiny. Frequently she is born with something better than the figurative golden spoon in her pretty mouth—a family side-board resplendent with everything in the line of spoons imaginable, and other golden gifts galore awaiting her just so soon as she shall be able to lisp her wants. Her nest has down within and roses without, and when she possesses beauty of a splendid, healthy, radiant type in addition to these other blessings—which she is quite certain to inherit in this glorious climate—why, then, I say she is blessed beyond all other womenkind the world over.

The highest type of Californienne has brains as well as charm of face and perfection of form. She is accomplished in so many ways that one wonders how she has found room in her gracefully poised head for their acquirement, so much of her time being passed out of doors in athletic sports. Nevertheless, though she loves her life in the open, she enters the drawing-room with all her social instincts developed and trained, her lithe body prepared to endure a gay season of dances and late-hour diversions such as society amuses itself with, a linguist, musician, artist, vocalist—any one or all of these is she. From budhood to belledom and matronly estate she goes her popular way, a fund of good spirits accompanying her good health. As time goes on, tiny buds of the future are trained in the conservatory of home, and history repeats itself. And as the seasons come and go, the ranks of the matrons increase, a fresh aggregation of youth and beauty makes its maidenly introduction to the social world, all distinctively Californian yet individual in their personal characteristics.

We have matrons here who seem to have imbibed of the fountain of eternal youth. Nowhere else—dispute me who will—do women retain their physical charm, their striking fascination, as here in San Francisco. There is Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, for instance, than whom there is no handsomer, younger matron in society, and certainly none more beloved in the younger set. Of medium height, dignified and gracious in manner, rosy-cheeked and black-eyed, she retains the attraction that distinguished her when she became the bride of the well-known lawyer. Mrs. Sawyer is especially versed in the art of entertaining. Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, whose daughter Kate has been extremely popular ever since her debut last season, is also a favorite with the younger people. In contrast of complexion to these is Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, wife of a prominent business man. It is but a few years since Mrs. McCarthy was a belle. She is one of the most beautiful blondes in San Francisco, of winning disposition. Her sister, Miss Helen Wagner, a piquant demi-blonde, made her debut last year.

MISS GERTRUDE FORMAN.

Miss Rose Hooper, daughter of Major W. B. Hooper, now visiting in the East, is as delightfully unaffected and lovable a girl as one could wish to know. She has unusual talent as an actress, though, of course, it will never be in evidence elsewhere than on a program for the benefit of some charity. Her naturalness of manner and innate refinement would adorn the professional stage.

A girl universally admired in society wherever she goes is Miss Gertrude Forman, daughter of Sands W. Forman, a citizen of political and journalistic standing, and librettist of an opera. Of Miss Forman it may be truthfully said that she is as much in favor for her beauty of character as for her sweet face, and the gentle breeding that is no minor part of her charm. She is both accomplished and clever and carries herself with true Californian grace.

Among the young women who have been socially prominent and who are representatives of local belledom may be mentioned Miss May Belle Gwin and Miss Bernice Drown. The Misses Deming, now absent in Honolulu, are noted for their elaborate and tasteful gowning. They are twins and exceptionally fine musicians as well as modish dressers.

The Misses Tobin are heiresses, and have had fine educational advantages, but they are yet quite unspoiled by Fate's kindness to them and are the most pleasing of girls to meet. Miss Celia is a musician and an ardent believer in outdoor pastimes. Her brothers are noted in field sports. The Tobins enjoy what may be termed an idyllic existence the greater part of the year at their Burlingame home.

Miss Gertrude McConnell, daughter of the Woodland banker, is spending a portion of the winter in San Francisco, where she has been the recipient of considerable social attention. She is a graceful brunette, and has many friends here. Miss Isabel McKenna, daughter of a San Francisco judge now of national reputation, is absent in Washington, having joined her father soon after his appointment to the President's cabinet.

There will be no dullness in the drawing-rooms this winter, nor wherever the younger set seeks its social enjoyment, for it is declared that the buds are all bright conversationalists, and that each is unusually interesting. A beauty of the brunette type is Miss Marie Wells, stately and of medium

height. She has the sort of face that painters want to repeat on their canvases. Another debutante of the brunette type is Miss Leontine Blakeman, tall and reserved in manner. Her cousin, Miss Ethel Keeney, petite, very dark and decidedly chic in style, is an attractive girl. Miss Charlotte Ellinwood is, perhaps, the most popular bud on account of her very sunny temperament. She is slender, dark, and vivacious. Miss Helen Thomas, demi-blonde, tall and Junoesque, was introduced at a dancing reception given by her mother, Mrs. William Thomas. Miss Marie Messer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Messer and granddaughter of the late O. F. Griffin, is exceedingly lovely. She is a petite brunette, and excels in dancing. Miss Lucy Jackson resembles Miss Thomas somewhat in style. Her chief accomplishment is music, both vocal and instrumental. Her voice is a high soprano, and her playing masterly. Miss Bessie Ames was the first formally presented debutante of the season, her mother, Mrs. Pelham Ames, giving a tea in her honor. She is already extremely popular. Her cello playing is greatly admired. Miss Ames has traveled extensively. Mrs. Dick Carroll introduced her daughter, Gertrude, at a tea at their Van Ness Avenue home. An elaborate affair given at the W. P. Morgan residence introduced the daughter of the house, Miss Theresa—a tea followed by a dinner and cotillon. Miss Helen Thornton is also an attractive bud.

No event of the season has caused more admiring comment than the Ellinwood reception and ball, which recently introduced Miss Charlotte at the elegant home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood, corner of Pacific Avenue and Devisadero Street. It was largely attended by our best people, and the spacious rooms, beautifully decorated, thronged with the youth and fashion of San Francisco society, the elderly element also being represented by mothers and fathers who were belles and beaux themselves in the long ago. The coming out of Miss Lillian Follis has been a much-discussed topic of the season, widespread interest centering about this exceedingly pretty girl of engaging manner. Miss Follis is an heiress and relative of the Floods. She is a blonde with fair, fluffy locks, stately in style, and is certain to become a distinguished belle. Miss Mamie Polhemus, another bud, tall, blonde, and slender, is both pretty and witty. She resembles Miss Helen Hopkins, who came out last season, and whose sister Edna is a bud of this year. The Hopkins residence on California Street is a very popular rendezvous for young people. Mrs. E. W. Hopkins is noted for her entertaining, and her daughters inherit their natural grace in that regard, being adepts in the role of hostess. At their suburban home in Menlo and in town they keep open house the year round. The two sisters are opposite types, Helen being tall, stately, and reserved, though an animated conversationalist, while Edna is petite, brunette, and vivacious. She is an ideal aid to any young man upon whom falls the responsibility of leading in a cotillon. Her grace, quick perception, and good taste invariably guide her to do exactly the correct thing and at the right moment. At the Friday Fortnightly last month she led with Robert Ayer. Society is extending a genuinely hearty welcome to Miss Helen Hillyer, or "Nellie," as she is affectionately termed by her more intimate friends. Since her debut Miss Hillyer has been in Europe and has just returned. Never was a girl more popular than she, and those who know her best are the most enthusiastic in her praise. A handsome demi-blonde with fine complexion and figure, she is as unassuming as she is kind of heart. Although fond of dancing and a participant in society's whirl of pleasures, Miss Hillyer is unselfishly devoted to charitable work. Having the true spirit of charity, she seeks to accomplish as much good as possible for its own sake, keeping her sweet self in the background and crediting others, rather than herself, for work done in humanity's name. She interested at least half a hundred of her girl friends in charity of a practical kind previous to her absence abroad, thus proving that a butterfly of fashion may be a gracious and sympathetic woman.

MISS GERTRUDE McCONNELL. *Thora photo.*

MISS MARIE WELLS.

A mother and daughter who are typical representatives of a fine old Southern family, and whose presence is a happy addition to any gathering, are Mrs. Voorhies, wife of a leading professional citizen, Dr. A. W. Voorhies, and Miss Marie, his elder daughter. Both are very distinguished in appearance, and have a charmingly hospitable home on California Street.

Miss Clara Hamilton is deeply interested in charities, and is noticeably reserved in manner, yet is a bright and entertaining conversationalist as well as a graceful dancer. Miss Mae Weldon is now visiting in Los Angeles, where she is as popular as here. She is a brunette of brilliant coloring, with very black eyes. Miss Mary Banning recently became the bride in Los Angeles of Wilt Wakeman Norris. The happy couple are now on their wedding tour in the East. Another bride of a few days since is Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, nee Julia Crocker. A charming girl who will shortly become a bride is Miss Ethel Creagh, fiancee of the well-known young physician, W. R. Cluness, Jr.

Miss Wellborn, daughter of Judge Wellborn of Los Angeles, will be the guest here this winter of several society leaders. She is a belle in the Southern capital, belonging to one of the most prominent families in society there, and is a petite, extremely attractive girl.

Mrs. Wm. V. Bryan, who has but recently returned from an extended tour through Southern California, is one of the most charming matrons of our younger society circles, and, as a hostess, is preeminently popular.

A young matron who excels in entertaining is Mrs. Charles Fox Tay, who as Helen Walker was a belle a few seasons ago. Mrs. Tay is a charming blonde and much sought after. Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertains in a quiet way, as does also Mrs. Stanly Forbes. The latter, as Kate Skeels, was prominent in Santa Barbara and Sacramento society. Mrs. Fred W. Tallant is very pretty and popular and of the brunette type.

Miss Jennie Blair is an active participant in deeds of charity promoted by society women. She was prominent in the doll fete, held recently, and rendered valuable aid to her co-workers in the interesting affair. L. F.

MRS. L. S. B. SAWYER. *Taber photo*

A FRESNO PACKING-HOUSE.

CHARLES E. JENNEY.

DURING the month of December there is increased activity in the retail raisin trade, and from the fact that California supplies this delicacy to thousands upon thousands of tables during the holiday season, it may interest readers of THE TRAVELER and consumers of raisins generally to learn the process by which they are prepared in the packing-houses for market.

The term packing-house is variously applied in different sections of our country. If you speak of a packing-house in Chicago you refer to a beef or pork packing establishment; in the States of Washington and Oregon, to a salmon packing plant; in Florida, to a house where oranges are packed. Thus in the San Joaquin Valley of California the packing-house has an application peculiar to that locality and has reference to the raisin industry. As this industry is confined within comparatively narrow bounds, being practically included in the San Joaquin Valley and a few adjacent Southern counties of California, and as the American method of packing raisins differs essentially in many points from the Spanish methods, it will probably be interesting and a novelty to a very large proportion of the people of this country to learn how American raisins are prepared for the market. That the United States can produce raisins in quantity and quality to rival even the famous Malaga lands of sunny Spain may even be a surprise to some, since so rapidly has raisin culture developed in California that the fact has not become fully realized, but it is nevertheless a fact, the total production of the San Joaquin Valley the past three years being amply sufficient to provide all the raisins needed in the country, and large shipments, moreover, having been made to Germany, Australia, and other countries. In the season of 1895 four thousand carloads of twelve tons each were shipped out of Fresno, which is the metropolis of the San Joaquin Valley—the Raisin City, so-called.

PACKING LONDON LAYERS.

When the raisins have been cured in the vineyards in the hot sun of a California late summer and are in a marketable condition, they are hauled into the packing-houses by the vineyardists, and either sold to the packers or placed with them for packing and consignment. Boxes about eight inches deep and thirty inches wide by three feet long, and known as sweat-boxes, are used altogether in holding and conveying the raisins from the time they are cured until they are packed for Eastern shipment. The broad avenues, lined with palm and umbrella trees, which radiate from Fresno, are scenes of busy traffic during the packing season, big four-horse loads, and even six and eight mule teams being by no means uncommon, conveying from four to eight tons each of raisins in the sweat-box to the packing-house. The packing-houses are mostly situated along the Southern Pacific Railroad, with branch tracks running up to their platforms, so that the raisins can be put directly on to the cars when packed.

Arrived at the packing-house, the boxes of raisins are unloaded and stacked inside. Six or eight men are required usually for this, two men being required to handle a sweat-box, which holds about one hundred and fifty pounds.

The cluster and layer raisins, that is, those that have been preserved in bunches, are placed in tight rooms called sweat-rooms, where steam is turned in to soften the stems and make them pliable for packing. We will first follow these through their various manipulations and then take up the loose raisins, which, of course, make up the bulk of the crop.

Having been steamed slightly for from twelve to twenty-four hours, the layers are in a condition to be packed and the sweat-boxes are brought out and placed on tables in the packing-room. Women and girls do all the packing. Two can pack out of each box. The bunches of raisins have been carefully placed in the sweat-box in layers with coarse manilla paper between the layers before they came from the vineyard, and now the packers, handling them by the stems as much as possible to prevent rubbing the bloom from the raisins, pack them in five-pound boxes, or forms, as they are called. The forms are set on scales so that the weight is exact in each one. A plain white wrap is placed in each form, which has a detachable bottom with a handle on one side. As fast as the forms are filled they are inspected by the foreman—who is more often a woman—and then taken away from the packing-tables to the transfer-table. The transferers place the form over the twenty-pound box in which the raisins are to be shipped, and pull out the bottom, when the five pounds of raisins in their wrap drop neatly into the box. The wrap is then folded over them, and another five pounds is dropped in in the same manner, until there are twenty pounds in the box arranged in four packages or layers. The top layer, which has been packed at a special table, has an additional fancy wrap around it, and ribbons are tied on some of the stems of the clusters. The box is then slid along the transfer-table to another table, where a boy places a sheet of wax paper over the raisins, inserts a fancy lithograph representing the brand of goods, and giving the packer's name, folds down the wrap and passes it on to the box-maker's table where the lid is nailed on. Then the box is tossed to a truck and run onto the car ready for its long trip across the continent to the Eastern market. All the layer raisins are packed in five, ten or twenty pound boxes, uniform sizes being employed in all the packing-houses. Usually four grades of layer raisins are put up, denoted as three-crown layers, four-crown layers, Dehesas clusters, and Imperial clusters, the latter being the largest and choicest bunches. Small three or four pound cartons are also packed, embellished with cards and ribbons, and being especially adapted for mailing.

The women pack from eighty to one hundred and fifty forms a day, according to their skill, and as they receive from one and a half to two cents a form, it will be seen that the wages are fairly good. Of course, the packing season lasts but a few months, beginning about the first of September and ending early in December, but it is the source of supplying many of the comforts of life during the rest of the year to the poor families who take advantage of it, and hundreds of girls belonging to families whose means are limited procuring quite an addition to their spending money, by finding employment in the various raisin packing-houses. Taken altogether, it is regarded rather as having a good time than hard work by the light-hearted young people thus thrown together. And they are not obliged to whistle all the time, either, to show their employers that they are not eating raisins. No employer has yet been found so niggardly but that he is willing for his employees to eat all they desire, and only draws the line when he finds that dinner-baskets are carrying away the same weight that they came in with.

The operation upon the loose raisins is not less interesting than that of the layers. They pass through less handling, but a machine called a stemmer does the work of many hands. The raisins are first dumped into a table or hopper. Two men are kept constantly employed emptying sweat-box after sweat-box into this ever-hungry hopper. A man stands at one side end with a shovel or pitchfork with tines bent like a claw, pushes the raisins through an opening in one end against a large revolving cylinder of netted wire. The raisins pass between this cylinder and a similar wire quarter segment known as the concave. As there is only about three-quarters of an inch space between the two, the stems are pulled from the raisins by the wire meshes, and raisins and stems fall together upon a long canvas with cross cleats upon it, called the draper. This canvas revolving, the cleats carry the raisins up to the top of the stemmer, some eight feet from the floor. When they reach the top, of course they fall over. In falling they strike a strong current of air made by fans revolving beneath the canvas, and all the stems and dried-up grapes are blown far over the rear of the machine and fall in a big heap. These are gathered up and used for fuel in running the engine. The raisins, by reason of their weight not being diverted by the wind, fall about two feet to the rear end of the upper screen of the grader. This screen is about three by five feet and pierced full of large holes. It slopes toward the front of the machines and is constantly shaken with a side motion, so that the raisins roll down it. All the raisins drop through these holes except the very largest, which continue on until they fall over the end into a spout and issue on the side of the machine. These are the four-crown raisins. The raisins falling through

the meshes of this first screen strike another screen a few inches below, similar to the first, except that the holes are a little smaller, and a similar process is repeated, those that pass clear over this screen being called three-crown and coming out of a spout beside the four-crown. On the third screen, which has still smaller holes, the same thing goes on, the two-crown raisins coming out of a spout on the opposite side of the machine. All the raisins that drop through this third screen fall on a very fine wire screen, the bottom one, which sifts out only the little dust and dirt that is left, leaving the smallest size of raisins, known as the one-crown, or more commonly, seedless muscatels, to come out of a spout beside the two-crown. Under each of the four spouts is a fifty-pound box, correctly branded, into which the raisins drop. A man at each spout presses the raisins down and levels off the top, and as soon as a box is full slides it away and places an empty box in its place. The full box is slid on to a pair of scales set at fifty pounds and balanced to that, and then passed on to the nailer, who fastens the lid; then on to a truck and run on to the car. Eight or nine men are usually required, besides an engineer, to perform all the work on a stemmer when it is running full force.

Fifty tons of raisins can be taken in at a packing-house in a day, just as they come from the vineyards, and by night be on the cars ready to start on the midnight freight for the Eastern market.

MY ANTELOPE HUNT.

BOURDON WILSON.

Geography and natural history were my chief delight in my school days, and the pictures and statements I found in my school text-books made impressions upon my youthful mind which time has never effaced. In the geography, regarded as an authority in all the schools of the south, one picture in particular was so vividly impressed upon my memory that I seem to see it now, though in reality I have not seen the book for more than a quarter of a century.

It represented a man lying in the grass of the western prairies, holding aloft a pole from which fluttered a flag. In the distance stood a band of meek, innocent-looking animals, gazing at the flag, and seemingly fascinated by it.

In the text accompanying this picture it was explained that the antelope was the most inquisitive of all animals, and would slowly but surely approach a flag held aloft over the grass until within easy rifle range, and that this was the way in which it was hunted on the great prairies of the far West. It became the height of my ambition to grow to manhood and go to the western prairies to hunt antelope with flag and rifle.

I grew to manhood; and, one morning, fresh from the East, the land of knowledge and culture, I stepped from the train at a small station in the edge of the Llano Estacado. As I did so, and the boundless, rolling prairie opened to my view, the picture of the antelope hunt returned with all its old-time vividness.

A few days later the engineering party of which I was a member was hard at work in a country of high rounded hills and broad level valleys. One morning we suspended our work to take a much needed rest, and were strolling aimlessly about. As we slowly climbed a hill and our heads rose above its crest, we saw spread out before us a beautiful valley about a mile in width. The waving of the grass as it bent to the breeze gave it the appearance of a long narrow lake. On the far side of the valley rose another hill not quite so high as that on which we stood. Upon the brow of that hill I saw a troop of animals, some fifty in number, marching slowly along in single file.

"See the goats!" I exclaimed.

"Goats! Well, you are as green a tenderfoot as I ever saw," said one of the others.

"If not goats, what are they?" I asked.

"Antelope," was the terse reply.

Here was the opportunity for which I had longed ever since my school days, and I lost no time in proposing that we shoot some of them.

"Reckon you could hit one of 'em from here?" asked a gaunt, solemn-faced, sun-dried man, who, being native to the State, was called Tex.

"No," I replied, "my rifle won't carry so far, but we can get nearer to them, or, I should say, get them nearer to us."

"How yer going to do it?" Tex drily asked.

"Don't you know how?" I asked in reply.

"No, tell us."

Wondering at his ignorance, I proceeded to enlighten him. As I concluded my explanation I heard a half-suppressed snicker, and, turning my head, I saw broad grins on the faces of the others, but Tex's face did not change.

"That's correct!" he exclaimed, emphatically. "I jest wanted to see if you did know anything. I didn't think you could be as green as you look."

Proud of my knowledge and flattered by Tex's somewhat dubious praise, I proposed an immediate return to camp for our rifles and a flag. To this all agreed.

"What's up," asked the cook, as we hurriedly entered camp.

"W'y, Old Virginy is a goin' out flaggin' antelopes," replied Tex.

"What in——?" began the cook.

"Don't talk so much, but hustle aroun' an' get us out one o' them white dish cloths," interrupted Tex.

The towel was attached to a pole, with which, and our rifles, we hurried back to the spot whence we had seen the antelope. They were still on their hill.

"Now, Virginy," said Tex, "you take the flag an' sneak down that arroya, an' git in the high grass. Then crawl out 'bout half er mile an' set it up. Don't raise yer head, fer ef the antelopes see you under the flag it will scare 'em clean inter Mexico. An' don't git in a hurry for 'em—you musn't expect 'em to come er runnin'. We'll foller soon as you git good started."

I reached the tall grass, dropped to my hands and knees, and began to crawl toward the opposite hill. The grass shut out every particle of breeze but offered no protection from the burning rays of the sun, which felt as though it were suspended but a few feet above my back. Hampered by flag and rifle my progress was necessarily slow, and I had not gone a great distance when I crawled into an unobserved bed of prickly pear cactus and filled my hands with its tiny needles.

Finally, with bruised knees and smarting hands, the perspiration streaming from every pore of my body, I concluded that I had gone far enough, and, stretching myself out at full length, I raised the flag aloft.

After waiting an age, as it seemed to me, I ventured to raise my head slowly and look about. The antelope were unconcernedly grazing upon their hill. Another long wait followed, during which I became intensely thirsty. I finally concluded to wave the flag about, hoping thereby to attract the animals' attention. Again peering above the grass, my heart leaped into my throat, for the antelope were all standing in a bunch gazing intently toward the flag.

Quickly lowering my head, I lay very still and quiet. The almost vertical rays of the sun, and my steadily increasing thirst, were fast becoming intolerable, and it was not long before my head was again raised above the grass. Not an antelope was to be seen.

I sat up and closely scanned the hill, then slowly rose to my feet and looked around. Not a living thing was in sight. I waited a moment, shouted, then fired my rifle, but no answering shout or shot came back to me. I began to be suspicious; and half sick and almost blinded by the intense, quivering heat, I started for camp. I walked slowly at first; then, as I recalled the snicker and grins of Tex's companions, and the bewildered look on the cook's face, my pace increased.

MISS McKENNA. Taber photo.
Daughter of the United States Attorney General.

As I was painfully climbing the little hill on which our camp was pitched, I heard voices, and paused awhile to listen. The evident jocularity of the speakers ill accorded with my mood just then. I began to have an uncomfortable suspicion that I was the object of their mirth.

"High, low, Jack; who's got game?" It was Tex's voice.

My appearance was greeted with a roar of laughter, and I lost what remained of my temper.

"Don't git mad, Ol' Virginy," said Tex, patting me on the back, "I studied that same derned jography that you did. Them jographies 'll fool a feller in more'n one way ef he sticks too close to 'em."

And, as the years roll by, I incline more and more to the belief that Tex was right.

KNICKERBOCKER'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

PAUL SHOUP.

THE snow went swirling across the platform and drifted over the rails beyond. The tops of the pines that clung to the opposite side of the canyon were turning white, the wires were singing in the wind, and the sky was dark with the promise of a stormy Christmas eve. Gracie pressed her face against the little office window. The nearest neighbors were up at the mines a mile away, and the big mountains, somber in their dark evergreen coats, seemed very solemn to the little lassie, but she had her mother and George and—Knickerbocker.

"Do you think," she asked anxiously, as she tugged at her mittens, "that the train'll get in to-night?"

George, who was station agent, operator, and express agent at Emerald Gulch, opened his key for a moment and looked down smilingly at the face of the little girl. "Oh, yes, little sister," he said; "8'll get in before dark, I think. The boys'll get off and push if they have to, for they are just as anxious for a Christmas as you and Knickerbocker are."

Knickerbocker was a very wise doggie, even though to those whose eyes are merely mirrors he seemed to be all ears and feet and appetite. He could beg and shake hands and knew the engine whistles almost as well as Gracie herself. He never mistook the hoarse shrieking of the "hog" engine, which pulled the fast freight, for the shrill note of 1111 that rumbled proudly by at the head of the Express.

The Christmas tree was all in readiness in the little house up at the foot of the mountain, and all afternoon Gracie and Knickerbocker had kept George company and listened for the whistling of 1111, for the presents were coming on the Occident Express, and it was long overdue.

Knickerbocker raised his head and watched Gracie depart with much disapproval; then settled down by the roaring fire and laid his head on his paws and dozed, with one ear lifted to catch the first faint sound of 1111's whistle. When he heard 1857 come coughing and rumbling up the grade with 47, the way freight, and its way cars, empty box cars, coal flats, and two or three loads of lumber, he did not stir. It was the wrong train going in the wrong direction.

As the red eye of 1857 came glaring into the darkness of the yard, George noticed that the bell was not ringing. He heard some one open the door, and thinking of the smiling face of Conductor Murphy, who usually swung in with his lantern under his elbow, he called the dispatcher to report the train's arrival.

"Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx Qx."

As he closed his key he heard a slight noise and turned his head to look straight into the speaking end of a revolver. Back of it was a tall man with a heavy beard. A mask covered the upper part of his face. Beyond the counter, which, with the screen on top, separated the little office with its shaded lamp from the unlighted waiting-room, were three other masked men, armed with rifles.

"Train robbers!" flashed through George's mind, and he instinctively reached for his key.

"Hands up! None o' that," said the nearest highwayman, sharply. "We kin do the lightnin' jerkin' ourselves, I reckon. Here Bill."

In another minute George's hands were tightly tied behind him. Bill sat down, and, with practised hand, continued the calling of the dispatcher's office, Qx. The dispatcher answered and the sounder clicked forth: "Ii-ii Qx."

Meanwhile the tall robber was speaking. "It'd looked s'picious if we'd run by a reg'lar stop, but we needn't loaf any here. We'll corral this chap with the crew in the caboose. Report us in 'n out, and we'll pull our freight."

Bill blew on his fingers and sent rapidly: "O S No. 47 a 5:02 d 5:11." The sounder clicked forth the dispatcher's acknowledgment, "O K."

The train robbers had laid their plans well. At Rock Creek they would get the order that 47 held to run through to Rapid City annulled under some pretext, and have the dispatcher order them to wait there for the Express. He would do that very quickly if he thought there was danger of the freight not being able to reach Rapid City before the Express was ready to leave, for the Occident Express was the pride of the road and entitled to the right of way over the rest of creation. Then at the lonely station of Rocky Creek a hold-up would be easy. They had laid their plans well. But they made one important omission. They failed to take Knickerbocker into consideration. With eyes wide open he crouched quietly under the stove.

The operator at Rocky Creek was humming "Sweet Marie," and thinking of the old home back in New England. He could see the stockings hanging about the big fireplace, and the apples sputtering before its cheery light. Back in the shadows were the faces of the old folks and of the boys and girls—faces very dear to him. Another face appeared in the picture, a girl's face—

"Hands up!"

Before the bewildered operator could collect his faculties he was a prisoner. With a sardonic smile Bill took his place at the telegraph table and began calling, "Qx Qx Qx Qx." It was blowing furiously now and the snow was flying by in clouds. The commercial wire and the second railroad wire had succumbed long ago, but the heavy copper division wire was put up to withstand just such weather. The answer came back plainly, "Ii Qx." Bill reported the arrival of 47 and then added: "1857 won't mk steam. Can't get out 4 sm t. Betr annul 47's order 2 run 2 Km (Km is Rapid City) & let 8 cm thru." Eight, the Express, had been making up time, so the dispatcher answered: "A rt." Then he called up Km and started to send an order addressed to both the freight and the Express, which would annul the order held by the former to run to Rapid City and instruct it to wait at Rocky Creek until the Express arrived, at the same time instructing the latter to pass the side-tracked freight at Rocky Creek. A way freight can always wait.

George's mother and Gracie were not uneasy because he did not come to supper. He was often delayed by late trains, and they could see the light burning clear through the depot window. But about this time Knickerbocker was getting very restless. He discovered all at once that he was the only living thing in the whole wide world. Then he felt lonesome and said so. "Bow—wow—wow—wow—WOW!!"

That didn't do any good, so he scratched at the door a while. He stopped suddenly when the telegraph instrument began to click loudly. Being well up in the railroad matters, he felt certain it had no right to do that when George was away. He looked longingly at the table. Then by dint of much effort he crawled up on the cushioned chair. With the aid of his big paws it was not a hard matter to climb on the table. He eyed the clicking sounder distrustfully. Then he barked at it furiously, but it paid no attention, so he put both paws around the handle of the key and gnawed at it systematically. All at once the clicking stopped. He had opened the circuit by opening the key. Much pleased at the result, Knickerbocker put his nose between his paws and went to sleep on the telegraph table.

The train robber at Rocky Creek and the operator at Rapid City, thirty miles apart, were copying an order that would deliver the Occident Express into the hands of the robbers, when unexpectedly the sounders ceased working. Bill rattled his key violently again and again, but there was no response. Then he rose to his feet with a white face, for without an order the Express would not leave Rapid City.

"The line's down!" he said, stepping close to the tall man. "Don't b'lieve it. Think some feller suspects somethin' an' has opened his key. We'd better slide out." The captain wouldn't give up so easy. So Bill applied his ground wire and found the break was toward the dispatcher's office, the circuit to the east being all right. He talked with the operator at Km, and asked him, in desperation, if there wasn't some way of sending the Express on, saying he would hold the freight. To which the young man in Rapid City replied that the Express would stay there until he received a "complete" order for her. Evidently there was no chance to hold up the Express that night. A panic seized the robbers, and climbing on 1857, they disappeared down the track, thinking only of escape.

A little later George succeeded in working his arms loose, and in a few minutes the freight crew were at liberty. It did not take long to tell the

news when George's fingers came in contact with a key again, but it was a good deal later when the Occident Express, under guard and under flag, pulled into Emerald Gulch. Knickerbocker was still sleeping beside the open key.

The train was snowed in and stayed at Emerald Gulch that night, and it was the merriest Christmas eve that Emerald Gulch ever knew. The tree was brought down to the depot, and the passengers all joined in decorating it. A good many had Christmas presents with them, and it was loaded with gifts, ranging from dolls to gold watches. The men patted Knickerbocker on the head and called him "good doggie," and the women hugged him and Gracie impartially.

Knickerbocker is a big dog now, who upsets chairs and things when he turns around, and you must keep out of reach of the sweep of his tail if you would maintain your standing in the family circle. He wears a silver collar with an inscription from a trainload of grateful passengers, and has an annual pass over a certain railroad; and if you will watch him as he stands all attention, listening to the telegraph instrument, you will know as Gracie knows, that he understands it "just as well as anybody."

CONSERVATIVE VIEWS OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The Durrant case is still agitating the minds of lawyers and judges, while editors are displaying great legal learning in its discussion. Of course, Judge Bahrs rushed matters too much when he only gave the criminal forty-eight hours to prepare for death, but equally, of course, the Supreme Court "slows up" too much in their treatment of the case. It is to be regretted that the highest legal body in our State lacks the moral courage to deal with lawyers who trifle with them and the law, as Durrant's attorneys are doing. Durrant will eventually hang, but the law, or rather its enforcement, has received a black eye.

Whew! what a mess our political bosses are making of the proposed new city charter. Why cannot these gentlemen who voluntarily take from the general public all governmental cares agree amongst themselves? Just think of it—after Mayor Phelan had kindly relieved us of the necessity of electing Freeholders by the appointment of one hundred "good men and true" to frame a charter, and after that century of talent had labored for months and had finally prepared a most wondrous instrument, lo and behold, out pops Curry, Rainey, and Spreckels and say, "We will not accept this work." And then out pops Kelly and Ruef and say, "We want a finger in the pie," and then the fight begins. The *Call* shouts and the *Examiner* roars and timid men run to cover. Well, we will be happy yet with the old charter for many a year.

We sympathize with Dr. Rottanzi and his organ, *The Post*, in their grief over the "innocuous desuetude" into which the Anti-High-Hat Ordinance seems to have fallen. We suggest to both a new field. Let them enforce by precept, example, and law, the Anti-Expectoration Ordinances. Leave the women alone, dear Doctor and Editor, and try to cure men of the beastly habit of spitting their foul tobacco juice upon sidewalk, street car, ferry, and depot floors. There is a cause worthy your best efforts. More dresses have been ruined, tempers spoiled, and purses depleted by this spitting of tobacco juice than the mind can conceive. The inconvenience of a high hat at a theater is for a few moments only, but a dress spoiled is a permanent loss. Come, good Doctor, come, good Editor, start the crusade against this filthy habit of men, and if successful you will receive plaudits from all. But ah, we forget, women cannot vote—men can—hence some people can fight one and apologize for the other.

San Francisco enjoys the unenviable renown of being the city where more wills are attacked than in any other place. Why is this? This fact furnishes food for the thoughtful lover of our fair city—are we more litigious than other people over dead men's money? Are our lawyers more able to pick flaws than other disciples of Blackstone? Are our courts more prone to see errors? Are our people less willing to work and more anxious to get something for nothing than in other parts of our country? We don't know. We will think this matter over and give our views more at length at some future day.

Did any one feel the earthquake shock caused by Judge Coffey's threat to resign? Outside of the *Bulletin* editorial column no human being in all San Francisco was disturbed by the wail. The grand-stand play of this seeker after applause was a total failure. When Coffey resigns his office the end of all things earthly will have been reached. We shudder when we reflect upon how defenseless the widows and orphans of San Francisco will be when Coffey dies or resigns—that is, according to Coffey. Seriously speaking, it is too bad to see an otherwise good judge ruin his career by too much egotism.

The merry war for the Democratic nomination for Governor grows hotter each day. When Maguire shied his hat into the ring and flourished the shillelah of his so-called anti-corporation record, he thought he had scared away all opposition. Instead, it would seem that he evoked it. Already "Farmer" Ostrom—"Honest old Dan" of Yuba—has pushed his hat on the back of his head, shoved his hands deeper than usual into his own pockets, and sworn by "debris" that he will win. And the tall pine of Shasta announces with his mellifluous lisp that Shanahan is to be counted in, and that the North must be represented on the ticket by his not unhandsome form. From Sacramento sloughs rises the deep bass of Railroad Commissioner La Rue, filling the State with notice that the Grangers are for him, and he is for himself. And from various parts of the commonwealth other aspirants are heard. Let them all work and toil, for some new man will probably win the prize.

PRINCESS KAIU'LANI. *Taber photo.*

From her latest photograph, taken recently, while en route to her Hawaiian home, after an absence of eight years abroad.

We cannot understand the action of Hearst in refusing to come into court and answer the charges made against him by our townsman, Claus Spreckels. It seems cowardly for Hearst to attack a man through his newspaper, and then refuse to explain his reasons for the onslaught in a court. Surely he cannot be afraid that Spreckels will own the new building Hearst has erected as the result of the trial. Every newspaper man in California—yes, in the United States—is interested in this matter, for this conduct of Hearst is injuring the profession of journalism. Don't hesitate any longer, Editor and Publisher Hearst, but come forward, relieve your employees of their responsibilities, and either substantiate your remarks about Spreckels or take your punishment like a man. We hope Grove Johnson will find a way to make Hearst appear in court, whether he likes it or not.

Some men are never happy unless they are finding fault with some other man, or with some working of the governmental machine. A short time since Deacon Fitch tried to reform the Board of Supervisors. So far he has failed. Now comes Deacon Denman with an effort to reform the County Clerk and his office. We have but little faith in the spasmodic movements of these self-constituted reformers. Grant that Supervisors and County Clerk are bad, and that their offices are improperly conducted, the regular method of remedy by election seems to us the best. We congratulate Deacon Denman that he has learned wisdom by Deacon Fitch's experience, and does not propose to Mexicanize his way through the long limbs of Curry. Will a new charter cure all these misfits? Perhaps, and then again perhaps not; and if the same influences predominate in antagonism to the proposed charter as were successfully exerted over a year ago, we will probably not get that.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

There must be a superabundance of brains to the square mile over in Berkeley. On this side of the bay we have more or less difficulty in scrambling through life with the meager supply of gray matter allotted us, and therefore it is with wonder not unmixed with awe that I observe the prodigality, I might say the wanton wastefulness, of brilliancy in the journalism of the university town.

They have a paper there called the *Daily Californian*, which is somewhat larger than a postage stamp and somewhat smaller than a pocket handkerchief. In fact, if the entire original matter of each issue cannot be tucked into a half page of THE TRAVELER I will eat my winter hat, and it's a big one. Now witness the effervescence of the Berkeley brain. To run this enormous journalistic enterprise the services are enlisted of an editor-in-chief, five associate editors, thirteen assistant editors, a business manager, two assistant business managers, two associate dittos, a managing editor and an exchange editor, the names of all these literary persons and their co-workers appearing in large type on the editorial page; and, by me sidecombs, friends, 'tis an imposing array. I note the omission of the name and title of the office boy. I regret to observe that the printer's devil has been entirely overlooked, that both the religious and sporting editors are ignored, and that no mention whatsoever is made of the office cat. These evidences of carelessness in the sanctum pain me. One expects such things in metropolitan journalism, where the hours go with a whiz, where brains are few and far between, and where the luckless scribe hustles every day in the year in order to hold his job. But in the rose-embowered, peaceful glades of Berkeley!

If the duties on the *Daily Californian* be evenly and impartially divided, each of the editorial staff has an average of five lines to write daily. There's luck for you! If the *Californian* were published in San Francisco now, what a difference there would be, what a wholesale, slaughtering reduction of the staff! And when it had been cut down to one man, he would get the paper out alone every day in the week, have time to go out to the Chutes besides, and read a chapter in the Bible up at the Press Club every night with the rest of the boys.

Before I get off the Berkeley campus I wish to warn the public that they have been agitating the subject there of a brand-new yell. The old one having done all the damage, I presume, that it could, it has outlived its usefulness, and will be replaced by a fresher and more dangerous verbal explosive. The competitive contest was to have closed some days ago, the yells being submitted to a committee with cotton-stuffed ears. Of course it is only a question of days and hours when it will break loose in San Francisco, and I hope some kind friend of THE TRAVELER will warn this office by telephone when the cyclone is impending, that we may seek safety in the cellar until the worst is over.

Were Madge Carr Cook, a clever actress known on two continents, and now with the Frawleys, to be asked what started her upon a metropolitan career, she could truthfully and seriously respond, "It was the cat." Indeed, if that particular cat had not come back, the lady's entire theatrical fate might have been changed. And thereby hangeth a cat's tale.

The scene of the lucky episode I am about to relate is laid in London, Drury Lane Theater of olden renown being the place, and the late famous manager, Augustus Harris, one of the principal dramatis personæ. The cat was nameless, houseless, and unknown, notwithstanding the importance of its role. Now, Mr. Harris was one of the most superstitious men who ever ruled the dramatic roost, and among his cherished beliefs was the theory that disaster would surely follow the turning away from the theater's doors of anything in feline shape. Drury Lane Theater being in the vicinity of Drury Lane Market, the neighborhood swarmed with cats of every imaginable breed, age, size, and color that made their exits and entrances unmolested at the stage door, where a free lunch was served them daily, Mr. Harris paying the expenses of the four-footed boarders' meals. At rehearsals they preempted the stalls and viewed the proceedings gravely from the front, promenaded the stage, or explored the cellars and underground passages that honeycomb the earth beneath the old theater. In short, Drury Lane during the reign of Sir Augustus was a cat's paradise, and I doubt not but that the manager's death was followed by much hunger and premature dissolution among his strangely assorted pets.

One day, when Madame Ristori was rehearsing with the company the play "Elizabeth," in which she was to make her debut in English for the first time in London, a stage-struck cat wandered from the wings, and purred against the gown of Miss Amy Steinburgh, an actress of considerable note who had been engaged to play Lady Ann Burleigh. Leaning over, Miss Steinburgh stroked the animal's fur. At this, Madame Ristori, already nervous with her undertaking, lost her temper. Summoning Sir Augustus, she excitedly demanded that Miss Steinburgh be dismissed instantly.

"I come here for the sake of my art," declared the queen of tragedy, "and she comes—to play with cats.

MADGE CARR COOK.

Let her go home and play with cats. I shall have no such trifling conduct at rehearsal. She cannot appear in this company."

The star's word was law. It became necessary to replace the recalcitrant Amy at once, and the actress called upon to take her part was Madge Carr Cook, whose work had already given such promise that she was regarded as one of the coming women of the stage. Among the "hits" made by her subsequently was Lady Dolly in "Moths," and ever since the cat's kindly intervention her reputation has been established.

It is doubtful, however, if anything in the way of a hit has equaled those made by Mrs. Cook during her first engagement on any stage, at the somewhat tender age of three years. Child actresses did not grow as plentifully then as now, and so the small Madge was obliged to take a part in Macbeth some half-dozen years its junior—that of Fleance, son to Banquo, who enters in the second act with a torch, and has three speaking lines. A three-year old treble was not to be trusted, so lines and torch were omitted, Fleance merely walking to his father's side and retiring again. This was Madge's debut, and she had been offered everything imaginable that she wanted, as a reward of merit if she did not cry or get frightened. With visions of promised prizes before her round eyes, she advanced to Banquo's side. As he proceeded with his serious soliloquy, "A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, and yet I would not sleep," the infantile Fleance wriggled her fat little fingers from his palm. Toddling down toward the footlights she commenced a rival soliloquy. Shaking a tiny forefinger emphatically at the convulsed audience she gravely announced:

"I'se got lots an' lots of oranges and tandy an' ginger beer and fings at home, 'cause I'se been good."

And that brought the house down with all its feet.

Miss Madge's second great triumph occurred shortly thereafter in "Pizaro," in the scene wherein Rollo and the Chief engage in argument and struggle over the possession of a child. The latter is snatched by Rollo from Pizaro and held aloft over his shoulder, wearing a leather belt about its little body by which it is rescued. Rollo cautioned the baby actress not to be frightened, and to catch his hair, he having a very bushy head of it, with her small fists and hold on tight. Madge mastered this bit of stage business to perfection, and all went well until one night Rollo was indisposed and another actor substituted. The scene referred to is the most intense and enthralling one in the play, and the audience sat with breathless attention as its climax approached, the child's rescue. Faithfully performing her part, Madge's small fists dove into Rollo's hair. The entire play was spoiled and the house shrieked with hysterical mirth. Why?

Rollo number two was bald and wore a wig.

Apropos of theatrical incidents, perhaps you never heard how Roland Reed lost a silk hat in Texas? It was during a tour when Madge Carr Cook played leading roles in his company. In order to fill in the time between the large towns in which they were billed, they played a number of one-night stands en route. To reach one of these small frontier places in particular, the entire cast had to cram into a caboose which ran to the "town" in question. The other passengers were typical Texas cowboys, some half-dozen in number, and Reed was trying to peruse a newspaper just in front of where they sat, by the light of a smoky coal-oil lamp. His head was covered with an impressively shiny chapeau, the aristocratic presence of which the cowboys resented goodnaturedly. Presently they began to discuss the matter sotto voce.

"I'll bet I can do it," said one.

"Hold on, let's all pepper it at one volley," said another, and forthwith their guns which they carried in their belts in the center of which on each man was a bull's-eye lantern, were leveled at the offending headgear an inch or two above the actor's head. Reed's hair began to rise, for he had heard the conversation, and having no wish to do the William Tell act then and there, quietly removed the silken tile and laid it beside him. When the town was reached he didn't dare put it on, so wrapped his cranium mumps fashion in a handkerchief, and next morning borrowed an out-of-date apology for a hat to travel away in. What became of the tiled beauty? Why, those cowboys hung it up in front of the nearest saloon for a target, and when they got through with it you might have mistaken it for a nutmeg grater.

At another one-night stand some scenery had to be hauled about on the stage to improvise screens behind which costumes were put on and make-up applied sans mirrors. One door leading in was the sole exit and entrance. Through this wandered a fierce-looking person with a belt stuck as full of pistols as a pincushion of needles. He ignored the ticket taker and seated himself, the firstcomer, in the front row. The manager followed him in and tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"You haven't paid admission," said the managerial voice, persuasively. One is not apt to be aggressive with a cowboy who is a walking arsenal.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the audience of one.

"No, it isn't," mildly expostulated the manager. "You must pay at the box office."

The spectator rose. "See here, pardner," he said, slowly, "I've come to see this here show. If I like it I'll pay for it. If I don't I won't. Now you mind your business."

The manager retreated. It is the safest plan in Texas. The show went on. At the conclusion of act one the stranger rose and went outside.

"Where's your box office?" he inquired. Then he addressed the ticket man. "How much is this show?"

"One dollar."

He planked down the coin so hard that the windows rattled. "It's a —— good one, and worth the money," he politely observed, then went back to see it out.

NEW GOLD.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

[*Written for The Traveler by Juliette Estelle Mathis.*]

Once more December calls to Christmas cheer
Where winter chills us not, nor fields are sere.
Judea's happy hills no brighter shone
On that long promised, long expected dawn,
Than glow these sunlit slopes and seas anear.

No tempest threatens their wide peace to mar.
What though the precious Christ was born afar
Where ripen at immortal summer's kiss
The fruitage of eternal bloom? All this
Is here, and they who will may see His star.

Not in the East, but in the radiant West,
Where gladness is the long abiding guest,
We keep the feast divine of love's white birth,
The love that sanctifies the life of earth;
The love that seeketh not his own as best.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

[*Written for The Traveler by Ella M. Sexton.*]

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells—
Though winter's surely straying,
For over grassy slopes a sky
Of cloudless turquoise arches high,
And sunshine pours in floods of gold,
While June's red roses sweet unfold,
December stern gainsaying.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells
In glad exultant chorus,
O'er shining sea and purple hills
Their silver chiming echoing thrills;
"New joy, new hope, the Christ-child brings,
Rejoice to-day," each joy-bell rings
Through sunlit spaces o'er us.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
And violets wreathe with holly,
Both hand-in-hand these golden days
Make glad our crowded city ways.
Why question life when summer's rose
Here conquers old December's snows?
Nay, banish melancholy!

HOLIDAY REFLECTIONS.

[*Written for The Traveler by Lillian Ferguson.*]

I had a suitor once upon a time
And coldly said him nay,
Whereat he vowed (this is a truthful rhyme)
His heart would break straightway.
There's no denying, men are very queer.
He married happily within a year.

Another said to me with husky voice
And darkly rolling eye,
That if his rival proved to be my choice
One of the two must die.
My nerves were quite unstrung. How odd men are!
He treated him, instead, to a cigar.

And once a man assured me that his life
Would be a dreary waste
Should I refuse point blank to be his wife.
I own I liked his taste
But loved him not, and frankly told him so.
A week, and he recovered from the blow.

I recollect another instance when
This inky hand of mine
Was sought by a distracted specimen
Who swore that he in wine
Would drown his disappointment. Did he stop
In time? Of course. He never drank a drop.

Two more there were upon the marriage list,
And each declared that he
Would hate all women if by me dismissed.
What strange misanthropy
Our lovers preach at us! Why, both of these
Adore their wives; have youngsters at their knees.

And so, dear sisters, sigh not overmuch,
These bright December days,
For lives once briefly with your own in touch,
Now gone their hopeless ways.
Men's hearts are quickly mended. Never fear—
The wounds will not be there this time next year.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Copyrighted by Wm. V. Bryan.

"Some people," remarked the cannibal chief, as he passed his plate for a second supply, "Have a mission in life, while others have only a missionary."

"I came across one of your old letters to-day, George, in which you said you would rather be in endless torment with me than in bliss by yourself," said Mrs. Nagan to her husband.

"Well, my dear, and haven't I had my wish?" said the brute.

"Do you laugh when you write a joke?" inquired his friend.

"No," replied the humorist, "but I smile when I sell one."

Wants a good deal—the card player.

Professor—Give me the names of the bones that form the human skull.

Medical Student—I've got them all in my head but I can't recollect their names.

"I think Nell's new photographs must look exactly like her."

"Why?"

"She hasn't shown them to a living soul."

"How shall I enter the money the cashier bolted with," asked the bookkeeper, "under profit and loss?"

Banker—No; suppose you put it under running expenses."

Patient—Doctor, I don't think I can use the battery any more. Will it be necessary to shock me again?

Doctor—Only once more. I'll send in my bill tomorrow.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirtmaker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Many people do not realize that in order to get the full benefits of a country outing it is really necessary and much more enjoyable to visit a resort that is some distance from large cities. Klamath Hot Springs at Beswick, Siskiyou County, is one of the most attractive of this character, being 2700 feet above sea level. It is open all the year, the scenery is beautiful, and the trout and salmon fishing unequalled, to say nothing of the various kinds of sport in the hunting line.

Klamath is celebrated also for its hot steam, sulphur, and mud baths, which are noted for their cure of neuralgia and rheumatic complaints. The climate is perfect, and, most important of all, the rates are reasonable.

Returning now from summer resorts and coming from the hot interior districts, people find the cool atmosphere of San Francisco a pleasant change. But 'tis not so easy as might be imagined to find a rooming-house without some objectionable feature. No one, either lady or gentleman, need hesitate for a moment; however, about locating at "Hotel Ramona," 130 Ellis Street, of which Mrs. Kate S. Hart is manager. The management giving instant assurance of the high character of the house.

Besides which it is most centrally and conveniently located, right on the edge of the business section and within a short walk of all places of amusement, yet sufficiently removed from the hubbub to be free from street noises. There are one hundred and fifty fine rooms, including some beautiful suites, and the rates are very reasonable. Try "The Ramona."

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It is with pleasure we wish to announce to you the re-opening of the

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During the past few months it has been completely remodeled throughout, and every modern improvement known to the BEST hotels has been adopted. The rooms have been enlarged, newly furnished from top to bottom, and it is conducted on strictly first-class principles as formerly. We should be pleased to have you bear us in mind when you visit LOS ANGELES.

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there's nothing so satisfying as a good meal, well and palatably served. It's half the dinner. Quality first, service second—both are what we strive for and attain. Try us and be convinced.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE CLOCK.

EDWARD R. SWAIN.

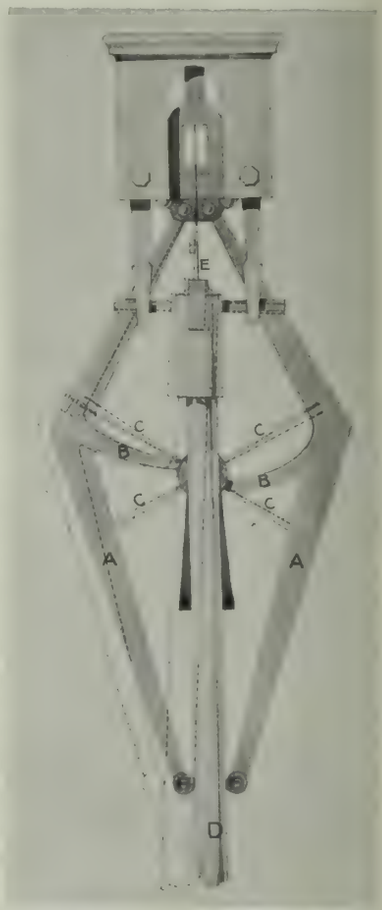
"FROM old Eternity's mysterious orb
Was time cut off and cast beneath the skies—
The skies which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motion by revolving spheres,
That horologue machinery divine."

One of the earliest means of marking the hours was by a pillar of stone, which, rising from the ground, cast a shadow of varying length and position, denoting the various times of the day; the Sun-dial, or Gnomon, being a development of this primitive time-piece. Water clocks (Clepsydra) were used by the Egyptians, also by the Greeks and subsequently by the Romans. The principle of the water device was simple; the water issuing drop by drop through a small hole in the bottom of the vessel that contained it, fell into a receiver, on one side of which was marked a graduated scale, and the rising surface of the water, as the receiver filled, indicated the hours upon the scale. One of the earliest examples now extant of mechanical contrivances for the measurement of time, with water as a motive power, was in the monument of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, or the tower of the winds, at Athens. The stream which gave motive power to this time-piece had its spring in the cave of Pan on the flank of the Acropolis. Portions of the artificial channel by which it was conveyed to the reservoir are still to be traced in the intermediate space. That portion of the monument which contained the reservoir, also the walls and roof, are at present in a good state of preservation. Channels are marked on the floor which no doubt connected with the machinery, but in what way is not known precisely. The hour-glass in which sand took the place of water was a modification of the Clepsydra; these time measures were called Clepsammia.

The first wheel clock is said to have been made in the early part of the fourth century, and first placed in churches one hundred years later, by command of Sabinianus. Candle clocks were among the various methods which were used by men in past ages to measure and apportion time. Alfred the Great adopted a simple expedient, using six candles, each twelve inches in length, with the divisions of inches distinctly marked upon it; these being lighted one after another regularly, burned four hours each, at the rate of one inch for every twenty minutes. Thus the six candles lasted for twenty-four hours. Through the intervening centuries, with the aid of superior machinery and improved methods of manufacture, clock making has kept pace with kindred mechanical arts and sciences and has reached its present state of perfection. America has a very extensive system of clock manufacture, which is carried out on the factory system, chiefly in Connecticut, one of the most extensive plants being in the city of New Haven. The greatest bulk of clocks are designed for European markets, the Yankee clock largely superseding the old Dutch and German time-pieces.

UNION DEPOT CLOCK DIAL, THE LARGEST IN AMERICA.
From a drawing furnished by the architect.

The great clock in the Victoria tower of the Houses of Parliament, at Westminster, England, was made from the designs of Mr. Edward Denison (afterwards Sir E. Becket), the inventor of the "Denison Gravity Escapement," of which an accompanying illustration is given. This escapement was first applied in this clock and has since been used in all large tower clocks in various parts of the world. By a coincidence, the diameter of the outer dials on the tower of the Union Depot and Ferry House, San Francisco, is the same as the great dials of the Victoria Tower Clock. The outer dials on the tower of the Ferry Building are 22 feet in diameter, the inner or illuminated dials being 12 feet in diameter, placed at a height of 114 feet above ground level. The rule that is usually observed in proportioning a dial at a given height is that the diameter should be equal to one-tenth of the height that the clock face is placed above the ground level, but an increase in excess of this proportion is not objectionable so long as the dial is in scale with that portion of the facade on which it is placed. This dial is the largest in America; there are others in Europe larger, notably the dials on the tower of the Cathedral of St. Rombold, Mechlin, Belgium, built in the fourteenth century; the dials are 43 feet 2 inches in diameter.



A Impulse Lever.
B—Lifting Arm.
C—Legs of Gravity Escapement.
D Pendulum Rod.
E—Pendulum Spring.
F Impulse Rollers.

THE "DENISON GRAVITY ESCAPEMENT."

The power or impulse is given to the pendulum (D) at each swing by the descending of the impulse levers (A) by their own weight; the levers being lifted alternately by the clock movement, when not acting on the pendulum, thus rendering the force applied to the pendulum absolutely equal and independent of the power applied to the clock.

In many cases the numerals on clock faces are made too large and the hands of not enough importance. The reverse should be the rule, as the time when read from a distance is told by the position of the hands in the circle, the individual character of the letters having no significance, except as spots which divide the circle into twelve parts. At a great distance the position of the hands could be more readily distinguished if there were no characters whatever.

The movement to be used in the Union Depot Tower Clock is manufactured by the E. Howard Clock Co. of Boston, Mass. The force operating the clock work is obtained by means of a 900-pound weight, placed in a corner of the tower; this weight is suspended from the ceiling by a wire cord which passes on pulleys across the ceiling to a point directly over the center of the works and down, being connected with the barrel or drum, on which is mounted the great wheel, or first wheel of the clock, and which is connected by a series of wheels and pinions, called the train, to the escapement which it drives. The cord with the weight is to the movement what the spring is to a clock, each requiring to be wound up at intervals. This clock requires to be wound up every seven days, which is accomplished by means of a crank fitted to the axle or arbor of the great wheel; an arrangement called the maintaining power keeps the clock going during the five minutes consumed by the operation of winding. The works will be placed in the middle of the floor space on the eighth floor of the tower; the center of the dials being ten feet above floor level are connected with dial wheels, which operate the hands by means of an upright shaft on the movement; this shaft caused by the movement to revolve, engages with the connecting rods to which the hands are secured. The minute hand is 11 feet in length, the hour hand 7 feet 6 inches. The pendulum is 14 feet in length, and the force which impels it is given by the impulse levers of the "Gravity Escapement" described in the illustration. By night the inner dial will be illuminated; the numerals will not be visible by day, being placed on the inside of the dial, but will appear distinctly at night relieved by the illumination. An electrical device is operated by the movement which will control the lighting and extinguishing of the lamps; also regulating the time the lights are on, to the length of the dark hours. In addition to the above there will be electric contacts for giving time signals and operating auxiliary clocks.

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SAN DIEGO, CAL.

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Some Hotel Men

May be interested to know that they can have duplicate engravings made of any of their cuts for advertising purposes, and as many duplicates as they want. The price will be about 15 or 20 per cent of the cost of the original plate. If you have anything in this line, address the

CALIFORNIA TYPE FOUNDRY,

510 Clay Street, San Francisco.

Furniture is the ideal Christmas gift

It is enjoyed by the recipient, the whole family, and friends, too.

Christmas is merrier for everybody because of it.

Then, it lasts. A dozen years hence it will still be there to prompt pleasant recollections of a certain happy Christmas and a certain loving friend.

For months we've been gathering together dainty furniture bits suitable for gifts.

The show is now complete.

Come and enjoy it.

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE COMPANY.

(N. P. COLE & CO.)
117-123 Geary St., San Francisco.

"THE HASTINGS"

THE BEST CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

LICK HOUSE BLOCK,

Corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BENEDICT & TURNER,

Successors to C. C. HASTINGS & CO.

Santa Fe Route

PRACTICALLY A NEW RAILWAY.

Trains Leave from and Arrive at Market Street Ferry.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE

644 Market St., Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1520.

OAKLAND TICKET OFFICE, NO. 1118 BROADWAY.

..THE BEST RAILWAY..

SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO.

LOOK AT THE TIME:

LEAVE	DAILY	FOR EXAMPLE
San Francisco	4 30 P.M.	Monday
Sacramento	6 20 "	"
San Jose	5 00 "	"
Fresno	12 55 A.M.	Tuesday
Bakersfield	4 40 "	"
Barstow	4 55 P.M.	"
Ash Fork	7 40 A.M.	Wednesday
Flagstaff	10 15 "	"
Albuquerque	10 25 P.M.	"
Las Vegas	4 00 A.M.	Thursday
La Junta	11 50 "	"
Denver	5 00 P.M.	"
Newton	12 35 A.M.	Friday
Kansas City	7 05 "	"
Chicago	9 30 P.M.	"

VIA GRAND CANON ROUTE.

New rails, new ties, new ballast, new bridges. No dust. The shortest crossing of the desert and a country that interests by its varied and beautiful scenery. The highest grade of passenger equipment and meals at Harvey's famous dining rooms.

JNO. L. TRUSLOW,
General Agent, Passenger Department.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JNO. J. BYRNE,
General Passenger Agent,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE MOST COMFORTABLE WAY IS THE Santa Fe Route

HOTEL GREEN

PASADENA, CAL.

C. G. GREEN, Owner.
J. H. HOLMES, Manager.

The most delightful winter resort in Southern California. Opened Nov. 15th.

The opening of the new annex, now in process of erection, will be announced hereafter.

Beautiful drives, superb climate, splendid service and thorough comfort, all go with a sojourn at THE GREEN.

Tourists and Californians

en route eastward from the Pacific Coast should not fail to stop off at Salt Lake City, Utah, for a few days and visit the points of interest in the Mormon City, and experience the delightful sensation of a swim in the warm and buoyant waters of the Great Salt Lake.

If you stop at The Knutsford you will find a fine, modern hotel, handsomely equipped, centrally located, and a courteous management.

G. S. HOLMES, Proprietor.

HERE AND THERE.

Marked improvements have been made at the Natick House, Los Angeles, during the past year. A beautiful tiled floor of newest design now adds to the attractiveness of the office. The dining-room, parlor, and sleeping rooms have been repapered and painted, and in every respect the Natick is now one of the most popular and up-to-date hotels accessible to the traveling public.

Good news for campers comes from Samuel Soda Springs. Grounds will be newly opened during the season of '98 especially for the accommodation of the tenting population that is found around and about these springs each year. The grove will be reserved for hotel guests. Situated in a temperate belt, there is neither fog nor wind the year round to mar the comfort of guests. The grounds are being improved and arrangements made to shorten time en route, running stages daily. With fine scenery and new amusement features, the Springs offer every inducement to patrons.

For more than thirty years the Pacific Saw Manufacturing Company has been making saws of every description, planing and curriers' knives, springs and all articles requiring an elastic spring temper. All goods are guaranteed; if not satisfactory will be replaced or money refunded. At 17-19 Fremont Street, manufacture circular, mill, muley, drag and pit saws, making a specialty of the Hatch & Jessup pattern steel back pruning saws with adjustable and reversible blades.

Without doubt the finest table set in Denver is that under Steward Renard's efficient management at the Windsor Hotel, Denver. A recent change in the office force has placed that department in care of Thomas Lord, well known and esteemed as a courteous and efficient clerk. The Windsor still maintains its position among Denver's leading hotels, the management being constantly solicitous regarding the guests' comfort, adding to and perfecting the service of the establishment.

Good results cannot be obtained with poor material. Why is THE TRAVELER the handsomest periodical you see? Because it uses only the best material; especially is the management particular about the quality of the paper. Others equally particular find that Bonestell & Co. are the only firm in town able to supply their wants.

Messrs. Mastick and Hinchman, representing A. C. Nichols & Co., Western agents for the Sterling Cycle Works, have just returned from a visit to that famous institution's factory, reporting that the Sterling '98 chainless and chain models now being constructed are certain to excite the admiration of all riders.

John W. Mackay, the well-known millionaire, declares that he has been very greatly benefited by his stay at Paso Robles Springs. Among other men of note now taking the wonderful cure afforded at Paso Robles are J. J. Valentine, President of Wells, Fargo & Co., Charles Holbrook, Thomas C. Noys, and C. G. Hollis.

This season's haberdashery shows handsome goods for gentlemen's wear. Carmany of 25 Kearny Street is exhibiting many novelties in fancy hosiery, underwear, and neck dressings. Although bright colors predominate, the effect is tasteful in the extreme.

The Tacoma Hotel, Tacoma, Wash., is, under the present management, most liberally conducted, nothing being left undone to add to the comfort of its patrons. Commercial men speak very highly of it, commending it to all.

Schramsberg Vineyard, on the slopes of Napa Valley, and in a climate more favorable in many respects than that of the most renowned European wine districts, has produced wines for many years past that have found favor with connoisseurs. Schramsberger was the first of California wines to attain a celebrity that has spread to all civilized countries.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Hence purchasers of headwear patronize the well-known firm of C. Herrmann & Co., 328 Kearny Street, near Pine. During the holidays they will display the handsomest styles ever seen for men, ladies, and children, at reasonable prices.

New carpets, new decorated china, a carload of palms and potted flowers—these are some of the late additions made to The Knutsford, Salt Lake City. On account of the delightful accommodations found there, tourists are prolonging their stay at this finely equipped house while visiting Zion's points of interest.

The past season at the Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, Colo., has been the best so far in the history of this well-known house, and the future looks exceedingly bright for the management. Many flattering commendations from pleasure-seekers and those in search of health have been received, as well as from the traveling business public.

The new management at the Pacific Congress Springs includes the well-known and influential gentlemen, Messrs. J. H. Windsor of Des Moines, Iowa, and F. W. Vaughan of San Francisco. Mr. Windsor is a public-spirited man and highly esteemed citizen, with large cattle-shipping interests. Extensive improvements are being made at the Springs, such as the beautifying of the grounds, formation of a lake supplied from the mountain streams, facilities for increasing the output of Congress water, new buildings, bowling alley, and tennis court. Mr. John S. Matheson continues his efficient services as manager.

The new Hotel St. George is one of the best equipped establishments in the State. Situated in the business part of the seaside city of Santa Cruz, the St. George commands a fine patronage. Its appearance is strikingly handsome, it being a cherry-red pressed brick structure with brownstone caps surmounting the large windows. A wide veranda runs the entire length of the main front. The St. George is under the experienced management of Mr. George H. Arnold, a popular hotel man.

It will be interesting in hotel circles, and in general, to learn that the well-known Hotel Arcadia, at Santa Monica, has been placed under the management of Mr. Frank Miller of Riverside, well known as proprietor of the Glenwood Tavern. Just a few days ago, arrangements were completed for conduct of this famous seaside resort, and Mr. Miller is already in charge. He will still continue as proprietor of the Glenwood under the direct management of his brother-in-law, Mr. Richardson.

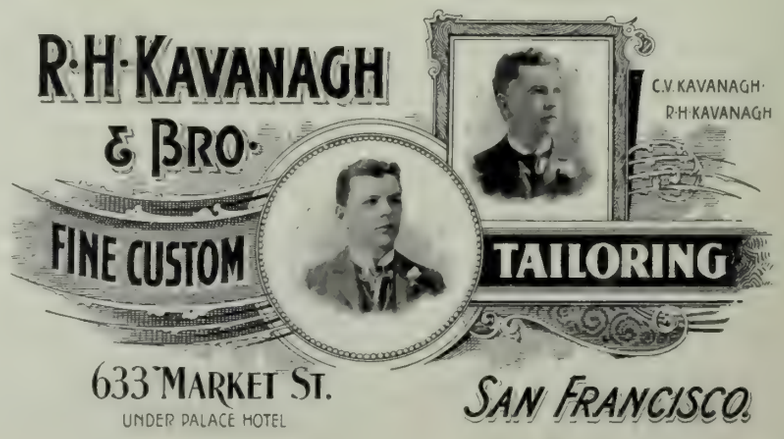
It is reported that the new Hotel Brainerd, just completed but not yet opened, is in serious financial difficulty, its lessees having failed to come to time in providing for its equipments. Gossip has it that a well-known boniface of northern California is likely to consummate arrangements for its opening. It is a beautiful family and tourist hotel of one hundred and forty rooms, located only half a block from the hotels Van Nuys and Westminister, and is up to date in every respect.

COFFEE PLANTING IN HAWAII.

The pioneer coffee planters of Hawaii are commencing to get returns from their plantations after three and four years of continued expense. The crop is exceptionally fine in flavor, and is bringing top prices, from 18 to 20 cents. The average net returns will exceed 20 per cent, and in view of the prevailing dull times coffee planters are in a very happy mood. Many of the plantations are owned by men from the Pacific Coast. The climate of the coffee belt is such that they enjoy the work. Now that the business is an assured success they will commence to plant much larger areas. The business is not one requiring large capital; $6000 will purchase 50 acres of land and bring 20 acres to bearing. The business is similar to fruit raising. Unlike fruit culture, however, there is no danger of the crop spoiling on one's hands. The longer it is kept the higher price it brings. To one fond of a country life the cultivation of coffee offers special inducements. The work is healthy; the climate is that of perpetual springtime, and the profits are large, sure, and satisfactory.

SANTA CLAUS IS KING.

The combined Emporium and Golden Rule Bazaar is a big up-to-date store arranged to meet modern demands. Stocks are larger, better, and cheaper than ever. The beautiful doll fete just ended cost more than a thousand dollars to present, and now, as their most recent advertisement states, "Santa Claus is King," and is holding court in grand style on the second floor.



HOTELS AND RESORTS.

Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

The rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—HOTEL RAMONA, Central, first-class, moderate rates, new sanitary plumbing. Electric bells.
OROVILLE, CAL.—UNION HOTEL; first-class commercial and tourist hotel; $1.00 to $2.50 per day.
SAN FRANCISCO.—LICK HOUSE; American or European plan; the finest dining-room in the world; board with or without rooms; K. B. Soule, manager.
SANTA MONICA.—THE PAVILION; Eckert & Hopf, Proprietors. Fish Dinners a Specialty.

WHEN YOU VISIT DENVER

You will want to stop at a good, first-class (but moderate priced) house.

THE WINDSOR is the favorite with traveling men, tourists and all others visiting Denver frequently. Service and cuisine the best in the West. Rates, $2.00 to $3.50. Turkish baths in connection.

Send for Booklet. J. A. WIGGIN, MANAGER.

PURE CIDER

is a rarity. There are many imitations. Some is labeled; some is not, and you don't know where it is made.

MONROE'S

is made in the Eel River Valley, the greatest apple producing district in California, It

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE,

sparkling and delicious

RUSS, EARLY & HARVILLE,
General Agents.
121 DAVIS STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

GOLD HUNTERS do well to write for information about Alaska mines, where, how and when to go, and what to take, to
SMITH'S CASH STORE,
San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

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It comes once a month, each number a veritable art album; 1898 will be more interesting and beautiful than ever before.

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For information regarding the mineral resources or the agricultural possibilities of CENTRAL ARIZONA, or for advice as to the train service from all principal points in the United States, write to any SANTA FE ROUTE representative, or to

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TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

Fine location overlooking Puget Sound. Lighted by electricity heated by steam. An interesting place for tourists; fine sample rooms for commercial travelers.

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Unquestionably the finest, best equipped and most modern hotel in Santa Cruz. Elevator, steam heat, etc., and up-to-date both in furnishings and prices. Elegant rooms for families. Special terms to commercial men.

FARRELL & ARNOLD, Lessees.

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The Gameland Publishing Company, Incorporated, 63 Rutgers Slip New York, N. Y., will give a large number of cameras to those persons who send to them lists containing the greatest number of words formed from the letters in the word "CAMERAS". The prizes range from $75 Folding Kodaks to pocket cameras. All competitors must send $1 with their lists for one year's subscription to GAMELAND. Contest closes February 15th, 1898. Sample copy of GAMELAND, containing full particulars of contest,

Free.

"GAMELAND" and "THE TRAVELER," $1.50 per Year.

Pacific Saw Manufacturing Co.
17 and 19 FREMONT ST., S. F.
Hatch Pruning Saw, Price $3.00 each.
Saws and Machine Knives of every description on hand or made to order.

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Is winning for us a big and increasing trade. Work typographically correct and elegant in appearance—and reasonable charges—you are assured of if we have a chance at your work. We print "THE TRAVELER," and we do all kinds of **Bookbinding** as well. Let us give you an estimate anyway.

THE HICKS-JUDD CO.,
23 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BUYING A HAT

is a lottery unless you buy it of a dealer that is in the habit of telling the truth about his goods. A hat may look well when new, and yet succumb to its first wetting. We have the finest Derbies at all reasonable prices. **A new line just in.**

C. HERRMANN & CO. 328 Kearny St., San Francisco.

THE ONLY RAILWAY GUIDE

That can be conveniently carried in the pocket. Consulted by everybody. Contains all time tables, accurately corrected and always up-to-date. The most popular Railway Guide published. For sample copy and advertising rates, address

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20 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

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"Gold Seal" "Badger" "Pioneer"

Belting, Packing, Hose, Etc.

We manufacture in San Francisco all kinds of

Rubber Valves, Gaskets, Etc.

We manufacture in San Francisco all kinds of

Oil Clothing, Etc.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY.

R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager.

73-75 First St., Portland, Or. 573-575-577-579 Market St., San Francisco.

A FATAL ERROR.

"This beautiful part of merrie England is suffering from the supineness and lack of enterprise which appears to be a characteristic of the Southern races of our countrymen, as compared with the nervous push of the Westerners and Northerners," says a correspondent. "It would appear as if once resorts in the South and South-East have established a reputation they are satisfied to go to sleep in the fallacy that the stream will ever continue coming, and that all they have to do is to stand at the door and take in the shekels of the visitors. Most of the Southern resorts suffer considerably from this cause, and are being rapidly cut out by places in the West, East, and North. It is the same with Folkestone, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, the Isle of Wight, and nearly all the others in the same section of the country. They all, more or less, neglect the opportunities they possess, and have consequently not only suffered this year considerable decrease in their visitors, but unless they alter their tactics and awaken to the needs of the moment, they will suffer still more in the future. They appear to have neglected to note the progress of events, and even not to be aware of the salient fact that a continuous stream of new visitors is what is required to maintain the prosperity of any resort. The same tourists and travelers are not always going over the same ground, and every resort, however successful and popular, and notwithstanding recognized superior advantages, will recede and reduce its number of visitors, if its name and special attractions are not continuously kept before the traveling public, in order to obtain the benefit of the new travelers which each season blossoms forth. Some of the bright intellects of these resorts appear to think that because they are near to the great metropolis they are sure to obtain a certain patronage. This is only true to a very limited degree, for what with rapid trains and excursion rates, distance is no great moment, except to those classes of the population which are of least benefit to our trade. If the head of the family has not to be traveling to and fro, it is practical for a family to spend a cheaper holiday in the North or West than in the South. Our Southern resorts should be up and doing; they have fallen behind in the race; they are somewhat expensive and are losing custom. Many travelers go through them to foreign resorts, to board better at about half the cost, and others go North and West to better pushed resorts. It is a fatal error nor to advertise.

"Take, for instance, the Isle of Wight, which is beyond question one of the most charming spots of our country. It has absolutely lost a large portion of its annual trade simply because of the inanition resulting from past success."

Reduced Rates all over the State of California.

SUNSET TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

You can call any one of 20,000 subscribers for from 15 to 50 cents for an inquiry and get immediate reply.

"The Traveler's Bureau," at No. 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, has on file pamphlets, cards, and all other information about rates and routes, concerning the hotels and resorts published in "The Traveler." We admit none to our columns that are not first-class and reliable. There is no charge for this service. Call upon or write to us.

MUD BATHS

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THAT IS: **FRESH MUD FOR EACH BATH.**

UNEQUALED FOR RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, GOUT, ETC.

Where can this be had? Proper attendance by experienced Masseurs.

ONLY AT THE

MILL VALLEY SANITARIUM.

MARIN CO., CALIFORNIA.

A Hotel for convalescents and others who are in search of pleasure as well as health. Special attention paid to diet. Rates reasonable. For further information write to

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P. O. Address, Eastland, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

Reference: The Medical Fraternity of San Francisco.

Passengers will be met on arrival of steamers by

J. CLERFAYT,

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Railroad and Steamship Tickets to and from all parts of the World.

20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

English, French, German and Japanese Spoken.

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Beautiful Honolulu is a charm forever!

Steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company sail bi-monthly.

Send for "Beautiful Hawaii," to

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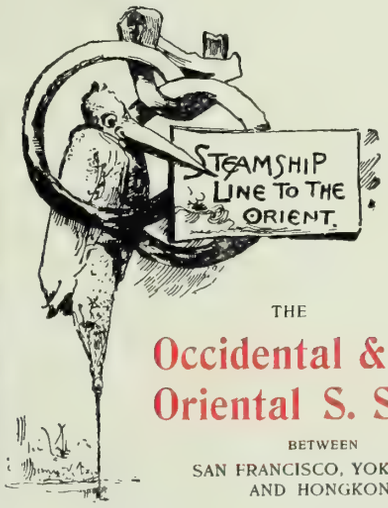
SURE CURE for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Rheumatism and Constipation; hot mineral baths; no liquor sold on the premises; Napa County, twenty miles from St. Helena; stages leave St. Helena, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:30 p. m.; railroad fare to St. Helena, $2.05; stage to Springs, $1.50; board and lodging, $10 per week; telephone connections. Address

J. R. MORRIS, Prop., Napa Co., Cal.



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Steamers leave wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Hongkong, via Honolulu, (as below), Yokohama, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai. Connections at Shanghai for North China and Corea; at Hongkong for India, etc.

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GAELIC	Tuesday, Dec. 7, 1897
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1897
BELGIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, Jan. 15, 1898
COPTIC	Thursday, Feb. 3, 1898
GAELIC (via Honolulu)	Tuesday, Feb. 22, 1898
DORIC (via Honolulu)	Saturday, Mar. 12, 1898

HONOLULU.—Cabin passengers may, if they wish, stop over from a Pacific Mail or O. & O. steamer and go forward by a succeeding steamer of either company without extra charge.

Passengers paying full local cabin rate to ports beyond Honolulu may avail of a steamer of the Oceanic S. S. Co. from San Francisco to Honolulu.

Round-trip tickets at special rates.

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THE HOLIDAY NUMBER

—OF—

THE TRAVELER

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For sale at all news stands.
10 cents a copy.

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as generally taken for the blood contains arsenic and sulphuric acid, very injurious to the system. When the latter is run down you are pale, pimples develop and you are off your feed.

CROWN SULPHUR TABLETS

positively remedy this. Strongly recommended by the faculty for a century as a blood purifier. Try a box, 25 cts. Agents wanted.

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The London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Trains run through the prettiest parts of Kent, and passengers have the privilege of stopping over at Rochester to visit the Cathedral and Castle, and at Canterbury to view the Cathedral (containing the tomb of the martyr, Thomas à Becket), and other places of interest.

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Rates—$10.00, $12.50, $15.00, $17.50.

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Season of 1897-98

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Lv. San Francisco	5 30 P.M.	Mon ...	Thurs.	Lv. Chicago..	1 30 P.M.	Tues...	Sat.
Los Angeles..	10 30 A.M.	Tues	Fri.	St. Louis.....	10 00 "	"	"
El Paso	1 00 P.M.	Wed ...	Sat.	Little Rock...	9 10 A.M.	Wed....	Sun.
Fort Worth..	8 15 A.M.	Thurs..	Sun.	Fort Worth..	9 55 P.M.	"	"
Little Rock...	9 10 P.M.	"	"	El Paso..	4 00 "	Thurs .	Mon.
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Chicago..	4 00 P.M.	"	"	San Francisco	10 15 A.M.	Sat. ..	Wed.

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The superb service, that for the past three seasons has made this train the most popular in America, will be continued. **NO EXTRA COST.**

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PACIFIC CONGRESS SPRINGS,

TO **1** IN SAN FRANCISCO.

IT TAKES **3** HOURS AND **2** DOLLARS TO GET THERE.

For rates and printed matter address
JOHN S. MATHESON, Mgr.

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NEW, MODERN AND STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN.

FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

MILO M. POTTER, Proprietor.

Main and Fourth Sts., **Los Angeles, Cal.**

COMING TO CALIFORNIA without going to Santa Barbara you will miss seeing the Garden Spot of California, where roses bloom and strawberries grow every day in the year.

FASHIONABLE WINTER AND SUMMER RESORT.

THE FAMOUS

ARLINGTON

NEVER CLOSES.

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Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth Streets,

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CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT.

A modern hotel, containing 400 elegant rooms, acknowledged by all unequaled by any in the city, conducted as a first-class family and commercial hotel.

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Guests entertained on either the American or European plan Rates reasonable.

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FIRST-CLASS.
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.
American and European Plans.
Rates, including Steam Heat:
American, $3 to $5 per day.
European, $1.50 per day and upward.

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Daily stages for Lick Observatory leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M., returning about 6 P. M. Saturdays only, stages leave at 12:30 P. M. For further information, address F. H. ROSS & SONS, San Jose.